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THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

OUR new Volume opens in the midst of War, as did the last. But for us, who are Theosophists, the War is but the inevitable forerunner of a great change in civilisation, the dying throes of a civilisation based on conflict, on competition, of which War is the supreme embodiment, the birth-throes of a new civilisation, based on peace, on co-operation, of which Brotherhood is the informing spirit. The old civilisation is going down in blood, as is fitting ; for has it not been based on the oppression of the weak by the strong, the exploitation of the coloured races by the white? Has it not had its base washed by the waves of poverty, of misery, of starvation, and has not every civilised country had its submerged classes? Older civilisations perished by the practical denial of the Law of Brotherhood, and this is going the same way. But we can look beyond it to a fairer future ; the western sky is red with the setting sun of a dying civilisation ; the eastern sky is beginning to redden with the dawn of a New Day.

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*

H. P. Blavatsky told us that the twentieth century would see the settling of many long-standing accounts between the Races, and in this, as in so many cases, her words are proving to be true. There is nothing to regret, Brothers, nothing to fear. Look around you, and see the signs of the Coming of the World-Teacher. Men's hearts are failing them for fear on every side. But for you, lift up your heads, and be exceeding glad; for the Regenerator is on His way, the Teacher whose Name is Compassion, the Master-Builder of Religion, and your salvation draweth nigh, it is even at the doors. "Endure, endure; be faithful to the end."

* * *

Our new year, the birthday of our THEOSOPHIST, and by a curious co-incidence, of its Editor, is born amid the roar of cannon and the moaning of mutilated men. The science of 1915, like the science of thousands of years ago, has produced deadliest weapons of destruction. It has brought back the poison-vapour, which in the days of the Great War in India, on Kurukshetra, destroyed a whole regiment as it spread. It has brought back the "War of Eagles," in which air-ship battled with air-ship for the mastery. It has brought back the Greek fire, which scorched and slew. And so it must be; for each great Race must rival and overtop its predecessor in knowledge, and, until the social conscience has developed, knowledge may be turned to murder and torture as to the saving of life. For humanity in warfare is based upon feeling more than upon logic; when Nations set out to murder each other, the fashion of the murdering depends upon the general level of humanity in the Nation in times of peace. The Nation in which the general level of humanity is low will use any method of destruction, careless

of the agony inflicted so long as the enemy is slaughtered, and will hold that the more the agony, the more quickly is the enemy Nation likely to submit. Since victory is the aim, all means are justifiable, and the greater the "frightfulness" the nearer the victory. Hence poison-gas, torpedoing without warning of passenger ships and merchantmen, burning the foe with liquid fire in his trenches, the dropping of bombs on unarmed places—all are justifiable and right as means to speedy victory. To shrink from them is maudlin sentimentality, unworthy of a Nation in arms. As in vivisection, judicial torture, and other crimes, the end justifies the means; the stake, the rack, the boots, the lash, all were justifiable from the standpoint of mediæval religion; why not in the twentieth century for the cause of our Lord God the State? There is no answer to this save that which comes from the higher moral law, and where that is not acknowledged, there pitilessness reigns supreme.

* * *

Many letters have come to me from members of the Theosophical Society, thanking me for resuming the outspoken character of these monthly Notes. One correspondent may represent many :

We are so glad that you are speaking freely in *THE THEOSOPHIST* once more, and are deeply indebted to you for the light you have thrown on the principles underlying the great world-struggle in which we are engaged. We can endure trials and difficulties if we see even dimly the plan and purpose of life. You have enabled us to understand these things, and so we may remain calm and confident in the darkest hour, and continue to work with the courage of unshakable conviction.

One of the services an Occultist can render to the world is to use his fuller knowledge for the illuminating of problems which, in the reflected lights and inter-crossing shadows of this world, are obscure or distorted. But the clearer light of higher worlds,

utilised to discern the one right path amid the many-branched paths of error, will often bring him into conflict with the ever-varying opinions of the day, and he will sometimes find himself in agreement with part of the views of opposing parties.

*
* *
*

Thus from the standpoint of the Occultist the view that no peace must be concluded until the German Empire is so crushed that it cannot any longer menace the liberty and peace of Europe is true. To use the current phrase: "The War must be fought to a finish." It is necessary for the ordinary non-religious man that he should feel anger against his enemy and be filled with detestation of brutality and tyranny, in order that he may face the hardships of long struggle, and have the strength of endurance to carry out this determination to the end. It is not therefore desirable to exhort him to love his enemy while he is engaged in the actual struggle. A comparatively small number of people, at the present stage of evolution, can love a man and strike him down at the same time. There are some who can do so, and they are of the salt of the earth. For the most part, the man who loves his enemy as he charges down upon him with bayonet fixed would be a poor soldier. Every instinct of the civilised man revolts against the slaying of another, and he needs to feel anger, fury, tempestuous energy, in order to do his terrible work on the battle-field. But, when the charge is over and the wounded lie upon the ground, the bulk of average men recover from the brief madness of the struggle, and German, Frenchman, Englishman, lying side by side in helplessness, share their water, their morphia, try to bandage each other's wounds—anger is dead and brotherliness revives.

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There are, unhappily, some, below normal evolution, who can rob and murder the wounded, who can mock at their sufferings when they are prisoners of War, refuse even "the cup of cold water," look upon the starving with pleasure, and strike the helpless. But these are not men, save in outward semblance. "They have assumed the human form too soon." They are wild beasts who snarl and snap, and the beast-nature glooms savagely through the thin covering of human appearance.

* * *

But while the Occultist acknowledges that, for the sake of the world, Germany must be rendered impotent for harm, he cannot hate. He knows that the divine Will in evolution must be done, and having learned that that Will is directing evolution to the shaping of Co-operative Commonwealths, linked into great Federations acknowledging International Law, he realises the absolute necessity of destroying autocracy, of substituting law for force, of maintaining the sacredness of a Nation's word, and the inviolability of a treaty until the signatories thereto have annulled it by common consent. Germany has identified herself with autocracy, force, the permissibility of breaking her word, and of tearing up a treaty, if either proves to be a hindrance in the path to her own aggrandisement. These principles imply the recurrence of wars—she has provoked four in Europe during living memory—and they are incompatible with the coming civilisation. She must therefore be deprived of the power of enforcing them, and the Occultist would deprive her of that power, not because he feels any hatred for her—he can feel only a profound pity—but because the divine Will in evolution is against her principles, and she, as their embodiment, must be taken out of the road. The best

available means of taking her out of the way is the present War. Hence it must be fought till its object is accomplished.

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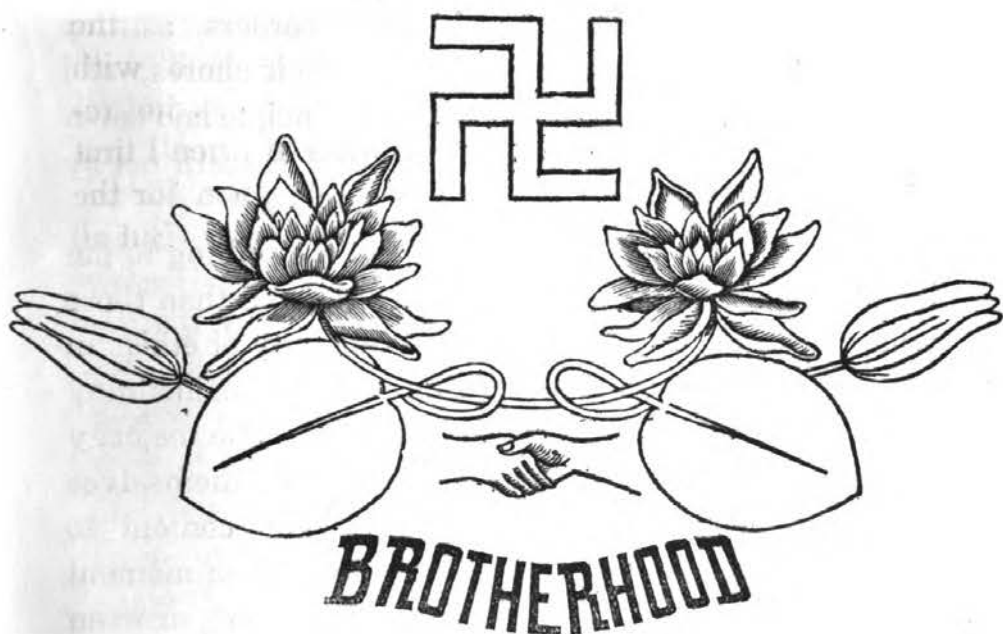
When this is fulfilled, the Occultist finds himself in opposition to those whose determination to "fight to a finish" he has encouraged and applauded. Through this fierce day of War he is aiming to secure centuries of Peace. Hence he cannot applaud the proposals to make Germany a hated outcaste from the Family of Nations, to close the countries that are now at War with her against her entrance after Peace is re-established. When she is rendered innocuous, as she will be, then should she be helped back to her place among the Free Peoples, and not be embittered by ostracism. Hence the Anti-German League seems to me to embody a wrong principle, to be a perpetuation of National antipathies, to be of the same spirit as the "Hymn of Hate," the present German spirit, which is anti-human and degrading. Like the "Hymn of Hate," it is the offspring of the War, but is contrary to the gallant spirit of our soldiers. Cannot all emulate their forgiveness, their readiness to save a wounded foe? Germany will be sore wounded at the end of the War. The Red Cross should float over her, and under the Red Cross is protection.

*
* *

Some of my good friends wonder why I work in the political field, which for some years I left entirely. The answer must be a little bit of autobiography. I left it, because H. P. Blavatsky wished it. She thought, and thought rightly, that under the new conditions into which I entered when I became her pupil in the Divine Wisdom, it was necessary for me to devote myself to the mastering of the Theosophical

standpoint, to the adjustment of the focus of the mental and emotional eyes to the new Light. Socialist as she declared herself to be—of the Socialism of Love and not of hate—she would not have me teach Socialism, until I had seen how, in the agelong evolution of mankind, the Socialism of child-peoples, under an autocracy of Wisdom and Love, had necessarily passed away—exquisitely beautiful and happiness-giving as it was—to make way for the struggles, the antagonisms, the wars, in which adolescent Nations hewed their ways to Individualism and Self-reliance. In the old Pythagorean way, she imposed on me silence on the subjects I cared for most, to which my public life had been devoted. She did well. For my old crude views were thrown into the fire of silence, and nothing was lost of the gold that they contained; that remained. She had learned in the wild days of the French Revolution the danger of such views among a people starving and ignorant, and she knew that in silence wisdom grows. Gradually, over here in India, I studied India's past, and learned how great had been her people's liberty in ancient days. In the early nineties I saw the Pañchāyaṭ system at work, that I had read about, and found it wise. From time to time I gave a lecture on the problems of National life, and in England, now and again, I lectured on England's neglected duties to India, on the place of coloured races in the Empire, on their grievances, recalling old studies, when I had published a strong attack on England's dealings with India, the black story of Clive and Hastings, and the tyrannies and wrongs. Hotly had I written also on England and Afghanistan, protesting against the invasion and England's policy, against English policy in Egypt and towards Arabi. The study of those days remained, and laid the ground-work for the future. For all the love for India, and the

sympathy with her wrongs, and the knowledge of her sufferings, of her awakening in the eighties, and her struggles, the work for her with Charles Bradlaugh, the meeting with the Congress deputation, and with Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji in his election fight—as he reminded me the other day—all this flowered when I first touched Indian soil into the intense devotion for the Motherland which has animated me ever since. But all my first years of work went to the uplifting of eastern faiths, and especially of Hindūism—the work that had the honour of being condemned by Sir Valentine Chirol, as helping Nationalism—as indeed it did, for all great National movements in India are rooted in religion: as witness the religious movement before Shivaji and the Marātha Confederacy; and the Brahmo-Samāj, the Ārya Samāj, the Theosophical Society, preparing the road for the National Movement, and the nourishing thereof by Svāmi Vivekānanda. Then came the educational work, and the lectures to the Hindū College students, and the inspiring of them with Patriotism, with devotion to the Motherland, the experience of the treatment of my Indian friends by Anglo-Indians, the meeting with Mr. Gokhale, the sad Viceroyalty of Lord Curzon, the shock of Surat, the wrath of my Bengali friends over the Partition and my sympathy with them, the anarchical troubles, the saving of boys from the police, and so on and on, till I knew the time had come for letting my tongue speak freely that which had been burning in my heart, and to which all led up—the Freedom of the Motherland, the dignity of an Indian Nation self-ruled. To have a share in the winning of that Freedom, a share however small—what greater gift could come into hands which fold themselves in the cry of homage: VANDE MĀṬARAM.



NEUTRALITY

By ANNIE BESANT

MANY difficulties have been and are experienced by thoughtful and earnest people as to the right inner attitude which should be taken as regards the present War. The sincere Christian feels puzzled as to how to reconcile his duty to his country, recognised as his duty by an instinct more powerful than his religious belief, with the principle of non-resistance laid down by the Founder of his faith. Some, who have philosophically accepted this principle, like Tolstoy, boldly apply it nationally as well as individually, and dream of a "martyr Nation," which, unarmed and defenceless, should acquiesce in its own subjugation,

and unresistingly permit itself to be subdued and enslaved. They would definitely permit murder and theft to go unpunished within their borders, as they would allow armed force to invade their shores, and would carry out to the uttermost the principle laid down by earth's greatest Teacher: "Hatred ceaseth not by hatred at any time; hatred ceaseth by love."

Those who hold this view and are willing to put it into practice are obviously more rational than those who, rejecting the principle of the relativity of ethics in theory, are not the less practising it, while maintaining the absolute nature of Right and Wrong. The majority of average men and women do not trouble themselves about intellectual consistency, and are content to "muddle through" life, to adopt at any given moment the theory which fits their instinctive action, or even to act without any theory at all.

Instructed Theosophists recognise, of course, the relativity of ethics, the only theory consistent with evolution, and see that "right" is that which works with the divine Will in evolution, while "wrong" is that which works against it. Knowing that, in any human society, there will be souls at very different stages of evolution, they will realise that the wisest and best should try to embody in the criminal laws the highest morality which the lower types of average men and women will accept, as conformable with their own practice, and which, for the common comfort, they are prepared to enforce. Children will be taught this code, and it will be generally observed without undue strain. A criminal code only embodies the morality of the less evolved average man, and forbids the things which he is not inclined to do—murder, theft, and the more palpable

forms of violence and swindling. Types which are still inclined to savagery are not allowed to trouble the order of society, but are restrained, or punished—generally in unwise and unintelligent ways, which do not improve them.

Now so far as such offenders go, most people would agree that Society should not allow itself to be ridden over rough-shod by them, and that if one of them is committing a crime, it is the duty of the good citizen not to be neutral, but to interfere with the criminal and to rescue the victim, if some agent of the law is not before him in the task. If a man sees a woman or a child being cruelly ill-used, he will interfere, and use such force as is necessary to save the helpless from violence. To stand aside and to allow the ill-usage to go on would stamp the passer-by as a bad citizen.

On the other hand, if he saw two ruffians fighting over the possession of some object, he might leave them to settle their dispute in their own way, without feeling that he had failed in his civic duty.

Within the small areas of Nations these duties are fairly well agreed upon, and the duty of the good citizen to preserve the peace, to help in its preservation, and to maintain the social order, is recognised. It is seen that to permit violence, to permit the brutal use of strength to override right, would be to allow society to retrograde into barbarism. To be neutral in such conditions is a social crime.

But where international relations are discussed, much difference of opinion is found to exist. International morality cannot as yet be said to exist. There is no moral code recognised by Nations in their relations

with each other; the strong bullies the weak, robs, annexes at its will. Nations do not interfere with each other when a powerful Nation crushes a feeble one and enforces its will upon it for its own gain; if it is one to-day, it is another to-morrow. "National security," "necessity for expansion," and similar phrases cover unwarrantable aggressions, indefensible injustices. No Nation's hands are clean. When Prussia, the big bully, beat little Denmark and stole Schleswig-Holstein, Europe looked on indifferent, remained neutral, and felt no shame in remaining so. When Belgium allowed the Congo atrocities, and Germany murdered the Hereros, Europe remained silent and neutral. When Austria stole Bosnia and Herzegovina, Europe remained neutral; and no one interfered with Britain in the Soudan, with Italy in Tripoli, with France in Morocco.

The first gleam of international morality has appeared in relation to Belgium. Here we have a clear case of certain Nations guaranteeing the neutrality of a small and weak State, which acted conveniently as a buffer; France had respected it in 1870, to her own great disadvantage, and Britain had many ties with the little State. Most fortunately, a definite step was taken towards the recognition of international morality, when Britain drew her sword to defend the treaty which guaranteed the safety of Belgium. The act is specially valuable, because at that time it did not seem that Britain was in danger if she stood aside; Germany's plots and her far-reaching schemes had not then been unveiled, and Britain did not realise that when France was crushed, her turn would follow. So that her action was a proclamation that she would stand by her signature, and would not

remain neutral when a treaty which bore it was torn up.

Then arose another question; The Hague Conventions had come into existence while Europe was at peace. The sanctity of a Nation's signature was on one side in the balance and War on the other. The decision, in this case, was offered to America. Would she defend her signature or not? No, was the answer. And international morality received a set-back. I do not think America was particularly to blame, for international morality is not yet recognised, and to defend public faith with the sword is, we must admit, a new thing. All Nations have torn up treaties when they were inconvenient, and Britain's stand was a new departure in internationalism. It arouses a hope that, after the War, the more civilised Nations may perhaps determine to establish an international law, which they will uphold, as all law at present must be upheld, by force against the criminal who disregards it. An international police, at the disposal of an International Court, will mark a distinct advance in international morality. We may hope that some day the Nations will recognise as regards each other that which Society now recognises within the national pale, that the good citizen ought not to remain neutral when might overrides right. But even less than this, the recognition that a treaty at least must be observed, will be a step forward, if the Nations are not yet prepared to protect the weak, where protection has not been pledged. Even to be ready to defend the pledged word would be an advance from the present unmoral condition, a step out of the barbarous state of international ethics—or the want of them.

Another question as to neutrality has arisen with regard to this particular struggle. In most wars there is not much to choose between the combatants; they are but too often like the two ruffians struggling over some object which each covets, as to whom the good citizen may remain neutral without breach of civil duty. They want a market, or a piece of some else's land, or a sphere of influence, or a mining concession, or a port, or a stronghold. Whichever wins, humanity will not be much the better, or the worse; evolution will not be quickened or retarded. But in this War, it is quite otherwise. In this War, great principles are battling for the victory, opposing ideals are at stake, evolution either goes forward or receives a distinct set-back. If the Allies triumph, liberty, the independence of Nationalities, the faith of treaties, justice and the right of human beings to live at peace and free, will all triumph with them: Russia will become a free Nation, and we shall have in northern and western Asia a mighty free Empire, enjoying Self-Government. Persia will escape from the conflict of opposing spheres of influence, and have some chance of ordered progress. India will become a Self-Governing unit in another great Empire, and will have no cause to look enviously at Russian Asia; both will have escaped from autocracy, and will enjoy freedom. In Europe autocracy will have been crushed, and liberty secured. But if Germany triumphs—she cannot triumph—then autocracy will triumph with her, and she will impose her authority on the world, enthroned on the ruins of human liberty. She will have inaugurated savagery in warfare, and have vindicated her theory of frightfulness to non-combatants on land and of piracy

at sea. The evils which the world has grown out of will be re-established with her, cruelty and brutality will be proved to be the best policy. The mailed fist will strike down freedom, and the jack-boot trample down all hope of liberty.

We had in our own Theosophical Society an example of the methods of Germany before they were displayed on the great stage of the world. The denial of liberty, the unscrupulous plotting, the resort to the most outrageous lies, the clever misrepresentation, the hatred of England, the effort to impose German views and authority, the underhand action in many countries simultaneously, in America, Italy, England, Scotland, France, Switzerland, Russia. To pull down and destroy the Theosophical Society was to destroy one of the great forces working for progress in the religious world, and the whole work of Germany has been aimed at checking evolution and setting back progress. The powers that have obsessed the German Nation have worked in every department of human thought, degrading science to the demoniacal labour of inventing new machines for human torture and for making war more cruel than it has ever been.

To be neutral under such conditions is to betray humanity, for the fate of the world for generations hangs in the balance, and the neutral helps to weigh it down on the wrong side.

Annie Besant

PANTHEISM

O SOUL! why weary in thy quest?
God is around thee everywhere,
The flowers grow at His behest,
Their scented fragrance fills the air.

The trees bow down in reverence
Before His Presence in the wind,
Knowing by some strange inner sense
The truth that thou hast striven to find.

The birds each morning chant His praise
Theirs, too, a knowledge hid from thee ;
Nature in all her ordered ways
Proclaimeth His eternity.

O Soul! dost thou not feel His power?
In earth and fire and air and sea
He dwells. From every tree and flower
His life breathes forth unstintingly.

And in thy heart, though all unknown,
He dwells, a radiant Spirit-Guest ;
When thou hast won unto that Throne
Then is the ending of thy quest.

T. L. CROMBIE

THE SYMBOLISM OF THE STAR

By C. W. LEADBEATER

*A Lecture delivered to the Order of the Star
in the East in Sydney*

A FEW days ago a public official, who knew nothing about our Order of the Star, asked from a group of our very young members :

“Why do you wear those silver stars?”

Fortunately one of them had the courage to speak up, and he said :

“It shows that we expect the coming of a World-Teacher; it is the symbol of the Order of the Star in the East.”

The official was mystified and turned away, without asking any further questions. Again, a little while ago, another who does not belong to us, seeing the reverent care which we take of our stars, said :

“Why do you think so much of the star? It is only a symbol.”

That is true, but you know the cross of Christ is only a symbol, and yet thousands of martyrs have died for it, and it has been an inspiration and a help to millions who understand its meaning. The British Flag is only a symbol, yet men are dying by thousands for its honour now. The star may be only a symbol,

but it means a great deal to us who are Brothers of the Star. I trust it may mean a great deal to the world in a few years' time, when our Organisation has spread further and when we have done more of the work to which we have pledged ourselves.

What then does the Star mean? Our Order is the Order of the Star in the East, and to hear that mentioned at once suggests to us the Gospel story of the Three Wise Men (the Three Kings as tradition says), who came and said, "We have seen His Star in the East and are come to worship Him." And when they saw the star again, it is written that "they rejoiced with exceeding great joy". Most people go no further than that story to find why we wear the star, but there is more than that in it. The five-pointed Star has a symbolism which goes far beyond that; for when a candidate reaches the portals of Initiation the Star flashes forth above his head. Why? It flashes forth to indicate the approval of the One Initiator, the Great Ruler of this world under the Solar Deity, the Great One who is put in charge of evolution down here. The Star is His symbol: the five-pointed silver Star. When that Star so flashes out, we must not think of it as sent there by an effort of His will, because it was there already long before it was visible. His mighty aura, the influence of His Power, surrounds the whole globe on which we live, but when for purposes of His own He chooses to make that tremendous power manifest at a certain spot, that portion of that mighty aura flashes out for a moment (or longer, as may be wished) in the likeness of the Star. Therefore the silver Star is the symbol of the Immanence of God. It is the sign that He is everywhere; that at any moment He can

show Himself, can manifest His power at any point in this great world.

Our silver Star, therefore, means much more than merely the Star in the East; it signifies something which will certainly be a prominent part of the teaching of the Great Lord when He shall come—the knowledge that God is everywhere, that we are all alike Gods in the making, and sons of God; and that therefore brotherhood is a reality which cannot be disputed, which cannot be doubted, because God is in us all, because the Divine Star may flash forth at any moment in any human heart. That is the real meaning of your symbol of the Star. It means that God is within us and without us, and that because we recognise the divine in every man, therefore we have a perfect brotherhood of man; not a brotherhood only of those who know that fact, or believe it, but a brotherhood of every human creature, and going beyond that, a brotherhood which includes all that lives, animal, vegetable, or mineral, for all those live in their respective degree, all are permeated by the same Divine Life; and so very truly is the Star the symbol of brotherhood.

In our Theosophical seal we show forth another star that which has six points. The two triangles of which it is made are interlaced: the upward-pointing triangle signifies Spirit and the other matter, and they are interlaced to show that we know nothing of Spirit unless it be manifest in some sort of matter and nothing of matter unless it be ensouled by Spirit. There we have another star, another suggestion.

From yet another point of view this five-pointed Star signifies God in man. If you will look at some

of the Theosophical diagrams you will see how that fivefold man is represented there; Spirit, Intuition and Intelligence—the three qualities which in man represent the three aspects of the Godhead—are manifesting now through two vehicles, the mental and the astral bodies. You will notice that that is the level which humanity has at present reached. The physical body is not counted in that enumeration at all, because that was fully developed long ago. The development of the astral body is being perfected; the development of the mental body is progressing. That is the stage at which humanity now stands, and therefore the man is counted as fivefold in that theory of occult development. There will come a time, perhaps, on some other planet than this, when the astral body will be neglected as already done with; when the mental body will be the only vehicle and then the Star will have only four points. Then the symbols of the star and the cross and the rose will all blend together, as they are meant to do, but that is in the future.

For the moment the five-pointed Star represents the fivefold man, and therefore emphatically the God in the man, so to us it is a great and a glorious symbol because of its signification, because we have learnt through much study to understand a little more of what it means than would be apparent at the first glance. So our Star to us is an embodiment of our deepest and holiest beliefs. Therefore we reverence it; therefore we wear it; we delight to explain all about it to those who do not yet know. When He, the Lord, shall come to teach us, no doubt He will carry our thought on much further, but even already this symbol is one which brings us hope and love, and our faith in it and

in all that it means carries us through our worldly life and makes us far happier, far more useful than if we had not known it.

Such thoughts will widen out your perceptions very much if only you will study them, if only you will understand. There is so much that is beautiful, so much that is well worthy of your understanding, of which the ordinary man knows nothing whatever. We say in these modern days that we have transcended many of the beliefs of the Middle Ages: so we have. We have learnt that many of the things which men then believed are superstitions, but we shall be seriously wrong if we decide that all ancient beliefs were superstitions.

If we reject them all indiscriminately we shall lose a great deal that is of the deepest importance; and there is no doubt that our modern incredulity—well, perhaps it is only semi-modern now, because it was at its acme about the middle of last century—the scepticism which culminated about the middle of the last century or perhaps a little earlier, had distinctly cast away much of the truth along with many things that no doubt were unworthy to be kept. Now people are beginning to feel a kind of reaction from that scepticism, they are beginning to see that though our ancestors believed a great many things which we now know to be untrue, along with those very things they had glimpses of many truths which we have thrown aside because we did not understand.

Remember how they believed in the fairies and in the angels. The scepticism of fifty or sixty years ago cast all that aside as nonsense, but people now are beginning to understand that there is a truth behind it.

We find a book like that of Professor Wentz, *The Fairy Faith in Celtic Countries*, in which a man of science, a man with degrees from several universities, takes the trouble to go forth and collect evidence from different countries and put it into a book, and after much careful examination of it comes to the conclusion that the evidence is irrefutable—that fairies do exist. Then he proceeds to classify and talk about them. He discusses the whole thing on the basis of their actuality. He is quite right; such things *do* exist. The great angels also exist, though men have denied them.

It is well that we should use discrimination because, although eager blind credulity is certainly a bad thing, equally ignorant incredulity is perhaps, on the whole, rather worse. It leads men far from the truth; it cuts out of their lives all that is beautiful and poetical, and absolutely without giving them any compensation. It is for us, then, to use our intellect, to decide for ourselves that this belief has in its favour a vast amount of evidence, and therefore we accept it. There are other beliefs for which as yet we can see no evidence, and so we lay them aside, not, if we are wise men, denying them, but saying simply: "I will put that aside until I know more about it."

I have studied these things now for nearly fifty years, for I went into such matters long before I joined the Theosophical Society; and the end of all that study for myself is assuredly that I have evidence of the reality of a great many of these things—also that I have learnt never to deny, never to say this or that is absolutely impossible, because there are so many things in earth and in heaven which are not included in our philosophy up to the present, that it is not safe ever to

deny blankly. All that one can ever wisely say is : " I have no evidence of such things, therefore for the present I hold my mind suspended on the point ; I put the thing aside." To deny, therefore, is often a more foolish thing than to believe credulously, and I hold that it shuts a man out more effectually from the higher.

Let us therefore be eclectic in our belief, but wisely so. Let us beware of accepting without evidence, but equally let us beware of rejecting without evidence, of casting aside new thoughts or new facts because we have not seen anything like them before, because they do not seem to us congruous with other things that we know. Remember that the most studious of us knows but very little as yet : remember how Sir Isaac Newton spoke of the scientific man as only " picking up pebbles on the shore of a mighty ocean ". It is not for us to deny : it is wiser to be cautious both in accepting and in rejecting.

All that is included in this higher symbolism is something for us to study carefully and intelligently, in the hope that such study may lead us to a truer understanding of nature, a truer understanding of this wonderful and beautiful old world in which we live, and so to a closer touch with Him who made that world, with Him who informs it, who is in it everywhere, in it and through it and beyond it—Him whose symbol is the silver Star.

But there is another side of its symbolism. We have considered the external, the cosmic side ; now let us turn to the human and practical side. He who wears the Star should himself be a star ; the qualities and the powers of the Star should show themselves in him in daily life. Every one of us has a special duty

to perform because of his membership. We undertake to think of and to try to promote the knowledge of the Coming of the World-Teacher. We undertake to prepare ourselves, and also as far as may be to try to help in the preparation of others, for His Coming. We undertake to develop certain virtues—devotion, steadfastness, gentleness ; and if all those undertakings, with all that they imply, were fully carried out we should indeed be an organisation of wondrous power for the benefit of humanity. But our members sometimes forget that the duty of the member of the Star is not merely to attend Star Meetings, to read and perhaps to distribute Star literature, but also and quite definitely to lead a certain life because of the Star and all that it means.

The first thing that we know of a star is that it shines forth for all to see. It is the duty of each member of the Star so to live that *his* light may shine forth for all to see. That idea is put before you in the Christian scriptures too. You will remember the expression: "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

I have always felt myself that the wording of that text in our English version needs a slight revision or qualification, because it is so written that it might bear the implication that you ought to let your light shine *in order that* it might be seen of men. There are plenty of other texts showing that the man who does his good works to be seen of men is in reality doing little good. There is the story of the Pharisees who for a pretence made long prayers in public places and at the corner of the streets in order that they

might gain the praise of men, and you will remember how the Christ said of them: "Verily, I say unto you, they have their reward." They sought the praise of men and they got it, but that is *all* they got. They did not seek an answer from on high, they did not seek an outpouring of the Divine Spirit, and they did not get it; but what they sought, that they did get.

We would then warn our members most earnestly that this does not involve any idea of posing or of setting themselves upon a pedestal for others to see; but nevertheless we have to remember that we do stand as representatives of our Order to those around us who know that we belong to it; and although it would indeed be evil for us if our good works were done only for the good report that we should have among men, yet we must not forget the cardinal fact that, as we are taken to represent our Order, in a very real sense the honour of the Order is in the hands of each of its members. He can cause it to be lightly spoken of, he can—I will not say disgrace it, because none of us would do that—but he can diminish its power for good by not acting as a member of the Star should, and by forgetting sometimes the great object that lies before him and the brotherhood to which he belongs. Therefore it is the duty of the brother of the Star that he should shine forth before men: that he should never bring any thought of discredit upon the Order of which he is a part, but should always ray forth help and love upon all.

The Star shines; it steadily goes on shining; the light flows forth from it in all directions and all the time; just so should love towards all flow out continuously from every brother of the Star. I am afraid

that people often to some extent misunderstand such a remark as that—that it seems unreal to them. We are constantly told in Theosophical teaching that since all men are brothers we must pour out brotherly love upon all, and people think, therefore, that they are expected to feel towards every one the same keen affection that they feel towards a brother, a sister, a father or a mother. They naturally say :

“Surely that is impossible ; I cannot feel towards all these people whom I do not know personally, as I feel to those with whom I am closely associated, those whose love and kindness I feel and return.”

Certainly you cannot, and no one has ever for one moment expected that you should. That is something in the future. There will come a time when you will feel just as strong a love for all mankind as now you feel for those who are nearest and dearest to you ; but when you have reached that stage your love for those nearest and dearest to you will be a thousand times greater than it can be now, because that will mean that you have advanced, that you have grown greatly in evolution. It is not reasonable to suppose, and it has never been expected, that you should feel alike towards all.

What is expected is that you should be in a brotherly attitude towards all, that your feeling towards them should be one of kindness and of readiness to help. You love them all because they are men, and men are our brothers, but that you will love better those you know better is an absolute certainty, and I think that from a misunderstanding of that really obvious fact has arisen an unfortunate attitude in which the love for all has been regarded as merely a sort of sentimental idea, and

not a real thing. People have felt the impossibility of feeling towards all as they feel towards a few, and therefore they have thought :

“This is a counsel of perfection ; it cannot be done now ; it is one of the things one reads in the scripture, but one never hopes to realise.”

There is nothing written in any scripture which you may not hope to realise, for God is within you, and the Divine Power can bring you at one or another stage of your evolution to the level where all that is written can be done. This at least you may do immediately: you may adopt the attitude of general friendliness instead of general suspicion, and in that sense the kindly feeling (which after all is love, though not the intensity of love that is poured upon those we know best) shall be radiating out from you in all directions all the time.

The attitude of the average man is to radiate suspicion. When he comes into contact with people whom he does not know, he is at first reserved and irresponsive ; he has a certain amount of suspicion ; he thinks: “What are these people going to get out of me? how are they going to use me?” I do not deny that, as the world stands at present, the man has a certain amount of justification for adopting such a position, because there are many people whose chief idea is to exploit everything for their own advantage ; but I do say, also, that there are many who are not in that attitude, who are ready to welcome a friendly advance and to think nothing much as to what will follow it. Therefore the man who stands in a suspicious attitude provokes from others the very thing of which he is afraid. He verily by his own suspicious

thought puts into the other man's mind the idea that he may make something out of him; whereas if he approached him with the feeling of potential love, of kindness and readiness to help, he would evoke that thought and call forth that part of the man's nature, and assuredly would find himself far better treated than he is at present.

The world is to you, to a great extent, what you are to it. It is a mirror, it is a reflection: as you present yourself to it, so in many ways will it take you, and in turn present itself to you. If you go about full of suspicion you will find plenty of reason for suspicion, and you will suspect in a thousand cases where it is not justified because of, perhaps, one or two where it would be justified; and that is an evil thing to do. If, on the contrary, you go about full of the loving and the confident feeling, you will sometimes be deceived, no doubt; but it is a thousand times better that you should sometimes make a mistake on that side, even though you may suffer somewhat from it, than that you should once make a mistake in the other direction of suspecting the man who did not deserve suspicion.

Therefore shine forth as those who love, as those who are kindly, as those who expect the best from every man, for if you radiate forth that feeling it is wonderful and beautiful to see how many people will respond to it—in how many cases where you expect the best confidently and show that you expect it, people will rise to it. You will find it over and over again. But your shining forth must be irrespective of their response; you must pour out your good feeling equally without thinking what their reply will be, and without minding what it is. You are always giving; do not

think about receiving, do not pour in order to evoke from them some return. Pour out your kindness and your affection because it is your nature—because that is you.

Some people may say: "I am afraid it is *not* my nature." If it is not your nature then make it so, and make it so at once; for you are God, and it is the very characteristic of God that He pours Himself forth into all His creation, and that His stream of Love is never failing, that it rains alike upon the just and upon the unjust. The sun shines upon all, and the Divine Love pours upon all. There are those who shut themselves away from the sun in caverns and in vaults. There are men who shut themselves away from the Divine Love in the shell of their own sin or sorrow or distrust, but the Love is there for all who will take advantage of it. So in your smaller way should your outpouring of love and good feeling be always there quite irrespective of the reply; but it must have that great characteristic that it does not expect return. If once you sully it with selfishness, with thought of what you may get, then it becomes no longer Divine, for that is not the thought in the Divine Mind.

We have not the right to live carelessly when once we are brothers of the Star, for the Star itself and all which it means may be blamed for our carelessness, and that should not be. There is far more harm done in this world by want of thought than by want of heart, as a poet has said. There are perhaps people—very few—who definitely do evil, knowing it to be evil, for some object that they wish to get. None of you would do that; but many a time through want of thought we produce the same evil result that we might

have produced intentionally if we were wicked. We are not wicked, but yet we produce that result; it is a pity.

The first thing to remember, if our lives are to be like the Star, is that those lives must constantly shine. The second is that they must shine with a pure white light. Now what is the white light? The white light contains within itself all other lights. The colour of white is the combination of all colours. The pure white light can respond to everything, because it contains within itself that which can so respond. Whatever colour you may wear, whatever colour you may paint in your picture, the white sunlight will show you that colour, because it is contained in that white light. If you use a light of only one colour—a perfect red or blue or yellow light—and throw that upon your picture or your clothing, you will see at once that you do not get the proper hues, because that is only one part of light and not the whole. It cannot respond to the other colours, it cannot give them their true value, because it does not contain them.

That also is an allegory. Your light of love and sympathy must be the white light, because that alone comprehends all. You may have a light that may be never so powerful and beautiful, but if it is a light of one colour it can respond only to that colour. If you have within yourself the white light, the pure light of tolerance and of comprehension of all, from that white light each can take what is necessary for him, and so you are able to respond to all; you can provide for all, you can sympathise with all, you can meet all, because your love contains all. You comprehend, you keep the true proportions; you do not let one colour

become so emphasised that you cannot respond to any other.

A man of one religion follows that as his colour of the light of truth, but he must be prepared to understand and to respond to the different colours of other men's religions. It is not only in regard to religions; it is true also of types of disposition. One man is an emotional man; another is an intellectual man; one is always pessimistic and critical in his attitude, the other is optimistic, on the whole confiding, and willing to make the best of everything. These men distrust one another and misconceive one another's actions to the very point of hatred, all because they do not understand one another. No one asks you to give up your own point of view; it is probably just as good as any other man's, or at least it has *some* truth behind it; but you must be prepared to make allowances for the other man's point of view also, because if you do not you cannot help that man; you have not the pure light of truth, and therefore you cannot respond equally to all. That is another important characteristic of the star.

Again, the star guides men; the mariner steers his course across the trackless deep by reference to the stars. The compass guides him, but constantly he checks his position by reference to the stars, so truly the stars are the guides of men. In the same way you who are brothers of the Star should naturally be guides to others, because you know more. It is sometimes true that it is only a little more, that it is only more in one direction, and perhaps less in others; but still that which you know more than others is the very part of the great encyclopædia of life which is most important to know, especially just now. You know of the Coming

of the World-Teacher. You know of the way in which men must live to prepare themselves for Him, and just at the moment that is of the greatest importance; for a little child who knows the way can guide better than the wisest philosopher who does not know it. So the fact that you know that one thing makes you to some extent able to take the position of a guide in life to those who do not know it. But see to it, that you *do* know more; see to it that you *do* understand why you belong to the Order of the Star, and all that it means. Knowing that, having that knowledge to give, always be ready to give it, always be ready to give any help that you can in any way and on all planes, night and day. For many of you, whether you know it or not, work much away from the physical plane at night, and do good, earnest and valuable work. Night and day, on this plane or on the other planes, always be in the attitude of being ready to help. If anyone wants a friendly hand or a word of advice, there you are ready to give it; but be careful how you offer it. The word of advice may be of the greatest value if it is given tactfully—if it is put in the right way with no thought of yourself, but with only the desire to help. On the other hand if it is thrust forward officiously it may be resented as an intrusion, an impertinence, instead of a friendly offer to help where help is needed.

Therefore you must have wisdom besides your enthusiasm; otherwise you may often do much harm, and fail in doing good where you might have succeeded.

Then another quality of the Star which you must have strongly is its steadfastness. That is one of the qualifications which we undertake to develop within

ourselves. The star is *always* shining. Sometimes clouds arise and get in the way, but that is not the doing of the star. The star is there, is always dependable; so surely, if we wish to imitate the star, and to show forth the virtues of the star in our daily life, we must see to it that *we* are always dependable, that we are not swayed by the storms of the personality, that we are not people of moods. Many a person spoils his usefulness by not being always the same, by not being available or dependable when wanted. Remember (for that may help you in this matter,) that those moods and their changes do not belong to you at all.

You are an ego—more truly, you are a Monad, a spark of God's own fire—but the manifestation of that down here is the ego which is dominating (or should be dominating) your personality. That is the nearest representative of You, the Monad, which you can touch or at present realise. Therefore you must be that—that Inner Soul. That is steadfast as the needle to the pole; the real man, the Soul within, has no object but development, unfoldment. It is for that that he is here; for that that glorious Spirit, the Monad, has put himself down into the ego, for that in turn the ego has also put himself down into this personality—for that one object and no other, for the realising of the power, for the becoming one with God, for the unfolding of the God within him. It is only for that that he has come, and therefore he has no other object.

Down here you seem to find yourself pursuing all kinds of other objects; but that which is pursuing is *not* you, and you should realise it. When you find sweeping over you at times moods of irritability, of blackness and spiritual dryness, remember that it is

not you, but an elemental—that it is the living matter of your astral body, and the living matter of your mental body. These things which you have created for yourself and for your service, should be acting merely as vehicles; but, like a horse which runs away, they have a will of their own, and are taking you in the wrong direction. It is only that, and you should not be a slave to them. You are to assert yourself, and be the true You.

So you must have the steadfastness of the Star. All these things are merely the earthly clouds that rise and dim your light. You are the Star, and you must shine steadfastly through it all; you must triumph over it, and like the Sun, which for us is the greatest Star of all, you must disperse the clouds by that steadfast shining. The personality must be the mere expression of the individual, because in that way only are you reflecting the great Light. For remember: "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of Lights, in whom is no variableness neither shadow of turning." And so there must be no variableness or shadow of turning in *you*—the Star down here.

Yet one more quality you must have in your Star. You must be steadily increasing in the light that you pour out. You are an evolving entity; remember what evolution means. "*Volvo*" means I turn, and "*e*" means out. You are constantly turning out, developing, unfolding the latent Divinity within you, and that evolution cannot stand still. It may drop back, sometimes, unfortunately; it may be decreasing or it will be growing, one or the other. See to it that your light is growing all the time. You must never allow it to wane, but

always see that it steadily increases, that you must grow ceaselessly, because in that very growth you are drawing in power from the Father of Lights. The growth that we see around us day by day in nature comes always from drawing in and from giving out again. So if you draw in the Power and the Strength and the Glory of God into you, pour it out again, for in that way a constant flow of the Divine Strength will pass through you, and you will truly grow. You must continue to draw this power from the Father of Lights until you reflect Him perfectly, until you shine even as He shines forth.

Yet another text from your Christian scripture : "The path of the just is as a shining light, shining more and more unto the perfect day." Remember that when you see the Star ; so shall it be to you a blessing and a help ; so shall you also bear aloft the Star, and do such justice as you ought to do to the splendid opportunity, the glorious karma, that has made you a Brother of the Star.

C. W. Leadbeater

THE MIRROR

By MARY MACCAUSLAND

A YOUTH, all eagerness, sat at the feet of an old priest in the temple. Outside there were heat and strife and the buying and selling of men's souls. Inside the temple there were the cool and dusk of perpetual evenings and everlasting peace.

"Tell me, O Master," said the youth, "what shall I do to reflect the Light?"

Slowly and solemnly the old man spoke:

"Hast thou ever seen the sun strike a burnished mirror, O Simple One, and reflect on thy eyes till the light caused thee to be blinded?"

"Yea, Father, many times, and so would I be," answered the youthful seeker, "full of such glory as to make a radiance shine about me."

"But, O Youth, the mirror could not reflect the sun had not some humble one prepared it by patient polishing. Thou knowest that a dusty mirror cannot reflect the light. Nor can an unclean man show the glory of the Perpetual Light. Dost thou wish to catch and give forth the Light that thy life will be of a blinding radiance?"

"Prepare thyself as the mirror is prepared. Clean every corner of thy heart and mind until there is no dark

in thee. Then polish and refine thyself till thou art as the sun for radiance.”

“Yea, Master, but what are the things with which I clean and polish my heart and mind?” asked the youth.

“To clean thyself, O Ignorant One, Prayer. To polish thyself, Love for thy fellow-men. To refine thyself, Meditation. But, O Youth, remember, prayer is not asking the All-Powerful for gifts for thyself, but for thy fellows; and love means service; and meditation means thinking the thoughts that strengthen the will.

“By this means, and only this, O World Conqueror, thou may’st burnish thy mirror till thou canst reflect the stars.”

Mary MacCausland

A GREAT MEMORY

I HAVE seen Knights of gallant behaviour, and my eyes were made proud with the seeing, so gallant their bearing!

The very dust of the Field was made foul for their feet; the weapons against them were poisoned; the blows that they parried sought to strike 'neath the belt; very cunning devices prevented them; but they passed forward gallant and dauntless.

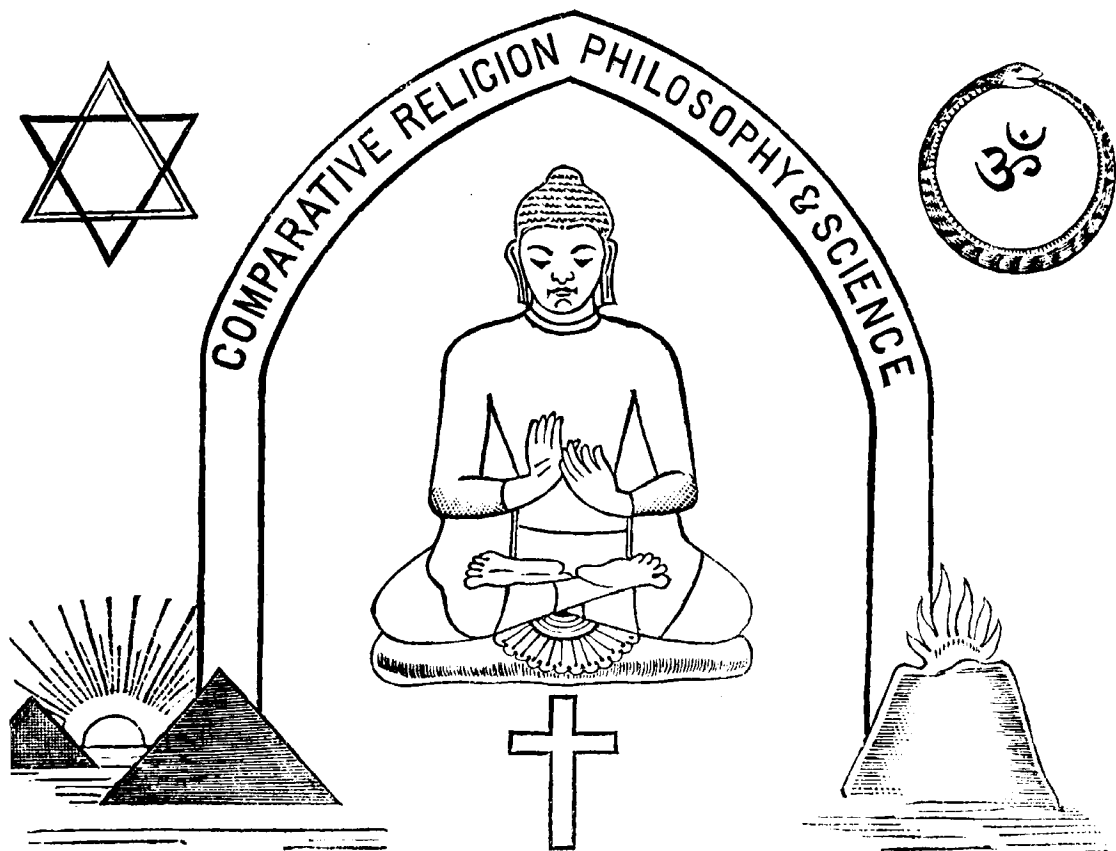
The enemies gathered themselves together for onslaught.

Trembling, I feared the shock of the great encounter; but it was I who trembled; they pressed still onwards, keen, watchful, playing the great Game that was theirs, on to the finish.

Then they rode from that Field victorious, very courteous, they rode and serene, their service accomplished.

My heart grows big in remembering, remembering the dust, and the glory, O Knights of most gallant behaviour!

HOPE REA



PHILOSOPHY IN WAR TIME

By WILLIAM LOFTUS HARE

I BELIEVE there is a very general impression that in War time, philosophy either does cease or should cease; that when any very energetic form of activity is to be undertaken the speculative and reflective faculties of man are to become partially dormant. Indeed, if we could make a survey of public mind in England at the present time, we should find the large

proportion of people everywhere would declare, with a certain degree of impatience, that this is not the time for philosophy. *The Westminster Gazette* of November 19th, 1914, quotes a passage from Boswell's *Life of Dr. Johnson*, which is appropriate to the present discussion :

“We talked of war,” says Boswell. Johnson: “Every man thinks meanly of himself for not having been a soldier or for not having been at sea.” Boswell: “Lord Mansfield does not.” “Sir, if Lord Mansfield were in a company of general officers and admirals who had been in service, he would shrink; he'd wish to creep under the table. . . . No, sir; were Socrates and Charles XII of Sweden both present in any company, and Socrates to say, ‘Follow me and hear a lecture on philosophy’; and Charles, laying his hand on his sword, to say, ‘Follow me and dethrone the Czar’; a man would be ashamed to follow Socrates. Sir, the impression is universal; yet it is strange.”

The writer adds: “The impression at any rate continues wide-spread to-day.”

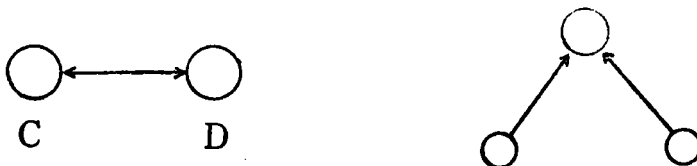
Now, although to a certain extent this impression is a natural one, and has some good causes behind it, yet on the other hand I am inclined to regard War itself as actually providing an important spur towards philosophy. In consequence of War, men have to think very much harder than formerly; there may be fewer thinkers but there is deeper thinking; and this is provided by the War. The impression that I have mentioned is also supplemented and modified by another one, namely, that in due time we shall return to philosophy; we shall not be “ashamed to follow Socrates,” but will begin to reflect and to debate about what we call the “problems of philosophy”.

Now one of the greatest philosophers of the world, Plato, was set thinking by similar circumstances to

those which stimulate many of us to-day. Socrates, his Master, had taken part in that long Peloponnesian War between the great Greek States; he had given up fighting, but in his advanced age there continued a series of outbreaks and tyrannies, culminating in his death. These events so disgusted Plato with politics that he retired from public life, and made that almost unparalleled effort in education when he founded his Academy. Would that there were a Plato among us to-day!

The Greeks employed a word which has been rendered in our tongue "to philosophise"; "philosophising" was a definite and very important activity, not merely of intellectual, but of moral significance. And in reading the dialogues of Plato one sees that some of his greatest flights into metaphysic began from quite simple and practical issues which had been raised among the friends of Socrates. Philosophy, therefore, is of practical importance; it is not a side issue or, as commercial men are wont to say of some of their activities, a "side line"; really it is for the intellectual life the main line.

I have drawn some diagrams which are meant to aid the mind to understand what I have now to say.

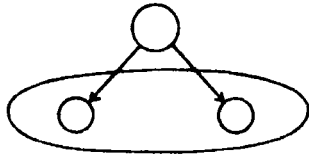


The first one represents two different spheres, which I call C and D respectively; and if we choose to imagine that C represents the whole outlook and mental activity of, say, the race of cats, and D that of dogs,

we may well believe that these two races each have a specially limited outlook. Whatever thought there is among them relates entirely to the cat world, or the dog world, as the case may be. It is really very much the same with us. I mean to say that at certain times we are wont to "philosophise" within a limited circle which contains no more than our own empirical experiences and concerns; what is outside this is considered alien to us; but if we would philosophise *really* we must leave for a moment that limited circle of our own affairs and rise to a higher one. It may be that with animals there is no higher sphere which transcends their own little world, but for men surely there is; so that if two nations are found at war with one another, philosophy for each one of these nations will not be that which goes on within the limits of these lower politico-centric spheres, but it will be that which is found in a higher sphere to which the persons of both nations can rise. I say this because I think it is necessary at the present moment to contradict an impression for which perhaps the Germans of the "real *politik*" school are largely responsible, that one cannot transcend the limitations of one's own personal interests or the interests of one's nation. Against this I urge that in order that there may be philosophy, a man must cease to be English, or German, or French, as such; he must rise to that realm where his intellectual speculation and judgments cannot be, must not be, interfered with by the accident that he happens to be born in Paris, or Berlin, or London. If philosophy is changed by that accident it is not philosophy at all.

If it be possible, then, for man to leave his limited personal or national sphere in order to think about

these great problems of life, it is also possible for him, reaching that height, to look down again upon the lower spheres, and he will then see that which is naturally his own and that which is not naturally his own. He will see them with a degree of relativity and unity which he cannot possibly appreciate while he is himself circulating in one of the lower spheres.



A man will not be able to *understand*, although he may feel, precisely what it is to be an Englishman or a German until he looks down upon the English way of thinking and the German way of thinking from the philosophic standpoint. That of course is a theoretical way of speaking, but I do not think it is altogether unpractical. The insistent problems of life force us in two directions; one towards the special and emphatic interest in ourselves, that in which we begin our thinking; and the other the point that I have been suggesting, that higher one from which we can survey and *understand* the significance of these individual thoughts and empirical experiences, and *judge* them.

It is the custom to speak of "Greek philosophy," "Scottish metaphysics," and "Teutonic philosophy". There are really no such things. There is philosophy produced by Greek thinkers, philosophy produced by Teutonic thinkers, but philosophy itself is really not tainted by national feeling at all. It is worth noting that during the early part of the War the English Press of the baser kind was chiding Lord Haldane for his

interest in "German philosophy," as they call it. Little do these petty scribblers know of the nature of that philosophy with which they think it is a disgrace to be concerned. The translator of Schopenhauer, the student of Hegel, the author of *The Pathway to Reality*, was suspected of being disloyal to his country because the philosophy he loves was "made in Germany". What is wanted now, I suppose, is an "all British philosophy" entirely home-grown, guaranteed innocuous by the patriotic press.

I will now try to correlate what I have been saying with some of the well-known great philosophers. I will try to show the system of philosophising which was entered upon by that wonderful chain of men beginning with Kant and ending with Nietzsche and Eucken. We must also take a glance at the pseudo-philosophers like Treitschke and Von Bernhardi, and relate them to the others, for it is they who, more than the true philosophers, have of late exercised so great an influence on the thought of their time.

Kant is noted for the fact that he made the first acceptable analysis of the human understanding. On this his true greatness rests. He is also noted for his very great insistence on the nature of the Moral Law. So important did he regard this that after having dethroned all theological authority, he found, or professed to find, in man himself what he called "the Categorical Imperative" towards action of a moral character. He argued that if men would really with perfectly clear mind subject any issue which was before them to the judgment of their reason undisturbed by any alien influence, they would, as it were, hear "the Categorical Imperative" commanding them to do or not to do, as

the case might be. One thing Kant did not discover was the basis in nature of what he called the Moral Law. This was left to his great successor, Schopenhauer. Kant was firstly a great metaphysician, secondly a moralist, and in his old age he turned to politics; he produced a very remarkable tract called *Perpetual Peace*, the result of lifelong thinking of the way in which men might live together. It is but a small work, but it is of very great interest at the present time because in it he shows how it is that men and States go wrong; how it is that they are plunged into this frightful warfare which in his time was bad enough but to-day is a hundred times worse. He traced the political and social disasters of his day to the declension from the Moral Law which every man can know. He proposed a series of moral and political principles upon which States should regulate their relations with one another. The most remarkable of all the clauses is a secret one that rulers should always consult philosophers before plunging into war.

Kant was followed by a very enthusiastic pupil of his, Fichte. He enlarged and beautified Kant's Categorical Imperative. It was an "Absolute Ought"; it was the Categorical Imperative raised to a pedestal, less *in* man than above him. It was almost a deity which thundered down its proclamations to man below. Fichte was an ardent patriot as well as a moralist of a high order; he believed that it was possible to transform the human race by true teaching into being perfect, harmonious and truly illumined.

I cannot condense Hegel into a sentence, but will merely name him in due order here, remarking that he has a considerable following in England.

The next thinker who raised the philosophy to a much higher point than his predecessors had done was Schopenhauer. He was very familiar with the thought of the East, being saturated in the lore of the ancient Upaniṣhaṭs. They were his consolation to the day of his death. He wrote a great work, entitled *The World as Will and Representation*. His explanation of the world was, first, that it is Will, irresistible, forceful Will, in every direction struggling to attain to manifestation in some of these myriad forms. Will first of all exists and is entirely non-moral; the visible world is its "idea" or representation in the mirror of man's intellect. The primary form of man's will is "the Will-to-live" which leads him in every direction to affirm himself, leads him to personal strife, to tribal strife, leads him obviously into great wars. Schopenhauer showed that as this impulse of the Will-to-live is pressed further from the centre, so to speak, towards the periphery of life, it becomes increasingly non-moral. It seems to me that this is exactly what we may say is happening at this moment. The Will-to-live in the nations of the world at the present time is so intense, it leads them to such extremities, that they are ready to attack one another with the greatest and most hideous engines of destruction, and to turn Europe into a shambles.

For Schopenhauer morality consisted in the cessation or the diminution of this forceful Will-to-live for the sake of other creatures. Wheresoever a man willingly reduced his claim to life for the sake of others, or even, as in rare cases, laid down his life, there and there alone was exhibited the only morality that had any value. Schopenhauer proved that this morality

was not based on something that had been declared on Sinai, or that had been given out in the Mysteries, or that was wrapped up in Kant's "Moral Law". Morality, he said, was founded on the fact that man is able to feel another's pain; it rests on the phenomenon of compassion. So that if we act morally, if we desire to make true *human* progress in the world, we should act always as our compassion and sympathy direct; this will bring the whole human race away from the terrible sufferings and cruelties that are involved in that incessant struggle which proceeds from the "Will-to-live". And Schopenhauer went further: he remembered what the Upaniṣhaṭs, Plato and the Christians had taught, *the unity of all life*. That compassion which you feel in your own heart for your fellow is founded on the hidden fact which can perhaps be perceived only mystically, and understood intellectually, namely that *you and your brother are one*. In going back to the Upaniṣhaṭs, he affirmed and elaborated that great dictum *Taṭ Tvam Asi*, "That thou art"; therefore, said he, trust that compassionate feeling which is in your own heart; if you thus act, happiness of an order altogether unfamiliar will descend upon you and will confirm the essential rightness of your choice. It is this turning away from Will-to-live, and all that it involves, that gave to Schopenhauer the misnomer of "pessimist". He was not a pessimist in the ordinary sense; he but estimated truly, where most men estimate falsely, the value of the empirical existence. To see the truth and be sustained by it is the privilege of the philosopher.

I can conceive of no more emphatic proof of the soundness of Schopenhauer's analysis of human will

and the correctness of his discovery of the basis of all morality than the events now daily recorded in the trenches. There is nothing men will not do in defence of their lives; they recoil from no horror; but when their lives are swiftly leaving them they learn in a flash and without instruction or any doubt, the illusion of it all. To many compassion returns with immense relief and condemns all they have done hitherto. Unfortunately, this lofty view has not gained much popularity and is generally misunderstood. Another teacher has suddenly had a great vogue and we hear nothing of Schopenhauer except a stray suggestion that he was nearly as dangerous as his friend and disciple, Friedrich Nietzsche, to whom we must now turn.

Nietzsche was the ardent admirer of the philosophy of Schopenhauer; in association with Wagner he joined a crusade which was to regenerate the world by means of Wagner's art with Schopenhauer's philosophy behind it. But this did not last for long. First a breach with the composer, then, with great pain but great boldness, a complete turning away from his grim master. Schopenhauer's metaphysic was cast to the winds and his ethical system went with it. So far from minimising the Will-to-live, it was to be intensified, said Nietzsche. We learn that the very idea itself came to him during the war of 1870, when he saw a Prussian cavalry regiment go thundering by. "*The Will-to-Power*," said he, "rather than the Will-to-live, is my Categorical Imperative!" He saw that men value power more than life.

Nietzsche, in a wonderfully brilliant and courageous series of works, startled and shocked the world. The

impulses which for centuries men had been taught to control he would have them *strengthen*. Indian, Socratic and Christian morality were totally rejected, and the great immoralists were held up as patterns for those who would transcend man and aim at Superman. Nietzsche's *Zarathustra* is the embodiment, the personification, of his philosophy. As to war he there declares: "Ye say it is the good cause which halloweth every war. But I say unto you: it is the good war that halloweth every cause."

There is no doubt that Nietzsche hated Christian morality. I think he misunderstood it. There is no doubt at all that he glorified war and expected much good would come to the race thereby. But as for Germany, he hated it and all its institutions more than any other country. France and Italy were his ideal nations, England and Germany his pet aversions. He wanted "the good European" to emerge. But Nietzsche was not always speaking with one voice. In what we are warranted in thinking one of his calmer moments he wrote the words that I quote:

The Means towards genuine Peace.—In this attitude all States face each other to-day. They presuppose evil intentions on their neighbour's part and good intentions on their own. This hypothesis, however, is an inhuman notion, as bad as and worse than war. . . . The doctrine of the army as a means of self-defence must be abjured as completely as lust of conquest. Perhaps a memorable day will come when a nation renowned in wars and victories, distinguished by the highest development of military order and intelligence, and accustomed to make the heaviest sacrifice to these objects, will voluntarily exclaim, "We will break our swords," and will destroy its whole military system, lock, stock, and barrel. Making ourselves defenceless (after having been the most strongly defended) from a loftiness of sentiment—that is the means towards genuine peace, which must always rest upon a pacific disposition. The so-called armed peace that prevails at present in all countries is a sign of a bellicose disposition. . . .

Better to perish than to hate and fear, and twice as far better to perish than to make oneself hated and feared. The tree of military glory can only be destroyed at one swoop, with one stroke of lightning. But, as you know, lightning comes from the cloud and from above.—*Human-all-too-human*, Vol. II.

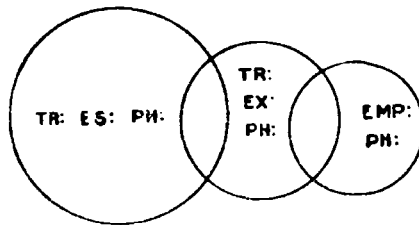
I need only say a sentence or two more about the satellites who circle around the memory of Nietzsche. Treitschke, the great German professor, simply took this essential thought of Nietzsche—a thought that was designed for the individual man alone—Treitschke took this thought and made it the impulse for Germany. Bernhardt took the thought of Treitschke and applied it to the activity of the army. He showed how war might or must be waged. It only remained for the pseudo-philosophical pamphleteers to begin; and that is the point that we have reached in a continuous stream of thought that began with Kant and has not yet ended. Professor Cramb is our Treitschke!

Rudolf Eucken, the Jena professor, should be mentioned here; he may be regarded as leaving Schopenhauer at the same point, and for similar reasons, as Nietzsche. Eucken dislikes what he considers pessimism, and propounds a doctrine which has been called *Activism*. In relating it to the other teachings which I have briefly sketched, I might define it as a doctrine of “*good-will-to-power*”. It is really an attempt to rehabilitate Christianity. The *Geistesleben*, or Life of the Spirit, lies before man as the potential condition of his existence. If he will, he can go forward to it; if he will not, he relapses. For the moment Eucken and the materialist, Haeckel, have each become a Treitschke!

The subject is one which no doubt many have been thinking about and will continue to think about, but I

should not like to finish this study without trying to make a summary of what seems to me to be the true position about philosophy in War time.

I have drawn a further diagram of three circles; the lowest one represents that limited sphere of thought, emotion and action, which we may regard either as that of the individual, if we are thinking in terms of individuals, or of a nation, if we are thinking in terms of nations; it is there that we evolve an empirical philosophy which only has to do with that which can be seen and touched, with that which is the ordinary experience of man.



But man does not only live within that limited sphere; there has been produced for him by the thinkers of the race what we will call "Transcendental Exoteric Philosophy". No particular occult powers are needed to pass into that second sphere. It is the sphere of philosophy *per se*; it is that sphere of transcendence over the empirical which any man of ordinary intellect can enter with the necessary philosophical guidance. It is there where Schopenhauer and Kant philosophise; it is there where nearly every philosophy is found; it is there where we really always ought to be. But I imagine, as well, a third and larger sphere which it is possible to produce—a "Transcendental Esoteric Philosophy".

I have drawn the diagram in a way to suggest that the Transcendental Exoteric Philosophy is what

astronomers call an epi-cycle upon the greater cycle of Transcendental Esoteric Philosophy. Of this larger sphere we know very little. Some mystics profess to have invaded it and to bring to us what there they find, and it is the source from which must ultimately be drawn all Truth; for it is the Divine Wisdom, the Brahma-Viḍyā, the Nous Koinos. The lowest, the "Empirical Philosophy," is also, as will be observed, an epi-cycle upon that above it, and though we are by nature denizens of this lowest world, it should be our aim to seek always to reach and to circulate in the larger and still larger cycles that are open to us.

What, therefore, I wish to say in conclusion, is this: in War time we ought not to philosophise as Englishmen or as nationals of whatever nation we belong to. We ought to try at least to reach this Transcendental Exoteric sphere, to live in an atmosphere of much greater intellectual and moral freedom, and thence looking down upon the present War, I believe we shall not be able to say and think the things we have been thinking and saying in the lowest sphere. We shall regard war as a mistake, an illusion, as a great and terrible inordination. If we are able to reach the highest sphere of all, I do not apprehend that we shall find the moral and intellectual conceptions that we form in the central sphere contradicted by those of the highest. For there we shall see the ultimate roots of the good and the evil laid bare. A flood of light will illuminate our dubious judgments and our highest moral convictions may perhaps be seen to be derived from a deeper and diviner spring than ever we could have believed.

But let me nevertheless say this: If I hear some message that comes to me by some one who professes

to have attained to Transcendental Esoteric Philosophy, a message that contradicts the deepest convictions of my soul, and if an effort is made to turn my compassion aside, then I shall beware of that Transcendental Esoteric Philosophy, and warn others to depend on what light they have, rather than to rest upon dogmas which they cannot themselves verify.

William Loftus Hare

CLOUDS PASS AWAY

CLOUDS pass by,
The Sunshine stays ;
Light endures
Through endless days ;
Mists may gather,
And then fly,
But the Light
Can never die.

Though the soul
Be clouded o'er
A little while,
Evermore
The Spirit lives
Calm above,
And ever gives
Light and Love,
Life and Light—
Day and night.

L. M. W.

THE ANCIENT HINDU COLONIES

By P. L. NARASIMHAM

THE ISLAND OF SUMATRA

THE Hindūs of ancient times were bolder and more enterprising than those of the present day, and about two thousand years ago they made long and tedious voyages on the high seas—a strong proof of their seamanship and spirit of adventure—and established colonies in countries and islands beyond the then Bhāraṭavarṣha, or India. The islands in the Indian Archipelago were the settlements to which the ancient Hindūs resorted for temporal and spiritual conquest. Java (or Yava-dvīpa) was the most important, and in fact the Queen, of this Archipelago. But the island of Sumatra (Sumiṭra Dvīpa), the earliest colony of the Hindūs in the Archipelago, is the biggest island of the whole group and is no less important than Java, for it (Sumatra) was the stepping-stone by which the ancient Hindūs could reach and occupy the other islands, *viz.*, Java, Borneo (Bharāṇi Dvīpa), Celebes (Shalabha Dvīpa), Madhura, Bali, Sambawa (Sambhava Dvīpa), etc. It behoves us, therefore, to know something about this island, in size as big as the Madras Presidency. It is, however, regrettable that there is very little record of its ancient history; there are some inscriptions found here and there, but most of them have been destroyed or disfigured by the hand of time and to attempt to decipher them appears to be a hopeless task. It is

confidently expected, however, that in the near future those of our enlightened and enterprising countrymen that can afford money and leisure, will pay a visit to this interesting island and gather reliable information to give shape to its ancient history.

SUMIṬRA DVĪPA

Sumiṭra (meaning in Samskr̥ṭ, a “good friend”) is the name of the person who is said to have headed the first immigration party from India to the island of Sumatra, which was therefore named after him. It appears that the modern (western) province of Achini was, when first occupied by the colonising Hindūs, called Sumiṭra, which name gradually extended to the whole island, and that the town known as Sumiṭra, close to the modern town of Achin, was for many centuries the capital of the island. The ruins of the ancient capital are said to be still visible. The name Sumatra must, therefore, be taken as the corruption of the Samskr̥ṭ word Sumiṭra. (As we proceed we shall find several Samskr̥ṭ names in use in the island). Owing to the existence of numerous herds of monkeys throughout the island, living on the branches of big tamarind trees, some natives of the island believe that Kīṣhkinḍha, described in the *Rāmāyaṇa*, is no other than their own island; and they point out certain places as the abodes of Vāli, Sugrīva, etc.

PHYSICAL FEATURES, ETC., OF SUMATRA

As it is not easy to understand the history of any country without a knowledge of its geography, a brief

geographical survey of the island is necessary. The greatest length of the island from south-east to north-west is 1,047 miles and its greatest breadth 230 miles ; while its area is about 161,612 square miles. It is at present very thinly populated, its population being about three and a half millions—in thorough contrast with the much smaller island of Java, whose population is about forty millions ! All along the length of Sumatra, and close to its western coast, is a long chain of mountains called by the natives “Bakutibarusam,” literally “mountain chain”. They are just like the Western Ghats of India. The soil is generally rocky and the rivers fall from great heights. There are many terrific volcanoes in the island. Its chief rivers are: (1) Inḍragiri, (2) Jambi or Hari, (3) Asahan, (4) Pāṇi, (5) Syaka, (6) Kampa, (7) Moosi, (8) Koobu, (9) Palembang, (10) Ṭamiṅg, and (11) Simpang. All these rivers rise in the Bakutibarusam mountains and, having a north-eastern course, fall into the sea ; and most of them are not navigable except for short distances. There are very big and beautiful lakes such as Ṭómara, Maṇḍi, Shaṅkara, etc. The big forests of the island are inhabited by numerous families of monkeys of several varieties.

Paddy, sugar-cane, coffee, maize, yarn, potato, spices, etc., are abundantly grown. Fauna and flora are the same as in India. The ancestors of the Battacks (Batahas), Koobes, and other tribes who resemble the aborigines of India, are supposed to be the pre-Āryan inhabitants of the island. When the Hindūs first landed there, a little before the Christian era, they called the aboriginal tribes of the island Dāsya and Rākṣhasas, because they were cannibals ; and it is most probable that the

earliest Hindū immigrants suffered much at the hands of the man-eaters. It is supposed that, unable for a long time to humanise the wild tribes, the earliest Hindū settlers went in search of other and better colonies such as Java. However that may be, the fact remains that some of the immigrants made this island their permanent home and gradually succeeded in civilising the wild tribes and cannibals.

THE FIRST IMMIGRANTS

The historians are agreed that the most probable date of the Hindū occupation, or colonisation, of the island of Java is A.D. 78, and that they must have occupied Sumatra much earlier than Java. And Mount Stuart Elphinstone is of opinion that Sumatra was first occupied by the Hindū immigrants about 75 B.C., which may therefore be taken as almost correct. A party of Hindū immigrants headed by Sumiṭra, their Chief, started from Shrikakulam in the Kistna District, a town at the mouth of the Krishna River at that time. This successful adventure in all probability encouraged similar ventures on the part of the Hindūs on the east coast of India. Further, the first invading Hindū immigrants having met with fierce opposition from the aboriginal tribes of the island, they would have required help from India and thus fresh immigrations became absolutely necessary. In the long run the superior, and probably well-trained, arms of the invaders were generally successful against the brute force of the savage tribes of the island.

ANCIENT CAPITAL OF SUMATRA

The early colonists founded the town of Sumiṭra, which became at first the capital of the province of the same name, that is, modern Achin, and gradually of the whole island. In course of time the Hindūs extended their rule over the ancient province of Poli, and then over the western half of the island. In the fourth century Indian Buddhists from Ghūrjara (Guzerat) and from Sinḍhu Deṣha (Scind) made rapid voyages to the island of Ceylon (Simhala) and thence to Sumatra, where they were welcomed by the Hindūs. Tradition points out Dwaraka in Guzerat as the place from which the Buddhists originally started in search of suitable colonies. When in power, the Buddhist rulers made Pasir (or Pasér) their capital.

MODERN DIVISIONS OF SUMATRA

The island is now divided into eleven districts, *viz.*, (1) Achin or Ajja (*i.e.*, ancient Sumiṭra and Poli), (2) Dehli, (3) Asahan, (4) Siak (or Syāka), (5) Rio or Inḍragiri, (6) Jambi, (7) Palembang, (8) Lampong, (9) Bencoolen, (10) Padang, (11) Tapanuli. Of these the last three are on the south-western coast, while the rest are on the north-eastern coast. Palembang is the largest town with a population of 53,788. The island is ruled by the Governor-General, with Residents under him.

From the existence of several traces of Hindū and Buddhist temples in the island, it appears that the Hindūs and Buddhists lived in amity and friendship and that they jointly built temples such as the temples of Shiva-Buddha, Mahādeva, Dhyāni-Ruḍra, Mahākāla, etc.,

advancing gradually to the south-east of the island. The towns of Pasir (Pasér) Keerti, and Kota in the Achin District, Medini in the Dehli District, Asahana and Bhilla in the Asahan District, Siak or Syaka in the District of the same name, Inḍragiri and Liṅga in the Inḍragiri District, Jambi and Kotabāru in the Jambi District, Malabhu and Sinkeli (Singakeli) in the South Achin District, Siboga (or Shivabhoga) and Batahan in the Tapanuli District, Periyam (or Priyam) and Inḍrapura in the Padang District, Subalat, Bandar and Benkanath in the Bencoolen District, and many more, are said to have been of Hindū-Buddhistic origin, while Trilokabatang in the Lampong District and some others are said to have been of purely Buddhistic origin.

The predominance of Shiva's temples in the island leads some historians to conclude that Shaivism (and not Shaktāism) was for a long time the ruling religion there, Buddhism being but of secondary importance.

"In North Sumatra," says an historian, "the immigrants from India seemed completely to have assumed the lead in the State and to have created a feudal kingdom quite in the Indian style." Even when the aggressive Muhammadanism was in its zenith in the island, the people followed not the Muhammadan Law but the Kuthāra Māṇava, an authoritative Commentary on *Manusmṛti* (Laws of Manu). Thus, Hindū religion and Hindū law guided the people until Christianity supplanted them.

ANCIENT HISTORY OF SUMATRA

The ancient history of the island, like that of India, is shrouded in mystery. The influential portion of the

natives of the island pride themselves in tracing their descent from the solar or lunar line of the Indian kings, or from Alexander the Great, and quarrels in regard to this are not infrequent. As already observed above, the inscriptions that are so far unearthed are unintelligible or illegible, so that nothing can be gathered therefrom. The temples of Ramo (Rāma), Sito (Sītā), Hanumo (Hanumān), Sugurivo (Sugrīva), Mahākāla, Ruḍra, Sivo (Shiva), Mahādeva, Mahesa, Buwano (Bhavāni), Durago (Ḍurga), etc., are all in ruins and very little of historical knowledge can be obtained from them.

The ancient province of Menangkabau (Mīnāṅka-bhava) was formed in the southern part of the island in the fifth century. This province played a very important part in its relations with Java. Hayavarḍhana Mahārāja (or Hayam Wuruk), who was the ruler of Mojopahit province in Java, from 1359 to 1389, defeated the kings of the old provinces of Aru, Palembang and Mīnāṅkabhava, in Sumatra, and ruled over them. "Southern Sumatra, by its geographical position, has always been fated to be in some degree dependent on the populous and powerful Java." The history of Java has several references to this island and shows that for centuries the internal affairs of Sumatra were managed by the kings of Java. Says one historian :

Indian civilisation, it would seem, had considerable influence on Menangkabau for, according to the native traditions of the Malays, it was Sri Turi Bumana, a prince of Indian or Japanese descent—according to the legend he traced his lineage to Alexander the Great—who led a part of the people over the sea to the peninsula of Malacca and in 1160 founded the centre of his power in Singapore.

Sri Turi Bumana being the corruption of the Samskr̥t name Shrī Tribhuvana, he cannot be said to be of Japanese descent. The name of Alexander the Great (Alaku-Sundaro, as pronounced in the island) who did not know even of the existence of this island was held very sacred by the natives of Sumatra. Singapore was a colony of Sumatra and was conquered by the King of Mojopahit in Java in 1252, when it became a Javanese province. Malacca was subsequently founded and it became the important centre of trade.

Towards the close of the thirteenth century the State of Malacca was far more powerful than the old Menangkabau and became the political and ethnological centre of Malay life.

The ancient province of "Sri Bhodja" (or Shrī Bhója), which was founded between the years 850 and 900, was famous for its Samskr̥t and Pāli literature for some centuries till it was broken up by the Muhammadans after the advent of Islām in the island in the fourteenth century.

The kingdom of Palembang was in high eminence till it was conquered in 1544 by Geding Souro (Jady Sūri) of Demak in Java. Geding Souro ruled there until 1649, when he was overthrown by another Javanese power which continued up to 1824.

The political supremacy of the Hindūs in Achin was maintained till the end of the fifteenth century, when Islām with all its terrors appeared there.

ISLĀM IN SUMATRA

Islām takes its way to Sumatra in the wake of trade; conversions *en masse* seem to have first occurred in Pasie and Aceh, while merchants of Arabian and Persian nationality prepared its advent also in other regions of the north and later of the west coast.

According to Marco Polo there was a Muhammadan kingdom in the northern part of the island in the thirteenth century. Says another historian :

At the beginning of the thirteenth century the first preachers of the new doctrine appeared in the Strait of Malacca and at first gained influence over the Malays—in the narrower sense of the word—who came originally from Sumatra and ruled the peninsula of Malacca and the adjacent islands.

Islām, with its fire and sword, wherever it went, struggled hard with the unyielding province of Achin for a long time, when Sultan Ali Moghayat Shah overthrew the Hindū King and became the first Sultan who reigned there from 1507 to 1522. Ala-ed-din al-Kahar, who ruled in Achin from 1530 to 1552, annexed a “Battak-Hindū” kingdom and extended Islām to the north.

The province of Sri Bhodja was forced to accept Islām in the fourteenth century and Palembang in the seventeenth century. Thus by the end of the seventeenth century, Islām became a powerful religion in Sumatra.

At the same time Menangkabau, ruled by Mahārājahs proud of their descent in the right line from Alexander the Great, Iskander Dzu’l karæin, reaches its apogee as a formidable Moslem State, and remains the stronghold of Malayan true believers until the fanaticism of the *padris*, stirred by the Wahabite movement, ends, in 1837, in the submission of the last Prince of Pagar Rujoong to the Dutch Government, which annexes his already much diminished empire.

EUROPEANS IN SUMATRA

The famous Italian traveller, Marco Polo, visited the island early in the year 1295. In 1509, Diego Lopez de Sequéira, a Portuguese Admiral, landed with his fleet on the coast of Sumatra; defeated by the natives of Malacca, he made good his escape. In 1511, Alfonso Albuquerque visited the island, defeated the

Sultan of Malacca and established his power there. In course of time, the ruler of Achin and the Malay Prince of Bintang began to attack and defeat the Portuguese who, however, vanquished in 1527 the Prince of Bintang. The Dutch appeared in the island in 1596 and they were frequently invited by the natives to assist them against the Portuguese whose power, therefore, gradually weakened and disappeared. The Dutch erected a factory in Palembang in 1618 and, after several struggles with the Sultan of Palembang, the province was finally annexed to the Dutch Colonial Empire in 1823. The province of Achin always proved a formidable foe to the Dutch and its ruler Mahmed Shah, who ascended the throne in 1760, "resolutely resumed the struggle with the Dutch". And by the Treaty of London, in March, 1824, Achin was allowed to remain a sovereign State. But in March, 1873, the Dutch declared war against Achin which ended in January, 1879, when Achin was annexed to the Dutch Colonial Empire.

DISTINGUISHED VISITORS

His Majesty Somdetch Phra Paramindr Chulalongkorn (or His Majesty Somaḍaṭṭa Paramendra Chūdhālamkār), the late King of Siam, paid his second visit to this island and to Java in 1896, in order to study the ancient temples and religion in these islands. A Buddhist of Hinayanic faith, he was particularly overjoyed at the sight of the Buddhistic temples of Chandis Mendoot and Boro Budoor, in Java. In December, 1909, Lord Kitchener also paid a visit to the island.

P. L. Narasimham

TRANSCENDING

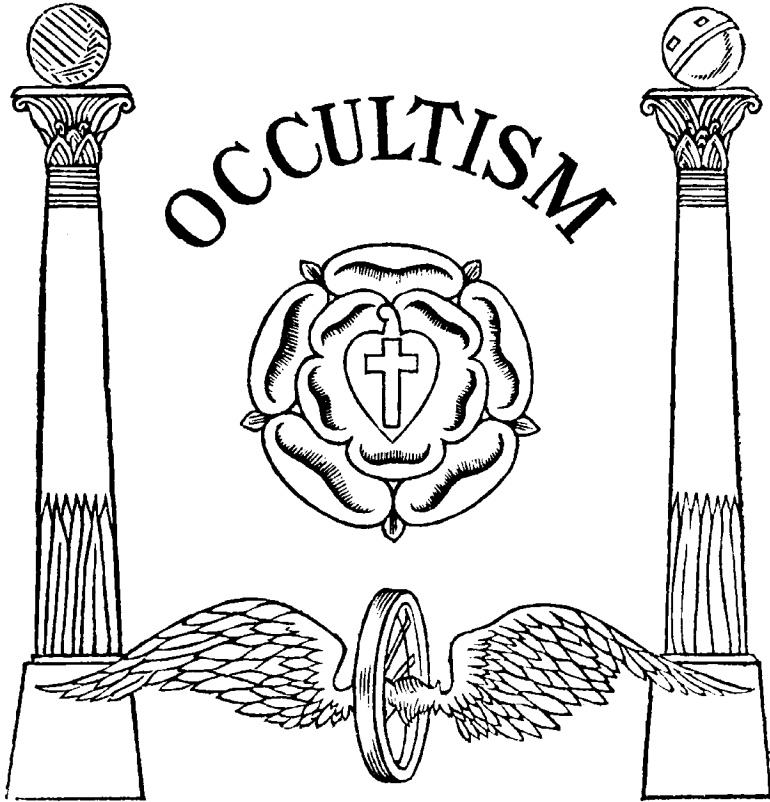
LOVE is so great a thing, I am afeared,
As men will sometimes shiver in the sun.
I laid out my heart's treasury at his feet,
I poured out all the passion of my soul
As wine into his cup. I am afeared,
For Love was not filled, nor was Love spent.

I weep continuously, a fount unsealed
Mine eyes. For I shall never know of Love—
A tide without beginning and without end,
A fire consuming utterly, nor leaves
The ashes of a thought, or flick'ring sigh.

I shall not know of Love unless I die,
Till life my spirit deals a mortal wound,
Till I have mourned for everything that lives,
And garlanded the heavens with all my tears.
Till bodiless I mingle with Itself,
I shall not know of Love. Too deep, too vast,
The melody has broken the strings of this lute.

Through roads running with blood I shall come to
my love,
Through the winter snows I shall reach my dear
one's door,
When I have forgotten everything but his face,
When I have forgotten language, save but his
name,
In the dead of night, I shall come to my dear one's
home.

C.



THE PRESENT WAR AND THE
DARK POWERS

By N. D. KHANDALAVALA

MR. A. P. SINNETT in his latest book, *The Spiritual Powers and the War*, states:

A spiritual hierarchy presides, under divine guidance, over the evolution of humanity on this planet, and is resisted on all planes of activity by a formidable organisation, itself persistently inspired by the desire to impede the spiritual progress of the human race; to retard, if possible to defeat, the divine scheme altogether; to engender suffering instead of

happiness ; to stimulate every evil passion by which humanity can be influenced ; to spread confusion and misery as far as this may be possible throughout the whole world. Those belonging to this organisation must not be thought of as included in the divine scheme for the sake of creating difficulty but in so far as it was essential to the realisation of the whole divine idea that each member of the vast human family should be invested with free will, it became inevitable that some would use that free will for evil purposes.

* * * * *

The human race was still in its infancy at the beginning of the great Atlantian period [four million years ago] and was nursed, ruled over and guided by superior beings, representing a senior evolution some amongst the Atlantian people realised the moral splendour, as well as the power they represented and began to be governed by the beautiful aspirations suggested by their example. That was the beginning of white adeptship amongst our own humanity. But concurrently with that development, some of the early Atlantian people were inspired by a selfishly covetous desire to exercise the the power they saw attached to the condition of the semi-divine visitants. Power could clearly be directed towards the fulfilment of any desires they might entertain, the effort may be thought of as representing the beginning, the very early beginning, of the evil organisation that has since attained such stupendous magnitude.

There is no difficulty in understanding its gradual conversion into a stream of influence actually antagonistic to human welfare. Power exercised in the first instance merely to secure some selfish purpose may soon become indifferent to the welfare of others In the millions of years that elapsed from the beginnings [of the Atlantian race] the dark powers had been developed with such fearful excess that they actually became a danger threatening the whole divine scheme of human evolution. As an excrescence on that scheme, they had to be, so to speak, surgically removed the terrible work was easily accomplished by geographical convulsion.

Unhappily, in the thousands of years that have elapsed since then, the evil germs brought over from the Atlantian period, have given rise to a new harvest of civil power, to the growth of a dark host immeasurably more dangerous to humanity than their predecessors who were dealt with in the Atlantian catastrophe In the Atlantian period dark magic power was concerned merely with the astral plane. In our period it has associated itself with complete efficiency on the manasic plane, and is thus more formidable to an

extent which commonplace imagination hardly enables us to realise.

The change in the German character, which the progress of the war has revealed as going on, is bewildering and almost inexplicable by any commonplace reasoning. The German writers like Clausewitch, Treitschke, and Bernhardi having gradually educated the German people into the attitude of mind represented by the shameless brutality of certain general orders were merely the earlier victims of the dark inspiration that had selected the German people to be the agents of its terrible will. True, there must have been seeds within the German character that made it possible for the dark influences to attain the complete control they ultimately acquired There must have been possibilities in his [the German Emperor's] nature rendering him accessible to the influences which ultimately took complete possession and have rendered him for some time antecedent to the actual outbreak of this war a mere tool, one might almost say a mere telephone, giving expression to the will and thoughts of the obsessing power. And, with modifications of course, the same idea applies to a great number amongst the German leaders; in varying degrees of intensity to vast numbers.

Mr. Sinnett, does not, like the ancient Median priests, refer to the old erroneous doctrine of Dualism, which dogmatically asserts that from the very beginning of the World there have been two Powers, one decidedly Evil and Wicked, and the other Good, who are eternally at war with each other. He traces the origin of the Dark Powers to the gratification of selfish desires from the Atlantean period, till ultimately these Dark Powers developed with such fearful excess that they actually became a danger threatening the whole divine scheme of human evolution. These Dark Powers, it is said, are a tremendous and formidable *organisation*, and more powerful in the present age than in the Atlantean period.

In his book, *The Inner Life* (First Series, page 197), Mr. Leadbeater says:

There is no hierarchy of evil. There are black magicians certainly, but the black magician is usually merely a single

solitary entity. He is working for himself, as a separate entity, and for his own ends. You cannot have a hierarchy of people who distrust one another. In the White Brotherhood every member trusts the others; but you cannot have trust with the dark people, because their interests are built upon self.

You must, however, take care what you mean when you speak of evil. The principle of destruction is often personified, but it is only that old forms are broken down to be used as material for building new and higher ones The principle of the destruction of forms is necessary in order that life may progress. There is a Great One, a part of whose function it is to arrange when the great cataclysms shall take place—but He works for the good of the world The physical plane experiences give a definiteness and precision to our consciousness and powers, which we could never acquire on any plane unless we had spent the necessary time on this.

Wicked men aspiring to power and the gratification of their selfish desires made considerable progress in the Black Arts during the Atlantean period. The men of those days possessed certain astral senses, and they came easily into contact with the elementals whose assistance they learnt to command, to carry on their nefarious practices. It is the numerous uncontrolled bodily desires, and the continuous longing after the desired objects, to the utter disregard of the interests of others, that is the bane of humanity. When these desires cannot be gratified by physical means and forces, some men seek the aid of invisible powers, and betake themselves to revolting practices to gain what are called magic powers. A great deal of deceit and fraud is practised by the so-called teachers of magic and a great deal of exaggeration is always to be found in tales regarding the exploits of sorcery. The Atlantean magic has also been made too much of. The Atlantean and other magicians craved for unholy power on this earth while they were in their physical bodies which required various gratifications. Those cravings would follow them (after the death of the body) into

the lower astral planes, whence they would now and again obsess susceptible individuals on earth prone to similar weaknesses. There must be many such wicked disembodied entities on the astral plane but they can by no means be said to form "a formidable organisation, itself persistently inspired by the desire to impede the spiritual progress of the human race; to retard, if possible to defeat, the divine scheme altogether". What sort of organisation can there be among wicked, and highly selfish human souls, fumbling about in the dark astral planes, when each one steeped in pride would be circling about in a whirlpool of ungratified passions? Each one of these has a wickedness of his own, which it nurses blindly, and to say that these dark entities combine together and make a tremendous organisation to spread confusion and misery throughout the whole world is a statement that we cannot help calling into question. It may at once be said that no organisation of any magnitude or power can possibly be conceived among low entities, each one working for its personal and selfish end. They cannot go beyond the lower astral planes or at most the lower mental planes. What can they know of all the other higher planes, or of the Divine scheme? Their vision, power, resources and knowledge are limited and isolated. Much as they may hate the spiritually-minded human beings, they can accomplish very little in the way of thwarting evolution. All their efforts were directed towards obtaining earthly greatness by crooked ways, when they were on earth, and they cannot long remain on the astral plane; but the great law of Karma would bring them back into human bodies again and again till they saw the error of their aspirations.

A great deal has been said about Black Magicians, and their powers. The African and such other low witchcraft of other countries need not frighten us. But where are the formidable Black Magicians to be found on this earth? Are they to be searched for in Bhutan? From Mr. Sinnett's book it appears that they grow strong after disembodiment, and work upon the astral plane. It is a relief, however, to turn from such speculations to the statement of Mr. Leadbeater, that "There is no hierarchy of evil". You cannot have a hierarchy of people who distrust each other like the Black Magicians. The supposed formidable organisation of such practitioners of the Black Art on the astral plane requires explanation.

GERMAN AMBITIONS

The late Dr. Emil Reich, an Hungarian educated at the Universities of Prague and Vienna, where he had ample opportunity to study the German Empire and interpret its thoughts and aspirations, wrote a book in 1907 called *Germany's Swelled Head*, with the express object of waking up the British nation which, he thought, was by no means alive to the nature of German aspirations, which were fraught with menace to the well-being of the British Empire. He made a startling exposure of the Kaiser and of the governing classes of Germany who, he showed, were inspired by bitter enmity to the British Empire. He says :

The Germans are afflicted with the severest attack of swelled-headedness known to modern history, and the British are practically ignorant of this dangerous state of mind in their greatest rivals. The Kaiser is a man of ripe, sober and

substantial judgment. On all outstanding questions of European policy he is undoubtedly the best informed individual in existence. Twelve experienced men of his Cabinet never stop paying the minutest attention to all military movements and resources of the British all the world over. No Minister or Potentate in Europe can compare with him in point of real information on European politics. Knowledge of this kind is power. The Kaiser clearly and definitely knows what he is about. In Germany alone of all the Continental great Powers is there a European policy clearly grasped and energetically carried out. That the future of the Germans lies on the water is the key-note of his policy. The Kaiser and the Germans believe that all great men from Jesus downwards were either pure or mixed Germans, who are said to be the elect of God. The Germans boldly say that the twentieth century is theirs, just as the sixteenth belonged to the Spanish, the seventeenth to the French, and the eighteenth to the English. In England, Germany and the Germans are practically as unknown and as poorly understood as if they lived somewhere in Central Asia and not within eight hours' sailing of England. What indeed does the average Briton know of the vast wave of imperialism that has flooded the hearts and minds of the Germans. The German is an upstart. The Germans outside Germany and Austria are very numerous. Millions and millions of them are in the demoralised condition of expatriated denationalised men and women. All that rankles in the heart, it embitters, it pricks and prods, until one day the mass of moral kindling takes fire, and then we have the prairie fire of a nation inflamed with a secular cry for vengeance, for the rehabilitation of their status as nations and individuals. Professor Treitschke writes: "When the German flag flies over and protects this vast Empire, to whom will belong the sceptre of the Universe? Will it not be Germany that will have the mission to ensure the peace of the World?"

It is under the pressure of such ideas taught in Germany by their foremost writers and thinkers that the Germans have persuaded themselves of the necessity of occupying vast territories both in their neighbourhood and in foreign continents. The blood of all the nations is said to be in the Germans. The Theologian Lezius proclaimed that "Solomon has said: 'Do not be too good, do not be too just.'" The Germans are suffused with a profound and passionate belief in their great historical vocation. Bernhardt spoke in 1905: "The English peril haunts Germany, it is still by steel that great questions are settled." Pere Didon says: "Germany lays claim to being militarily, politically, scientifically, religiously, morally and *cerebrally* the first nation in the world."

In Germany every able-bodied man is a soldier. Together with his education as an efficient unit for military purposes, he is taught a little history, and the great spirit of an aggressive and growing nation is infused into him.

In all international matters, the nations of Europe stand to one another nearly always in a "state of nature". They recognise but too frequently nothing, but the law of might or the law of the stronger fist. It is historically certain that in all very serious historical questions the nations of Europe have almost invariably behaved like egoistic savages. Undoubtedly the Germans will, in case of actual conflict, declare that they have been "outraged," "bullied" or "deceived" into it by the "perfidious British". Every German is actuated by the spirit which makes him think that if he were not ready to die for his country what on earth is he living for? This spirit shrinks from no sacrifice from no self-denial, from no hardship of discipline.

Nearly all other nations have shown a marked tendency to the artificial restriction of the growth of population as soon as they reached the state of inordinate material prosperity: not so the Germans. Although their material prosperity has in the last generation risen by leaps and bounds, their population, far from decreasing, is rising exceedingly quickly. Again in Germany the people itself wants, believes in and demands imperial expansion. In fact it must be admitted that no State in Europe is in a position so favourable for imperial expansion as is Germany. The British know much about the French. They know practically nothing about the Germans; whereas the Germans are well acquainted with everything British.

Imperialism is the great passion of the Germans. Every one of them is brimful of it, and no power can stop or retard that mighty current. The Germans are bound to strive for more expansion; for imperialism. They do so, they will do so, they are bound to do so.

Dr. Reich's conception of the Kaiser's objects and the temper of the German people has proved substantially correct. The Kaiser's ethics are to be seen in his address to the German soldiers despatched to China in 1900: "When you meet your foe defeat him, give no quarter. Just as the Huns a thousand years ago, under the leadership of Attila, gained a reputation in virtue of which they still live in historical tradition, so may the name of Germany become known in such a manner

in China that no Chinaman will ever again dare to look askance at a German."

The old savagery of the Huns, the Goths and the Vandals is still ingrained in the blood of the Germans. The veneer of modern civilisation had hitherto concealed the spirit of cruelty, barbarism, spoliation and wilful destruction that lay asleep in their bosoms. The unexpected opposition of Belgium which spoiled all their plans, and the immediate declaration of War by Great Britain made them lose their heads, and aroused the bitterest vengeance. The astounding cruelties they have practised everywhere, show that their inner development has been one-sided, and the low passional nature within them has not been purified. The human animal is the most ferocious brute in existence, and humanity has yet to go through a long course of evolution before it is able to tame its savage nature. This savagery is dormant in a greater or less degree in all nations.

It is not necessary to assume that dark influences from the astral world have obtained complete control of the German character, and have been obsessing the Kaiser, the Crown Prince, the military Staff, the German leaders and vast numbers of other Germans, making them the tools of Black Magicians. It is only those who have not made a very careful study of German history, past and present, and of German progress in numerous directions that can make such strange assertions. If such superstitious beliefs were instilled into the minds of seekers after truth, and of the young rising generation, mental, moral and spiritual as well as physical progress would immensely be hampered. Atheism would prevail and the great truths regarding

the laws of Karma and Reincarnation would be disbelieved and disregarded.

The bogey of Black Magicians, and formidable organisations of Dark Powers has, like the mythical Devil, been now and again brought forward, to the detriment of true progress. The loathsome and most regrettable effects of the War can all be accounted for by looking into the German character, their aspirations and preparations, as well as by taking into account the natural causes preceding the War. For the last forty years Germany has been preparing for this great crisis, and the indolence and the want of watchfulness on the part of the allied Powers has enhanced the horrors and the carnage of the War. If there were unseen influences aware of the coming death-struggle they could easily have in a general way made the different Powers to take stock of their preparations for so gigantic a struggle. Even a month before the War was declared no one had any inkling that the most disastrous conflict the world ever saw was coming on.

We knew but too well how vile, despicable, and cruel is human nature in its lower aspects. We have to strive hard to overcome by degrees the ruthlessness of that bestial nature, and we must therefore always be wide awake and must keep ourselves acquainted with all that is transpiring around us. Rather than blame imaginary Dark Powers, let us set ourselves to purify our lower nature. The fact that the Germans have the seed of ruthless cruelty in them, is a stain upon the whole of humanity. In our higher nature we are all on the side of the Good Law, but in our inferior nature, the heresy of separateness

makes us blind destroyers. In the Theosophical Society let us not show a partisan spirit. We have no need to take any sides. We are in the midst of a diabolical War, and we must keep our tempers, and act with equanimity. We need not create splits by making any declarations. It is scarcely necessary to say that we side with the good and condemn the evil. The important point to consider is how we are going to remedy the evil even in a small way now or hereafter. The Theosophical Society is certainly not called upon to take any side whatsoever. Such vast issues, many and difficult, are involved in this War, that inopportune to make statements which would create ill-feeling among certain sections of our members is highly inadvisable. We all deeply lament the depravity of human nature shown in this War, and we have to find out the ways and means, by which, after the War, better and nobler ideas may be accepted and prevail among the different nations.

My son, the World is dark
with griefs and graves,
So dark that men cry out
against the Heavens,
Who knows but that
the darkness is in man?

N. D. Khandalavala

MR. LEADBEATER IN AUSTRALIA

By GERTRUDE KERR

“IF Australia is really likely to play an important part in the early future of the world drama, why not stay here for a while and help things along?”

It was in some such casual manner, I am told, that the invitation to stay was given to Mr. Leadbeater during the progress of what was to have been merely an Australian tour. The “tour” as first arranged extended from May to November, 1914, and December was to see the visitor safely home again in India, for the 1914 Convention.

At the very outset of his visit, before indeed he had travelled further south than Brisbane, Mr. Leadbeater had announced that in the semi-tropical north he had already seen numerous specimens of young Australia foreshadowing the formation of quite a new type. Later, he was able to say definitely that the Continent was being used by the Manu for the development of a branch of the new sixth sub-race, and that the very prejudices of the country's politicians, whose endeavours have all been directed to the shutting out as far as possible of alien races, were apparently being made use of to form a cradle for the new type. It was after this definite pronouncement on the subject, that the suggestion with which this article begins was

made to him, and he responded in characteristic fashion: "Well! we will consult the President and hear what she has to say." It was with much self-congratulation that those who were "in the know" heard in November that the President's approval had been received.

Mr. Leadbeater was then in Adelaide, on the eve of embarking for West Australia, en route for Colombo, and by some act of magic on the part of Fate, similar to the transformation worked by one wave of a magician's wand, Mr. Mazel, retiring to rest that night as a mere private secretary, arose the following morning a fully fledged and duly accredited "Substitute Public Lecturer," and was forthwith despatched to the West to fill the place for the time being vacated by his Chief, and to complete the "tour" in the leading cities of West Australia.

Mr. Leadbeater retraced his steps to Sydney, and quietly settled down in the home made familiar to him by more than one stay in the Mother-City of the Antipodes. Few people living in the other hemisphere realise the magnitude of this Queen City of the Pacific. Australia itself is a vast Continent with a total population of less than five millions: but far more than one-fourth of these people dwell in the two great capitals of New South Wales and Victoria while Sydney, the capital of the former, now numbers seven hundred thousand souls, ranking as the twelfth biggest city of the world, and one of the foremost in the British Empire.

It is not population, however, that makes Sydney wonderful to a visitor and also indeed to its inhabitants, who are far from blind to its beauties; it is one of the most delightful of places. The main streets of the town do

not lose in picturesqueness from having grown up, as it were by accident, following often a tortuous rather than a straight course, and it is a fact that the main centre of thoroughfare, George Street, evolved from the track of the early bullock teams, as they made their lazy, winding way through the trees and scrub of primeval "bush".

Not the "City" itself, however, is it that one pictures as Sydney, but rather the various and pretty suburbs which climb over the adjacent hills overlooking the glorious harbour, a harbour broad and expansive, with waters on a sunny day gleaming blue as sapphire: a harbour with scores of deep curving bays and jutting promontories, to say nothing of the stretches of navigable and tributary rivers which lose themselves in its great basin as they flow towards the sea. "Circular Quay" is a part of the City. It is also the head of the harbour, and from it radiate out in every direction a great fleet of ferry boats, each bringing to "the City" and bearing back to suburban homes a large proportion of the population.

These ferries, with their brightly lit double decks, illuminate the harbour at night with a thousand sparkling gleams, casting deep and radiant reflections upon the waters. Viewed from any sort of altitude, they give the appearance of a fairy water-way, and indeed the scene across the harbour, whether by day or night, must certainly take rank with some of earth's fairest prospects.

It is on one of the most favoured points of vantage that the home, which now shelters Mr. Leadbeater, is situated. It reminds him, he says, of ancient Taormina. Its altitude is only about two hundred feet, but from it one is enabled to gaze

out over the broad expanse of harbour waters and neighbouring suburbs. Across to the left, through a hollow in the hills, the glistening sands of an ocean beach are visible, with a glimpse of ocean beyond; while, to the right extends a great vista of inland residential quarters, ending some thirty miles away, where the Blue Mountains are shadowed in a filmy line, almost cloudlike at that distance. At night, ten thousand street and other lamps glisten and twinkle on the opposite shore, and that, combined with the effect of the silently gliding ferry-boats, produces a scene of unique and fascinating beauty.

A great Port also is this City of Sydney. Huge liners float gently past the house, down there on the placid water, and incoming and outgoing coastal steamers all in their turn add life and interest to the view, while on Sundays and holidays the white sails of hundreds of pleasure yachts are dotted o'er the wide expanse, as far as eye can reach. Truly it is a pleasant spot in which to dwell: and it was amid such surroundings that I renewed acquaintance with Theosophy's great exponent.

Mr. Leadbeater's "study" or writing-room to-day is the glassed-in end of a wide verandah, which looks out over velvet lawn and waving tree-top to this harbour scene which I have striven to portray.

Introduced to it proudly by its owner, it was easy to see that there is plenty to do, even in Australia! Here were trays containing big bundles of what were rumoured to be—low be it spoken—unanswered letters! but they *are* to be answered in due course: so I was assured. There, files of addresses and big ledgers filled a shelf and sheaves of notes of lectures which had been

carefully typed by the reporters, and were awaiting correction before being circulated, or, as in some cases—printed.

Besides all the literary work, there are nowadays also what may be described as “family” obligations to be observed. Residents at Adyar know perhaps little more than one aspect of their Teacher; a few weeks in Sydney would probably surprise them into the discovery of others, more or less undreamed of.

This home seems full of children: an unabashed small boy of four summers, with rosy cheeks and lips, and bluest eyes, was seated at the table of the writer of books, asking solemn questions of a patient Mr. Leadbeater, when I was announced, while in the adjoining room, a little girl with a soft-sounding name, dressed dolls, what time an elder sister practised on the piano.

Mr. Alexander, known to some of our friends in India, was at his morning task of imparting knowledge, but not in a school-room, the sunny part of the lawn being chosen for his tutoring; the class consisting of two bright-eyed, bare-footed, Australian boys of some ten or eleven years.

Having been shown round and duly introduced to the young and charming “mother” of the establishment, I found myself installed in a big arm-chair on the verandah, and invited to indulge in the—to me, unknown, but to the Australian heart dear—institution of 11 o'clock morning tea. It was poured out and presented to me by this new Mr. Leadbeater, who handed my cup in courtly fashion, and made enquiries, full of vivid interest, into the life of Adyar, which I had but recently left behind. All the morning we sat there,

gazing out on to the blue harbour below, touching on many subjects, grave and gay, while children came and went, and a laughing hostess at intervals left her household affairs to enquire how we were getting on? and, would I not "stay to lunch?" an invitation not to be resisted.

So, later, I found myself at a busy dinner-table, children to right of me, children to left of me, Mr. Leadbeater smiling and full of conversation opposite, while my hostess and Mr. Alexander dispensed large plates of vegetarian dainties to a hungry family.

When, later still, I took my leave, duly escorted by one of the boys who was charged to see me safely to the ferry, my last glance as I went down the steps leading through a rock garden to the road, showed me a happy smiling group, with Mr. Leadbeater in the midst, waving me adieux as they stood on the grassy slope above my head.

So much for Mr. Leadbeater at home.

Another phase that contrasted with the familiar Adyar life was reflected in the public work of the Lodges in Australia.

When I arrived in Sydney, the Lodge there, which, by the way must be one of the largest in the Society, had recently sold its Hall and Lodge rooms with a view to building some of a larger and more commodious nature, and meanwhile, the propaganda work was being continued in a hired hall, with seating accommodation for some seven hundred people. A syllabus is issued quarterly, and Mr. Leadbeater figures as lecturer to the public, on the whole series of Sunday evenings. A large audience drops in regularly, a particularly

good type of audience too. The plan adopted is to open the meeting with some suitable music, vocal or instrumental, and I am told that the Lodge has at its command quite an orchestra of various instrumentalists, mostly professionals, who gladly give their help to aid in making the public lectures attractive.

After the music, the doors which have been closed are re-opened to the late comers: then there is a short reading, followed by a couple of minutes' silence for "aspirational and devotional thought," as the chairman put it on the first evening of my attendance: after the silence, the lecture.

A long series has been given, extending over some months, on the subject of "MAN, and his Various Phases of Conscious Existence". Mr. Leadbeater has not, as far as I know, done much public lecturing in India, but in this direction it is needless to say he is entirely a success, owing to his clear, deliberate delivery, and to the wonderful skill with which he takes his argument step by step, so that the veriest "beginner" can follow it and understand.

After the lecture comes more music, a collection and another brief silence, then handshakings and farewells, which usually extend to the utmost limit that the boat time-table will permit, and the chapter is closed with a final dash for the street and tram which leads to the harbour ferry.

Tuesday evenings in Sydney have been devoted for some time past to a series of talks on *At the Feet of the Master*. These have been given to the E. S., but it is understood that an attempt will be made on their completion to cut them down sufficiently to permit of their publication in book form.

The meetings which apparently are most highly appreciated, not only in Sydney, but in other centres visited by Mr. Leadbeater, are those of the "Order of the Star in the East". These are held in the same Hall as the Sunday evening lectures, and are on Sunday morning once a month. They are usually confined to members, the attendance approaching a couple of hundred. Occasionally, however, they are thrown open to friends of members, which means practically the public.

There is a certain amount of congregational singing at these meetings, a few good hymns having been either written for the purpose or adapted. After opening with a hymn, the audience remains standing and chants the beautiful "Invocation" composed by the "Protector". Then comes a selected reading—by the way a rather interesting point is that all the members put forward to read in Sydney seem trained speakers, there is nothing amateurish about their methods; then another hymn, perhaps from the *Lotus Book for Children*,—I have noticed quite a number of children attend—and this is followed by the address.

Mr. Leadbeater is never, so it seems to me, more happily inspired than when speaking at the "Star" meetings, and all of his addresses are, I am told, reported and are finding their way gradually into print. After the Address comes the inevitable collection, and the meeting closes with the Benediction, which the lecturer intones in orthodox "High Church" fashion, the audience joining in the final Amen.

Referring once more to "the inevitable collection". Here it seems to be an axiom that each department shall pay its own way, and somehow the thing appears

to work. For instance, the National Representative told me that these monthly collections, after paying the Hall rent, enable the Order to launch out in various directions, and I had an example of one little effort while in Sydney. Two Christmas addresses were given by Mr. Leadbeater last winter, specially designed to introduce and explain the object and expectations of the "Star Order"; these were reported verbatim, published in the local magazine and finally issued as a pamphlet in an attractive form at threepence each. The book depôts were supplied with them at a lower price, and the whole issue was rapidly taken up by the various concerns and the primary cost returned, ready to be used over again.

Mr. Leadbeater, when he saw these little pamphlets, side by side with his *Outline of Theosophy*, offered in comparatively expensive form, suggested that it be printed like the pamphlets, and I hear that five thousand are being struck off, with additional Australian matter, which will reach the public for threepence, and the book depôts at correspondingly less.

Yes! I fear I am talking most unromantic "shop," but out here one comes rather to appreciate the business-like methods adopted by those who run the propaganda work of the Lodge. It apparently makes things "go" without in the very least suggesting "money-changers in the Temple".

Another thing: at all the public lectures a big table is placed at the end of the hall, covered with books and attractive signs indicating their titles, and quite a great deal of literature is sold in this way. On the first Sunday of their arrival, I am informed that over a

hundred of the pamphlets mentioned were disposed of, and sometimes a special announcement by the chairman will clear off a pile of some popular book.

“We don’t want their money so much,” remarked one of the energetic booksellers to me, but “we think we score when we *sell* anything, for what people *buy* they are likely to read, whereas when we *give* things away, we are not at all sure that they will do so.”

Mr. Leadbeater is naturally in considerable request by the neighbouring States. Melbourne secured a visit of two or three weeks’ duration at Easter time. There, audiences of some eight or nine hundred attended the Sunday evening lectures, and the work of the Lodges, for at Melbourne there are three, was considerably stimulated. Now, in July, while I write, Brisbane is enjoying a fortnight’s visit, which opened with a Reception and Social Evening. The long hall of the T. S. Headquarters was charmingly decorated with clusters of ruby *bourgainvillea* and masses of roses, a platform at the far end, covered with palms and ferns was for the use of the musicians, who beguiled the time with strains of melody. Small tables with white lace cloths were everywhere, each with its little vase of sweet-scented violets.

A Reception with C. W. L. as a guest is something of an event in the Theosophical world, so, donning our best frocks, we strolled down to await his arrival, making our way through the masses of “wattle” (to me, as an Englishwoman, more familiar under its western name of *Mimosa*) which decked the entrance, only to find the rooms already in possession of a gay and eager throng.

Presently, with royal punctuality, a distinguished figure in immaculate evening dress appeared—wearing across the shirt-front, the Ribbon and Insignia of the “Star”—and for two hours a sort of Levée took place, almost every one in turn being brought forward and presented. “Tell them I want every member to be introduced to me,” said Mr. Leadbeater before we started, and although that proved impracticable, owing to the many present, yet the greater number had the privilege of a warm grasp of the hand and a smile, accompanied by some words of friendly greeting, from their revered Teacher.

The evening closed with a festive gathering round the little tables, where tea and coffee and the daintiest of cakes and sandwiches made their appearance, and then “God Save the King” was sung by all, standing, Mr. Leadbeater insisting on *all* the verses being given, and leading the singing with immense enthusiasm himself! A most successful evening, without a jarring note, and one which will be pleasantly remembered by many of us when we find ourselves far away in the near future.

At Brisbane the appreciation of the public lectures is very marked, the one held on the first Sunday evening drew an audience of about eight hundred, and although I cannot speak personally, having been unfortunately obliged to leave at the end of the first week, I am told that at all the lectures, the audience constantly increased.

Special children’s gatherings are organised wherever Mr. Leadbeater goes, and to see one of them conducted by him would prove a fine object-lesson to many a Sunday School or other teacher. Those who

are now children in Australian Lodges will grow up with the most delightful feelings of shall we say "friendly comradeship" for their elder brother. These gatherings are mainly held in connection with the "Lotus Circle," "The Round Table," and the "Servants of the Star," and a great impetus is given to each of them as the visitor goes round.

In Brisbane, the programme provides for a Children's Reception, with a "little" Lantern Lecture by Mr. Leadbeater, and, as an extra treat, one hears of a picnic afternoon in the Botanical Gardens, for which an indulgent Lotus worker has issued invitations.

The "Servants of the Star" Order is growing rapidly and excellent meetings have been held in the big centres already, which have been promoted and presided over by children, and at which addresses, readings and recitations have been practically confined to boys and girls of tender age. One cannot but see in these young people the certain promise of the greatest utility. Boys of ten and twelve are already seriously training themselves as public speakers, and doing it successfully in the "Servants of the Star" Order. The impetus given to the younger people has brought several of them into the T. S., and Lodges here have been amending their bye-laws to provide for this new accession of youthful members, who, of course, can apply only with the approval of their parents.

What of the FUTURE ?

Australians, rejoicing in the present good, are hoping that it denotes permanency, and refuse to harbour any idea of losing the one who has become almost as one of themselves. Invitations to visit Adelaide, in October, and Auckland, (N. Z.) at the end of the year, have been

provisionally accepted, and it is quite understood that the Australian Convention, to be held in Sydney, at Easter 1916, is to be graced by the presence of Mr. Leadbeater. This next Convention is important in so far as the new Headquarters of the Section, and of the Sydney Lodge, are to be opened then. An invitation has been sent to the President to pay a visit of long or short duration, as may be convenient, with this Easter function as its central point. Whether she will, in the midst of her many preoccupations, find time to accept it, is not yet known, but the occasion will certainly be one of much interest to Australians as it marks a substantial growth which is almost startling.

Imagine! A Lodge of the Theosophical Society, laying out some £35,000 on a property for itself, with provision for its Sectional officers and asking no one for contributions or donations!! That is just what is happening, however. How it became possible would take too long to relate, but generally, it may be said that the Sydney people had the good luck or the good sense, or both, to do in business the right thing at the right moment, and previous building schemes have proved serviceable for the work and profitable as investments, providing a handsome capital, available for this new enterprise. The executive work, as also the financial responsibility, for the new building is handed over to trustees; meanwhile, in the hands of a leading firm of contractors it is materialising and steadily rising above the foundations which are already finished.

The site selected is a very fine one, suitable in every way, the building is to run up to eight storeys, the Society occupying the ground and first floors, the

upper ones to be let off as residential flats. A Commemoration Stone is to be laid by Mr. Leadbeater shortly and, as a link with the present, a casket is to be enclosed, containing a brief history of the T. S. in Australia, with signatures and mementoes of most of the leaders of the movement.

It will thus be seen, in spite of the fact that America for more than a year has been urging a visit, and that other countries are, I believe, putting in claims, that, so far as indications point, Australia promises to be the home of its honoured guest for a considerable time to come. Honoured he certainly is here. Australians are by no means ignorant of all that has been done to injure both the President and himself in the past. But there is a deeply rooted conviction in this country that the efforts in that direction have all emanated from the same source, a small but malicious body of conspirators, working from their secret hiding-place somewhere in the United States, who, in the endeavour to carry out their nefarious designs and injure the Theosophical Society, have used, and perhaps are still using, unscrupulous agents in all parts of the world.

Such treacherous attacks are out here regarded from a very matter-of-fact standpoint, and the average Australian will tell you that all pioneer efforts, whether relating to commerce, politics, philosophy, or religion, must, of necessity pass through the crucible of opposition, contempt and hatred; he shrugs his shoulders as if it were too evident for argument and takes it all as a matter of course. There are, or have been, so I am told, one or two here and there, who have become infected with the poison disseminated and consequently disgruntled, but their voice is as the voice of one crying

in the Wilderness and if it be true that a tree is to be known by its fruit, they are likely to lead a somewhat unappreciated and barren existence, at any rate during the life-time of our present leaders.

To conclude: the following list of lectures compose a special series that it is proposed by Mr. Leadbeater to give shortly, with a view to interesting the public in the pronouncement that Australia is to be used for the segregation of a branch of the new sixth sub-race.

SPECIAL SERIES BY MR. C. W. LEADBEATER

“AUSTRALIA, AS THE HOME OF A NEW RACE”

A COURSE OF FOUR ADDRESSES

July 25th. The Youth of Australia—Evolution through Races and Types—Lemuria and Atlantis—the Great Āryan Race: Its Migrations and Subdivisions.

August 1st. The Old Era and the New—Cycles and Progress—the Great War—the Changing World.

August 8th. The Birth of a New Sub-Race—Australia as Its Home—A Country in Travail—Environment and Character—How to Prepare for the New Conditions—the Best Sort of Home Life—the Opportunity of Parents.

August 15th. The Education of Children—the Old Plan and the New—Education as Service—the Quality of Kindness—the Body the Shrine of the Mind—the Best Sort of Body—the Best Sort of Food and Hygiene.

These, as will be evident on perusal, explain the position generally, and point out the necessity on the part of parents of adopting the plan of *Education as Service*. It is proposed that they shall be reported

verbatim, with a view to their publication in book form.

* * * * *

And so, with this busy programme of work before him, I take my leave once more of Mr. Leadbeater, although with the affectionate hope that it may be only for a short time.

Honoured and loved he is in his present home, but also honoured and loved is he in the hearts of thousands all over the world, thousands who look forward to the time, when, his work accomplished in this hemisphere, he may once more turn his face towards the Old World, where old friends and followers, as well as numberless new friends and followers, are longing to greet him.

Gertrude Kerr

THE DREAM-FLOWER

By D. M. CODD

THERE once lived an unwedded queen, renowned throughout many kingdoms for the surpassing wonder of her beauty. Many were the princes and kings who desired to wed her, but none of them would she have. She said:

“Never yet have I found the man that I could love utterly,” and she sighed for reason of her great loneliness.

One beauteous morn when the world seemed glad with a bliss unspeakable, when the mated doves coo'd lovingly, and the butterflies made love to the flowers, she stepped down to the fountain in her palace gardens and there plucked a rare and beautiful flower. This flower had been the gift of her godmother, an old fairy, at her christening and it was not known to grow in any other spot in the world. The fairy had said:

“In the day that you pluck it shall it bring you your heart's desire.”

The queen carried it, holding it meditatively to her bosom, down to the edge of a fast flowing stream, and placing it upon the flowing tide, she said:

“Go to the best man in the world and there in his abode take root, and I will wander through every country till I find thee and him.”

As she stooped above the blossom, the image of her lovely face fell reflected beside it in the water, and lo! when her hands let go, the blossom floated down the stream bearing away with it that beauteous image.

On and on it was borne, till one day, when the sun had set and it was grey evening, some wayward weeds caught the flower and gathered it to the river bank. In that land there was mourning, for the king had just died, and the new king, his son, desiring to be alone with his grief, wandered down to the banks of the stream. Beholding the strange flower, he stooped to gather it and then started—for there, mirrored in the waters, he saw the most beautiful face that man had ever seen. He said:

“The woman with such a face I will wed, and none other.” And he planted the flower beside the fountain in front of his palace.

Great therefore was the grief of his subjects and his courtiers, because he would not yield to their entreaties and choose a queen to rule with him over his kingdom. None the less they yielded to him, for he was greatly beloved, and throughout many countries he was called “the Compassionate Prince”. None ever made petition to him without a just hearing, and when the beggars assembled at the palace gates, he would feed them with his own hands, giving them often money and shelter, and sometimes a home as well.

One day there came into that town a beggar-woman, wearing a tattered veil over her head, and with bleeding feet, for, she said, she had travelled through many countries in search of a rare flower, which she described, enquiring everywhere if such a flower was known. The people said she was mad and

laughed at her, but one said that he had seen such a flower growing beside the fountain before the king's palace. Then she went and sat among the beggars before the gates of the palace, and the king brought her food. She bowed her head low, and said:

“O King! Men call thee ‘the Compassionate Prince,’ and none petitions thee unheard! Grant me a boon.”

“What desirest thou?” asked of her the king.

“That I may bathe my feet daily in the fountain that is before thy palace, O King!”

“At sunrise daily thou may'st so do,” said the king.

Thus was it the beggar-woman came every morn as the sun rose to bathe her feet in the fountain, and beheld the wonderful flower. One morning she sat gazing into the fragrant petals, her feet in the water, when lo! the king stepped down the terrace towards her. She bowed low her head.

“What was the reason of this thy strange request?” asked he of her.

“I come daily, O King! to look upon this beautiful flower.”

The king was moved with wonder and pity to hear such words from a beggar-woman.

“Thou hast but to ask of the gardener, and he shall cut for thee as many flowers as thou desirest.”

“Nay, King! I desire not other flowers, but this flower give to me.”

The king was strangely disturbed. “Thou knowest not what thou askest. I cannot give thee this flower.” He paused. Then he said: “This blossom stands to me for the most sacred ideal of my life. It is the blossom of my heart's desire. It keeps alive in me the

memory of a beauteous vision, which by daily pondering has become the undeparting dream of my soul." And he recounted to her the story of his finding of the flower, and of the image he had momentarily glimpsed in the waters and had never forgotten.

"Nay, then, King," said the beggar-woman, "men call thee not rightly 'the Compassionate Prince'. All these things which cost thee nothing thou hast offered me, but the one thing I have desired, causing thee the pain of sacrifice, thou refusest—and thou a king, and I a beggar-woman!"

Strange feelings disturbed the breast of the king. None had ever spoken to him as this humble woman with lowered head.

"I will give to thee the flower," he said, and as he gathered it, she standing beside him, her face was mirrored in the water beside it. He started, and gazed up at her in wonder, for she had thrown aside her veil and stood face and head bared to the early morning sun. It was the face of his dream!

Smiling, she said:

"Thou hast yielded thy dream for reality," and she related to him the story of her quest.

D. M. Codd

CORRESPONDENCE

INDIA AND ENGLAND

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

No one could have read "Brotherhood and War" in the June number of THE THEOSOPHIST without feeling that sense of upliftment which is experienced when an ideal (not necessarily one's own) is presented in language that both touches our hearts and appeals to our intellects.

In dealing with some aspects of the sex problem the article states :

The tremendous wastage of prospective fathers will be another fact to be dealt with. How are the depleted ranks of the masculine population to be filled ?

Here the writer puts a definite question, and leaves her readers to find an answer, and although, as so often is the case, fools step in where angels durst not tread, it is better, when we cannot be the latter, to take the risk for, in the minds of those who are interested in the future of the race, this question must have arisen again and again, because the wholesale destruction of the flower of our manhood is a matter that, while naturally causing the gravest misgivings, does instil in us the earnest desire to find a remedy, since a remedy there must be.

The spiritual evolution of humanity is certainly one of the objects of Divine manifestation, and, in order to further it, suitable vehicles for the development of the indwelling Spirit have to be provided, so it is therefore obvious that, with the "cream" of our male element whipped off, so to speak, a degeneration of the vehicles is threatened if the marriageable women of this country have only the "skim" left to them.

The other European Nations from whom suitable males might be drawn are all engaged in this gigantic conflict and the ranks of their manhood are similarly depleted.

It seems, therefore, that a solution of the problem might be found in the more highly evolved of the earlier Āryan types, and, when it is stated that the Sixth Root Race that is to be will be a darker skinned people, mainly because they will in the far distant future inhabit a land the climate of which should approximate to that of Northern Africa, it would appear that an eastern influence is just what is needed, and that not only for purely physical reasons but for others which will be shown later.

I know that this idea will arouse the greatest opposition, and also that it will be pointed out that, so far as experience goes, intermarriages between the East and the West have only produced a degenerate type, with of course those brilliant exceptions which are always inseparable from any rule.

Having lived for over a quarter of a century in the East, I am perfectly aware that the particular blend which has produced the Eurasian population of India has not been a conspicuous success, but this sort of union is very far indeed from what this article is intended to suggest, for, whereas the bulk of the Eurasian element is the product of the union of the white man and the lower type of eastern woman, we have practically no data on which to base an assumption that marriages between the higher types of eastern manhood with the womenkind of Great Britain would be otherwise than beneficial.

But we are again confronted with the fact that instances of this, which are "fortunately rare," have not only been failures but have turned out disastrously from the point of view of the woman brought up with western ideas and especially from the standpoint of the conservative Anglo-Indian.

Yet I would not advocate, at this stage, that the wives should go to India and rear their offspring there, but rather that the men of India should come to live in England and have their children brought up here; climate and environment are factors that must be taken into account, and these have

been, in my opinion, the great stumbling-blocks in the way of that drawing together of the two peoples which it is the earnest endeavour of some of our leading thinkers to promote.

To see that this is so, one has only to compare the attitude of English people towards Indians in this country with the conventional barrier which separates the two communities in the East. Yet that barrier is by no means in such good order as it used to be, and the last twenty years or so there have been many signs of decay and, in some places, actual gaps in its structure.

Now while there undoubtedly is a spiritual affinity between the earlier and later types of the great Fifth Root Race, the divergences that exist in their physical and emotional natures are so largely the result of environment and physical heredity that, although at first sight these may seem impossible to overcome, I feel that with the growth of the West out of its materialism and the acquisition by the East of the more practical virtues, both of which are proceeding apace, we have no reason to be otherwise than optimistic of what may be termed a great *rapprochement* in the not very distant future.

Now as regards the Indian man, I am not thinking of him as he was, not of the Indian of Kipling or of Flora Annie Steele, and not of the semi-educated Indian who has acquired a certain amount of western polish and manner, but of the Indian who is "just about to be" the well-educated, broad-minded and cultured Oriental who has outgrown the idea that in a woman's body there is only to be found the lower type of soul.

And the children, what of them? Born and brought up in a less enervating clime, I am convinced that they would be so totally unlike the product of the mixed marriages in the East (where they are brought up in a grotesque imitation of European manners and customs) that no comparison could be drawn, and while in physique they would certainly be less coarse and not quite so "rudely healthful" as the average English boy or girl, that would be more than compensated for by finer sensibilities, and increased sensitiveness and brain power that would accrue to them from the Father's side.

Race prejudice is so very largely due to a want of understanding that anything, even the War, that helps to clear our vision is welcome from the view-point of the future of the human race.

It may be thought that a suggestion such as this is, if anything, too premature but I do not think so, for in times like the present when ideas and conventions are being shattered and old standpoints ruthlessly torn down and demolished, sheer necessity, which is always the mother of invention stirs within us the constructive element which for so long has been lying dormant except in those who have overcome the average inertia.

The old Age is in its death throes ; are we to go down with it clinging tenaciously to our out-of-date stock-in-trade of prejudices, conventions, castes, and creeds, or are we to divest ourselves of such, and thus unhampered, strike out from the tossing waters which ere long will close over this great tragedy of the nations ?

Let us then, stripped bare of all the worthless impediments of the past, be ready with open arms to welcome the advent of that New Day, the dawn of which will assuredly arise on a new, and it is to be hoped, a better world where the welding together of nations, which will have come to their senses, will be one of the greatest factors for the furtherance of the Divine plan.

M. R. ST. JOHN, F.T.S.

BROTHERHOOD—A NEW VIEW-POINT

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

Brotherhood is the first object of our Society and its acceptance as a principle is the only condition of entry into the Society. In spite of this and in spite of our usual habit of looking at most things from all possible points of view,

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Brotherhood seems so far to have been treated and accepted almost entirely from one point of view. That this is a pity few can doubt, since it must keep out of the T. S. many who are really in full accord with our objects and principles but who cannot sympathise with this particular view of Brotherhood, although both in practice and theory they may do so more fully from another standpoint than many who are actually members.

We know of the existence of seven rays along which individualities develop and of the seven corresponding sub-rays in each of which in turn the individual is incarnated. These seven rays are the permutations and combinations of the three original rays of Wisdom, Power, and Action,¹ and we know that individualities and personalities on a ray and sub-ray which does not include Wisdom will probably be but very little attracted by any intellectual arguments or points in favour of an idea. Similarly a personality who does not include any of the Action (or Love) rays in his personality or individuality will respond but little, if at all, to an appeal along these lines, and it seems to the writer that the appeal generally adopted for the ideal of Brotherhood always does come along this line.

Now in a large family of brothers, ranging from grown-up men to crawling infants, we shall probably find several types of the different rays and sub-rays. The eldest brother may be quiet, studious, and intellectual, the next a loving and affectionate boy, the third disposed to spend his time in organising and arranging things. Both the first and third may be equally unselfish in their desires to benefit their brothers and humanity generally as the second, but will feel indisposed to crawl about on the floor slobbering at the mouth and making gurgly and foolish noises in order to attain their ends. Then there may be another brother, also affectionate but strictly bound by the conventions of the private school to which he goes not to show anything but scorn for babies, although at heart he may be ready to do a great deal for his infant brother, and we know that such worldly conventions are not altogether and always foolish. All these types we see in actual

¹ This is the classification which has crystallised in the writer's mind but he is aware that there are other and possibly more correct renderings of it.

humanity, and yet, owing to a narrow view-point and narrow expositions, we do not allow the first, third, and fourth types to lay any claim to an acceptance of the principle of the Brotherhood of Humanity. In our Society, which we try to make the widest in the world, we should do our best to make people realise that the "Affectionate" view-point of "Brotherhood" is not the only true one. If it once be recognised that all unselfish work for the good and uplift of humanity is a tacit admission of this great Brotherhood, a very large amount of the opposition to our Society might die out. We need not cease to try to make the scientific and power types strive towards an all-round conception of the idea, since eventually we know that this must be attained, but there should be no dragooning in the matter, nor any assumption of superiority because one belongs to the affectionate type or has managed to assimilate a sufficiency of its outward forms to pass muster. Our Society is in the world and should be of the world. Our recruits are often at a critical period where to them conventions have mattered enormously and to try to make them give these up all at once may often drive back the recruit and offend others.

E. G. H.

H. M. LEIGHTON: We regret we cannot publish your letter. You may not be aware in free Australia that there is a Press Act in India under which your remarks about the British Foreign policy would be considered seditious. The Editor would gladly print your criticism of her views, as she has often done, but she cannot risk THE THEOSOPHIST being taken up for propagating what are called "seditious views" calculated to upset His Majesty's Government "established by law." When India has won Self-Government, as Australia has, and the Press Act is abolished, such opinions as you hold could be preached and published. Meanwhile you will excuse us.—ED.

"SWIFT IN ACTION"

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

I should like to point out with regard to several articles and letters lately published in THE THEOSOPHIST, that some people seem to have a difficulty in getting away from the personal standpoint and realising the spirit of a larger body. They strive to impose upon their nation, the society they belong to, probably their families too, the standard which they have adopted for personal conduct. Boys at school, and men in public service, learn to look on such separativeness and lack of public spirit almost as a crime, and we are all dimly aware that a higher virtue than personal righteousness is this power to co-operate in the action of a bigger self. These people who will not kill a brother, will stand by and see hundreds and thousands of brothers killed, and self-righteously refuse to protect and save them. If one of them should be the father of a family living in a cannibal neighbourhood, are we to believe that he would see his wife, children, even the humblest of his servants, murdered before his eyes and that he would desist on principle from killing their murderers? Yet the position is the same, for the nation is also a family. The conclusion we may draw is that, however much we may disapprove of a course of action individually, where others are involved the personal view must be sunk for the sake of a larger self. The need of the moment demands swift action and when we have fulfilled the duty of the moment, let us afterwards persuade men to better ways, though many will then think the time for preaching is over and relapse into silence.

D. M.



REVIEWS

How We Remember Our Past Lives, by C. Jinarājadāsa, M.A. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India. Price Re. 1 or 1s. 6d. or 35c.)

The book bears the title of the first of four essays dealing with the subject of reincarnation. The author has, alas! no magic wand with which to touch our foreheads so that the memory of our past lives lies unfolded before us. This can only be done by each man for himself, and for it "the brain of the personality must be made a mirror on which can be reflected the memories of the Soul; and before these memories can come into the brain, one by one the various biases must be removed—of mortality, of time, of sex, of creed, of colour, of caste". But, even now, ere we have climbed the heights of the Soul's development, we can catch glimpses of former times, subtle, almost imperceptible, yet still within our reach. And so it is in this sense, by pointing out such indications, that our author shows us how we remember our past lives. Falling in love at first sight, intuitive appreciation and comprehension of a race alien to one's own, the understanding and grasp of experiences that one has not personally undergone—all these to the wise are indications of lives lived in the past, and further point to certain experiences in that past of which memories, sometimes faint, sometimes strong, come to us in the present. Mr. Jinarājadāsa shows us how certain phenomena, *e.g.*, the phenomenon of genius, can only be satisfactorily explained in the light of reincarnation.

This very illuminating essay is followed by one on "The Vision of the Spirit," which traces the history of a soul from its earliest incarnations until it reaches its goal. It is in fact a study in spiritual evolution, by which the soul progresses

either by development of the emotions or intellect to the possession of the intuitional faculty and from thence rises to the supreme vision—the Vision of the Spirit. “Henceforth he lives only that a Greater than he may live through him, love through him, act through him.”

Another study of spiritual evolution is given us in “the Law of Renunciation,” where are shown to us the different stages of progress in the life of a reincarnating ego. At first the young soul, immersed in the service of the little self, finds happiness, but ere he can win to bliss—the archetype, if one may so express it, of happiness—he has to learn to serve the Greater Self and in so doing he is taught the meaning of pain; he has to find the joy of renunciation—a hard path which at length leads him to the Path of Bliss.

“The Hidden Work of Nature” is the last essay, and in some ways, perhaps, the most beautiful and helpful.

The author shows how if only nature’s *visible* work be contemplated, “not the greatest altruist but must now and then feel the shadow of a great despair”. We must consider nature’s work of building and unbuilding in the light of reincarnation, with the aid of the Spirit, and then the revelations of science, which seem to expose nature in ruthless and pitiless guise, take on new form. In reality nature “is but one expression of a Consciousness at work with a plan of evolution; and that Consciousness carries out its plan through us and through us alone”. What possibilities, past imagination almost, does not this view open out for us? And then the closing pages unfold the hope that a great Leader shall soon come among us, to lead us aright through the maze of present confusion, and show to us the order that underlies the apparent chaos.

So Mr. Jinarājadāsa persuasively gives us his contribution to the literature on Reincarnation. He gives his message in his own way, and all who know his writings will know, that it must be a beautiful way—and those who learn from him for the first time of the great “fact in nature” are especially fortunate in having such a clear, and yet so gentle a teacher.

T. L. C.

The Thirty Days, by Hubert Wales. (Cassel & Co., London.)

"What do you think of Theosophy?" I asked him. "Do you know anything about it?"

"Anything about it!" he exclaimed. "I used to know a man who talked of nothing else."

"Well what do you think of it?"

"Theosophists," he replied, "are people who believe everything. They believe in angels, devils, fairies, vampires, salamanders, werewolves—everything. Their credulity is without limit."

"You must keep those views to yourself when our visitor comes," I said. "She is a Theosophist."

"Oh! I see." His face was screwed up in a way which indicated a satisfactory comprehension of human guile. "She has been talking to me on the astral plane, evidently, and that explains the letter. Very simple. Does she see elementals under the chairs?"

"She never mentioned the word."

"Oh, she doesn't play her part well. The correct form is to gaze for half a minute into vacancy with glassy eyes, then to point with the forefinger outstretched, and say, 'There's a horrible elemental under your chair.' That makes you jump."

"What's an elemental?" I asked.

"A horrid beast, resembling your sins, gibbering at you. It's beneath the dignity of a Theosophist to say he believes in devils, so he calls them elementals. Did she tell you about the loathsome seventh sub-plane?"

"She said something about sub-planes."

"But the seventh," said Brocklebank, "is a very special dish. It is reserved for you and me and others and the carnally-minded. A Theosophist is too much of a philosopher to say he believes in hell, so he calls it the seventh sub-plane."

"According to Mrs. Stuart," I said, "so far as I followed her, there is nothing worse than this world. She calls this hell in a relative sense."

"Yes, for spiritually-minded Theosophists. But for you and me—for beer drinkers and those who attend to the lusts of the flesh—there's the dickens of a slimy patch, full of creeping things. Did she tell you about the walking corpses you are liable to meet?"

"Not a word."

"Oh, she skipped all the horrors."

"Well, she said that she thought the whole conception was choked with detail."

"I quite agree with her," said Brocklebank; "choked to death."

The above will amuse Theosophists and it might irritate some among them—but the story is not unentertaining. It is one of the modern novels, increasing in number every year, dealing with some occult theme or another. In this well-written story the author displays a careful reading of our Theosophical literature and has a grasp of Mr. Leadbeater's manual on *The Astral Plane*. It is a story of one, Mr. Brocklebank, who dies and takes possession of a Mr. Stuart, a

Theosophist, who leaves his body for purposes of his own—we Theosophists understand what that means! Mrs. Stuart, also one of our fraternity, by the help of her superphysical powers, unveils the mystery, and by the aid of Dr. Jefferson's hypnotisation drives Brocklebank away and brings her husband back to his tenement of flesh provided for him by the Lords of Karma.

We are tempted to give another extract which our readers may find useful :

"Then it comes to this : you don't accept a word of what she says ?"

"A word here and there," he answered ; "but you can't expect me to believe in astral bodies and mysterious voices."

"Why not ?"

"Because I have a rough working basis of common sense about me."

"You might very well have that," I said, "and yet be less obstinately imbedded in sheer materialism."

"Well, but look at the thing," he said. Even you can hardly pretend to think that my address was communicated to her in her sleep by a man who is dead, or who, at any rate, has mislaid himself in Scotland."

"Yes, I do," I said flatly.

He laughed and took out his cigarette case. "Oh, you would believe anything."

"Do you believe," I asked him, "that two people, separated by hundreds of miles and not connected in any way, can speak to each other ?"

"You are thinking of wireless telegraphy ?"

"I am applying no name to it," I said, "that or any other. I merely make a statement and ask you if you believe it."

"Of course I believe it. It's a fact."

"Yet, a few years ago—twenty or thirty years ago—if I had said that I believed it, you would have told me that I would believe anything."

He laughed again. "Very probably."

"Do you believe," I asked further, "that your body is entirely composed of minute moving units of electricity—that it is, in fact, material only to our coarse senses ?"

"Are you talking about the divisibility of atoms, the new electron theory ?"

"Again," I said, "I am applying no names to what I say : I am simply making a statement and asking you if you believe it."

"It seems as if we had to believe it. And why not ?" he asked. "If a thing exists at all, it's neither more nor less incomprehensible as electricity than as matter."

"Common sense doesn't get in the way," I said, "because science has recently given the theory its blessing. Now I heard to-day—I've been talking about this subject—that Theosophists have been saying the same thing for years, but people like you, who have got a rough working basis of common sense, treated their statements as the meanderings of harmless lunatics."

"If they really said that," Brocklebank declared, "they made a good shot. Even old Moore does that occasionally."

"That might be the explanation or it might not. I'm not prepared to dogmatise, as you are. I can't see that it is necessary to rule a thing out absolutely unless it is a proven scientific fact. Science moves comparatively slowly; its methods necessitate that it should. Other less exact and minute ways of discovering truths go ahead of it; philosophy, for instance. Philosophers have been telling us for ages that there is no such thing as objective reality, that only the ego exists. People called it metaphysical subtlety and took no notice. But science has now cut down the whole objective universe to electricity, perhaps to ether, so we are getting on."

"I didn't say we were'nt," said Brocklebank.

"Well, but this is my point," I went on: "You will naturally admit that there are still, probably, a good many things in the cosmos which science hasn't found out?"

"Naturally."

"Then why say so positively that occultism, mysticism, psychical research, or whatever you like to call it, cannot have got into touch with any of those things?"

"Oh, the whole thing is tomfoolery."

"That's sheer dogmatism again. And a man who takes his stand by science ought to be the last to dogmatise about what he doesn't know. For my part, I neither believe nor disbelieve; but it seems to me to be quite possible that these people, Theosophists, spiritualists—I admit that many of them are cranks and humbugs and washy sentimentalists, but the genuine ones, the intellectual ones—may be doing things, using forces, without knowing the how and the why of them. Later on, science will come along in its leisurely way, step by step, and tell us the how and the why."

"Well, so long as it satisfies you," said Brocklebank, throwing the end of his cigarette into the fire.

The story gives nothing new for Theosophists, but to the outside world it has a message to give and we must acknowledge our debt of gratitude to the clever author for the distinct service he has rendered to the cause of Theosophy. Our members will find the book handy and useful as an offering and a present to their non-Theosophical friends.

B. P. W.

On Life's By-Ways, by Pierre Loti, translated by Fred Rothwell. (G. Bell & Sons, Ltd., London. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

Those of our readers who are unacquainted with the French language will be thankful to Mr. Fred Rothwell for presenting the reading public with such an excellent translation of Pierre Loti's works.

On Life's By-Ways is a series of impressions of travel marked by the exquisite sensibility that characterises all the author's writings. Loti is an artist as well as a traveller; he sees and feels and has the power of making others see and

feel. He transmits to his readers the very emotions through which he himself has passed. Most of the sketches contained in this book are mere impressions without a conclusion, but they are all permeated by the idea that we are merely atoms, specks of dust in a beginningless and endless cosmos.

The description of his visit to Madrid is most interesting, and gives, besides vivid pictures of the capital and the Escorial, an excellent idea of what court life was in the days of Queen Christine's regency.

"Idle Pity" and "My last two Hunts" show us a Loti of ardent sympathy with pain and sorrow in every form.

The most important of the impressions, "Easter Island," is part of his diary when a cadet on board of the *Flore*. It is a continuation of interesting descriptions of that most lonely and mysterious of the South-Sea Islands, alternated with thrilling narrations of his remarkable experiences amongst the Maoris.

On the whole, a book full of charm, full of poetry and well worth reading.

D. C.

Practical Mysticism, by Evelyn Underhill. (J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd., London. Price 2s. 6d.)

In these days when war is the subject of all men's thoughts and the practical problems of meeting each day's need press hard and insistently upon us, it seems, at first sight, unfeeling, almost inhuman to spend time and money on the publication of a book on Mysticism; futile, and happily so, to recommend the practical and healthy-minded to read it. But on second thoughts one realises that the author is right when she says that its appearance at the present time is not inappropriate. Extremes meet; and it is during periods of stress, of suspense and harassment that more than ever we must do all we can to keep burning the flame of a people's spiritual life.

"No nation is truly defeated which retains its spiritual self-possession" and that self-possession, that dignity which is proof against the onslaught of every external foe, is the result

of experiences which the practice of mysticism, conscious or unconscious, alone can give.

The book is written for the ordinary practical man. It is not intended for the learned or the devout, or for those who have from one source or another first-hand knowledge of the subject. It seeks to answer for the ordinary average man the questions, first "What is mysticism?" and then "What is the *use* of it all?" The author says:

I have merely attempted to put the view of the universe and man's place in it which is common to all mystics in plain and untechnical language: and to suggest the practical conditions under which ordinary persons may participate in their experience. Therefore the abnormal states of consciousness which sometimes appear in connection with mystical genius are not discussed: my business being confined to a description of a faculty which all men possess in a greater or less degree.

This is the first point of importance which ought to encourage the reader—the faculty by which mystical experience is gained is not the special gift of a few, but part of the nature of us all only awaiting development to blossom and bear fruit. In the first three chapters, this faculty is described and its importance proved. In the next three chapters a sketch is given of the preliminary training and self-discipline necessary for its cultivation. Then follows an analysis of the three great forms of contemplation, and finally we have described, "the *use* of it all," what it means to have followed the path traced out for us in the preceding pages.

The most striking thing about the whole presentation of the subject is the virility of its conception of mysticism. In the minds of the uninstructed the word mysticism connotes all that is indolent, delicate, ineffective and, perhaps, sentimental. No one who has read this book can labour longer under this delusion. Mysticism makes for vigorous living, arouses the will and drives the man to action. "It is to vigour rather than to comfort that you are called," says our author.

Do not suppose . . . that your new career is to be perpetually supported by agreeable spiritual contacts or occupy itself in the mild contemplation of the great world through which you move. True, it is said of the shepherd that he carries the lambs in his bosom: but the sheep are expected to walk, and put up with the inequalities of the road, the bunts and blunders of the flock.

"The chief ingredients" of the mystical character are said to be courage, singleness of heart, and self-control. "'Smite,' 'press,' 'push,' 'strive'—these are strong words:

yet they are constantly upon the lips of the contemplatives when describing the earlier stages of their art." That which in the pseudo-mystic is weak-kneed sentimentality, in the true mystic becomes a fire of love, illuminating and consuming.

The humility and self-surrender of the student of the science of Love is not a useless acquiescence, but a glowing power by which he is enabled to see all things, "with innocent, attentive, disinterested eyes, feel them as infinitely significant and adorable parts of the transcendent whole" in which he also is immersed.

What can be more valuable to a nation in strenuous times than the numbering among her sons of such men as the true mystic here described—courageous in the face of all things, strong to endure, full of that love which is understanding? In peace or in war any book that helps in the building of such characters is a great and timely gift to the world.

A. de L.

The Poems of Mu'tamid, King of Seville, rendered into English Verse by Dulcie Lawrence Smith, with an Introduction. WISDOM OF THE EAST SERIES. (John Murray, London. Price 1s.)

Our prosaic world is sometimes filled with strange poetry. This by men and women who tread the walks of real romance. They are rare souls—these true artists and form a kingdom unto themselves. They hail from the East as much (if not more) as from the West. Theirs is an existence of love and luxury, in which woman and wine often play their parts. Their faith is pinned on the passing, their religion lies in worldly enjoyment, their self-expression is couched in the language of sentiment and emotion purely human. Such a rarity has been Mu'tamid—known for the love he bore his Queen Rumaika and the sufferings he endured because of his Vizier Ibn Ammar. Some most interesting incidents of this trio the author gives us in his well-written Introduction.

Mu'tamid's poetry is distinctly eastern, as also original. The Sufistic touch is there though it lacks the spiritual soul of

Jami or Sadi. We may quote a poem, entitled *Woo Not The World*, which the majority of our readers will like :

Woo not the world too rashly, for behold,
 Beneath the painted silk broidering,
 It is a faithless and inconstant thing.
 (Listen to me, Mu'tamid, growing old.)

And we—that dreamed youth's blade would never rust,
 Hoped wells from the mirage, roses from the sand,—
 The riddle of the world shall understand
 And put on wisdom with the robe of dust.

B. P. W.

Voices From Across the Gulf (From Souls in After-Life), by a lady through whom they have been communicated. (L. N. Fowler & Co., London.)

These communications from souls "Beyond the Veil" have been recorded by means of automatic writing, inspired by a spirit entity called "Geoffrey". They contain a lesson on the importance of right thought, right living, and the great harm done by suicide. The utter anguish, contrition and despair felt by suicides, is depicted in ejaculations of horror that would certainly deter the living from committing similar crimes, by those who regard these as real messages from the dead. They find themselves as if imprisoned in thick, greyish mists, bewildered, repentant and regretful for the wrongs done to themselves and to others by that act.

The subject is unique, and the book should well serve the purpose for which it was no doubt intended—of preventing self-injury to humanity.

G. G.

Modern Science and The Higher Self, by Annie Besant. (Adyar Pamphlets No. 56.) (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras. Price As. 2 or 2d. or 4c.)

One may say truly that the present time is not only one of strange happenings, but also one of extraordinary convergences and conjunctions. Just as it was a wonderful idea to our ancestors of one century that carriages should run without horses and that messages should speed across-country without postmen or post-chaises, equally incredible was it to the darkened mind of material science that there could ever be a

day when that science and the teachings of Spiritual Science concerning the soul should find a meeting-point, when its own experiments should lead it to establish the fact of a higher nature, a larger consciousness in man, the existence of which is beyond and independent of this material organism, and bearing out the truth of religious teachings concerning his soul. We have reached that day, and as the author of this pamphlet shows, the ancient teachings of the Spiritual Science of the East are gradually being verified and substantiated by the latter-day discoveries of modern Material Science, and the two systems of teaching promise to join hands "as servants in a common cause". This is a fact of tremendous importance full of inspiration for the future, and constitutes the message of the small work before us.

The term Higher Self is not used herein as in most Theosophical literature, in the sense of the Higher, as distinct from the Lower, Self but it is used to designate the range of man's consciousness which is beyond and independent of the brain consciousness. A very clear distinction is drawn between the unhealthy, morbid brain of the neuropath and the finely trained brain, sensitive to the finer and subtler vibrations, tuned up to a greater tautness as a *viñā*-string, the brain of the Saints, Prophets and Seers. As this greater tautness, this tuning to a higher pitch, naturally involves an increase of sensitiveness and danger, the man who wishes safely to effect the refining should do so by means of the tested and accepted method prescribed by sages and the Adepts of Spiritual Science, that is, by the ancient method of Yoga.

Mrs. Besant's opinion is always of the utmost value, even when so briefly stated, and in this particular case, it would be hard to find any one with so much authority to compare the view-point of Spiritual Science with that of modern progressive thought, possessing as she does a wide knowledge of both.

D. C.

Talks by Abdul Baha: Given in Paris. (G. Bell & Sons, Ltd., London. Price 2s. net.)

The ethical world is again enriched by this volume of Abdul Baha's teachings ever simple and practical in value,

and high in their aim to abolish all prejudices, religious and otherwise. He emphasises the idea of the duty of kindness and sympathy towards strangers and foreigners, and in speaking of the need for union between the peoples of the East and the West, he says: "In these days the East is in need of material progress and the West is in want of a spiritual ideal," and "What profit is there in agreeing that universal friendship is good, and talking of the Solidarity of the Human Race as a grand ideal, unless thoughts of kindness are translated into the world of action?"

The thought of war is saddening to Abdul Baha, and he wonders at the human savagery that still exists in the world. He exhorts people to abolish strife and discord by learning the lesson of mutual tolerance, understanding and brotherly love, and thinks the greatest gift to man is that of understanding.

In speaking before the Theosophical Society in Paris, he expressed pleasure in meeting such men of intellect and thought, with spiritual ideals. He said: "It gives me great joy, for I see that you are seekers after Truth."

G. G.

Love and the Freemason, by Guy Thorne. (T. Werner Laurie, Ltd. Price 6s.)

A story which deals with the second woman Freemason may possess charms for some, but in our days when Universal Co-Freemasonry exists, keeping a door wide open for women to join the Fraternity, it is necessarily shorn of its interest. The volume of 281 pages of close print is rather verbose, with a somewhat weak plot, not quite able to keep up the reader's interest. The character-drawing is good and the cleverness of the artist is not wanting in the author. If you want a long old-fashioned novel, take it—you will not learn much about Masonry, but then novels are not tools with which a Mason works! We regret the book has proved disappointing.

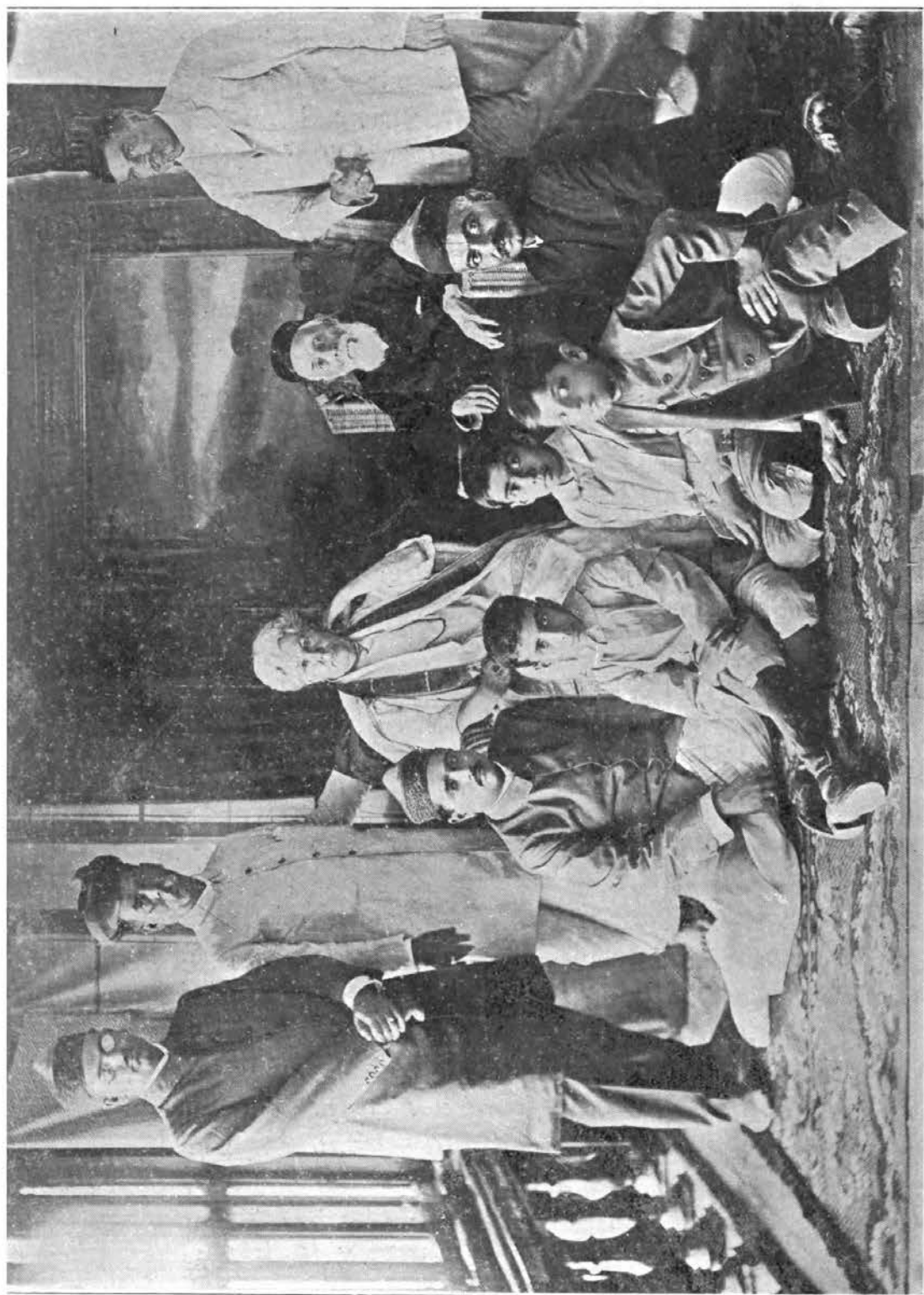
B. P. W.

What is Man? And the Universal Religion of Man, in the Light of Islam? by Shah Muhammad Badi-'ul-'Alam. (Munshi Muhammad Yasin, Izzatnagar, Chittagong.) This volume consists of eight lectures on the spiritual philosophy of Islam, and Theosophy in the light of Muhammadanism. It is interesting but rather too marked by the Islamic tendency to make converts. The author claims that Islam is the universal religion towards which the world is drifting, and can see no difference between Islam and Theosophy *except in details*, and therefore invites Theosophists to declare themselves Muhammadans. He overlooks the fact that the universal religion is the basis of every particular religion, and it is precisely in the details that religions do differ one from another. The true Theosophist may be equally the true Christian or the true Mussulman. None the less Theosophy and Muhammadanism have much in common, and Theosophists would find it interesting to study their parallel teachings, which have been ably dealt with herein.

D. M. C.

Beauty and Joy, by Motilal M. Munshi, B.A., LL.B. (Motilal M. Munshi Gopipura, Surat. Price Rs. 1-8.) This is a simple narrative which young Indian readers will enjoy, and western readers find of interest for the sidelights it throws on Indian everyday life. Alongside of western fiction, however, it appears unsophisticated and the choice of English words and expressions is not such as an English writer would make.

D. C.



ANNIE BESANT AND DADABHAI NAOROJI.

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

ANOTHER combatant has stepped into the field of War, the unfortunate Bulgarian Nation, dragged into it reluctantly against its will by the obstinacy and ambition of its King. Poor man! he is likely to pay for his folly with his throne, perhaps with his life, for in popular risings royal lives are easily lost. Germany, Austria, Turkey, Bulgaria, a Quadruple Alliance, against Great Britain, France, Russia and Italy, with gallant little Serbia and Montenegro fighting beside them. Rumania and Greece have still to come, and then, leaving aside Scandinavia, Holland, and Spain, all Europe will be ablaze.

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For how long? one asks wistfully. Believing as I do that not the passions nor the ambitions of men, but the strong hands of Earth's Guardians guide the destinies of Nations, I cannot but fear that the great strife will not cease until Britain recognises in Asia that for which she is fighting in Europe,

and gives ungrudgingly to India that liberty for which she is standing in the West. I believe that if she acknowledged India's right to Self-Government, and pledged her word to regard her hereafter as one of the partners in her mighty Empire—leaving all details until Peace once more broods over the Nations—then would the end of the War be in sight, and Divine Justice would crown with victory the great Nation that promised to do Justice to another. Judging from the King's appeal, he is in sore need of men ; yet the loyal millions who are here, ready to lay down their lives for his Crown, are left useless by his Government. Even those eager and trustful sons of India who have travelled 5,000 miles from home on the chance of giving service to England's cause are rejected ; while every English hoarding is shouting to men to enlist, "Indian gentlemen" are coldly warned not to go to England to offer their services. It may well be that victory will be withheld until her need forces Britain to accept the help so lovingly tendered to her by her great Sister Nation. For all the forces that work for Righteousness and Justice, for plighted Faith and pledged Honour, the forces which build up civilisation and make Human Society stable—all these are working for India's Liberty, and are using this great War to bring about—among other things—Justice between East and West. Home Rule for India is one of the conditions of the triumph of the Empire in which she has been an apprentice for a brief space, but is now to be a partner.

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For the time is ripening for the coming of the Desire of all Nations, and the Teachers of the world

have ever come forth from the East. Vyāsa, Zarathuṣtra, Thoth, Orpheus, the Lord Buddha, Shrī Kṛṣṇa, the Lord Christ, the Lord Muhammad—were all eastern-born. It is ever unto Asia that a Child is born, to the East a Son is given, and none but He, the Prince of Peace, can heal the ghastly wounds made in the West by War. To Him we lift up our eyes, for we know that He draweth nigh, and the East is rosy with the dawn of earth's New Day.

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One of the articles in this month's issue is on "The Union of Democratic Control," and is written by a contributor who is thoughtful and well-informed. The four propositions that are laid down as the "cardinal points" of policy on which members agree to concentrate their advocacy" will meet with wide acceptance, and if the Union confine itself to these, it may prove to be of considerable service in the re-adjustment of international relations which must then take place. It has been represented as clamouring for peace now, but is apparently not doing anything of the kind, but is merely claiming for the Nation that which each Self-Governing Dominion is claiming for itself, that it shall not hereafter be plunged into War without its own consent. That is of the very essence of Democracy, and except in the excitement caused by War, no one would be inclined to deny it. The first principle that no Province shall be transferred from one Government to another without its own consent is eminently reasonable. But in practice it will be difficult, where the population is mixed. 2, again, is right. On 3 there will be much dispute, though a Concert of Powers is obviously more rational than the unstable equilibrium of a "balance," and 4 may be also

accounted desirable. All these four statements contain the normal principles of the Internationalism of the Future, which shall surely come. None of them explain why the Union for Democratic Control should have hurled at it the condemnatory "pro-German". Perhaps some correspondent will throw light on the problem for us who are living so far away from English life, and who are barred by the Censor from much that we should like to know.

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It is very interesting to see how, wherever Theosophy goes, the inspiration of Service accompanies it. One of our leading Theosophical families in Bombay has some of its members large mill-owners, and has mills not only in Bombay but also in Sholapur, another town in the Presidency. In this is a Theosophical Lodge, composed of the educated mill-officials, and the mill is very popular among the work-people, because of the relations existing between employers and employed, human instead of mere cash relations. There is a class open for all the women in the factory, where reading, writing and sewing are taught for an hour and a half a day, and, as most of them are mothers, there is a *crèche*, with hot water, soap, oil, etc., provided for their children, all, of course, free. There is a primary school for the boys and girls employed, taught in the vernacular up to the 6th standard, and English is taught conversationally. Drawing, carpentry and weaving are taught. Every pupil bathes, before coming into school, and they are taught a short prayer. Drill and some athletic exercises are practised, and cricket is played. Some of the poorer boys have cloths given to them, on condition that they keep them clean. The third class provided for are the

adults, and for them there are eight classes in the evening, two English and six vernacular. Everything wanted for instruction, including sewing-machines, is supplied free. Already more than 500 workers are attending the classes, and it is thought that the number will reach 1,000. Thus is Theosophy spreading its beneficent influence into industrial life, and leading the way along a new line of usefulness, which, as more follow it, will become of incalculable service.

* * *

Writing of some of our Theosophical large employers of labour in India reminds me of a Theosophical employer of labour in England, the well-known Mr. Joseph Bibby of Liverpool, whose *Bibby's Annual* is the delight of hundreds of thousands of readers. His organisation of well-thought-out benefits for his employees was so efficient and liberal, that Mr. Lloyd George's Act much diminished the benefits they had enjoyed; unfortunately that Act made no exception for good employers, and his men lost by it. Mr. Bibby is to the fore also in patriotism, for three of his stalwart sons have gone to the front—a sore gap in that delightful family circle so familiar to Theosophical Lecturers in England. 700 of his employees have also gone to the front, another testimony to the value of his friendly influence with his men. The time has gone by when Theosophy was looked at askance in England, and Theosophists are welcomed and honoured. Here, in India, some of the belated Anglo-Indian papers keep up the old style of ridicule and depreciation, and the missionary press is venomous as ever. But among the Anglo-Indians the hatred is due to the complete social equality which Theosophists show to Indians, and

have always shown since H. P. Blavatsky and Henry Steele Olcott landed in Bombay.

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This pleasure taken in each other's society was a marked feature in the birthday party given to me by the Adyar residents, who invited also to it some Indian friends from Madras. We had a delightful gathering, as are always our Headquarters parties, and the fine Hall, of which our President-Founder was so proud, looked as pretty as ever. A very large and handsome Japanese lantern, which used to be hidden away in a passage, has now been hung in the centre of the hall, in front of the platform, and is very effective, especially at night. Let me here say a word of thanks to the innumerable friends all the world over who have sent letters and telegrams of good wishes for my 68th birthday. I strive to be worthy of the love and trust so lavishly poured out.

* * *

The movement for Home Rule here in India is going forward well. The meeting of the Conference on the League has been fixed for December 25th at Bombay, when the leading Congressmen will be present, and it is hoped, also, the leading Musalmāns. The Congress meets in Bombay on the 27th December, and in a vast country like India an All-India meeting cannot easily assemble except at Congress time.

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English students of Indian affairs will find in the series of articles in *The Commonweal*, entitled, "How India Wrought for Freedom," the history of the splendid Congress Movement, the standing monument, as I have often pointed out, of Indian initiative, courage, and

power of organisation. The story is written chiefly for the younger generation, who do not always realise the magnitude of the work done by "the fathers who begat" them, and how they built, at immense sacrifice, the foundations of the rising edifice of Indian Freedom. It is their work which has made possible the forward movement of to-day.

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I am very glad to see what good work is being done by the Leeds T. S. Lodge in England, and how much their efforts to spread the light are being appreciated in the great Yorkshire town. In the last syllabus received, it is noted that Miss Marie Corelli is giving the first lecture of the autumn course, with the Mayor of Leeds in the chair. Miss Marie Corelli reaches hundreds of thousands by her books, with their inspiring message of the reality of the spiritual life, and her appearance on a public platform is sure to be welcomed with enthusiasm.

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Dr. Haden Guest has resigned the General Secretaryship in England, which he took up, with much self-sacrifice, as a temporary service, when Mrs. Sharpe was forced to retire on account of ill-health. His idea was to resign it as soon as Mrs. Sharpe was well enough again to go into harness, and though that day has not, unfortunately, arrived, he feels that his large work in War and National Service occupy him so much that he cannot discharge the T. S. work efficiently. It was practically put "in commission" early in the War, but as the War drags on, the temporary arrangements prove to be inconvenient. As President, I thank Dr. Haden Guest for the

fine work he has done for the Theosophical Society in England and Wales, and I rejoice to know that he will carry the Theosophical spirit into that work of Social Reconstruction which is so dear to his heart.

* * *

The following is his own statement :

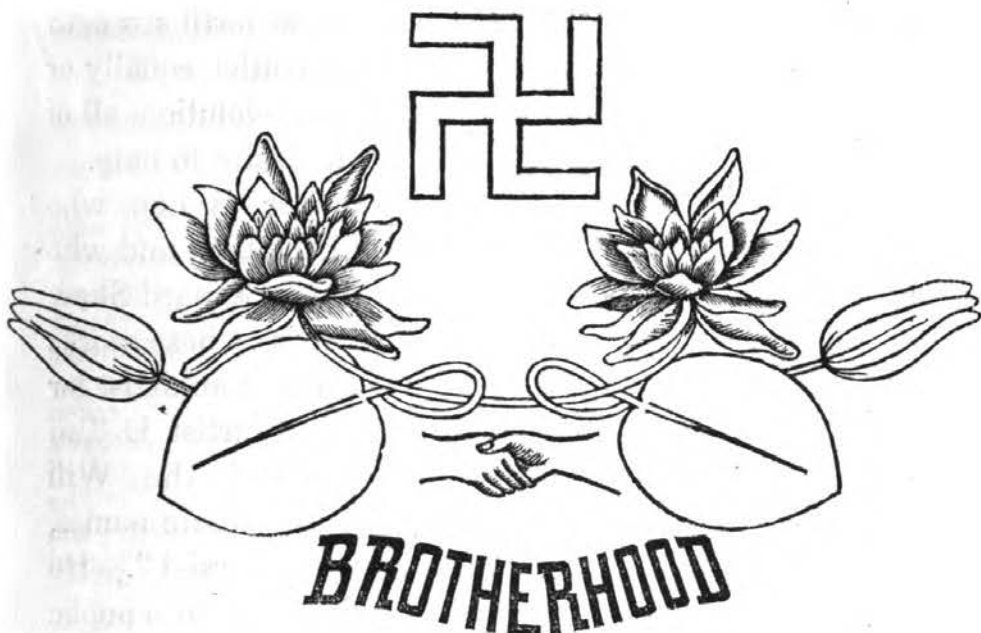
I regret to announce that it is necessary for me to resign the General Secretaryship of the Theosophical Society in England and Wales which it has been for a time my honour and my privilege to hold. It was in my mind to resign months ago but I then thought the balance of advantage to the Society lay with my remaining. Now it is no longer so. The detailed supervision and attention needed I cannot give and my stay in the office hinders another's work. Also I contemplate social work, with which the Society may not desire to be officially linked. The relinquishing of the office is necessarily touched with pain, but what powers I have are always at the Society's disposal and what strength I have at her service.

L. HADEN GUEST

We all affectionately wish him God-speed, for in whatever work he is engaged, he will always be able, candid and strong.

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We shall next month give a description, with pictures, of the fine Theosophical School at Letchworth. Our illustration this month is of India's G. O. M., Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji ; the photograph was taken when I visited him in his home at Varsova, near Bombay, to consult him on forming an organisation for pressing on the Government here and on the English people the necessity of Self-Government for India.



BERNARD SHAW AND THEOSOPHY

By H. B. HYAMS

IT is often asked why it is that any great scientist or philosopher or saint should be unable to accept certain truths which Theosophists accept, such as the immortality of the soul, reincarnation and the existence of superphysical planes. That these great men are evolved far in advance of the ordinary Theosophist is evident. How is it then that lesser men can claim knowledge which these greater souls have not?

It seems that there are many paths that life may take in its struggle upwards, and the great intellects of the scientific world have taken a certain path and left others open for the Theosophist, who has in many

earth-lives sought a special knowledge. That knowledge is simply certain truths about the plan of evolution and the understanding of how to put forth strength to help. But there are many other truths, equally or more important for us at our stage of evolution, all of which must be used by the will in the desire to help.

If it is true that a Theosophist is one who has an understanding of the plan of evolution, and who does all he can to help that plan, then Bernard Shaw is a great Theosophist. He is an artist whose works exist for helping the Life Force: he is not an artist for art's sake; he believes that the great artist is "an apostle doing what used to be called the Will of God, and is now called by many prosaic names, of which 'public work' is the least controversial". He uses his art to teach, and tries to reach as great a public as possible by lecturing, by his novels, plays and essays. Even his biography is different from other biographies, being full of his teaching and lacking in everything about the physical Shaw and his mode of living, although he himself superintended the writing of it. The British public call him egoistical, not understanding that his egoistical pose is his method of advertising his teachings.

THE PURPOSE OF LIFE

The purpose of life is described by Shaw as the attainment of consciousness, and it is a definition that all Theosophists would accept, only in their case it would mean so much more, consciousness on the physical, astral, mental, and higher planes. "Life: the force that ever strives to attain greater power of

contemplating itself." Yet this force we are told is "stupid". "Well, the Life Force is stupid: but it is not so stupid as the forces of Death and Degeneration".¹

The Theosophist with his knowledge of the superphysical worlds finds that this force is not so stupid as is thought. He agrees with Shaw that life is producing a superman, that evolution has been making "more or less successful attempts to build up that raw force into higher and higher individuals, the ideal individual being omnipotent, omniscient, infallible and withal completely, unilludedly, self-conscious: in short, a god."²

But the Theosophist does not think this being is to be produced on the physical plane alone. Speaking of Man, Don Juan says: "Here is the highest miracle of organisation yet attained by life, the most intensely alive thing that exists, the most conscious of all the organisms, and yet how wretched are his brains!"³ A Theosophist does not believe that man is the most intensely alive thing that exists. Experiments in hypnotism show that when man's body and brain are put to sleep, there exists something much more intensely alive than any physical brain. From this and other evidence the Theosophist has come to believe in other states of consciousness, higher than the physical, in which now function the supermen. Speaking of immortality Shaw says in his preface to *Misalliance*:

Therefore let us give up telling one another idle tales, and rejoice in death as we rejoice in birth: for without death we cannot be born again: and the man who does not wish to be born again, and born better, is fit only to represent the City of London in Parliament or perhaps the University of Oxford.

¹ *Man and Superman.*

² *ibid.*

³ *ibid.*

And again :

After all what man is capable of the insane self-conceit of believing that an eternity of himself would be tolerable even to himself? Those who try to believe it, postulate that they should be made perfect first.

But the Theosophist does not postulate that we were made perfect in the beginning, his theory is that we all entered life as spiritual germs without knowledge and conscience, but by reincarnating on the earth, life after life, we gathered material for building our characters. Heredity is not the motive power alone that is evolving the superman ; intelligence and reproductive power vary inversely: the lower the parents the more prolific they are. Acquired characters are not transmissible: the child of a Saint may be a profligate and the child of a genius may be a dolt. The Theosophist does not expect to have an eternity of himself ; he knows that that would be impossible because he is always changing even here on earth. Having thrown aside his physical body at death, he will enter different surroundings and gradually change with those different surroundings.

Another difference between Shavianism and Theosophy is the importance that thought plays in the latter. The Shavian would regard thought as quite useless unless its physical results could be seen in the action of the thinker ; but the Theosophist, knowing that thoughts are real things which affect his companions for good or evil, even without visible physical actions of any kind, would be sometimes better able to judge certain questions and be better able to know how to use thought power. Often he would dwell on the good points of any character so as to strengthen it, when the Shavian might be all intent on destroying the bad.

But having recognised these differences between the Shavian and the Theosophist, we find that they have come to the same conclusions with regard to philosophic fundamentals, and progressive reforms.

The Life Force in its attempt to build up higher and higher individuals becomes more and more encased in matter, until it reaches a turning point where the return path is commenced. It is that point in man's evolution when he has built up a self ready to use for helping forward evolution. Up to this time he has been developing all his qualities: he has had duties. Shaw has written some hard things against the Christian self-sacrificer, but it is against the man who would sacrifice himself before he has built his "self". The process of building, and the use of this self, or scaffolding for the finished soul-temple, is shown in the following passages:

As a man grows through the ages he finds himself bolder by the growth of his spirit, and dares more and more to enjoy and trust, instead of to fear and fight.—*Quintessence of Ibsenism*.

A sense at last arises in man of his duty to himself: and when this sense is fully grown, which it hardly is yet, the tyranny of duty is nothing: for now the man's God is himself: and he, self-satisfied at last, ceases to be selfish.—*Man and Superman*.

No one ever feels helpless by the side of the self-helper: whilst the self-sacrificer is always a drag, a responsibility, a reproach, an everlasting and unnatural trouble with whom no really strong soul can live. Only those who have helped themselves know how to help others, and respect their right to help themselves.—*Quintessence of Ibsenism*.

This is the true joy in life, the being used for a purpose recognised by yourself as a mighty one: the being thoroughly worn out before you are thrown on the scrap heap; the being a force of Nature instead of a feverish selfish little clod of ailments and grievances complaining that the world will not devote itself to making you happy.—*Man and Superman*.

I tell you that as long as I can conceive something better than myself, I cannot be easy unless I am striving to bring it into existence or clearing the way for it. That is the law of my life. That is the working within me of Life's incessant aspiration to higher organization, wider, deeper, intenser self-consciousness, and clearer self-understanding.—*Man and Superman.*

Just as life, after ages of struggle, evolved that wonderful bodily organ the eye, so that the living organism could see where it was going and what was coming to help or threaten it, and thus avoid a thousand dangers that formerly slew it, so it is evolving to-day a mind's eye that shall see, not the physical world, but the purpose of Life, and thereby enable the individual to work for that purpose instead of thwarting and baffling it by setting up short-sighted personal aims as at present.—*Man and Superman.*

The Theosophist believes that the "mind's eyes" that were evolved in the bodies of Buddha, Plato, Christ, and earlier founders of religions, did not die with the death of the physical body, but have lived on through the ages helping the Life Force onward.

THE SPIRIT, THE INTELLECT AND THE PASSIONS

It is sometimes thought that Bernard Shaw places the intellect above all else. This is not so, though he places the intellect above most of our passions. The intellect says that life is not worth living; then so much the worse for intellect, is a thought that often occurs in his works.

Bohun. It's unwise to be born; it's unwise to be married; it's unwise to live; and it's wise to die.

Waiter. Then, if I may respectfully put a word in Sir, so much the worse for wisdom!—*You Never Can Tell.*

The man who listens to Reason is lost; Reason enslaves all whose minds are not strong enough to master her.—*Man and Superman.*

Above the intellect he places the will or spirit. "The will is our old friend the soul or spirit of man."

In speaking of Ibsen he clearly differentiates between the will and the intellect.

His will, in setting his imagination to work, had produced a great puzzle for his intellect. In no case does the difference between the will and the intellect come out more clearly than in that of the poet, save only that of the lover. . . . It is only the *naif* who goes to the creative artist with absolute confidence in receiving an answer to his "What does this passage mean?" That is the very question which the poet's own intellect, which had no part in the conception of the poem, may be asking him.—*Quintessence of Ibsenism*.

The action of the will or spirit is inspiration, and inspiration speaks to a man against reason in his will to live. "He is, in the old phrase, the temple of the Holy Ghost. He has, in another old phrase, the divine spark within him." How this divine spark flares up in the most unexpected men is shown in many of Shaw's plays, notably in *The Shewing up of Blanco Posnet*, and *The Devil's Disciple*. It needs some violent conflict to kindle this spark into some great act, and so reveal the hidden. Often the merely good man, the man conforming to the morals of his day, is shown, by force of the conflict, under quite different colours, while a ne'er-do-well is seen as a great spiritual soul.

However, most of Shaw's characters live mostly in the intellectual plane, and try to steer through life instead of merely drifting. They usually analyse their feelings, and refuse to be "the slave of love or its dupe". Of sexual infatuation he says :

To ask us to subject our souls to its ruinous glamour to worship it, deify it, and imply that it alone makes life worth living is nothing but folly gone mad erotically.—*Three Plays for Puritans*.

¹ *Quintessence of Ibsenism*.

When we want to read of the deeds that are done for love, whither do we turn? To the murder column: and there we are rarely disappointed.—*Selected Passages.*

The writers of romance would have us believe that all our good actions are done under the influence of love. Says the Devil's disciple :

If I said that I did what I did ever so little for your sake, I lied as men always lie to women. You know how I have lived with worthless men—aye, and worthless women too. Well, they could all rise to some sort of goodness and kindness when they were in love [the word comes from him in true Puritan scorn]. That has taught me to set very little store by the goodness that comes out red hot. What I did, I did in cold blood, I should have done the same for any other man in the town, or any other man's wife.—*The Devil's Disciple.*

All romance Shaw would subject to the searching light of the intellect. The romance of gallantry and chivalry of the past is treasonable to women and stultifying to men; we have outgrown these forms and therefore Shaw speaks of romance as "the great heresy to be swept off from art and life". This romance that he speaks of is that which is holding back the Life Force, but of the romance that is helping forward evolution, his works are full. The critics often complain that there is no passion in Shaw's plays, but that is only because they do not sympathise with its ideals. A disciple of Shaw is put in the melting mood by these plays, while the emotional play of the critics leaves him cold.

This, then, is where the intellect is used in Shavianism: to dominate the harmful emotions and passions, and to steer those that are helping Life in its struggle upwards. Shaw does not belittle love. "How do you know," says Don Juan, "that love is not the greatest of all relations? far too great to be a personal matter."

THE SIMPLIFICATION OF LIFE

Bernard Shaw's works teem with ideas for the simplification of life. He seldom misses a chance to drive home to us the ugliness and complexity of our modern life. In a description of a Palace in Alexandria he writes:

The clean lofty walls with absence of mirrors, show perspectives, stuffy upholstery and textiles, makes the palace handsome, wholesome, simple and cool, or, as a rich English manufacturer would express it, poor, bare, ridiculous and unhomely, for Tottenham Court Road civilization is to this Egyptian civilization as glass bead and tattoo civilization is to Tottenham Court Road.—*Caesar and Cleopatra*, Act II.

The “shiny black and shiny white, and the stiff shirt front” of the nineteenth century man's dress has often been ridiculed by him. “A fabric which drapes in graceful folds and is beautiful in colour, tertiary colours which soften and actually take on a new beauty as they wear,” is the contrast he puts forward for our dress. He speaks of our towns thus:

Even if Man's increased command over Nature included any increased command over himself (the only sort of command relevant to his evolution into a higher being), the fact remains that it is only by running away from the increased command over Nature to country places where Nature is still in primitive command over Man, that he can recover from the effects of the smoke, the stench, the foul air, the overcrowding, the racket, the ugliness, the dirt which our civilization costs us. If manufacturing activity means Progress, the town must be more advanced than the country; and the field labourers and village artisans of to-day must be much less changed from the servants of Job than the proletariat of modern London from the proletariat of Cæsar's Rome. Yet the cockney proletarian is so inferior to the village labourer that it is only by steady recruiting from the country that London is kept alive.—*Three Plays for Puritans*.

He has written and spoken against vivisection, corpse eating, slaughtering of pheasants for sport,

tea-drunkenness, smoking and other modern complexities in our search for pleasure.

During our pursuit of beauty and happiness among outward things there comes a time when we despair of success. All our hopes have turned into ashes ; we have reached the turning point of the outward path ; the scaffolding for the soul-temple is completed. At this stage of our evolution we understand the words of Shaw : "Happiness and Beauty are by-products." "Folly is the direct pursuit of Happiness and Beauty." We understand that, "it is always a case of 'The ideal is dead: long live the ideal!' And the advantage of the work of destruction is, that every new ideal is less of an illusion than the one it has supplanted." We give up seeking happiness for our selves and work simply to do the world's will. "Happiness is not the object of life ; life has no object : it is an end in itself ; and courage consists in the readiness to sacrifice happiness for an intense quality of life." In seeking to do the world's will, man finds that the more he simplifies his own physical wants, the better he can do this work.

In *Misalliance*, the play that future critics will place first in importance, there are a few words spoken by Nina, which foreshadow to what simplicity of character the future man will attain :

Sooner than that [become his wife], I would stoop to the lowest depths of my profession. I would stuff lions with food and pretend to tame them. I would deceive honest people's eyes with conjuring tricks instead of real feats of strength and skill. I would be a clown and set bad examples of conduct to little children. I would sink yet lower and be an actress or an opera singer, imperilling my soul by the wicked lie of pretending to be somebody else,

This idea of acting being perilous for the high evolution of a soul is found in Mr. Leadbeater's account of the Sixth Root Race in *Man: Whence, How and Whither* and also, I think, in Well's *First and Last Things*.

CHILDREN

In the preface to *Misalliance* Shaw has given us, perhaps, his most important work, because it treats of the education of the child, who will be some day father of the superman. He voices the rights and liberties of the child. He says:

The people against whom children are wholly unprotected are those who devote themselves to the very mischievous and cruel sort of abortion which is called bringing up a child in the way it should go. Now nobody knows the way a child should go. All the ways discovered so far lead to the horrors of our existing civilizations, described by Ruskin as heaps of agonising human maggots, struggling with one another for scraps of food.

To quote more from this long preface is impossible because every page of it is vital to the understanding of the problem. Freedom for the child to evolve in its own way is the chief thesis: the kind of freedom that is given in the Theosophical school at Letchworth, the lack of compulsion except that which comes from the child's own reasoning powers. No reincarnationist would wish for more. He believes that a child should do some work for the community and for itself, if it can be shown that both would be the better for it.

H. B. Hyams

THE UNION OF DEMOCRATIC CONTROL

By W. D. S. BROWN

WHILE the belligerent nations are being exhorted from pulpit and platform to "take up the sword of justice" against one another in the form of high-explosive shells and in the name of God, a comparatively insignificant band of men and women in England (and possibly in other countries) has united to help a distracted public to try and understand something of what justice applied to international relations really involves. At first sight this appears an almost hopeless effort, so blinded are the suffering masses by the cruelties in which the militarist creed of force has found ultimate expression, and by the official use made of such cruelties to strengthen the desire for vengeance. Nevertheless the Union of Democratic Control, as this body has named itself, soon recognised that, unless something was done to grapple with the subversive practice of secret intrigue known as diplomacy whilst disastrous results were still being brought home to the life of the people, there was every probability that this War would be concluded by a repetition of the artificial partitions that have hitherto invariably paved the way for another war. With this end in view, the failing of indefiniteness, so commonly found in similar movements, has been effectively precluded by the formulation

of four "cardinal points" of policy on which members agree to concentrate their advocacy. These cardinal points are unmistakable in their object, and yet admit of an unlimited scope of treatment. No unprejudiced person can regard them as unconstitutional, however undesirable or difficult of realisation they may seem ; in fact they have all been virtually supported by public utterances of responsible members of the Government. They are worded as follows :

1. No province shall be transferred from one Government to another without the consent, by plebiscite or otherwise, of the population of such province.

2. No treaty, arrangement or undertaking shall be entered upon in the name of Great Britain without the sanction of Parliament. Adequate machinery for ensuring democratic control of foreign policy shall be created.

3. The foreign policy of Great Britain shall not be aimed at creating alliances for the purpose of maintaining the balance of power, but shall be directed to concerted action between the Powers, and the setting up of an International Council, whose deliberations and decisions shall be public, with such machinery for securing international agreement as shall be the guarantee of an abiding peace.

4. Great Britain shall propose as part of the peace settlement a plan for the drastic reduction, by consent, of the armaments of all belligerent powers, and to facilitate that policy shall attempt to secure the general nationalisation of the manufacture of armaments, and the control of the export of armaments by one country to another.

Considering them in order, the first point goes to the root of the whole matter by assuming that a country should be governed in the interests of its inhabitants, and not exploited by a few financial and political jugglers. One of the many catchwords that are now being dropped into the open mouths of the thoughtless is "re-drawing the map of Europe," as if years of injustice could be redressed by a few alterations in frontier lines. Europe provides sustenance for a number of human families, many of whom are widely different in their ideals and mode of life. Is the next settlement to be based on the size of the armies and navies remaining to the crippled belligerents, or on the wishes of the peoples actually concerned? Is territory to be bargained over like so much merchandise, or are the victors prepared to become the sponsors for a peace that is something more than suppressed War?

We admit the extreme difficulty of gauging the true wishes of a people "by plebiscite or otherwise," not only on account of the mixture of races within a given area, brought about mainly by the practice of "planting out" by conquering races, but also owing to the pressure that would probably be brought to bear on popular opinion by influential oligarchies. But this is no reason why a move should not be made in the direction of justice by a further application of the democratic principle that a government exists for the people and not the people for a government. Even if a settlement did not give entire satisfaction to all the inhabitants of a country, it could at least be one that did not produce a running sore in the body national.

The second cardinal point, the logical outcome of the first, recognises that the only guarantee

against injustice to weaker nations lies in ensuring that the contracting parties in such settlements are adequately represented by their respective Parliaments and not merely by a few privileged officials. The usual objection urged against this natural extension of democratic government is that foreign relations are mysteries so complicated and subtle that the electorate cannot possibly be qualified to express an opinion on such grave matters. No reason is given why a post in the diplomatic service, the chief qualification for which is the possession of an independent income of at least £400 a year, should confer a superior wisdom denied to the chief legislative body of the nation, a body already entrusted with the most complicated measures of internal administration. Nor does it occur to the defenders of the existing anomaly that, once the people has established its right to a voice in foreign affairs, it will insist on the very desirable simplification of such questions in the form of plain issues.

A more obviously engineered objection is that it would be impossible to consult the wishes of the people on every fresh phase of a negotiation, but of course such a cumbersome procedure is not suggested for a moment. The country does not want to know every card that is played, but it has a right to know the same. The necessity of obtaining the consent of Parliament before any agreement with another nation could be entered into would act as a check on the hasty assumption of ambitious obligations, while the additional responsibility thrown on the individual voter would stimulate a study of foreign policy for which there is at present little or no encouragement. But, we sometimes hear it asked: Supposing the other side did not make its

agreements public? This question presumably refers to agreements made with a third party, for as long as one of two contracting parties publishes an agreement, this is all that is required to make it a matter of common knowledge.

The third point has been publicly endorsed by Mr. Asquith in his famous speech at Dublin, when he spoke of the balance of power as a "precarious equipoise," and pointed to the alternative of an active co-partnership as the aim of our future policy and as a practical proposition already within our reach. When it comes to be recognised that the wealth of a nation lies in the productive capacity of its population rather than in the area occupied, or even in the natural resources of the land, the primitive belief that one nation's gain is necessarily another's loss will give place to the truth that any real gain to one is a gain to all. In the meantime it is desirable that a permanent Board of Conciliation be formed to hear and advise on all international grievances before they reach the acute stage in which they have been wont to burst upon an unsuspecting public.

In national law it is recognised that interested parties are not qualified to give an impartial verdict, still less are they allowed to take the law into their own hands. All that each party can do is to present its own version of the case and submit it to the judgment of a court qualified by experience and the nearest approach to impartiality. It is an indictable offence to attempt to prejudice such a judgment or evade it when once given, even if unfavourable. If an appeal is allowed, this only postpones the final decision. If either party attempted to enforce its supposed rights without

reference to a court of law, it would not be regarded as honourable, still less heroic, even if the case was legally unassailable. Such action would be regarded as a challenge to the common will of the people, as expressed in the law of the land. Why then should it be considered honourable for a nation to take international law into its own hands, and dishonourable to submit, even at the expense of national pride, to the finding of a court that embodied the common will of all the peoples of Europe—possibly of the world?

The Hague Tribunal, like most other efforts for good, has come in for its share of ridicule since the outbreak of War; but the good work it has already done (I am not referring to incongruous discussions on what constitutes “civilised” warfare) will live when war is dead. Have we forgotten that a recent unfortunate incident, involving England and Russia, was disposed of by arbitration, to the eternal credit of both countries, when the yellow press screamed for war with one of our present Allies? Let the passive concert of war that we are now witnessing demonstrate once and for all the necessity for an active concert of peace. I use the word “passive,” because every belligerent nation indignantly repudiates its own responsibility for this War, and defends its action on the ground that the sword has been *forced* into its hands. This is one of the few hopeful signs about this War, showing as it does that even the belligerent governments regard war as so atrocious a crime that none of them dare accept any responsibility for it. In this respect they are more humane than most representatives of religion or philosophy.

The fourth and last point follows almost inevitably from the third. When the fear of sudden attack has been diminished by a saner method of political intercourse and an appreciation of the advantage of joint enterprise, the burden of the present scale of armaments will no longer be tolerated, and the continual alarm that a neighbour's preparation for defence is a deliberate threat will gradually cease to jeopardize the progress of negotiations. Never was a more plausible error enunciated than the dictum: "Si vis pacem, para bellum."

In the meantime, the day when private shareholders can fatten on profits derived from the manufacture of armaments must pass. As long as a manufacturing concern exists to make profits, it cannot help stimulating the demand for its wares. In the case of the private armament industry such stimulation can take no other form but that of constant and artificial incentives to war. A nationalised, or, better still, an internationalised production of armaments would at least be free from the bait of commercialism.

In concluding these random jottings, it would be as useless as it would be endless to attempt to answer even a few of the fantastic charges that have been trumped up against this eminently moderate organisation. Perhaps the favourite stone to be cast by the cheap patriot is that of its being a "peace movement," an expression which presumably implies an attempt to make peace at once, since I suppose no one will deny that peace will have to come sometime or another. But, apart from the absurdity of a handful of people trying to conclude peace in the teeth of public opinion, the policy of the Union as such is not concerned with the

date of signing of peace or even with the actual terms, ardently as the writer, and possibly other of its members, long for a speedy cessation of bloodshed. It merely lays down a broad standard by which the people may be able to judge whether the official terms of peace are likely to result in a real settlement or in another armed truce. It is too much to hope that public opinion may anticipate, if it does not follow, the lead of the U. D. C. in urging this standard before the treaty is finally signed?

Of course it *may* be true, as our opponents say, that it is the people of a country who are the first to clamour for war. If so, the U. D. C. can scarcely be branded as a "peace movement," since it aims at enabling the people of a country to decide whether it will go to war or not, *having first been consulted on the matters under dispute*. But so far from repudiating their pacific aims, members of the U. D. C. believe that public opinion, correctly informed, is naturally in favour of justice and against aggrandisement, and is therefore the most potent factor for peace. On the strength of this belief they are prepared to trust the people to make its own choice; if the people demands war, it must face the consequences; if it refuses to go to war, it must also face the consequences—the price of peace.

We are constantly told that this is no time to discuss such matters, as discussion embarrasses the government. This would be perfectly true if such discussion turned on the conduct of the War—a topic that every schoolboy considers himself competent to discuss. But how can a government consider itself embarrassed by an attempt to awaken the public to a

sense of its responsibility for what will perhaps be the most momentous decision in history? Besides, if this is not the time, when *is* the time? Before the outbreak of War, no one was interested in the moral aspect of international relations. Foreign politics, *i.e.*, the prospects of war, were little more than an occasional spice to after-dinner argument. On the other hand, when peace is once signed, the answer will most likely be: "We have heard quite enough of foreign politics lately, for goodness' sake let us settle down again to 'business as usual'." At the present moment all who have the true welfare of humanity at heart are stirred as they have never been stirred before, and cannot shut their eyes to the future, even if they would. It is to such that the Union of Democratic Control appeals for consideration, if not for support.

W. D. S. Brown

SONS OF PROMETHEUS

EMILE VERHAEREN

By LILY NIGHTINGALE

“WISDOM is justified of her children,” and fails not to produce her immortal sons of the flame. In Rodin, Strindberg, and Verhaeren, three specimens of the genus Promethean, a deep intimacy of spiritual kinship reveals itself; the differences are of that surface quality, apparent to the merest observation.

The most significant and critical period of Verhaeren's life, from a psychological point of view, was that wherein he underwent a dark and terrible ordeal, reflected with macabre power and intensity in those poems which hurl themselves from the lava-centre of their creator, poems which are unrivalled expressions of the agony of a soul on fire, and of that period succeeding the burning, before the phoenix has risen from the ashes, when all the consciousness of “dust and ashes” possesses the poet's worn and shuddering soul. In *Au bord de la route*, *Les Débâcles*, and *Les Flambeaux noirs*, Verhaeren has written the record of “agony and bloody sweat” together with the no less terrible and more mysterious period of void.

Those who wish to read a transcript of that period, through the medium of prose, admirable alike in

sympathy and restraint, will find it in the chapter, "The Break-Down," from the book written by Stefan Zweig.¹ The description of *vairāgya* will suffice to show the author's penetration.

One of those repercussions of the psychic on the physical system. . . . Fatigue sinks down on his soul. First pleasure in things had died, and then the very will to pleasure . . . The nerves have withdrawn their antennæ from the outer world. . . . Everything remains . . . a dull gnawing pain . . . Travels, dreams, do nothing but deaden the pain.

This period of torture, with its climax in refusal to reply to impacts of pleasure and pain, followed hard on the heels of a "tavern saturnalia," wherein the glorification of the sense-world appeared the apex of achievement, wherein animal heat masqueraded as the divine fire, garishness parodied glory, and fury, in a robe of many colours, reigned within the soul, shouting: "I am King."

But liberation came to Verhaeren through the awakening of the individual; the Genius awoke, the false gods slunk away, the Furies transformed themselves as in the Greek Myth, and those who came to curse and blaspheme, who sought to drive the Poet over the verge of the abyss whose further side is madness, remained to bless. By the road of excess, the palace of Wisdom was reached. In *Les Apparus dans mes chemins* the route of a new safety is traced. The path leads both inward and outward, upward and onward. Zweig describes it in the chapter following "The Break-Down" as "Flight into the World," but it was more than this; it was a sacrificial rite, wherein the individual soul triumphed over the tyranny of *kāma-manas*, and celebrated a solemn sacrament in the

¹ *Emile Verhaeren*, by Stefan Zweig. (Constable.)

poet's heart. Henceforth, Verhaeren's Genius sings the new day in numbers of ardency and grandeur which, for all their greatness, are but Herald-Songs. Not yet has the full glory of "the Vision Splendid" been vouchsafed, but henceforth he sees the unity of all, and knows that Man is God. But still the prevailing forces are chaotic, rather than cosmic. It is among huge primal shapes, titanic in proportion, great typical shadowy forms, and glimpses of summits beyond, though these are "seen through a glass, darkly," that he is most truly himself. Yet what a world! Who would not wander through such, with Verhaeren? Such poems as "L'Eternelle" and "L'Utopie" (one of the most marvellous poems of imagery ever written) should be studied by all who would learn to understand that quenchless thirst for the Living God, that search which begins in a darkness that can be felt, and ends by storming the forts of heaven, the victory of him who is strong enough to take its kingdom by violence. The force of imagery in "L'Utopie" fills the mind with shapes and shadows akin to his; with him we wander through those nameless regions where are seen "monuments noirs carrant leur masse, en du brouillard"! "Le naphte en torches d'or y brûle au fond des caves," and we gaze while:

Le vice et la vertu s'y nouent, en des viols
Si terribles qu'en tremble et qu'en pleure la vie;
Aubes, midis et soirs ne s'y distinguent pas;
Et le soleil, telle une plaie envenimée,
Tache le ciel et saigne et suppure, là-bas,
Sous des loques de feu, de suie et de fumée.

In "L'Impossible," he sings the joy of ceaseless effort, and the gospel of freedom, together with the unappeasable thirst of the finite for infinity.

Changer ! Monter ! est la règle la plus profonde.
 L'immobile présent n'est pas
 Un point d'appui pour le compas
 Qui mesure l'orgueil du monde.

.....
 Ton âme est un désir qui ne veut point finir.

In "L'Éternelle," almost the veil of the temple of things substantial is rent in twain, and the vision so long desired, so deeply sought, is granted. The passion of life overflows its banks now. Surely, surely it will find its parent ocean? But still, Eternity speaks to the poet from inaccessible height, though with prophetic hope in her accents:

Prends patience, ami ! un jour, peut-être,
 En m'adorant plus fort encore, tu comprendras ;
 Ce que tu ne sais pas, ce que tu dois connaître
 Je te l'apporte entremêlé et troublé, entre mes
 bras ;
 Tu hésites, à l'heure ou j'exulte de vivre,
 Tous les désirs divers également m'enivrent
 Et je les suis, mon âme au vent, sans savoir où.

And how perfect the expression of that mingling of light unspeakable, love ineffable, which is the aura of Eternity—

Il fait soleil, dans mon amour, toujours!

.....
 Mon seul secret est vivre et vivre, et vivre encore.

The cosmic vitality of Verhaeren, his capacity for plumbing depths, scaling heights, only to behold heights beyond, lifts him to the region where dwell individualised types, where personality is negligible, where Man speaks, the Spirit of Man holds converse with cosmic forces, where the cries and clamour of little

men are hushed. His evocatory power is extraordinary. The glow from his fire is contagious, the "rushing mighty wind" of his native atmosphere blows round us as we read. Yet the poet does not lose, rather gains, individuality, through the identification of himself with those forces that unmake, only to remake. His description of "Le Tribun" serves well for himself, and for all Promethean genius.

Il monte, et l'on croirait que le monde l'attend,
 Si large est la clameur de ses paroles souveraines.
 Il est effroi, danger, affre, fureur et haine ;
 Il est ordre, silence, amour et volonté ;
 Il scelle en lui toutes les violences lyriques,
 Où se trempe l'orgueil des hommes historiques
 Dont l'œuvre est faite, avec du sang d'éternité.

It is this "blood of eternity" that sings in Verhaeren's veins. The blood of mighty dead, and of those yet unborn who shall shake the world with a pulse of greatness. All sons of the flame are dowered with the godlike gift, that of evoking an answering greatness, a response of the same substance, however transitory its life. "Those who draw nigh to the fire shall be warm"! There are many (and perhaps not the least among us) who kindle their own flame by drawing nigh to some fiery minister. So Verhaeren's call goes forth, the summons of immortality to the mortal instrument: Come forth! From turbidity, from the fury lurking in *Les Villes tentaculaires*, from the surging molten lava flooding *Les Forces tumultueuses*, from the radiant summer afternoons of *Les Heures claires*, from all these is distilled one fragrant magical essence, and its name is *Life*—"La Vie—Toute la Vie". Suffering is the bread, Joy, the juice of the Vine, and there is the sacrament

for all the faithful. In the ritual of Life all have their part save those who fear to live; fear is the only barrier of exclusion from the Mass solemnised perpetually in Life's "Chapelle ardente".

"Qu'importe souffrir, si c'est pour s'exalter?"¹ seems a natural expression to all Prometheans. Indeed, immolation is so much a law of their life, that one can imagine some fully-grown specimen might even resent any unpunctuality of attack on the part of his particular vulture, "in the region of the liver"! The law of sacrifice is an eternal law; Prometheans are Priests and Servers; their service is neither a fault nor a virtue, but a necessity of their nature.

There is a natural transition period between *Les Forces tumultueuses*, and *La Multiple Splendeur*. The key thereof is found in their titles. Ever nearer and nearer to the threshold of "Things in Themselves" draws our Poet. Now by the road of Affirmations and Admirations, which leads out from the tenebrous depths of *Les Forces* to *La Splendeur*. The key-note of the former was strength—strength won by herculean effort, through agony outworn, through sweat of torment. The new volume has for its key-notes:

Admirez-vous les uns les autres

.....
Et vous vivrez ardents et clairs.

.....
La vie est à monter et non pas à descendre.

.....
Nous apportons, ivres du monde et de nous-mêmes,
Des cœurs d'hommes nouveaux, dans le vieil
univers.²

¹ From *Les Reves*.

² From *La Multiple Splendeur*.

The first poem in *La Multiple Splendeur*, "Le Monde," is a marvellous example of the cosmic spirit using a lyric form. The philosophy is instinctive and intuitive, the philosophy of a creator rather than a logician. The beginning and end of this universal cry is: "Le monde est fait avec des astres et des hommes." We see our world swinging in space, with the gift of flight, winging its way "among flowers, vineyards and gardens of golden ether" with movement obedient to the principles of Rhythm, the outward movement, the free soaring, and the obedience to gravitation shown in the inevitable return from circumference to centre. The earth is seen as a broken fragment of a great diamond, fallen from heaven's universal crown. The stress of elemental strife dims its surface, waters blemish its fiery splendour, and after its subjection to a million rude forces in combat, Man appears at length, Man who shall restore the diamond's pristine lustre once more:

Pareils
 À des soleils
 Apparurent et s'exaltèrent,
 Parmi les races de la terre
 Les génies.

The light from the stars of genius, that race with "hearts of flame, and lips of honey," re-illuminates earth's dark places, the rude forces are tamed by these god-like spirits, and the poem ends in a peroration of prophecy, wherein the great principles celebrate their triumphant return:

Tout se renouvelait jusqu'en ses profondeurs ;
 Le vrai, le bien, l'amour, la beauté, la laideur.
 Des liens subtils faits de fluides et d'étincelles
 Composaient le tissu d'une âme universelle

Et l'étendue où se croisaient tous ces aimants
Vécut enfin, d'après un loi qui règne aux
firmaments

Le monde est fait avec des astres et des hommes.

It is in *La Multiple Splendeur* that Verhaeren celebrates his joy in the spiritual science of Universality: we use the word "science," for he begins to *know* this truth whose foundations are "from everlasting," whose progressions are "to everlasting".

The voice of the mystic cries from one of the most haunting and most perfectly wrought lyrics, "La Mort," wherein the poet apostrophises the "sad lady of my soul," telling her that he fears the future, because of of death, and time, by reason of its treacherous mockery. The soul tells him how life and death weave mingled garlands for the brow of man's eternity, that time is but an illusion, that the creative imagination alone possesses the seed of immortality:

Seul existe celui qui crée
Emprisonnant l'ample durée
Dans l'heure où son génie écrit.

In "La Ferveur," Verhaeren reveals his strength and weakness (according to the joyful paradoxical manner of poets) in his deification of the brain; strength, because he refuses to people the dark corners of life's caves of mystery with chimeras, declaring that ignorance and nescience are better than self-deception; weakness, because he exalts the brain as the apex of all, rather than the power behind the brain, the user thereof. Yet this is but the "clearing-house" stage, the voice of those who will not worship idols, and who pass on through ideals to ideas. The old cry of the seeking soul, on fire for The Most High, "Not this,

Not that," and then the inevitable pause of reaction, when the old world has passed away, and the new has not yet emerged from the cloudy porches of dawn. Yet before Vision comes, to every great spirit comes also the awful hour when, on the threshold of the future, he must wrestle with the Angel of the Presence. Amid the fallen ruins of the past, the desolate bareness of the present, the fight goes on. The Poet knows not that God is nigh, he knows naught save that the old beliefs were delusions, yet that he is being driven on toward some new port of affirmation, and he feels the youth of a new race bounding and throbbing within its prophet-messenger.

Nous apportons, ivres du monde et de nous-
mêmes,

Des cœurs d'hommes nouveaux dans le vieil
univers.

Les Dieux sont loin et leur louange et leur
blasphème ;

Notre force est en nous et nous avons souffert.

La Multiple Splendeur ends, significantly, with an invocation to "Les Idées."

Plus haut que la douleur et plus haut que la
joie,"—

—Larges et fécondées

Aux horizons, là-haut, les suprêmes idées.

It is hard to leave this collection of poems, wherein life and its joys and sorrows ring changes full of the music of the future. Who but the poet knows with such *instinctive* knowledge, the intimacy of the bond between God and Man, and that sacred immanence which is almost a truism to genius?

J'existe en tout ce qui m'entoure et me pénètre.

Gazons épais, sentiers perdus, massifs de hêtres

Eau lucide que nulle ombre ne vient ternir,

Vous devenez moi-même étant mon souvenir.

Je me multiplie
 Si fort en tout ce qui rayonne et m'éblouit
 Que mon cœur en défaille et se délivre en cris.
 O ces bonds de ferveur, profonds, puissants et
 tendres
 Comme si quelque aile immense te soulevait,
 Si tu les as senti vers l'infini te tendre . . .
 Dis-toi . . .
 Tu as goûté
 La douce et formidable joie
 Jusqu'à mêler ton être aux forces inanimées,
 T'a fait semblable aux dieux.¹

This kinship with Deity is the root of the very disintegrative faculty which makes the Poet disdain to worship any forms wherein he does not feel that spiritual exaltation of which the joy-of-life is admiration, and its expression the only ritual of great souls.

This is the message of *La Multiple Splendeur*: the realisation in consciousness of the glory of life universal. Just as an artist may see the foulest pool of stagnant water, irradiated by the reflected hues of sunset, and retain in his memory an impression of the pool as "a thing of beauty," so Verhaeren sees the deepest abysses of life shot with the splendour of which life cannot be despoiled, to all who have the gift of imaginative-vision, the image-making faculty, which creates in a series of progressive truths, whereof Truth herself is the central heart of inspiration.

From *La Multiple Splendeur* we come at last to *Les Heures claires* in which the One is mirrored in the world of two hearts made one. The homing-instinct of the finite to infinity makes of "slight air and purging

¹ From "La Joie" (*La Multiple Splendeur*).

fire" a pathway of return, and these are the two elements of *Les Heures claires*: a flame, still, but now love burns with a clear white and golden radiance, and the airs are those of a summer afternoon. These are among the most beautiful love-poems of our day. Intimacy and reverence have made a missal-book, and the clasp is wrought of purest gold. Jewels and flowers mingle here; radiance, fragrance, tenderness, passionate purity; all gifts the Poet brings to the Beloved, not least among them simplicity and candour of utterance. No rite is left unsung, none is sung unfitly. Human love is a call from Love Universal, and is felt in its supremest moments as a pledge and sacrament of that realisation of Unity which is the Heart of Being.

Me semble-t-il—Oh! qu' un instant—
 Que je t'apporte, en mon cœur haletant,
 Le battement de cœur de l'univers lui-même.

In "Les Rythmes souverains," and "Les Blés mouvants" we find the same ecstasy of identity, the same fusing of philosophy and devotion which is to be the foundation of the new creed of humanity. "In that new world which is the old," the circle of re-becoming, but with a simultaneous widening of the circumference, together with a heightened consciousness of "the pulse of the machine," the central heart, Verhaeren is the Poet whose inspired utterances ring forth with clearest, most musical tone. He sees the landscape of the new world, though as yet only in the "wizard twilight" of prophetic dawn. The mountain-summits are still veiled in mystery, the outline of many a peak and promontory is, as yet, only faintly and partially glimpsed. The values and proportions of the old world are outworn, the exact scale of the new geography is

not, even now, known to the discoverer of man's latest heritage. But enthusiasm, ecstasy, the true philosophic mind that grows from the present to the future, for whom Time never stands still, whose substance becomes fused into the elixir of life with ever-increasing rapidity, for whom experience spells growth inward, extension outward; of all these letters of the new alphabet, Verhaeren is both learner and teacher. With his flaming wand, he points to the "writing on the wall" of human life—new words, adaptation, old truths re-created.

Fearlessness, an adventurous spirit, an enthusiasm so vast that air cannot chill, earth choke, nor water quench: the Fire of Life. That is the Promethean heritage of Verhaeren. Happy those spirits who can, with him, serve, to kindle, the flame upon the altar of the New Day.

There is no death for those that live in Love.¹

Ceux qui vivent d'amour vivent d'éternité.²

The voice of the Occultist and the Poet. And to those of us who wait an event whose footsteps are even now changing the face of humanity and altering the outline of the earth, these words find an echoing chord the harmonies of which set the "Rythme souverain" of the New Day.

Voici l'heure qui bout de sang et de jeunesse.

.....
Un vaste espoir, venu de l'inconnu, déplace
L'équilibre ancien dont les âmes sont lasses ;

La nature paraît sculpter

Un visage nouveau à son éternité.³

Lily Nightingale

¹ Mabel Collins.

² From "Les Heures d'après-midi".

³ From "La Foule" (*Les Visages de la Vie*).



ABDUR RAZZAK

By V. RANGACHARI, M.A.

ONE of the most interesting and valuable accounts of mediæval India, or rather that portion of India which was under the extensive empire of Vijayanagar in mediæval times, which foreign travellers have left, is that of Abdur Razzak. Born at Samarkhand in November, 1413, Kamalud-din Abdur Razzak was brought up in a scholarly atmosphere by his father,

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Ishak, who occupied the dignity and office of Kasi and Imam in the court of Sultan Shah Rukh. A great legal authority and a man of considerable influence, Ishak laid the foundations of his son's greatness by introducing him to the court and the Sultan. Ishak died in 1437, but the son did not lose the patronage of the court. A commentary he wrote on an Arabic grammar gained him the admiration and favour of the Sultan; and the latter signalled his regard by appointing him as ambassador to the King of Vijayanagar. Razzak was a shrewd observer and an inquisitive man, and the description¹ he has left of the great imperial city of the south, its King and court, its riches and glory, its nobles and fortifications, is uniquely interesting, and has therefore always been of great use to the true student of South Indian History.

The reason which Abdur Razzak gives for the despatch of the embassy by Shah Rukh is singular.² He says that there was, in those days, a struggle between Djounah-poor³ and Bengal, that the King of Bengal was hard pressed, and that an ultimatum sent by His Majesty the Khakan to the oppressor checked his ambition and quelled his spirit. This and similar reports induced the Samurai, the ruler of Calicut, to court the alliance of the Khan and to send an embassy to his court. The King is said to have stated in the

¹ For bibliographical notices of Abdur Razzak's works, see *India in the 15th Century* (Hakluyt Society Publications, edited by Major) and Elliot's *History*, Vol. iv. Both these give not only the history of the work, but the translation of it. Mr. Sewell refers to Razzak's account in his *Forgotten Empire* and besides fixing, with its aid, the topography of certain sites and buildings in Vijayanagar, has pointed out certain inaccuracies in Razzak.

² Shah Rukh, the Timurid who ruled part of Timur's Empire from 1404 to 1447 was the only powerful man, after Timur, who "for a while succeeded in subduing the jealousies of his kinsmen and maintaining the power and dignity of the empire". Lane Poole's *Mohammadan Dynasties*, 267-8.

³ Jaunpore.

despatch that the Khotbah of Islam was already celebrated in his port every Friday or solemn-feast day, and that he would see that these prayers were adorned and honoured in future by the addition of the Khan's name and illustrious titles. The Musalman ambassador who brought the royal messages also asked His Majesty to favour his master with the despatch of an ambassador, a man who would "invite that prince to embrace the religion of Islamism and draw from his beclouded heart the bolt of darkness and error, and cause the flame of the light of faith and the brightness of the sun of knowledge to shine in the window of his heart". The result was the choice of Abdur Razzak. Many said that it was a voyage of danger and would not prove a success; but the confidence of Razzak and the determination of his master carried away all opposition. Provisions and post-horses were immediately ordered, and on January 13, 1443, the ambassador set out by the route of Kohistan.

It is not necessary to give here an account of the early travels of Abdur Razzak—his experiences on the journey, his description of the deserted city of Kerman, of the busy port of Hormuz, etc. It is enough to point out that after the voyage of a few weeks he reached the important and flourishing seaport of Calicut. The description he gives of the city is very pleasing and favourable. He notes at the outset that it was a perfectly secure harbour in which merchants "from every city and every country" met and transacted business. Precious articles from maritime countries like Abyssinia, Zirbad, Zanguebar, were imported in abundance, and ships, laden chiefly with pepper, constantly sailed to Mecca. The town was inhabited,

of course, by infidels and "situated on a hostile shore," but there were a considerable number of Muhammadans who owned two mosques in the city and who met there every Friday. They had for their priest (*Kadi*) a man who belonged to the Schafei sect. Both the classes of people were, to use Razzak's language, adventurous sailors. They were called, he says, *Tchini-betchegan*¹ (son of the Chinese), and their valour was so well known that pirates hardly dared to attack the vessels of Calicut. The prosperity of the city was due, not only to the seafaring skill of its people, but the excellent character of internal Government. Says the ambassador :

Security and justice are so firmly established in this city, that the most wealthy merchants bring thither from maritime countries considerable cargoes which they unload, and unhesitatingly send into the markets and bazaars, without thinking in the meantime of any necessity of checking the accounts or keeping watch over the goods. The officers of the custom house take upon themselves the charge of looking after the merchandise, over which they keep watch day and night. When a sale is effected they levy a duty on the goods of one-fortieth part ; if they are not sold, they make no charge on them whatsoever.

Abdur Razzak compares this condition with the condition in other ports, and points out that, while in the latter, any stray ship driven from its path by wind or wave was an object of plunder, it enjoyed in Calicut the same privilege and treatment as other trading vessels. It is not surprising that "everything that can be desired" was available in the markets of the city.

Concerning the people Abdur Razzak has not much of an edifying nature to say. His grim and orthodox feeling could not enable him to sympathise with them

¹ This is, as Elliot says, a compliment to the Chinese navigators. Many of these even settled in India. Marco Polo mentions a Chinese admiral of the Zamorin's fleet. See Elliot, iv, 103, footnote.

or appreciate their customs. The moment he stepped into the land he considered them to be extraordinary beings, neither men nor devils! Their mere sight alarmed his mind and made him feel that the sight of them in dreams would exercise his trembling heart for years! He had, it is true, pleasant love passages with a beauty whose face was like the moon, but he could never fall in love with a negress. He notes the meagreness or rather absence of dress, except the *lankoutah*,¹ among these "blacks," and what struck him more, the absolute equality, in the matter of costume, between the King, or Samurai as he was called, and the beggar. In one hand they had an Indian poniard and in the other a buckler of ox-hide. In contrast to this universal simplicity there was the magnificence of the Musalmans. They wore showy and costly apparel and "in every particular" led a life of luxury. The Hindus, points out Razzak, were divided into a great number of classes, for example, "Brahmins, Djoghis and others". All agreed in the fundamental tenets of polytheism and idolatry; but each sect had its peculiar customs. He mentions the Nair custom of polyandry and the general Hindu reverence for the cow. The killing of the latter, or the eating of its flesh, were strictly prohibited on pain of immediate death—a single prohibition, says Razzak, in this city of absolute freedom, a prohibition due to popular feeling. Abdur Razzak saw them take its dung when dry and rub their foreheads with it.

The ambassador was given a comfortable lodging by the Samurai and an audience was granted three days later. The keen Musalman observes the meagre dress

¹ Spelt *Langot* by Elliot. For further early references of travellers to this subject, see Elliot, iv, p. 101.

of the Samurai, as well as the peculiar custom of succession which prevailed in Malabar, the inheritance by one's sister's son, and not by one's own son "or his brother or any of his relations". Abdur Razzak also notes that no one reached the throne by means of the strong hand. He saw the Zamorin in the midst of two or three thousand Hindus. The principal persons among the Muhammadans were also present. A seat was immediately given him, the despatch of his master was read, and the presents he brought—horses, pelisses, robes of gold and caps to be worn on the birthday—were taken in procession before the throne for acceptance. Abdur Razzak stops here, and does not give any more description of what he saw or what happened to him in the court. The reason is not far too seek. He seems to have been entirely neglected by the Zamorin. To use his own language of bitter complaint, he "shewed me but little consideration". It is not improbable that the worthy ambassador wanted to improve the success of his warm reception by securing the conversion of the Zamorin and his salutation of the sacred standard of the Prophet, but received a check in the absolute impassibility of the Malabar Chief.

From November, 1442, to April, 1443, Abdur Razzak stayed in Calicut, in this "disagreeable place where everything became a source of trouble and weariness," where, as Elliot puts it, he was a comrade of trouble and companion of sorrow. While in this dejected mood he had one night, it is said, a dream which foreshadowed a brighter future. The happy Khakhan himself appeared before his faithful servant and spoke of the approaching end of his sufferings.

The eager Musalman was trying, through interpreters, to unravel the meaning of this strange vision, when a solution of it was seen in the welcome news of the arrival of a man from the court of Vijayanagar in search of him.¹ The delegate of the Rai brought a letter addressed to the Zamorin asking him to send the Khakhan-i-said's ambassador. The Zamorin was not subject, says Razzak, to the laws of the King of Bidjanagar, but he looked upon him with respect and awe, as he had a mighty empire and powerful dominion, and as he had three hundred ports in his possession, each of which was equal in size and in riches to Calicut. His territories moreover extended from Serendib (Ceylon) to Kulberga and from Bengal to Malabar, and comprised on terra firma a space of a thousand parasongs and a three months' journey. A request from such a ruler was a mandate, and Abdur Razzak had a very early and pleasant audience of dismissal. He left Calicut by sea, passed the port of Bendinaneh,² which Major identifies with Cannanore, and reached Mangalore which formed "the frontier of the kingdom of Bidjanagar". He stayed here for two or three days and then started inland to the great city.

The first place in the Vijayanagar Empire which Razzak notices was a temple which he reached after a journey of three parasongs and which, he says, "had not its equal in the Universe". That agreeable

¹ It is curious that while Razzak attributes his journey entirely to the influence of the Zamorin at first, he later on makes it appear that he had a letter from the Sultan to the Raja, and that it was to the latter that he was sent as ambassador.

² Elliot spells it "Bandana". He has not attempted to verify it. Is it not probable that *Baidur* or *Baindur* is intended? Its ancient temples and inscriptions show that it was a place of great importance in the time of Vijayanagar supremacy. It is mentioned by Duarte Barbosa, in 1514, as exporting rice to Bhatkal. See *South Canara Manual*, ii, 243.

characteristic of the Hindu, the susceptibility to the charms of beauty and art, which always aroused the interest and admiration of Razzak, is clear in the description he gives of this place.

It is a perfect square of about ten yards by ten, and five in height. The whole is made of molten brass. There are four platforms or ascents, and on the highest of them there is an idol, of the figure and stature of a man, made all of gold. Its eyes are composed of two red rubies, which are so admirably set that you would say that they gazed upon you. The whole is made with the greatest delicacy and the perfection of art.

Passing on from that place, Razzak came across each day some city or populous town, till he arrived at a mountain whose summit reached the skies and whose foot was covered by a large number of trees and thorny underwood, penetrated neither by sun nor by rain. He then came to a town called Belour,¹ the houses of which were like palaces and the women like the Houris in beauty. A grand temple of the place has been described by the traveller with great enthusiasm and admiration. It was, he says

so high that you can see it at a distance of several parasangs. It is impossible to describe it without fear of being charged with exaggeration. In brief, in the middle of the city there is an open space extending for about ten jaribs, charming as the garden of Iram. In it there are flowers of every kind like leaves. In the middle of the garden there is a terrace (*kursi*), composed of stones raised to the height of a man; so exquisitely cut are they, and joined together with so much nicety, that you would say it was one slab of stone, or a piece of the blue firmament which had fallen upon the earth. In the middle of this terrace there is a lofty building comprising a cupola of blue stone, on which are cut figures, arranged in three rows, tier above tier.

¹ Also spelt by some *Beglour*, *Belor* and *Bidrur* (Elliot). The last writer identifies it with Bednur, "which is the capital of a province of the same name, and a place favourable for trade, as the pass leading through it from Mangalore is one of the best roads in the Western Ghats, which comprise the terrific mountain mentioned by our author". (Elliot, iv, 101.)

Abdur Razzak remarks with admiration that such reliefs and pictures could not have been represented upon it by the sharp style and deceptive pencil.

From the top to the bottom there was not a space of the palm of a hand on that lofty building which was not adorned with paintings of Europe and Khata (China). The building was constructed on four terraces of the length of thirty yards, and of the breadth of twenty yards, and its height was about fifty yards.

All the other edifices, small and great, were also carved and painted with exceeding delicacy. Abdur Razzak notes the devotions, the music, and the daily feasts in the temple, the rents and pensions assigned on it to all the inhabitants of the town, and its receipt of offerings from distant cities. After a stay of two or three days, he resumed his journey and in April, 1443, reached Bidjanagar. The King had had the grace to send a numerous cortège to meet them and to appoint, on their arrival, a handsome house for their residence.

Abdur Razzak's description of Vijayanagar is very interesting. He writes about it with genuine enthusiasm and without that sarcastic fling which forms an under-current in his narrative of Calicut and its cold master.

The city of Bidjanagar is such that the pupil of the eye has never seen a place like it, and the ear of intelligence has never been informed that there existed anything equal to it in the world. It is built in such a manner that seven citadels and the same number of walls enclose each other. Around the first citadel are stones of the height of a man, one half of which is sunk in the ground while the other half rises above it. These are fixed one beside the other in such a manner that no horse or foot-soldier could boldly or with ease approach the citadel.¹

The outer citadel was "a fortress of round shape built on the summit of a mountain, and constructed of stones and lime. It has very solid gates, the guards of which

¹ See *Forgotten Empire*, p. 88, for Sewell's attempt at an explanation of the topography of these walls and gates.

are constantly at their post, and examine everything with severe inspection.”¹ The space between the first fortress and the second, and that between the second and the third, was filled with cultivated fields, with houses and with gardens. “In the space from the third to the seventh, one meets a numberless crowd of people, many shops and a bazaar.” The seventh fortress was the palace of the King. The distance between the opposite gates of the outer fortress north and south was two parasongs, and the same between the eastern and western ones. In the measurement of the present day it would have been seven miles; but as Mr. Sewell says, it was “actually eight miles if measured from the extreme south point of the first line of defence northwards to the river. Razzak evidently did not include the walls of Anegundi, the northern lines of which lie two miles farther still to the north”.

Going inside the seventh fortress we can follow, though not quite closely, the somewhat vague description of the worthy ambassador. “By the King’s palace are four bazaars, placed opposite each other. On the north is the portico of the palace of the *Rai*.” Above each bazaar was a lofty arcade with a magnificent gallery, but the audience hall of the King’s palace was elevated above all the rest. The bazaars were extremely long and broad. They abounded in such precious articles as pearls, rubies, emeralds and diamonds, which were publicly sold by the jewellers. They also abounded in roses and flowers. Abdur Razzak notes the elegant taste of the population for flowers. “These people could not live without roses and they look upon them

¹ *A Forgotten Empire.*

as necessary as food.” The tradesmen of each craft or guild had their shops close to one another, so that each trade had more or less its assigned place. The whole locality was made charming by numerous streams and canals cut in chiselled stone, polished and smooth. Mr. Sewell says: ¹

Remains of these are still to be seen not far from the *Ladies' Bath*. There was a long trough that conveyed the water, and on each side were depressions which may have been hollowed for the reception of round vessels of different sizes, intended to hold water for household use.

On the right side of the palace rose a forty-pillared hall, the *Dewan-kaneh*, the office of the *Dewan* or *Danaik*.² In a hall or gallery in front of that palatial edifice, the court-house was placed. There also sat the scribes.³ At the end of the hall stood a line of *chobdar*'s, or hussars; and every petitioner who came on business first offered a present to the *Dewan*, then prostrated, and then explained his business and got redress.

Razzak's description of the personal character of *Deva Raya* is of a most favourable and interesting nature. The Emperor “had an olive complexion, his frame was thin and he was rather tall; on his cheeks might be seen a slight down, but there was no beard on his chin. The expression of his countenance was extremely pleasing.” He was a lover of splendour and of elephants and took delight in hunting excursions.⁴ He was the pink of courtesy. He received *Abdur Razzak*, for instance, with great kindness, seated him near him,

¹ *A Forgotten Empire*, p. 90.

² Spelt also *Daiang*, which is absurd. He is the same as *Dandanayaka* or *Dalavai*.

³ Razzak notes the two modes of writing then prevalent—one on palm leaf by iron style and the other on a blackened white surface, “on which they write with a soft stone cut into the shape of a pen, so that characters are white on a black surface and are durable”.

⁴ Modern epigraphy clearly bears out this statement.

expressed the heart-felt joy he experienced in "the great King's" despatch of an ambassador, and seeing that the latter was in profuse perspiration from the excessive heat and the quantity of clothes he had on him, had the generous compassion to favour him with the fan of *katai* which he had in his hand. He honoured him similarly with a special audience in the Navaratri festival and with a good habitation in the seventh storey of the gorgeous pavilion erected on the palace arena for the witnessing of the amusements and the festivities of the occasion. A high idea of chivalry characterised him. Once a courtier abruptly asked Abdur Razzak whether the Persians could make certain embroidered sofas which he saw in the assembly. The worthy ambassador was taken aback. He saw that such articles were not produced in his country, but was unwilling to create the impression that it did not know how to do it. He had, in other words, to reconcile truth with patriotism, and so boldly said that they could be made equally well in his country, but it was not the custom to do so.

The king approved highly of my reply, and ordered that I should receive several bags of *fanams* and betel, and some fruits reserved for his special use.

(*To be concluded*)

TREASURE TROVE OF ANCIENT LITERATURES¹

By G. K. NARIMAN

I. The discovery—Scientific expeditions

THE country of East Turkestan has been one of eternal unrest since the beginning of the second century before Christ. Historical notices especially by the Chinese, supplemented by our find, show that it had as guests one after another Indian clans, Tocharians, Huns, Scythians, East Iranians, Tibetans, Turks, the people of Kirgez and Mongols. The picture of the country as it was in the seventh century, that is, at a time when the majority of the MSS. now discovered were written, is drawn for us by Hiuen-Tsang. He went on a pilgrimage to India in 629. His object was to see the cities between which the Founder of his faith travelled, and to acquire some of the holy books. He chose the northern route and passed through Chotjo, the capital of modern Turfan. On his return he passed through Kashgar, Yarkand, and Khotan. On the eastern confines of Khotan begins the desert, where the sand is kept shifting by the perpetual movement of the wind. The only landmarks visible are the whitened bones of pack-animals. Hereabout lay the ancient kingdom of

¹The writer states that this paper is "mostly a translation of Luder's *Über die literarischen Funde von Ostturkestan*".

Tokhara—already in ruins—and beyond was the silence of death. Flourishing life was, however, visible towards Khotan. All along, Buddhism was the dominant religion. Many thousands of monks lived in the monasteries of the countries, the northern side belonging to the school of the Sarvastivadis, Yarkand and Khotan being Mahayanists. The Chinese traveller has noted for us the various characteristics of the people who had nothing in common except their religion. They were various as regards dress, customs, manners, languages and modes of writing. The last was borrowed no doubt from India in each case. A new period of culture began for the country with the appearance of the Turkish clan of the Uigurs. They absorbed the inhabitants and united them into a people known to this day by their name. East-Turkestan in the matter of religion was only a province of India. Then side by side with Buddhism appeared Nestorian Christianity and Manichæism. The ruler of Turfan was the first to embrace it. Soon after came upon the scene a new arrival which showed itself to be stronger than Buddhism, Christianity, or the doctrine of Manes. The first conversions to Islâm took place in Kashgar and the first Islâmic dynasties took their rise there. The older faiths continued their existence, but there was no stemming the tide of Islâm. From the fourteenth century onwards Turkestan became definitely Muhammadan. China acquired the country in 1758 without altering its religion.

The words of the Buddha, of the Christ, and of Manes ceased to be heard; yet the works which embody them survived. Ruins of monasteries, which are proved to be Christian from wall-paintings, inscriptions,

and the find of MSS., have come to light in the capital of Turfan. In the centre of the city there was a large Manichæan colony. In this part was discovered a wall-painting, which is the most valuable find of an original fresco in the Berlin collection. It is the picture of a Manichæan priest, surrounded by believers, men and women, in their characteristic dress. The building was ransacked by the peasants in search of buried treasures when the German scientific expedition arrived. It appeared just at the moment when the real treasure would have been destroyed. The place abounds in traces of Buddhistic monuments. Without the help of illustrations it is difficult to gain an idea of the architecture of the times—the temples, the stūpas, the monasteries. The art of Gāndhāra was transferred from its home by India to Central Asia. Over all a strong Iranian influence is noticeable. The further we come down the stream of time, the more mixed and complex becomes the style and the problems of civilisation studied by Stein, Grunwedel and Le Coq. It will require several decades to study the entire find. Philologists and archæologists will not be the least interested investigators.

The first find of MSS. by a European, which gave the impetus to further archæological search in Central Asia, was a bark MS. which was found by two Turks in 1890 in a ruined stūpa. They sold it to Lieut. Bower, who was then the British Resident at Kucha. Bower presented the find to the Asiatic Society of Calcutta. The next year, Dr. Hoernle, the Secretary of the Society, published a report on the MS. which evoked considerable interest. The antiquity of the MS. was noteworthy. Indian MSS., according to the western

standard, are relatively young. The destructive effect of climate and the pest of insects require their continual renovation. The oldest MSS., preserved in Nepal on palm leaves, date back to the beginning of the eleventh century. Only two palm leaves were hitherto known which had crossed the Indian border in 609 and reached Japan through China. They were preserved there in the celebrated monastery of Horiuzi, as venerable relics. The Bower MS. however was a considerable and complete one. It was written in the Gupta character, and hence had come undoubtedly from North-West India, and dated at the latest from the fifth century. Later investigations have proved that it must date from the second half of the fourth century. The possibility of such a discovery incited to further research. The Russian Archæological Society asked the Russian Consul-General in Kashgar, and the British Government commissioned the political agents in Kashmir, Ladak, and Kashgar, to look out for similar MSS. Thus have been acquired the MSS. which are known as the Petrovski, the Macartney and the Weber. They are housed either at Petrograd or Calcutta. They belong to a large find made soon after the discovery of the Bower MS. by Turkish peasants in Kucha. For a long while the collection had remained in the house of the local Kazi, as a plaything which amused his children!

Meanwhile there was another discovery in 1892. The French traveller Dutrenil de Rhins found three MSS. in Khotan which he despatched to Paris. In 1897 Senart made known their contents and value. By now we are quite used to surprises from Central Asia. At that time, however, Senart's communication created a

sensation in the Āryan section of the Oriental Congress held in Paris. The find represented a Kharoshti MS. The Kharoshti character till then had been known only from inscriptions in the outermost boundary of North-West India. Epigraphical comparison proved the date of the MS. to be the second century. As to its contents, it was a recension of the Pāli *Dhammapāḍa* in a prākṛṭ dialect, which was till then unknown in literary compositions. The manuscript was only a fragment. Another portion of the same MS. was brought to Petrograd.

The impetus given by an accident transformed itself into systematic research. The Russians were first on the scene. In 1898 Klementz set to work on this spot and the next year Radloff started the initiative which formed an International Association for Investigation in Central and Eastern Asia. What surprise awaited the seeker was shown by the results of the labours of Sir Aurel Stein supported by the British Government in the country round Khotan in 1901. Stein's personal travels led to a secondary discovery. He found out and exposed the manufacture and sale by Turks of fabricated MSS.

Stein's success led to the German expedition under Grunwedel and Huth to Turfan in 1902. Meanwhile with the exertions of Pischel there was formed a German Committee of Research which, with State help, in 1904 and 1907 sent out two expeditions under the leadership of Le Coq and Grunwedel. And Kucha and Turfan were thoroughly searched. The result was brilliant. In 1906-1908 Stein set out on his second journey. His most beautiful discoveries he made in the territory of Tun-huang. He came across

a portion, altogether forgotten till then, of the great wall built by the Chinese as a protection against the incursions of the Huns. Here a windfall awaited him in the shape of a literary treasure. A few years before Stein's arrival, a Taoist priest in the hall of the Thousand Buddhas, or Tun-huang as it is called, discovered among the 500 caves a cellar which had been walled up. It contained a huge library of thousands of MSS. To judge by the date of the MSS., the cellar must have been closed up in the beginning of the eleventh century. Stein secured a considerable portion of the MSS. A portion fell to the lot of the French scholar Pelliot, who journeyed to Turkestan in 1906-07. Even Japan was not behindhand. In 1902 it sent a Buddhist priest who made excavations with some success. To preserve the remains of the Tun-huang library from destruction, he despatched them to the National Library of Peking. Thus, in addition to archæological discoveries, there has been collected a huge mass of MSS. and block-prints in the libraries and museums of Petrograd, London, Oxford, Calcutta, Berlin, Paris, Tokio and Peking. Almost every material used for writing purposes is represented—palm-leaf, birchbark, wood, bamboo, leather, paper and silk. The number of alphabets represented is very large. The languages in which these MSS. are written are counted by the dozen, including several of which, till the other day, we had no knowledge.

Among the first find which reached Calcutta and Petrograd, there were fragments of MSS. written in a variety of the Indian Brāhmī character. The language, however, was not Samskr̥ṭ. The writing was tolerably clear and Hoernle succeeded in deciphering Indian

names and expressions of Buddhistic terminology and Indian medical terms. Next Leumann proved that we had here to do with two different tongues. The merit of discovering the exact nature of the first of these belongs to Sieg and Siegling, who in 1907 proved its Aryan character from the names of domestic animals, parts of the body, terms of relationship, and figures. The name of this language was the Tocharian. It was mentioned in the colophon of a MS. deciphered by F. W. K. Müller. The manuscript represented the Turkish version of a Tokharian translation from a Samskr̥t original. One dialect of it seems to have been widely common. Caravan passes written in it have been discovered, and dated and deciphered by Pelliot and Sylvain Levi. Further results may be expected from the studies of Mironov and Meillet. There is a vast number of MSS. which represent translation and redaction of Samskr̥t works relating to Buddhism and medicine. There are also some Buddhistic dramas; they can be traced to Indian models, as is shown by the mention of the Viḍūṣhaka.

The second new language is represented by two groups of texts, and is studied especially by Staiel-Holstein and Konow. The first represents business papers, mostly dated, though the current era is not known. The second group embodies Buddhist texts, partly dated. While the Tocharian fragments are of works belonging to the Sarvastivadi school, the texts of the second language belong to the later Mahayanist literature—for example the *Vajrachedika*, the *Aparimitayu-sutra*, the *Suvarna praphasa Sutra*, *Samghata Sutra*, and the *Adhyardhashatika prajnaparamita*.

II. *New-old Tongues—Resurrection of dead languages—
The lost creed of Manes—Pahlavi the religious and
secular idiom of mediæval Fran*

In 1904, F. W. K. Müller succeeded in deciphering a couple of fragments of paper, letter, and silk, originating from Turfan. He declared the alphabet to be a variety of the Estrangelo, the language as Middle Persian or Pahlavi, and the contents as pieces from Manichæan literature believed to have been lost. This was the commencement of a long series of brilliant discoveries, the results of which have been registered in contributions to learned journals. A heap of dogmatic and liturgical works has been recovered of the religion of Manes, which spread from further Asia to China, and in spite of sanguinary persecutions of centuries asserted itself on the coast of the Mediterranean as a rival to Christianity. It is, though but débris, a priceless possession, because for the first time we perceive here from its own books the doctrine, for a representation of which, up to now, we had to rely on the hostile writings of Augustine, the *Acta Archelai*, the formula of abjuration of the Greek Church and the celebrated Fihrist, a kind of detailed catalogue of contemporary Arabic literature by an-Nadhim. So far as can be ascertained the principles of the doctrine have been correctly characterised: here the ethical and physical elements have been indissolubly united in a fantastic fashion. Kessler was inclined to see in it a preponderating influence from Babylonian sources, and now it can be asserted as certain that at least the immediate basis of Manichæism was the religion of Zoroaster. Apart from the pronounced dualism which is common to both the religions, the names bear

witness to this. Here we find the whole Mythology of the *Avesta* reproduced. A fragment from the *Shapurakan*, composed by Manes himself, makes mention of Mihir, and the demons Az, Ahriman, the Parikas and the Azhidahaka. In a fragment which according to the superscription belongs to a hymn of Manes himself, he is named as a son of God Zarvan, who represents Time in Zoroastrianism and who in later times is exalted as the highest Principle. In a hymn, Fredon is invoked together with Mihir. Fredon is the Thraetaona of the *Avesta* and the Faridun of the *Shahname*. Many of the Zoroastrian angels like Srosh and Vohumano occur side by side with Jesus. For Manes claimed to be the perfecter of Christianity. In the fragment discovered by Müller, Manes calls himself the apostle of Jesus, as has already been told us by Augustine. To judge, however, from the fragments, the syncretism of the Christian elements has not been perfectly achieved. There has been no perfect amalgamation. The different layers of belief lie one over another. Thus the description of the end of the world in the *Shapurakan* presupposes the Day of Judgment and has a close connection with the words of the *Gospel of Matthew*. Further Christian influences are evidenced by reference to the history of the crucifixion and resurrection of Christ.

Manes acknowledged the Buddha as also a predecessor of his. Clear evidences of Buddhistic influence, however, only appear in the fragments belonging to later times, like the confession of sins. It is quite possible, therefore, that what we meet with here is a later development of Central Asian Manichæism. Probably here in the ancient soil of Buddhism it took the

Buddhist colour, just as in the West it assumed a Christian tinge.

In their exterior get-up Manichæan MSS. are distinguished by the great care bestowed on them. Many are adorned with pictures, which must be regarded as magnificent specimens of miniature-painting. This taste for artistic book ornament was a legacy from old Iran. Augustine, as we know, turned with flaming wrath against these bibliophiles. Manes' name has been connected from ancient times with painting, and legend ascribes to him the knowledge of secret signs. In Persian he is always known as Manes the painter.

From the philological standpoint the Iranian writings of Manes fall into three groups. The first group is composed in a dialect which comes very near to the Pahlavi, the official language of the Sassanian empire. We know this language from a few inscriptions and texts of the Zoroastrian religion, and especially from a translation in it of the *Avesta*. Accordingly, the texts from Turkestan published by Müller and Salemann indicate an infinite advance of our knowledge. The writings on the monuments known up to now are wholly uncommon. They do not give back the pronunciation of the time, and they employ Aramaic cryptograms for ordinary words, so that, for example, people wrote *Malka* while they read *Shah* or King. In the script of the fragments recently discovered this method is avoided, so that here for the first time we find an actual presentment of the proper Middle Persian language.

The second group is composed in the dialect of North-Western Persia, which no doubt was the language of the Arsacides who proceeded from these regions and who

preceded in sovereignty the Sassanians. Andreas surmises that the so-called Chaldeo-Pahlavi, which appears in the inscriptions of the Sassanian kings, is identical with this tongue. He has now in hand a rich amount of inscription material for the investigation of the question, and we may hope in the near future to hear from himself the confirmation of this theory.

The third group occupies the premier position in importance, if not in number. It is written partly in the Manichæan and partly in a younger alphabet, called the Uigurian. Andreas sees in this the Soghdian dialect. It was only an accident which has preserved for us in al Beruni the names of the months current in this language. The discovery of the Soghdian has led to another important discovery. F. W. K. Müller has ingeniously succeeded in showing that in the celebrated polyglot inscription of Kara-Balgassum, which informs us of the introduction of Manichæism into the land of Uigurs, the difficult text in a character which was up to now regarded as Uigurian is in reality composed in Soghdian. He also demonstrates that the Iranian terms in Chinese astronomical writings of the eighth century do not belong to modern Persian but to the Soghdian idiom.

Another find furnishes a proof to the fact that Soghdian was used not only by the Manichæans, but was the common language of intercourse of all the Iranian inhabitants of Turkestan, while to Pahlavi was assigned the rôle of a written language.

Among the MSS. which are acquired in the northern parts are found pages in Syriac writing and language, which have been published by Sachau. They are connected with the hymns of Nestorian Christianity.

The activity of the Nestorian missions, which starting from Assyria and Babylonia spread into the interior of China, is attested further by 12 leaves from a charming little book, the Pahlavi translation of the *Psalms* with the canon of Mar-Abba which to this day is in use in the Nestorian church. The MS., to judge from the characters, must date from the middle of the sixth century. But the translation lies some 150 years before the oldest MS. of the Peshita Psalter, and promises to prove of the greatest importance for the history of the text criticism of the Syriac originals. Then, in Syriac writing, but in a language which owing to certain peculiarities can be designated as a younger phase of Manichæan Sodhein, considerable fragments relating to Christian confessions of faith, legends, and acts of the martyrs are found. The major portion has been edited by Müller. They show that the Christians employed the Pahlavi and the Soghdian languages for the spread of their doctrine quite as much as their Manichæan rivals.

Also the third religion, Buddhism, made use of the Soghdian for its propaganda. The Berlin collection possesses fragments of the *Vajrachedika*, the *Suvarna prahasa* etc. The cave of Tun-huang is, however, a peculiar treasury of Buddhistic Soghdian texts which are written in a particular alphabet of Aramaic origin. Among the texts published by Gouthiot, the most interesting is that of the *Vesantara-jataka*, the gem of didactic story-literature (forgotten in India but known to every child in Burma and Ceylon), which we find here in a new version. Gouthiot has deciphered also the oldest form of this writing as well as language, which was found by Stein

in the desert between Tung-hung and Lop-nor, along with Chinese documents of the beginning of the first century. Above all there can be no doubt as to the character of the Soghdian. It was the language of the Iranian population of Samarkand and Ferghana, and was spoken as a kind of *lingua franca* from the first to the ninth centuries in Turkestan and farther in Mongolia and China. From a Buddhist MS. of Stein's, it appears that it was written in Singangu. An echo of the Soghdian is still found in certain modern dialects in the higher valleys of the Pamir. Especially the Yaghobi can lay claim to the designation of modern Soghdian.

When it is further mentioned that the Stein collection also contains a document in Hebrew letters, and written, according to Margoliouth, in the year 100 of the Hegira, the most ancient Judo-Persian piece of writing, which at the same time is also the most ancient piece of writing in modern Persian, it must suffice to measure the importance of the Turkestan finds for the Iranist; and yet Turkish philology is in greater debt to the country. Up to now there was almost an entire dearth of its ancient literature. The earliest Turkish book known to us was the *Kutadgu-bilig*, written at Kashgar in 1069. Now we have acquired an ample collection of MSS. and block-prints in the land of the Uigurs, which is 200 years older in language and in character than that book. A splendid number of old Turki texts which, however, represent only a small portion of what we possess, have been edited by Radloff, Thomsen, Müller, Le Coq, and Stonner.

G. K. Nariman

(*To be concluded*)

THE GREAT WAR AND EVOLUTION

By A. M. URQUHART

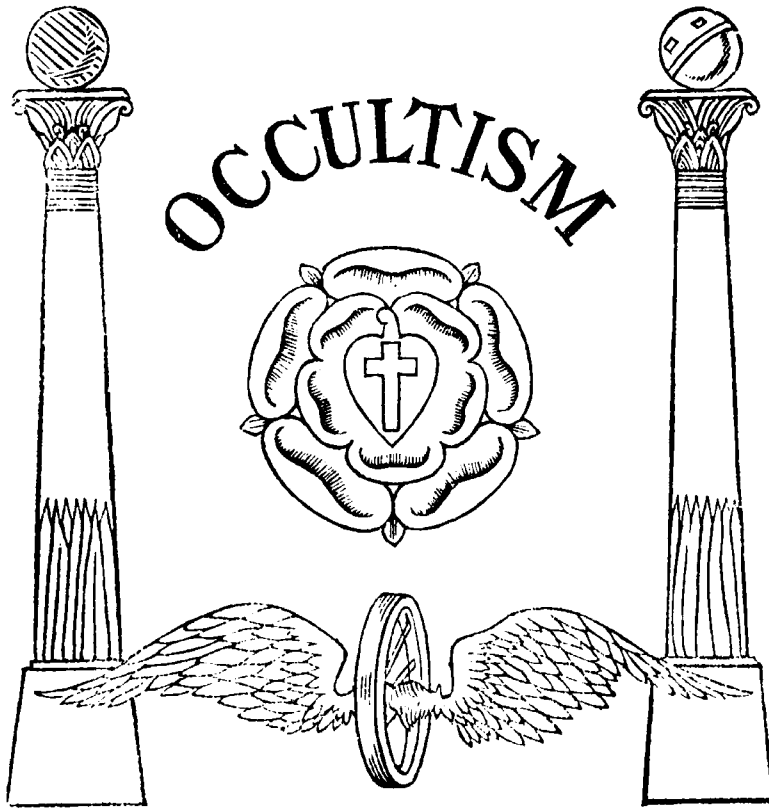
THE part played by war in quickening the evolution of nations and individuals has often been dwelt upon. Poet and painter have depicted the warrior and his steed in the "fierce joy of battle," but the effect of the great struggle on the instrument of destruction, the great world of metal, should not be overlooked. To the student of the occult, the whole fabric of evolution is a sensitive organism pervaded by the One Life, though that Life may to us be deeply veiled in the lower kingdoms. The rare genius of Professor Bose has demonstrated to the world of science the continuity of consciousness in the vegetable and the mineral, so the idea of the "fierce joy of battle" finding its reflection in the latter may not seem so far-fetched.

If all life manifests as vibration, the modern battlefield must be a centre of intense realisation in all the kingdoms of nature. Anyone who has listened to the hum of smooth running machinery, or the purr of a perfectly tuned engine, can realise to some extent the joy of the mineral monad in its activity, limited though it be, and the impetus which it thus gains in its evolution. Think for a moment what is entailed in the process of manufacture and use of modern instruments of war. We have the glow of the melting furnace, the squeeze of the rolling mill, the mighty blow of the steam hammer, the forging, the turning, the fashioning of gun and shell; the thunder, the heat, the vibration of bombardment, the thrill of the rapid flight of projectile and the shattering blow of detonation.

The modern Dreadnought is a veritable little universe, living an intense manvantara of action, laved by the magnetism of the sea, guided by the hierarchy of its crew, and pervaded by their influence, thrilled to the very core by the vibration of its own armament as well as by the blows of its antagonist, and mayhap shivered by torpedo or mine, ere it plunges to its pralaya beneath the waves.

The mineral kingdom is continuously affected by the human in the ordinary social and industrial requirements of the age, but modern war provides a special impetus to its evolution.

A. M. Urquhart



INSPIRATION

By C. W. LEADBEATER

IN all great spiritual movements outpourings of force from higher planes have taken place, and there is no reason to suppose that the latest of such movements will vary in that respect from the older manifestations. Most of our members know that we have already had a remarkable example of such a downflow at one of the meetings of the Order of the Star at Benares, and there

must be many who have felt the same thing in a lesser degree at other meetings.

The whole subject of such inspiration, of such pouring out of influence is one of great interest ; one that it is profitable for us to try to understand. We talk habitually of inspiration, but it is not generally at all understood. The Christian will tell you that his Scriptures are directly inspired by the Holy Ghost ; many Christians hold only to a general inspiration, which would prevent any serious error, but many of them carry it further and say that the actual words are so inspired. I am sorry to say that they sometimes make themselves ridiculous by carrying it further still, and saying that every word of the English translation must necessarily also be directly inspired by God. In fact, I fancy that many of the people who hold that view believe that the original messages were given in English ! The nearest approach to rationality along this line is the theory that the same Holy Spirit who inspired the original writers also descended upon the translators and made them do their work with verbal accuracy.

I am afraid the verbal accuracy occasionally fails us, but there is this much to be said in favour of their idea, that the English translation of the Christian Scriptures is far finer in many respects than the original. If it ever comes in your way, as it did in mine as a student of Divinity, to consult the original and compare it in considerable detail with the translation, I think you cannot but be struck, especially with regard to the Old Testament, with the fact that the original does not seem so poetical, so splendid in many respects, so beautiful and so musically expressed. There is some justification

for the theory that King James's translators were the really inspired people, and those of you who know something of the influence which He whom we now call the Comte de St. Germain exercised over that translation will be prepared to believe that there is a great deal of truth behind that theory of the rendering into such magnificent English of that Scripture which was to have under that particular guise so world-wide an influence. If you will compare the French translation of the Christian Bible with the English, I think you will agree that the former is a poor thing in comparison, and does not give at all the same effect—that our Christian brothers in France lose much by the fact that their Scripture is by no means so poetically and so felicitously expressed—as our own translation. Luther's translation into German is somewhat better, but even that, I think, falls much below the English version. I mean the old English authorised version; the revised version is more accurate in some respects, but in many cases it has lost the old poetry and the old inspiration.

But the reality of inspiration is not as orthodox people imagine it. I suppose we shall do no injustice to our Christian friends if we think that many of them really believe that God the Holy Ghost dictated word by word those very Scriptures, though that is obviously untrue. Yet there is a vast amount of inspiration of different sorts going on, not perhaps from so high a source as the Christians suppose, but perfectly real inspiration nevertheless, even though it does not take just that form.

Any student of Theosophy must be aware that our Masters, the true Leaders of the Society, have

frequently inspired its speakers and writers; but They have not done so, as a rule, by any sort of verbal dictation. Far more frequently They have done it by projecting into the mind of the speaker or writer certain ideas, leaving the man to clothe them in his own words. That is unquestionably an inspiration, because "spiro" means "I breathe," and inspiration is something breathed into one from without; and those ideas in that sequence would not have occurred to the speaker or writer without that interference. Of that kind of inspiration I think we have had a great deal.

Those who have heard lectures of our revered President can hardly fail to have been struck by the wonderful eloquence with which she speaks. That is of course native to her; it is a priceless talent which she holds in this life because she has won it by many lives of assiduous practice in public speaking. But should you hear her as often as I have done, many hundreds of times probably, you will soon learn that besides her magnificent flights of eloquence other and different forms of speech sometimes fall from her lips, and that she is unquestionably sometimes guided from without as to what she shall say. I think she would herself say: "Sometimes I feel that my Master is putting ideas into my mind, and I simply express them"; she would even tell you that there have been occasions when He has actually used her organs and spoken through her Himself. I have myself heard that happen on several occasions, and the change is most marked. When left to herself our President speaks always in splendid flowing sentences. I have heard her say, when asked about her eloquence: "While I am speaking one sentence I see the next sentence in the air before me

in two or three different forms, and I select from those that which I think will be most effective." Now I have no personal experience of that sort of thing; that talent has not been given to me; I have not this wonderful gift of eloquence. We use that expression, "a gift," because as far as this life is concerned it is a gift; but remember that it is the result of work done in the past.

Those glowing periods, those balanced and modulated sentences—that is her style when left to herself; but her Master, the Master Morya, speaks usually in short sharp sentences. In this incarnation, before He resigned His place in the world and became—not an ascetic exactly, but at least one who devotes the whole of His life entirely to spiritual work—He was a King in India, a commander of troops, accustomed to state exactly that He wanted in strong brief military sentences. He does so still, and it is striking indeed to watch the President's style suddenly change into the tone of command, to hear it alter from measured cadences to short strong sentences—a most interesting study for a student of psychology. That is another form of inspiration.

Sometimes a spiritualist says to us: "In what way does such a condition as that which you thus describe differ from mediumship, to which, I am told, you have a decided objection?"

I answer that the difference is fundamental; the two conditions are wide as the poles asunder. In mediumship a person is passive, and lays himself open to the influence of any astral entity who happens to be in the neighbourhood. When under the influence he is usually unconscious, and knows neither what is being done through his organism nor who is doing it; he

remembers nothing when he awakens from his trance. His state is really one of temporary obsession. There is generally supposed to be a dead man in charge of the proceedings, who is called a spirit guide ; but I have seen several cases in which such a guide proved utterly unable to afford efficient protection, for he encountered a force far stronger than his own, with results disastrous to his medium.

If one of our Masters chooses to speak through one of His pupils, the latter is fully conscious of what is being done, and knows perfectly to whom he is for the moment lending his vocal organs. He stands aside from his vehicle, but he remains keenly alert and watchful ; he hears every word that is uttered through him, follows with reverent interest all that occurs, and remembers everything clearly. There is nothing in common between the two cases, except that in both of them the body of one man is temporarily used by another.

Our Masters not infrequently make use of Their pupils, not always in speaking or writing only, but in quite other ways. In the great case at Benares on the 28th December nothing was spoken by Alcyone beyond a word or two of benediction at the end of the meeting—nothing more than that ; but still the outpouring of the influence was clearly felt by many. It is the custom of the Master to pour influence through His pupil, and often that influence may be not such as we class under the term of “ inspiration ” ; that is to say, it will not prompt the pupil to do or to say anything whatever, but it will be simply a tremendous outpouring of spiritual force which may be employed for various purposes ; sometimes for the healing of some disease, but more

often for the comforting of some one who is in trouble, for the guidance of some one who is in great difficulty.

Perhaps that is one of the ways in which prayers are answered. Most Theosophists would say that prayer, in the ordinary sense of the word, is not a thing to which they attach great importance—not a thing which they would recommend. I myself feel still as a Theosophist what I always felt as a Priest of the Christian Church—that to pray to God for anything personal for oneself implies a lack of faith in Him; it distinctly implies that He needs to be told what is best for His people. I never felt myself so sure of what was best for me as to think that I was in a position to dictate to the Supreme Ruler of heaven and earth. It always seemed to me that He knew so far better than I did, and that, being a loving Father (as I was absolutely certain inside of me that He was), He was already doing all for me that could be done, and needed no requests from me—more especially as my request might very likely be for something which I wished, and yet which was not at all the best thing for me. Therefore I always felt that anything in the nature of personal prayer was to some extent an exhibition of distrust. I felt that as a Christian Priest; I feel it still more as a Theosophist. I am so absolutely convinced that what is being done is beyond all question the best that can be done under all the circumstances and taking everything into account, that it would never occur to me to ask the Great Architect of the Universes to alter His arrangements in order to suit me. I cannot think, therefore, that prayer is a commendable thing. I should consider meditation

or aspiration a better form in which to express one's spiritual need.

But vast numbers of people do pray; and the Christians, the Hindūs, the Muhammadans will all agree in telling us that prayers are often answered. They *are*. It may be that theoretically they ought not to be, but they *are*, and it is useless for scientific investigators to blink facts. If prayers are sometimes answered, how does it happen? because of course we cannot suppose that the Supreme Ruler of the Universe turns aside in His scheme at the request of man. Who then hears these smaller prayers, and to some extent deals with them? Obviously lower entities of some sort. Our Roman Catholic friends would tell us that each man has his guardian Angel, that there are great hierarchies of Angels always surrounding us, and that any one of these may be reached by a prayer, and may do in response to it whatever "in the providence of God," as they would say, he is permitted to do.

There is a great deal of truth in that idea. There are hosts of non-human beings peopling the space around us. As a general rule they have nothing to do with us nor we with them; but it is humanity that loses by that state of affairs, and it exists only because people know as a rule nothing about them. It would indeed be well for humanity that it should sometimes be helped by these greater people; and indeed even now it often is so helped without knowing it. I have given some instances of this in *Invisible Helpers*, and they are only examples; one could find hundreds more in which some external interference in the way of assistance of one kind or another is given.

Some such cases of help are instances of the work of those disciples of our Masters who are working constantly during sleep in the astral world; they see cases where they think some help can safely be given and they step in and give it. Others show the interference of some non-physical being, but there is no evidence to show who the being was. It may have been what is commonly called a dead man, or it may have been one of those other spirits, but the facts that such entities do surround us, and that now and again interference of some sort does take place—these are facts which you can verify for yourselves. Read the published accounts of such interventions. Look round and inquire whether any such instances can be found in the lives of those whom you know. Remember that we do not as a rule lay ourselves out at all for any such assistance, or for any suggestion from non-physical sources. Remember that the world around us is blankly unintelligent on such matters, and blatantly sceptical about them, and that those are clearly not the conditions which would encourage such intervention.

But if you go to Catholic countries where people do realise the possibility of such interventions, you will find that they much more often take place there, simply because the people, believing in the possibility, lay themselves open to it in various ways. The ignorant sceptic always says: "These things do not come to me because of my superior discrimination; I should at once see through the fraud, whatever it may be." That is a foolish attitude to take; and the reason which his vanity gives him for his lack of experience is not the true one. The sceptic erects a barrier round himself by his aggressive unbelief—a barrier which it is not worth

the while of the non-physical entity to pierce; and so he goes unhelped, and consequently does not believe that anyone else can be helped. But such help does come undoubtedly, and sometimes it takes the form of inspiration.

It has often been my own experience, and I think it will be that of many Theosophical speakers, that when speaking on any given subject new ideas are suddenly put into one's mind. I am quite aware that those sometimes come from one's ego, the higher self, who takes an interest in the work which is being done by the lower self, and contrives to flash down a fragment of information; but also sometimes they come quite distinctly from outside and from somebody else. It does not at all follow that the suggestions are necessarily in every respect accurate. They represent the opinion of the person who gives the suggestion, and a person in the astral world is no more infallible than one in the physical world. Here on this plane if you heard a person talking about some subject, and had the opportunity without seeming intrusive, you would probably suggest to him anything that you knew on the matter. You hear a person explaining something to others, perhaps, and you observe some gaps in his explanation which you happen to be able to fill. If you are on friendly terms with that person, so that you can do it without hurting his feelings, you will make your contribution in order that the instruction given may be fuller and better. Just as you would do that in a friendly way on the physical plane, so does the dead man, so does the Angel, from the astral plane.

Many members of the Theosophical Society have passed over into the other world, but naturally they

still retain their interest not only in the Theosophy which they studied, but in their own friends who are studying it. They still come back and attend meetings and lectures, and if an idea occurs to them on the subject under consideration which is not in the mind of the speaker or the lecturer, they will endeavour to insert such an idea. They do not materialise (which would be a great waste of force) in order to get up and speak themselves, but they can without much difficulty put the idea into a mind which is already in sympathy with them, and that is often done. Some entirely new idea, some fresh illustration, is as it were thrust before the mind of the speaker. He may think, especially if he does not know much about the matter, that this is his own cleverness, that he himself has invented this new illustration. It does not matter. The point is to get the point put before the people; the entity does not care who gets the credit of it, naturally enough. So there is a great deal of inspiration about, even now, and there might be much more if people had an intelligent grasp of the subject, and if they laid themselves out for such inspiration.

It will frequently happen to you, if you are writing an article, that these new ideas will come into your mind. You have no means of knowing whether they are your own ideas sent down by the ego, or thoughts sent down by some other agency; but after all it does not matter; there is no question of plagiarism here. Whoever gives them, gives them voluntarily. Any man preparing a subject should prepare it meditatively, with his mind open to new impressions; and he will often get those impressions. What of our poets? A poet is generally a man who is open to impressions.

Whence those impressions come matters but little, so long as the ideas themselves are good. They may come from other poets who have passed over; they may come from Angels; they may come from his own higher self. What does it signify, so long as the thoughts are good and beautiful? They are sent down for him to utilise, but it must not be forgotten that it is his responsibility to see that the ideas *are* good and true.

If a man accepts every idea which comes to him, he may truly claim that he is acting under inspiration, but he will often find that the inspiration is not a reliable one, because he cannot as a rule know the source from which it comes. There are cases in which a man does know perfectly well. Those of us who have the privilege—the stupendous privilege—of communication with some of our Masters soon come to know at once Their touch, Their magnetic influence, and so to recognise at once when an idea comes to us from Them. Such ideas we should of course accept with the deepest reverence; but be very sure of their source, for there are those who are eager to deceive, and diabolically clever at the work of misrepresentation.

Remember, too, that anybody, with the best possible intentions, may put before you ideas which are not correct. A man is no more infallible because he happens to be dead than he was when he happened to be alive. He is the same man. He certainly has now the *opportunity* of learning more than he knew before, but not every man takes his opportunities in that world any more than in this. One meets numbers of people who have been for twenty years in the astral world, and yet know no more than when they left this physical life, just as there are many people who have lived

through fifty, sixty or seventy years of human life, and have contrived to imbibe remarkably little wisdom in the process. The advice or suggestion of those who have taken advantage of their opportunities is worth a great deal, whether it is given from the astral world or the physical world; but the two admonitions stand absolutely parallel, and you must attach no more importance to communications from the astral world or from any higher plane than you would to a suggestion made on the physical plane. You ought to be equally willing to receive them both, and you should attach to them just such importance as you feel they intrinsically deserve—that and no more, whencesoever they may come.

Inspiration is not so infrequent: neither is that other form of influence of which I spoke—the spiritual force which is poured through a man who is in connection with a Great One. That also takes place quite often; and it is not only our own Masters who make use of physical people in that way. Other entities of all sorts may have their channels, through whom their force is poured out, and a great deal may be done in the world either by those who are dead or by those who belong to other systems of evolution than our own—those whom the Indians call *Devas*, though the Christians know them as Angels.

To take the ordinary sceptical or indifferent attitude would in many cases shut one off from the possibility of learning a great deal about these higher matters. When we come back to the more childlike attitude, which is at least receptive, though it may not be critical, we shall certainly find that there are possibilities of which now in our self-sufficiency we hardly dream.

Inspiration is a mighty reality, and so is the possibility of the outpouring of helpful force. Those who come into daily contact with it know well how constantly these things take place ; and the blank prejudice against them, the sceptical attitude taken by so many people is a source of wonder and pain to those who know, because it would seem as though men were intentionally of malice prepense shutting themselves away from one of the most interesting aspects of life—from one that may often be useful and helpful beyond all expectation.

Keep, then, an open mind with regard to such things. Inspiration may come to *you*. Helpful force in some measure may flow through *you*. Be ready to be utilised in that way if your karma is so good that you can be so utilised ; and when you see evidence that the same thing is happening through others, again keep an open mind, and do not shut yourself up in your own prejudice against the possibility of being helped and guided. That I think, is the best that we can say with regard to it.

Of course the other side needs emphasis too. Do not too readily believe that which comes. Take everything on its own merits, no matter though it appears to you to come from a great Master—from a source to which you look for inspiration and for help. Even then, weigh it always on its own merits, because these higher planes are full of pitfalls to those who are unaccustomed to them. It is always possible that a higher power may be imitated by a lower one ; it is possible that there may be some one who is jealous of the influence over you of a greater soul, some one who may take the shape for the moment of that greater soul, and

endeavour to mislead you. Therefore the one and only safe ground is to keep your mind open. Do not rashly reject, but also do not accept merely because the message comes to you with a high name attached, or with an influence which seems to you to be beautiful. Most things from other planes seem beautiful to us down here just because they come from a higher level, and bring with them something of its greater luminosity, of its more delicate vibrations, and of all the glamour of the inner world. As S. Paul said long ago: "Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind: try the spirits and what comes from them, whether they be of God." See for yourself by all means, but do not shut out the possibility of influence by prejudging the whole question and saying that inspiration is an affair of thousands of years ago and can never take place now and here in the present day.

C. W. Leadbeater



AN ESOTERIC ORGANISATION IN INDIA: IV¹

By SIR S. SUBRAMANIA IYER, K.C.I.E., LL.D.

A QUESTION has been raised by a learned Correspondent, as to my identifying Nārāyaṇa the Adhiṣṭhātā of Shuddha Dharma Maṇḍalam with Him who is spoken of in Theosophical literature as the One INITIATOR. Attention was also called to the fact that, in the same literature, that INITIATOR is sometimes referred to as Sanaṭkumāra. The Correspondent further wished that the statement that Nārāyaṇa was the One INITIATOR be reconciled, if possible, with the view of *Sūta Samhitā*, viz., that that Initiator was Dakṣhiṇāmūrṭi.

An answer to the questions thus raised is desirable, and that answer is that the mighty Being, who is the Head of Shuddha Dharma Maṇḍalam, is the sole INITIATOR on this globe, though He is called according to circumstances by one or other of these three names among others. In H. P. Blavatsky's eloquent description of this wondrous Being, she observes :

He is, as said, the "Nameless One" who has so many names and whose very nature is unknown.²

The *Mahābhārata* again and again speaks of Him as Nārāyaṇa. *Chhāṇḍogya-Upaniṣat* refers to him as

¹ Copies of articles Nos. II, III and IV can be had from Ramalinga Mudali, Beach House, Mylapore, Madras on a remittance being sent to him of As. 3, which includes postage. As. 2 for No. IV alone.

² *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. I, first edition, p. 208.

Sanaṭkumāra, and *Anuṣṭhāna-Chandrikā* expressly states that Ḍakṣhiṇāmūrṭi is no other than Nārāyaṇa. It would seem that it is, in the aspect of His position spiritually and otherwise, in relation to humanity as a whole on the globe, that the name Nārāyaṇa is applied to Him for reasons which will appear more fully in the course of this article. The next title, that of Sanaṭkumāra, is used apparently with reference to the aspect of His relation to a limited number of highly evolved human beings. Lastly, the term Ḍakṣhiṇāmūrṭi indicates His position as the Teacher to that still smaller class of egos—the most advanced in spirituality.

As denoting these differences in His position, the Adhiṣṭhātā, according to *Anuṣṭhāna-Chandrikā*, uses three distinct kinds of Muḍrās or symbols with reference to the three classes of persons He has to deal with. The names of those symbols respectively are Samuchchaya or Brahma Muḍrā; Eka Aṅguṣṭha or Viveka Muḍrā; and Chiṭ or Ātma or Mauna Muḍrā. The reader will remember that, in the appendix to my second article, mention is made of Brahma Muḍrā and its import is explained. It is the one constituted by the disciple clasping the hand of the Guru who admits him into the organisation on behalf of the Head of Shuddha Dharmā Maṇḍalam.

Now, as to the next, the name Eka signifies a singling out and specialisation which mark the first great stage in the progress of those who have begun to practise Yoga Brahma-Vidyā. The name Aṅguṣṭha is in pursuance of the Shruṭi saying :

अङ्गुष्ठमात्रः पुरुषोऽङ्गुष्ठः समाश्रितः ।

Puruṣha is of the measure of the thumb; by it He is recognised.

The meaning is that a Yogī, at this particular stage of his growth, possesses, as it were, a body of the size of the thumb, seated in Ḍaharākāsha or the space in the heart. In one instance, the pupil was made to develop this thumb-sized body and thereby learn how to construct a Māyāvirūpa or vehicle to be used for a temporary purpose and discarded and disintegrated when that purpose was served. The name "Viveka," in this context, points not so much to general discrimination, as to the special knowledge by the Yogī of the state of his progress at that stage. The third and the last symbol is represented by the circle formed by the thumb and forefinger touching each other. Its first name ChinmuḌrā implies and involves the fundamental idea of the unity of all the apparently separated selves, among themselves on the one hand, and with the Supreme Self on the other.

The other name Āṭma MuḌrā goes further and denies all real phenomenal existence to Brahm; the term "Āṭma" being taken to mean "aṭ," movement, and "ma," no. The name Mauna is meant to teach that the nature of the Absolute, the One Reality, transcends all speech.

Let me now turn to the specific statements in the three works mentioned in regard to the three names of the AḌhiṣhthāṭā. All the 49 verses, constituting the 49th chapter of UḌyoga Parva in the *Mahābhārata*, are devoted to an explanation of the nature and functions of Nārāyaṇa and Nara, they being identified with Kṛṣhṇa and Arjuna. It will suffice to quote here but the following passages as summing up their general relation to our humanity as a whole.

एष नारायणः कृष्णः फल्गुनश्च नरः स्मृतः ।
 नारायणो नरश्चैव सत्त्वमेकं द्विधाकृतम् ॥
 एतौ हि कर्मणा लोकानश्नुवातेऽक्षयान्धुवान् ॥

This Kṛṣṇa is known as Nārāyaṇa, and Phalguna as Nara; the same Being acting as the two. The two by their work make the world imperishable and stable, and dwelling therein protect it.

The passage in the *Chhāndogya-Upaniṣhaṭ* runs thus:

आहारशुद्धौ सत्वशुद्धिः सत्वशुद्धौ ध्रुवा स्मृतिः स्मृतिलम्भे सर्वग्रन्थीनां विप्रमोक्ष-
 स्तस्मै मृदितकषायाय तमसः पारं दर्शयति भगवान् सनत्कुमारः तं स्कन्द इत्याचक्षते
 तं स्कन्द इत्याचक्षते इति ।

When the food is pure, the intelligence, the mind, ("the saṭṭva") becometh pure. When the mind, the soul, the subtler astral and causal bodies, become pure, the memory of past births is attained with clearness and certainty. When the memory, the knowledge of endless past and future, is attained, then the knots of the heart, the egoistic attachments of self, unravel and become loosened of themselves under the touch of the Universal Self. And then, to such a self, the Great INITIATOR, the Lord Sanat̥kumāra, unveileth the Light that is beyond the Darkness, the Lord who slayeth Tārakā-sura, the enemy that prevents selves from crossing beyond "initiation"¹.

The *Anuṣṭhāna-Chandrikā* statement is as follows:

नारायणः कुमारश्च दक्षिणामूर्तिरेव च ।
 ज्ञानोपदेशकर्तारश्चैते श्रुतिनिरूपिताः ॥
 नारायणस्तु भगवान् एक एव सनातनः ॥

Nārāyaṇa, Kumāra and Dakṣiṇāmūrṭi are shown by Shruṭi to be the bestowers of Wisdom. Bhagavān Nārāyaṇa is all the three, (and) the ancient.

There is a passage to the same effect in *Kāṇḍa-rahasyam* which it is unnecessary to quote here.

That those who come to be initiated, as stated in the Upaniṣhaṭ text quoted above, must be highly evolved

¹ *The Science of Social Organisation or the Laws of Manu*, by Babu Bhagavan Das, p. 299.

egos is patent from the very description of them in it. As regards the spiritual greatness of those, who have the privilege of being taught by the Adhishthātā, in the character of Dakṣiṇāmūrṭi, that is manifest from the very fact of their needing nothing more, by way of instruction, than the exhibition by the Guru of the Mauna Mudrā which, by itself, puts an end to all their doubts, as stated in the well-known *Sūta Samhitā* Shloka, which runs thus :

चित्रं वटतरोर्मूले वृद्धाः शिष्या गुरुर्युवा ।
गुरोस्तु मौनं व्याख्यानं शिष्यास्तु छिन्नसंशयाः ॥

There sit at the root of the Banyan-tree, disciples and Guru, the former old and the latter youthful. The Guru teaches by silence ! and the doubts of the disciples scatter and vanish ! What a wonder !

Turning again to the *Chhāndogya* text, the term Skanda, by which name also the INITIATOR is there stated to be known, points to the advent of the Great Being, millions and millions of years ago from the planet Venus (Shukra), in order to take charge of the evolution of the several kingdoms, from the elemental to the human, on this planet. He has, it would seem, to continue to hold this stupendous charge, until the evolutionary life completely passes on to the next globe in our Chain. It was on His advent, as just stated, that He became the Lord of the World and in it the sole representative of the Ishvara of our solar system whose name, *par excellence*, is Nārāyaṇa. The reason why the sacred books call the representative also by the same name, is that He rules over and protects the world in His charge, with a power and capacity similar to those possessed by the Ishvara Himself, with reference to His universe. Here it is worth pointing out that to

think of the Lord of the World, as having little more to do than to look after the spiritual needs of the human race, is to take a very mistaken view of His actual position in the World and the nature of His authority and power. In a word, He is the head of the Hierarchy, and is the One exercising the highest sway in everything that concerns the globe. For example, it is in obedience to His command, old continents sink into the sea and new ones emerge out of it. The rise and fall of nations and civilisations are likewise controlled by Him. Take now the devastating War which is raging in the West. The attention of none is more keenly fixed on its progress than His, which reminds one of the observation in Udyoga Parva, from which quotations have already been made.

तत्र तत्रैव जायेते युद्धकाले पुनःपुनः ।

These two (Nārāyaṇa and Nara) are ever present wherever there is a battle.

It should be added that manifold are the purposes which this terrible conflict between good and evil is being made to serve, under the Lord's vigilant guidance. One of the most interesting of such purposes, in the cause of humanity, is to provide for the speedy reincarnation of the many heroic souls who have sacrificed their lives on the altar of the battle-field, in the discharge of their duty to the countries to which they belonged. Such speedy reincarnations are in order to hasten the evolution of the sixth sub-race, now taking place particularly in parts of America and Australia. It is well known that, among the great characteristics of this sub-race, will be co-operation and unity, in contrast with the competitive and individualistic nature of the peoples in the West, which, at the

present day, has been the cause of so much misery and unhappiness, among the lower classes there. It is scarcely necessary to say that only such heroic souls, that are thus to reincarnate speedily, will make true pioneers in the building up of a community, the social life of which will demand from them much self-abnegation in the interests of others. In this necessity for providing such pioneers at the present juncture, in connection with the evolution of the sub-race referred to, will be found the clue to the fact, that the very flower of the population in the United Kingdom, France and the Colonies rush to the front, there but to find an untimely end. This flow of the most precious life into the thick of the fight, there to be consumed by fire and sword recklessly, as it were, is assuredly not without a design, on the part of the Lord. For it is He who is pulling the wires from behind the scenes, in the great drama that is now being enacted on the blood-stained soil of Europe.

Now turning for a moment from that West to this part of the world: the growth of the spirit of nationality here is in pursuance of the Lord's plan for the betterment of the three hundred and fifteen millions concerned. Surely, in such circumstances, that spirit is bound to grow and fructify, in spite of the blind self-interested attempt of those who are trying to crush it.

From all that has been said above, it must be clear there is nothing that affects the welfare of our world which is not in the consciousness of the Lord, whose aura of tremendous power ever surrounding it, flashes forth at any given spot for purposes of His own in the likeness of the beautiful five-pointed silver star.¹ Such,

¹ THE THEOSOPHIST, Vol. XXXVII, October 1915, p. 18.

in brief, is the Mighty Being with whom even the lowliest man, who enters into the organisation in question, comes into a very special relation. It may be very very long before such novitiate will be able to stand face to face with that Great Presence, the Light of which is so dazzling as to make it almost impossible for some to gaze upon it for the first time.¹ Nevertheless, that time is sure to come to those who set their hearts upon the attainment of such a consummation, and ceaselessly labour for it, by utterly unselfish work in the cause of human advance. It is to emphasise this duty of utterly unselfish service, as members of the organisation, that the first and the lowest order bears the name of *Dāsas* or Servers, as fully explained in the *Chandrikā*, and a routine of daily life on their part inculcated such as would give practical effect to the object in view.

¹ When Initiates make obeisance to the Lord, His appearance is that of a youth of sixteen, which, as the Dictionary tells us, is the age when "Kaumāram" begins. Hence it is He is spoken of as *Kumāra*. Such terms as "Sanaṭ" and "Saṭ," which latter occurs in the *Anuṣṭhāna-Chandrikā*, are but honorary prefixes. A very striking confirmation of such youthful appearance of the Lord is furnished by the statement in the verse quoted from *Sūṣa Samhitā*. In this verse the Guru, who is described as seated under the Banyan-tree, is also described as *Yuvā*—youth.

It may not be out of place to add a few words with reference to the description "seated under the Banyan-tree". Familiar as such a description is to Indian readers, it is doubtful whether the real allusion is correctly understood by many. The true explanation is probably to be found in the very remarkable observations of H. P. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. I. pp. 207—209. In one place she writes: "The *Arhaṭs* of the 'fire-mist' of the seventh rung are but one remove from the Root-base of their Hierarchy—the highest on Earth, and our Terrestrial chain. This 'Root-base' has a name which can only be translated by several compound words into English—the ever-living-human-Banyan." (*ibid.*, 207). These sentences doubtless must seem quite enigmatical to the ordinary reader. But the learned writer's meaning is made fairly plain in the course of the remarks taken as a whole. It is however unnecessary to take up the readers' time except in reference to the words, the "Root-base" and "the ever-living-human-Banyan". The substance of the explanation is this: The Lord constitutes "the Root-base" of the Hierarchy, because it was He who, on His advent from the planet Venus into this globe eighteen million years ago, founded the Occult Brotherhood which has ever since been the nursery from which Adepts, Munis and Teachers, that have ministered to the spiritual wants of our human race, have been produced. Again, He is the "ever-living-human-Banyan," because though most of those Adepts, Munis and Teachers have

It only remains to point out, that the difference in procedure, indicated by the use of the three symbols or Muḍrās, already explained, has its foundation in the existence of the three special *Trimūrṭi* characteristics in the Lord of which He necessarily avails Himself, in the exercise of His functions as the Supreme Teacher. The passages from *Kāṇḍarahasyam* extracted in the foot-note are in point with reference to this question.¹

Now first, as Nārāyaṇa, He exercises, in the matter, the Viṣṇu or protective function, and maintains, as it were, the *status quo* by making due general provision for meeting the spiritual needs of mankind. In other words, He arranges for securing to every individual whatever instruction and training each, for

passed away to other spheres of work, yet He still remains the Head of that Brotherhood and will continue so to the end of this world-cycle, creating Initiates who resemble the branchlets thrown off by the parent stem of that gigantic species of Asiatic vegetation, seemingly capable of perennial growth. The words of the *Sūta Samhitā* verse *Vataṭarōrmūlē* (Root of the Banyan-tree) are almost exact Samskrṭ equivalents to the English words "Banyan" and "Root-base" used by H. P. Blavatsky. It is sad to think that for all the Occult knowledge which this messenger of the White Lodge brought to the world, the only return she got was vile calumny. Such however seems to have been ever the lot of those who, like her, came to bless humanity.

¹ एतेषां मूर्तित्वमपि—तथा च श्रुतिः । “ ब्रह्मा च नारायणः, रुद्रश्च नारायणः, कुमारश्च नारायणः सर्वे च नारायणः ” इति । एतेषां नारायणः ऋषिः सर्वेषां तत्तद्रूपेण ज्ञानमुपदिशति । पूर्वं कुमारः ध्यानादिसाधनं आत्मविग्रहं समुपदिशति । दक्षिणामूर्तिः सर्वोपसंहाररूपामुपसंहृतिमुपदिशति मौनमुद्रया । अतः एतेषां ब्रह्मा कुमारः, स च सर्जति ज्ञानसाधनं ; नारायणः ऋषिः । भगवान् नारायणः तत्तद्रूपेण ज्ञानं समुपदिशति, रुद्रो दक्षिणामूर्तिः सर्वोपसंहाररूपं अज्ञानसंहारमुपदिशति । अतस्त्वेषां मूर्तित्वं सिद्धम् ।

Shruṭi ascribes the characteristics of *Trimūrṭi* to them thus : “ *Brahmā* is Nārāyaṇa, *Ruḍra* is Nārāyaṇa, *Kumāra* is Nārāyaṇa, all these are Nārāyaṇa. Nārāyaṇa *Yogī* imparts wisdom to each according to his capacity and qualification ; *Kumāra* antecedently gives instruction as to meditation, etc., leading to the knowledge of the Self ; *Ḍakṣhiṇāmūrṭi* through *Mauna Muḍrā* teaches unity reducing all into the One. Therefore, of these, Nārāyaṇa as *Kumāra* or *Brahmā* creates the means by which wisdom is attained ; *Bhagavān* Nārāyaṇa, as Nārāyaṇa *Yogī*, imparts wisdom according to capacity. *Ḍakṣhiṇāmūrṭi* as *Ruḍra* Nārāyaṇa, by the reduction of all into unity, destroys *aviḍyā*, nescience. Thus are established the characteristics of *Trimūrṭis*.”

the time being, requires, with reference to his then capacity and qualification.

Next, as Kumāra, the Lord exercises the Brahmā (or creative) function. By showing the "Light beyond the Darkness" and by causing "the Key to Knowledge" and "the Word of Power" to be communicated to aspirants, the Lord enables them to take the four great Initiations of Parivrāt, Kutīchaka, Hamsa and Paramahamsa, and thus to complete the treading of the narrow path which leads to liberation.

In all such cases the Initiate, for the first time in the course of his long evolution, is made able to use and function in his Buddhic vehicle or Ānandamaya-Kosha; and this carries with it the power of uniting his own consciousness with that of another and thus, for the time being, of sharing fully the experiences of that other, as if the two were one. This is essentially creative capacity, so far as such capacity is possible for a jīva in a universe, subject as he is in it to the vibratory limitations (तन्मात्र) inherent in the atoms of the system, and imposed upon them by the Ishvara unalterably for the lifetime of the universe.

Lastly, the name Ḍakṣhiṇāmūrṭi marks out the aspect of Ruḍra in the Lord. By teaching the final truth of non-separateness, the Lord destroys Avidyā or nescience, the last fetter which has to be dropped before the goal of human evolution is reached, and one becomes, according to Buddhist nomenclature, an Asekha, he who has to learn nothing more in this Chain and, according to Hindū nomenclature, a Jīvanmukṭa or the liberated. That it is to render this most exalted service to humanity of destroying nescience the Lord continues an exile on earth, is told

by H. P. Blavatsky in words so impressive and felicitous as irresistibly lead me to conclude this article with them.

He is *the* "Initiator" called the "Great Sacrifice".

For, sitting at the threshold of Light, He looks into it from within the circle of Darkness which he will not cross, nor will he quit his post, till the last day of this life-cycle. Why does the solitary watcher remain at his self-chosen post? Why does he sit by the fountain of primeval wisdom, of which he drinks no longer, as he has naught to learn which he does not know—aye neither on this Earth, nor in its heaven? Because the lonely, sore-footed pilgrims, on their way back to their Home are never sure to the last moment of not losing their way in this limitless desert of illusion and matter called Earth-Life. Because he would fain show the way to that region of freedom and light, from which he is a voluntary exile himself, to every prisoner who has succeeded in liberating himself from the bonds of flesh and illusion. Because, in short, he has sacrificed himself for the sake of mankind, though but a few elect may profit by the Great Sacrifice.¹

S. Subramania Iyer

¹ *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. I, first edition, pt 208.

ANGELS AT MONS

By F. HADLAND DAVIS

THERE has been, and is likely to be, a good deal of discussion in regard to the appearance of angels at Mons and other psychic phenomena in the War zone. As usual we have had the doubting Thomases and a type of sceptic who made up his mind beforehand never to accept cumulative evidence of unquestioned veracity. As usual we have had those whose one and only gift in life is to accept the incredulous, the supernatural and the superstitious with a belief which nothing can surprise or shock. Finally we have had those who have kept an open mind, prepared to believe or disbelieve that there is, or is not, some strange divine power made manifest on the battle-field. Between them we have had a most interesting controversy.

If the psychic phenomena which thousands of soldiers, English, French, Russian, claim to have seen in Europe during the present War were the only examples of their kind we might, perhaps, be tempted to dismiss them as hallucinations and of no spiritual significance whatever. As a matter of fact they are very far from being solitary examples. History, religion, myth and legend throughout the world repeat, not the same story with the same detail, but precisely the same

belief. This belief in direct spiritual aid during a great crisis is so palpably evident that it amounts to a psychic law, which must operate under certain given conditions. We may, with no lack of reverence, regard prayer as a kind of telepathic message to the spiritual world. It is no less a message from an agonised soul, from an aching heart, without a single word being spoken. It is not necessary to speak to angels: they can read our thoughts, understand our dearest desire without our halting speech. We know that such a desire, if it is worthy and sufficiently intense, is answered. We may see nothing, hear nothing of the divine being who is instructed to answer that imploring cry for help, but the fact remains that the burden is lifted from our shoulders, and we find the night of sorrow give place to a day of joy.

Now in the great retreat from Mons the British and French armies were in a most perilous position. It seemed that nothing could check the oncoming Germans, that nothing could prevent them from taking Paris. What were the thoughts of those rapidly retreating soldiers? What were the thoughts of those in England who had been told on a certain terrible Sunday that the British army had been wiped out? One thought and only one thought dominated us all—the retreating soldier at the front, the civilian in his home—and that thought was a cry for divine assistance. The same thought was uppermost in our brave subjects in India, Canada, Australia and throughout our great widespread Empire. What a message that must have been. What a prayer must have rushed up from tens of thousands of soldiers and civilians, and, quicker than a flash of lightning, entered Heaven.

It is only in the time of a grave crisis that a whole nation is moved to its depths, for joy laughs in the market-place, but sorrow weeps in all the world. It is only on the very moment of pending disaster that our prayers become united, and because united irresistible by the will of the Most High who has ordained it so. A child asks the Almighty for a fine day. Who shall say that some angel hand does not keep back the clouds for that little one? We too prayed when our soldiers were retreating from Mons. We prayed almost with the agony and bloody sweat of Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane, that the cloud of defeat and utter ruin might not fall upon England and her Allies. The prayer was a miracle of compelling power, and the answer to that prayer was a miracle of divine mercy.

There are many accounts of the sudden appearance of angels in the hour of our greatest need, but I shall only give those which have been carefully verified. A lance-corporal became aware of a bright light in the sky. It increased in intensity, and presently he saw three angels arrayed in golden garments and with their wings outspread. Another soldier also refers to divine beings in a luminous cloud, and as soon as the apparition appeared, the enemy received a check, and their horses, utterly panic-stricken, refused to advance. On another occasion angels were seen on the edge of a quarry, and as soon as the Germans saw them they hastily retreated. It is also recorded that celestial bowmen, not to be confused with Mr. Machen's story in *The Evening News*, were led by one who rode upon a white horse. It is claimed that a German prisoner saw this shining leader, inquired who he was, and

admitted that, mortal or immortal, he had been proof against the most persistent attack.

All the witnesses did not see precisely similar apparitions. Some saw S. George, others S. Michael and Joan of Arc, while it is recorded of the Russians that some saw the spirit of General Skobelev, while to others was vouchsafed a vision of the Virgin Mary, bearing in one hand the Infant Christ, a divine spectacle which was followed by "a great image of the Cross, shining against the dark night sky". Some English soldiers, whose psychic powers were not so fully developed, saw their dead comrades rise and continue fighting. The diversity of the phenomenon is not surprising. Mr. Arthur Shirley, Editor of *The Occult Review*, explains this point by observing that the spirit "is clothed upon by the imagination of the beholder to an almost limitless extent". This seems very feasible, for the spirit can adapt its manifestation in accordance to the race before which it appears. Had the Japanese been fighting with us in the West we should not have expected them to see S. George or the Maid of Orleans. The guiding hand would have been made manifest in the spirit form of the Empress Jimmu, Hideyoshi or some other great Japanese character of the past. So far from destroying the evidence of spiritual phenomena, its very variety is in keeping with what we know of psychology.

Why, it may be asked, have these spiritual visions only appeared to English soldiers and their Allies? Has not the German army been in grave peril too? Undoubtedly, and I would not go so far as to admit that it has not received help from some spiritual power. There are, however, spirits of Light and Darkness,

Good and Evil, and so long as the Germans continue to act as fiends they will continue to attract the power of fiends.

We devoutly believe that we are fighting for a righteous cause, that we are out to cut away the canker of militarism and tyranny, to destroy that malign power that stops at no kind of barbarity. We believe this, and it would seem that the good angels believe it too. But those of us who look forward to a universal brotherhood and a complete cessation of race hatred cannot be content with angels only on our side. Because we believe that the Almighty is the Father of us all, we hope to leave the gun and the sword behind some day. We hope to forgive, even as we have been forgiven, and to call our enemy to-day our brother to-morrow. Then we shall have the vision which Mr. Barry Pain has so finely described in the following poem :

I dreamed that overhead
 I saw in twilight grey
 The Army of the Dead
 Marching upon its way,
 So still and passionless,
 With faces so serene,
 That scarcely one could guess
 That they in war had been.

* * * * *

No longer on their ears
 The bugle's summons falls :
 Beyond these tangled spheres
 The Archangel trumpet calls ;
 And by that trumpet led
 Far up the exalted sky
 The Army of the Dead
 Goes by, and still goes by—
 Look upward, standing mute,
 Salute !

F. Hadland Davis

CORRESPONDENCE

THEOSOPHY AND THE WAR

[A LETTER from Dr. Kappf, General Secretary of the T. S. in Germany, has been sent round the Theosophical press, charging the President and Vice-President of the T. S. with unbrotherly and unconstitutional conduct in their writings on the War. We cannot print his letter, because it attacks England, and such attacks here would be a breach of the law, but his attack is based on the view that the condemnation of German policy and action is a breach of Theosophical principles, and that officials have no right to express such views. To this thesis of his the Russian General Secretary has answered as follows :—ED.]

A letter from Dr. S. Kappf (of the 16th June) asks me to state what my standpoint is as to the policy of the President and the Vice-President which he qualifies as “unbrotherly” and “unconstitutional”. He asks me also to propose what I think could be done for the protection of the constitution of the T. S.

To this I must answer :

(1) that I do not see any breach of the Constitution of the Theosophical Society in the fact that the President and the Vice-President have expressed their views on the matter of this war. I think that the President and the Vice-President are not only individuals occupying a high office in this Society, but also human beings, who have a right, as much as we, to hold and to express their personal views on any question they choose. The T. S., as a body, is an unpolitical body, but its members are free, for individuals are citizens, who have a right and a duty to hold political and social opinions, as well as to express them ;

(2) that I do not see any breach of the principle of Universal Brotherhood in the fact that the President

and the Vice-President of the T. S. have stated their standpoint, judging severely the policy of Germany in this war. Stating one's view is *NO* animosity. As Theosophists, we must not hate, but we must fight and struggle, and see the truth. No brotherly feeling can and must make us blind and we must, while remaining calm and ready to forgive, be able always to see and say that white is white and black is black. Brotherhood does not mean sentimentality or untruth. We must be true to the end, true in all circumstances of life. It is very difficult to say an unpleasant truth, especially when a whole national group is concerned, but we must have the courage to say it when the hour of Karmic expiation has struck. Those of us, who see the higher realities on higher planes, have a special duty to help us by telling us what they see. We ought to be very grateful to them for this. Common patriots feel offended, when their country is blamed, but we must rise higher, we must transcend our nationalities and see the right where it is, independently of our racial ties. If our country happens to be wrong, we must have the courage to see it and say it. If another nation does wrong, we have the right to say that it is wrong, and I think that it is more brotherly to say that it is so, than to avoid the necessity of saying an unpleasant truth.

It is of no use to take the matters in a metaphysical way, and to say that war being a horrible thing, we all are wrong and so we have not the right to blame especially any nation or individual. We certainly have all sinned, preparing this frightful struggle on earth, and certainly this is a just, although a terrible expiation, but it is *not* true that in this war we are all alike wrong: this war has been incited and begun by Germany *not* by other nations, and the methods of war, used in Belgium and Poland, have been used by Germans, not by other nations. Those methods are so vile and inhuman, that no nation has yet ever dreamt of such a breach of honour and humanity. It is a fearful example as to what extremes can go a barbarous civilisation, founded on a materialistic ground and on selfish passions. It is not the sin of Germany alone certainly, but Germany has gone to the extreme and has prepared itself, more than any other nation, to be the instrument of the Dark Night, which now is struggling with the Rising Sun. How did it prepare itself? By cruelty, conceit and sensuality: cruelty to children, to women, to animals (vivisection), by roughness of life and speech, by the roughest tamasic and rajasic food, by greed and self-adulation.

When this terrible struggle will be over and Germany shall have learned its lesson, and we also shall have learnt ours, all nations shall be once more friends, united by a deeper tie, and we shall try together to build a better life in a better

world, but now we must understand with what and whom we struggle, we must SEE the force which goes through the darkened vehicles of Germany, and when speaking, we must call the white—white, and the black—black.

(3) For the protection of the T.S. that its "life and reputation might NOT be "imperiled," I propose to all members to cultivate mutually the most chevaleresque courtesy in speech and action, an attitude full of love and confidence, and this quite especially towards those, who being our leaders, give not only their thoughts and love, to the Master's work, but also their very life.

The Italian General Secretary writes :

Since you request me to do so, I consider it my duty to give you, with all sincerity, my opinion on the questions raised by you, and I will try to be as brief as possible.

In my opinion, then, Mrs. Besant has not only exercised what is her right, but has also accomplished a duty in publishing with all frankness her ideas on the present world conflict.

No one who is capable of thinking can shun in times such as these his duty to himself, namely of forming his own opinion as to the present conflict, as to its fundamental principles, its significance, its possible consequences. And the more elevated is the intellectual and moral development of the one who is judging the matter, the more clear and precise will be the form of the final judgment emitted.

In the present case "judgment" implies the taking of a side. Neutrality is impossible in such a world-wide crisis. Only Egoism of the crassest type or an equally deplorable Apathy could presume to avail themselves of "neutrality" as of a mask that seemed convenient.

Now, above all, in the Theosophical Society we have ever considered unlimited freedom of our personal convictions as one of our most precious privileges, and we have striven to maintain this. How then could we, in the present instance, deny to our President the right to formulate an opinion and to take sides, a right enjoyed even by the humblest amongst us?

The fact, moreover, that Mrs. Besant rendered public, in THE THEOSOPHIST and in other periodicals, the standpoint she took up, I consider not only as her right, but also, as above said, almost as her duty to the many thousands of persons who feel it useful to know, in so grave a contingency, the view held by so eminent a personality, not indeed in order to follow her blindly, but to instruct themselves more fully in the matter.

THE THEOSOPHIST is the "official" organ of the T. S. only in so far that sometimes it contains official documents concerning the whole Society; but for the rest (as is officially set forth in each number, and as Mrs. Besant and her predecessors have never been tired of repeating), neither THE THEOSOPHIST nor the T. S. are in any way to be considered responsible for what is otherwise printed in the pages of the said periodical. The responsibility of each signed article rests only with the author; and this holds good whether it refers to what is written by Mrs. Besant or by any of her collaborators.

It is therefore clearly established that the "life" and "neutral constitution of the T. S." can neither be compromised nor hurt by publication in THE THEOSOPHIST of the President's personal opinion, and it is anyhow futile to speak of an "unprecedented breach of constitution," as mentioned in your circular.

In the same circular of yours you further stigmatise Mrs. Besant's actions as an "incitement of national animosity" and as a "gross breach of the principle of Universal Brotherhood". I will permit myself, in this connection, to make you a demand to your conscience: Would the German Section have formulated similar accusations and have protested against what Mrs. Besant has done, had she, peradventure, pronounced her opinions against England and its Allies? I fear, not. But, in any case, even assuming that the protests of the German Section are directed more against the principle than against the actual opinions of the President, I cannot consider justified the terms above quoted that you have employed. Mrs. Besant has often pointed out, notably too in some of her recent writings, the good characteristics of the German nation, and has ever laid stress on the fact that even in the event of a war, which has become inevitable between two peoples, hate is one of the ugliest products of the conflict, and that an open and loyal strife can and should be carried on without adding thereto the hate between the combatant individuals or peoples. She is therefore very far from inciting people to reciprocal hatred, whereas indeed the ordinary press usually takes pleasure in fomenting and increasing its cruelty.

You speak furthermore, in your letter, of a "gross breach of the principle of Universal Brotherhood". Now I ask only: Which is the more brotherly action: to let pass without remark the errors of your brothers, or rather to call their attention to these their faults and to their inevitable consequences? And which of these two is, in such cases, the duty of the elder brothers?

With this, one would enter upon the special merits of the question contained in Mrs. Besant's remarks, but it does not appear to me to be here the place to discuss them. Moreover it is probably of little importance to you to learn that I myself personally, though born a German, divide almost entirely Mrs. Besant's point of view in this matter and this not only at the present time, but since the very first fatal days of August 1914.

I can well understand—and it is an interesting aspect in connection with our studies) how the great bulk of the German people, and even many among the more intellectually and morally developed, find it extremely difficult to withdraw themselves from the influence of the Collective German Group-Soul, which (like the Group-Soul of all other nations involved, each according to its nature) is pushed by the force of the present circumstances into a condition of exceptionally intense affirmation and activity, and must react almost irresistibly on its millions of individual souls which represent the cells of the great national organism. Nevertheless, I should have thought the wider outlook, obtained by Theosophists in the course of their special studies, should have rendered them capable of considering this state of things from a loftier standpoint than that of mere nationality.

Mrs. Besant, according to her own affirmations, which we can well believe, has expressed her opinions not on the basis of predilections or of national interests, but on the firm foundation of higher principles, important to the evolution of Humanity; nor has anyone the right to suggest that she acted from any lesser motive.

I would ask you, in fine, to consider that one of the worst consequences of this world struggle will be the continuation of national hatred for several decades to come. Let us take great care to do all that is possible for us, to bring nothing of such feelings within the Theosophical Society, which both by its constitution and by its principles is perhaps the only body of beings constituted to act as a barrier against the flood of feelings of hostility and of hatred.

The General Secretary in South Africa writes :

I have duly considered your circular letter of the 16th July but am not sure whether you desire a reply from me personally or as General Secretary of the T. S. in South Africa. I am not authorised to speak for the whole of the constituency and there may be a few who might dissent from my view of the matter, but I think that in giving my own thoughts I shall be reflecting these of the majority of the F.'s T. S. in South Africa.

In the first place many of the F.'s T S. and others outside the T. S. quite naturally expected from the President and Vice-President an expression of their view on the question of this great War and its ultimate bearing on the fate of nations; an expression as individuals and not as officials, for they are not entitled to make any official pronouncement on the questions at issue neither are they at liberty to in any way bind others to their ideas. Therefore in order to meet this desire they published their views, fully understanding and stating that they were only making known their private opinions and were not speaking for the Society as a whole, and in order that the majority of the Fellows might be reached their views were published in "official organs".

Under existing conditions and considering the issues at stake it would have been unwise, almost impossible, for our leaders to have stood aside and made no statement whatever on the question: such a course might have *looked* like neutrality but it would not have been such in reality, rather would it have been the opposite.

I must differ with you in regard to the statement concerning "national animosity and their ceaseless attacks towards our country": to me it appears that the attacks are not against any people or any nation but against the principles which appear to underlie the methods of those who, as far as can be seen, are responsible for the War. Principles which themselves strike at the very root of Brotherhood and methods which are a direct violation of Brotherly action.

I feel quite sure that our Officers are not acting with the idea of favouring one nation in preference to another, but that their whole attitude is against evil and selfishness by whomsoever displayed and that it would not matter to them one iota which nation was acting upon wrong principles and using unbrotherly methods, the condemnation would be equally severe. Surely all must know how in the past our President has dealt with no sparing hand and has condemned with unflinching severity the methods of the British in their treatment of the Indians. It is no national feeling which draws from our President the policy and action of which you complain but the higher and wider one of humanity and brotherhood.

With reference to the second paragraph of your letter you will gather from the above that it is not my intention to take any action upon the lines suggested by you as I do not consider that there is any such danger as your words imply.

Your circular and this reply shall be sent to the Editor of the "Official Organ" of this Section with a request for its publication should he see fit.

Theosophists will be interested in reading these views.

RE "WATCH-TOWER" NOTES FOR NOVEMBER 1914

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

In regard to my letter, written in November 1914 and published under the above title in THE THEOSOPHIST for March 1915, relative to your comments on the War, I will be glad if you will permit me to apologise for the language I use therein. I would like it clearly understood that I do not imply by this that my attitude towards the utterances is in any way changed but that I sincerely regret that I should have expressed my views in language that could hardly do other than offend. Especially do I regret, apologise for and withdraw the sentiment and the words of the final sentences.

I might perhaps be permitted to add that this apology is entirely spontaneous, and is not in any way the outcome of anything that may have occurred since my letter was published. As a matter of fact since before my enlistment in the Australian Imperial Force early in May last I have been entirely out of touch with Theosophists and THE THEOSOPHIST. As my letter has appeared in other journals, I may say that carbon copies of this are being sent to all who received copies of my original letter.

Trusting that you will be able to find room space for this in any early number, and that it will not give rise to any further correspondence,

Cairo, Egypt

J. M. M. PRENTICE

I sincerely thank Mr. Prentice for his statement; differences of opinion are inevitable in these serious times, but if we can maintain each his own opinion, with kindly feeling to each other, we shall all learn the great lesson of the *Bhagavad-Gītā*, to fight hard without any hard feeling.

ANNIE BESANT

REASONS FOR CONFIDENCE

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

In the mind of many a student of the writings of the clairvoyant leaders of the Theosophical Society, writings setting forth details stated to have been observed in the course of

self-conscious functioning on higher planes, must arise the reflection: "I think, I hope, and somehow I almost *feel* that these things are true—but I do not *know*." Now I believe it is a very good plan, when unable to find corroboration of a teaching for oneself with respect to a fact beyond one's own possibilities of observation, to mentally, and very carefully, and with concentration, reason with oneself with a view to arriving at a conclusion as to the strongest probabilities of the case. There is a great deal of satisfaction to be obtained from being able to decide that the strong balance of probabilities points to affairs being more or less as reported by occult methods of research, even when it is beyond our power to employ those methods oneself in checking what has been told. By the processes of logical inference it is possible to strengthen one's hopes almost to the point of actual conviction, perhaps sometimes *quite* to that point.

Take the question of trained students leaving the body and working on a higher plane and bringing back the memory of what they have done, and reporting the results to those who are hopeful of doing all this themselves in due course, and let us see where the employment of this process of logical reasoning will bring us. Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater state their ability to leave the body as above mentioned and bring back the recollection of the higher plane activities. There are only three possibilities open with regard to this: (1) Either they are not telling the truth. (2) They are under constant glamour. (3) They can and do leave the body. Possibility No. 1 can be dismissed. Possibility No. 2 being something to which these keenly intelligent students cannot possibly be blind, they would naturally devise tests for themselves individually very early on in their investigations in order to satisfy themselves on this important point. No one who has read Mrs. Besant's *Autobiography* for instance, could doubt that she would devise a variety of tests with a view to satisfying her clear and critical mind that her absence from the body *was* a fact, or that she would very easily find a way of checking in the waking consciousness the accuracy of certain facts she remembered having seen when out of the body. Therefore the balance of probabilities points to possibility No. 3 with tremendous emphasis.

Let any student of occult mysteries ask himself whether, if he found himself out of the body one night in his particular neighbourhood, he could not think of numerous ways of arranging to test the accuracy of a number of simple facts of observation if he were one of those fortunate ones who brought through the unbroken recollection into the waking consciousness. The mere fact that he was out of the body could of course be easily established for his own satisfaction by going to some

unfamiliar portion of the country and examining some characteristic feature, and checking the facts physically the next day in the body. I think we may feel sure that people of the level of intelligence of the clairvoyant leaders of the T. S. do not neglect to take steps to satisfy themselves on important points connected with at any rate their observations on the astral plane, before coming out with the direct statement that they can consciously leave the body, function and observe on the next plane, and bring through the accurate recollection next day. Outward tests, for others, it should be recollected, the T. S. does not allow, in respect of super-physical adventures, but that these trained clairvoyants take steps to satisfy themselves as far as possible when they feel any sense of conjectural uncertainty as to the reality or otherwise of an experience, we can feel reasonably sure, I think.

Then again, with regard to the Akāshic Records, how far it is possible to be misled in this direction I do not know, but one reflection which occurs to me is this: If the clairvoyant leaders of the T. S. feel confidence regarding details of a distant past which they believe themselves to have read in the Akāshic Records, it is reasonable to suppose that this confidence is based on the making of experiments in the reading of Akāshic Records of events which they were able to check by reference to verifiable history and which were found to be accurate.

With regard to the question of Masters, here again of course the main fact that such elevated beings do exist must be an obvious fact, a necessity of logic, once Reincarnation is granted. Let us take Reincarnation for granted, I believe many students feel they can now, and then, balancing the probabilities of the case, see if they do not point to the T. S. being broadly what many believe it to be, an agency in which certain Masters take an interest.

Firstly such beings as more or less or exactly correspond to what have been termed Masters exist, as the flowers of vast processes of evolution they must. Secondly, since they exist and have reached such a moral and ethical altitude, interest in their younger brothers, love and helpfulness, must necessarily be a part of their constitution. Thirdly, for the foregoing reason it is obvious that high beings of this nature are, owing to their very ethical qualities, interested in the progress of us, these younger struggling brethren. Fourthly a careful consideration of the nature of the teachings of Theosophy and the fact that it contains a mass of such luminous teachings, that it is to its literature that we can look and find more information on the greatest truths with which

this earth has been blest within our knowledge than we can find elsewhere, all this tends to inspire the feeling that the balance of probabilities strongly points to the Theosophical movement as being the one in which we would expect Masters to have particularly concerned themselves.

Now again there are three possibilities regarding the beings said to be behind the T. S.: No. 1 is that they are entities either on or off the physical plane, at any rate able to function in the superphysical, who, however, while possessing much knowledge of occult things, deliberately assert themselves to be occupying a status in evolution which they have not reached, for some misleading purpose, but able to inspire wonder on account of what they can undoubtedly do, and possessed moreover, of great power of casting glamour; or No. 2, they are beings with or without physical bodies, able to function as stated, who *really believe* that they occupy the important occult status claimed for them (much as a Devachanee might be imagined as regarding himself as working out a great system in Devachan, with himself fully convinced he is the Founder of a Root Race), but who in point of fact are self-deceived (as the Devachanee might be regarded as self-deceived), but who as they could not be regarded as deliberately trying to mislead could not be branded as *sinister*. If the beings especially under consideration were in category No. 2, they would be much like very exalted "Spirit Guides" convinced of the great mission it was their task to carry out, but unconsciously overestimating their importance in the scheme of things.

Possibility No. 3 is that the Masters at the back of the T. S. are broadly what the leaders of the Society state them to be: Beings who deserve all the love and faithful service that can be shown in the great work which is their concern.

In thinking these things over and trying to decide where the finger of strong probability points, it is well to remember the work, ideals, and actual objects of T. S. activities, the nature of the teachings it promulgates, and what has once been said about gathering "figs of thistles".

Clairvoyance may, or may not be, of assistance in estimating whether certain entities are Masters or not; it seems to me this depends on the clairvoyants, and their level of occult attainment. What a magician of the undesirable sort might do in the way of casting glamour over half-fledged clairvoyants is something enormous, I imagine; but where we have some one like Mrs. Annie Besant, the President of the Society, with a clairvoyance so trained as to be able to conduct experiments in chemistry and test their accuracy by repetition of the experiments, where a great and balanced intellect like

hers is concerned beside which one feels oneself a veriest pigmy, an intellect to whom all the tests and safeguards that would occur to less minds must suggest themselves with probably a great many more and better ones besides, in a case like this, I say that *probabilities* point in a direction which it is of considerable comfort to look to.

As we grow in love of service, in Wisdom to direct that service, and as we live so truly that the false shall more and more jar owing to its difference from our very constitution, then to the aid of the reasoning mind which balances probabilities will come with greater distinctness the voice of high intuition which recognises Truth when it sees it by virtue of its consonance with itself.

J. CHILLINGHAM DUNN

A CORRECTION

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

The July number of THE THEOSOPHIST published some photographs of the fine Theosophical headquarters at Louisville, Kentucky, and credited me with being one of the workers responsible for the enterprise. The modesty of the real promoters probably caused the error. I had no connection with it except that I received an invitation to reside there which I was obliged to decline because I am almost constantly on tour. I had the pleasure of giving the first course of public lectures in the building, which is undoubtedly the finest structure in America used as a T. S. headquarters. We also had our general propaganda office there for several months.

L. W. ROGERS

REVIEWS

The Path of Life, by Stijn Streuvels, translated by A. Teixeira de Mattos. (George Allen and Unwin, London. Price 5s. net.)

Very few people in England probably knew that there was such a language as the West-Flemish or had ever heard of Stijn Streuvels, before Mr. Teixeira de Mattos introduced him to the English-speaking public. In Holland and in Belgium, Streuvels is considered as one of the most distinguished Low-Dutch authors of our time and the translator of *The Path of Life* goes so far as to call him "the greatest living writer of imaginative prose in any land and any language". This will, I fear, seem exaggerated to those who cannot read his works in the original, for although Mr. Teixeira de Mattos' translation is an excellent one, and is as close a rendering as one could possibly expect (it certainly cannot have been an easy task), a great deal of the local colour, as also the poetry, of the Flemish soul is necessarily lost, when the essentially Flemish peasantry types express their feelings in English words.

The West Flemish is a very interesting, very beautiful dialect spoken by perhaps a million of people inhabiting that part of Belgium called West Flanders and which for over a year has been the principal theatre of War as far as Belgium is concerned. Bruges, Ostend, Poperinghe, Ypres, Menin, Courtrai are West Flemish towns, but the dialect is so subtly subdivided that an inhabitant of Ostend and one of Courtrai will each of them have a whole vocabulary of his own, which the other will not understand. Its richness, for it is one of the richest dialects of the Netherlandish language, consists in its possessing such a considerable amount of words expressing physical sensations and human characteristics. It has a word which renders our feeling when we hear silk torn, a word that tells what we feel when

we are in deadly fear and our hair "stands on end," in fact there is hardly any physical sensation which cannot be expressed by an appropriate West Flemish word, and no type of man or woman in whatever condition of life which has not a denomination of its own.

Stijn Streuvels is a nephew of Guido Gezelle, the poet-priest, whose fame must have crossed the channel now that so much more is known about Belgium, for he was one of her greatest sons. Streuvels' real name is Frank Lateur, and until ten years ago, when he began to come into his own, he lived at Avelghem near Courtrai and the River Lys, and was a village baker.

The stories and sketches we are dealing with belong to that period. In these pages the author lays down scenes of the everyday life of his country folks, at first sight nothing very exciting, nothing very thrilling, but so absolutely true and so carefully observed into the very details, that the pictures gradually unfold themselves before the reader's eyes, and the men, women and children whose doings are told of, seem to live and breathe and move.

His descriptions are like some of the best pictures of Flemish *Primitifs*. He paints minutely, but the lightest dash of the brush has an intense significance. When he tells us of three little children who are caught in a thunderstorm, everything seems to vanish but the three little ones and their agony. While reading the tale of the naughty little boy who is punished and shut up in the loft, one actually dwells in that loft and goes through the poor sinner's emotions. And in "Spring" a longer story, he tells us of a little girl who is being prepared for and makes her First Communion, and for the time nothing seems so important as the "great day". One lives the child's pure innocent life, feels her wonderful devotion, enjoys her beautiful new frock and the festivities held to celebrate so important an event. And the little girl's humble, very human home, her kind fat mother, her little brothers and her peasant father, who kills and skins rabbits for the First Communion feast, it is all there before one, and one cannot but admit the genius of an author who can so masterfully work opposites into a single piece of pregnant beauty. A sharper contrast arises when one is made to realise that

the so pure and innocent maiden of eleven is already doomed to fall a prey to the hard-hearted and debauched farmer, for as the father says: "When you live in a man's house and eat his bread you've got to work for it and do his will: the Master is the Master." The whole story is a real gem and so are various other sketches, and Mr. de Mattos is to be congratulated for the good work he has done by enabling the English readers to get acquainted with this, for them, unusual and interesting piece of literature.

D. CH.

Flaxman, Blake, Coleridge and other men of Genius Influenced by Emanuel Swedenborg. Together with *Flaxman's Allegory of the "Knight of the Blazing Cross,"* by H. N. Morris. (New Church Press, London. Price 2s. 6d.)

The sketches included in this volume were written with the object of showing how some of the great people of the last century were influenced by the philosophical and theological writings of Swedenborg. They are written, simply and pleasantly, for the young. The "other men of genius" alluded to in the title are Hiram Powers, Henry Septimus Sutton, Emerson, James John Garth Wilkinson and the Brownings. The book is illustrated with portraits of the various persons whose life story is told and other pictures connected with them. Perhaps the most valuable portion of the whole work is the reproduction of the outline drawings of "The Knight of the Blazing Cross," an allegory by Flaxman, hitherto unpublished.

A. de L.

The Magic of Experience, by H. Stanley Redgrove, B.Sc., F.C.S., with introduction by Sir W. F. Barrett, F.R.S. (J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd., London. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Redgrove introduces his book as a contribution to the Theory of Knowledge, and while admiring the sound value of many of his views, we consider much of the first and longest of the book's three sections could have been effectively dealt with more shortly. Treating of Idealism, it devotes most of

its space to a comparison of sense impressions and mental images in human perceptions ; these may be briefly described as follows. Sense impressions, the author tells us, arise from contact with the physical world through our senses, and consequently are controllable or mentally changeable only within the limits of weight mass and volume characterising the object. Mental images, however, are on the contrary usually changeable at will, and constitute our perception of things with which none of our senses at the moment are engaged. Where mental images are not controllable, the brain is in a dream state, or diseased, as in hysteria and madness. The remainder of the section treats of matter, its constituency and existence within the Divine Mind, and the Universe as an idea of that Mind.

The succeeding two parts are more readably put together than the first section, which as far as clarity of expression goes, falls short of the standard. The subject of the second section is Mysticism, for which, we gather, the author has but a tempered enthusiasm. As far as he deals with it, however, we are quite in agreement with him, and it may be well to give here the three main points he states. The first is that Mysticism must be followed as a mode of life rather than admired as a system of Philosophy ; the second that psychic experiences where they appear, should not necessarily be regarded as arising from a Divine source, and he quotes in illustration the writings of August Strindberg with which most of us have some acquaintance. The third point he raises is Asceticism, and this we should have liked to see more fully dealt with. The topic is only briefly touched upon in saying the natural life is the best one. This is not very adequate treatment for a subject so far reaching, and a more full examination of it would not have been misplaced. For instance, we should like to have had Mr. Redgrove's remarks on the wide variety of perfectly natural lives found in the world at the present day, the diets sustaining the different individuals and the relation, if any, of diet to a capacity for psychic experience. Perhaps, though, we are grasping. The section closes with the testimony of Emanuel Swedenborg upon Mysticism, with comments upon the value of that philosopher's analytical mind in classifying the visions he beheld for so many years.

In the third section, "The Nature and Criteria of Truth," is found the author's own views of this life and the heavenly one, again with a long reference to Swedenborg. The latter's genius sounds a strong note throughout this book.

Before closing we quote the following passage.

To be reasonable is really to transcend oneself; it is to lay aside all that pertains to self in the bad sense of this word; to desire not that this theory shall be true and that false.

Altogether, the book has given us pleasure, and the sincere manner in which the subject has been dealt with should commend itself to the student of psychology. The author's pious hope of the book becoming a "popular" one, we fear will not be realised. Our feeling is that Humanity is not yet ready for it.

An excellent introduction is written by Sir W. F. Barrett.

I. St.C. S.

From Existence to Life: The Science of Self-Consciousness. (Price 5s. net.) *The Way.* (Price 3s. 6d. net.) *Illumination: Spiritual Healing.* (Price 3s. net.) *Inspiration: The Great Within.* (Price 2s. net.) By James Porter Mills. (A. C. Fifield, London, 1914.)

In the pages of a Theosophical magazine it is not so much our business to talk about the literary merits of books, as to reckon as nearly as we can their usefulness from the standpoint of Spiritual Science, and the service which they may render humanity. In this light the above series of works, of which three have attained a second edition, deserves our attention, for evidently they have been the means of bringing light and inspiration to many. The books deal with the subject of mental, or spiritual, healing, and the outline and theoretical side of Dr. Mills' system is to be found in the first-named—*From Existence to Life*; the later volumes are elaborations on particular sections of this work. The author treats his subject in an entirely scientific fashion, basing it in the first place on a knowledge (which as a medical man gave him his first suggestions for treatment), of the two nervous systems, namely, the sympathetic and the cerebro-spinal. For the accustomed religious nomenclature he substitutes scientific terms, thus

defining those experiences hitherto associated with religion in terms which can be comprehended by practical, unreligious and critically-minded people. This is rational since, as the author points out at the outset, the body has been constructed for the use of the mind, and it has been constructed on scientific principles. His method is "to de-hypnotise the mind from the belief in its sensuous enmeshment and to awaken it to the consciousness of its original inheritance, Omniscience". This is Mendel's "unlocking" process applied to the soul instead of to forms, the process of getting rid of inhibiting factors.

There are points on which Theosophists will not agree with the author, as for instance, the statement that "the babe, when first ushered into the objective world, is the man in blank," and elsewhere, that "he has only just emerged from a state of oblivion into his first and relative Self-Consciousness. He is now entering upon his career from a state of ignorance of himself, the universe and his Creator, on his way towards the knowledge of all, through knowing his Creator." Very well, that this knowledge of all is before him Theosophists also believe, but that this wonderful mechanism of nervous apparatus and body has been built up—which, as the author declares, can itself give him all knowledge—and that such vast knowledge is to be the fruit of a life of sixty, or seventy years, they refuse to accept. All psychic phenomena, genius and infant prodigies, are thrown wholesale and indiscriminately on to the sub-consciousness. A very sweeping statement also is made on the subject of "spirits" and spiritualistic phenomena, to the effect that :

Whatever spirits may do through the sons of men, innumerable experiments with hypnotised subjects have proved that there is also a natural scientific interpretation of the phenomena. It is claimed that the feats of the subjective mind compass the whole field of transactions that have been looked upon as supernatural, and that all the phenomena of clairvoyance, clairaudience, spiritualism, etc., may be accounted for thus.

This is a sweeping generalisation, meant to put difficult points, not easily to be explained, all on one shelf safely out of reach, and will not bear any sorting out, but as the points in question do not materially affect the art of healing, and Dr. Miller's practical philosophy, we may leave them on the shelf without more than this passing comment. We think

our readers will find the following extract more in line with Theosophical thought and worthy of study :

The real use of the senses is to bring things, which already lie in the subjective state, up above the threshold of consciousness, to be translated into self-conscious feeling. The senses are a grand possession; we could not do without them. They are true to their office; it is the judgment that is deceived. When we use the senses rightly, we may perceive Truth through the objective form; but in the kindergarten stage we judge falsely, and so the Master said, "Judge not according to the appearance, but judge righteous judgment." Judge according to knowledge, not from a fancied idea of right and wrong. Right Is. See what a great thing it is to judge right judgment.

The Way is an elaboration of the teaching, pointing out the way to regeneration, the key-note of which is that "Infinite Health is within thee". It has the additional interest of showing some of the processes of spiritual healing. Still more so is this the case in "Illumination," where the author's method of curing disease by meditation is more fully set forth. It is an elaboration of a section of his first book, *From Existence to Life*. The basis of the method is to unite the consciousness with the Eternal Principle.

Inspiration, as its name implies, does not deal with the formulated side of healing as the other three works do, but is intended rather to inspire the reader with the thoughts and feelings which give healing. It comprises the report of Dr. Miller's talks to his pupils.

We recommend this series to those who are interested in mental science healing. They are full of lofty inspiration and, though there are points of divergence from our own lines of thought, the method can be easily adapted by Theosophists.

D. M. C.

Science and Religion, by Seven Men of Science. (W. A. Hammond, London. Price 1s. net.)

This volume records seven lectures delivered during Science Week, November 22nd—29th, 1914, in Browning Hall, Walworth, London, by seven men of science, as a suitable sequence and counterpart to the five Labour Weeks of the Robert Browning Settlement.

"Science and Religion: are they enemies, neutrals or allies?" was the theme of the discussion, purposing to show that Religion has not been exploded and supplanted by Science, that

the two are on the contrary close allies. The lecturers were : Professors Sir Oliver Lodge, J. A. Fleming, W. B. Bottomley, Edward Hull, Dr. J. A. Harker, Sims Woodhead and Silvanus Thompson, each drawing from his own special field of study suitable facts and arguments for presentation in an interesting, simple form. The lectures were intended to be popular, being addressed to working men and women, teachers and students. They contain in a small space a mass of scientific arguments destructive of Materialism, are fascinating reading, and deserve a wide circulation—especially among the Labour class, for whose benefit they were delivered by the above eminent scientists.

A. S.

BOOK NOTICE

The Age of Patanjali, by Pandit N. Bhashyacharya. (Adyar Pamphlets, No. 57.) (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras.)

This is a scholarly essay written with the purpose of enquiring into (a) the probable date of Patanjali, the author of the *Mahābhāshya*, and (b) the supposed identity of the author of the *Mahābhāshya* with that of the *Yoga Sūtras*. The writer of the pamphlet believes him to be the author of the *Yoga Sūtras*, and places him about the 10th century B. C. It is tabulated in a way easy to follow and remember; the arguments are logical and the fallacies of judgment of the western Orientalists are commented upon with justifiable criticism. Full references are given, and it is a valuable essay for the careful study and research made in its accomplishment.

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

DEATH is busy among our members, who have offered themselves to the country's service, and in the news received since our last issue three of our leading members in Italy, one Englishman and two Italians, have passed away through the door of battle into the larger life. The two Italians were quite young, Gian Giacomo Porro and Luigi Ferraris; the Englishman was of middle age, Dr. James Richardson Spensley, who had lived for twenty years in Genoa as British physician and surgeon in the Port. Let me put here, in memory of these, the records sent by Mr. W. H. Kirby, one of the pillars of the Theosophical Society in Italy, and a near friend of all. Of Dr. Spensley and his many-sided activities he writes :

He had offered his services to his country as soon as the great War broke out. For a long time his offers were shelved, and he chafed at the thought that he was unlikely to be called to serve his country, when his profession and his freedom from family encumbrances fitted him so well to fill the post of surgeon in the army. But as the War went on his repeated applications were rewarded by a call early in the year to enrol, and he was given a commission in the

R.A.M.C. attached to the 8th Battalion of the Buffs. After a short period in camp in Sussex he was sent out to the Dardanelles, and, though no details are at present known, he died serving his country, killed instantaneously about the 26th or 27th September, 1915.

All Theosophists who have visited Genoa will remember Dr. Spensley. He was one of the first Theosophists here and the founder with several others, including the writer of these few words, of the first group, the "Giordano Bruno," in Genoa. Mr. Leadbeater, who had been on a visit to Mrs. Cooper-Oakley, passed through Genoa in 1899 and had met Dr. Spensley, who at once threw himself heart and soul into the study of Theosophical literature. A chance meeting and a chance remark between Dr. Spensley and the writer of these notes set alight the lamp of remembrance and, after some months of assiduous study, a little group of friends, on the occasion of Mrs. Besant's first visit to Genoa, founded the "Giordano Group" of Genoa. The first meetings took place at the Union Hotel in Dr. Spensley's rooms, and the arrival of Mr. Jinarajadasa soon after produced a bright and steady light of study and enquiry.

A strange and eccentric character, but a heart of gold. Ever ready to render service to the poor and needy, he was also a thorough and tried friend. A student and a scholar, he affected a superficial and almost whimsical attitude towards subjects he had really probed to their depths. He often affected to turn the truth over, as one does an object in one's hands that one is examining, taking now this line of argument now that, contradicting himself purposely, and delighting in paradoxical statements, often puzzling his hearers, yet having really foremost in his mind the desire to test by the strain of conflicting reasoning the solidity of his inner conclusions. Many misunderstood him, because of this method of examining truth. But his meticulous and straw-splitting methods were in effect often the reflection of his scientific training, and he was certainly not without gifts of intuition that enabled him to see the truth beyond the tangle of argument.

His great love of young people, brought him and them endless benefit. All small boys and girls liked him at once. He organised the little street ragamuffins into a corps of match sellers, and their muddy little faces and ragged clothes could not hide from his seeing eyes their needs and their possibilities. By stealth he did his good works and many constantly benefited by his personal trouble and generosity. He started football in Italy, and founded one of the first clubs for the purpose. When all was in order and the movement spread to other towns and all over the country he withdrew, and few probably of the thousands who play and watch the great matches realise his early efforts and not easy beginnings

to induce young Italy to take to a rough but healthy athletic sport that builds character.

Dr. Spensley was among the very first to take up vigorously and organise the Boy Scout Movement in Italy. His knowledge and love of boys made it peculiarly easy for him to fire their enthusiasm and his Sundays were of recent years devoted to those marches, expeditions, and miniature adventures in the country that fire the youthful imagination and open up the ways to manliness and character as well as to devotion to King and Country.

The Boy Scout Movement only passed from his hands when a great national corps of very fine and promising young fellows had been instituted with all the patronage of the highest quarters. In this present War we see every day the hundred and one uses of the Boy Scouts in daily and hourly acts of service and sacrifice among all organisations of charity and succour to those who are directly or indirectly fighting for their country's ideals.

Gian Giacomo Porro was the son of the well-known astronomer, Professor Francesco Porro; he was killed in the trenches by a bullet through his forehead. Of him Mr. Kirby writes:

His short life was full of promise. Endowed with an ardent nature and an exceptionally brilliant intellect, he won distinction and honours at the University at which he attained the degree of Doctor in Letters, after which he took up special studies in Archæology, being sent successively to Athens, Rhodes, and Libia, and obtaining finally an important Government post as Inspector of Excavations and Monuments in Sardinia, until recalled for military service at the outbreak of War. An ardent patriot, with the temperament of an artist and an idealist, he was also a force and a worker for Theosophy. Many of the best Italian translations of Theosophical works, as also most of the best-written articles in the *Bollettino* and elsewhere, are due to his pen. To him Italian Theosophists owe the especially beautiful translation of H. P. Blavatsky's *Voice of the Silence*. The Italian Theosophical Society and the "Giordano Bruno" Lodge of Genoa lose in him one of their best and most valuable workers for spreading Theosophical literature. And as he wrote, so he lived and so he died, loved and honoured by all, a soldier and a pioneer.

The second young man was Luigi Ferraris, and of him W. H. K. writes:

We have to record also the death at the front of this young Theosophist and distinguished artillery officer. He

was on duty as observer of gun-fire and received an Austrian shell in his chest. No one in Italy has worked more assiduously or more devotedly for Theosophy than Signora Teresa Ferraris, his mother, and it is in her loss of her favourite son that all Theosophists in Italy must unite with her in sympathy.

Few young men can boast of so pure a life, so unblemished a character, and so noble a temperament as Luigi, or better known as Gino, Ferraris. Fervently devoted to his country, an idealist in everything, he had his future assured as an Engineer, and on account of his technical skill was offered a place in Government Service connected with munitions; but he was deaf to all counsels of safety for himself, and insisted on serving at the front, using his technical skill for an especially dangerous post. For his country's ideals he gave his life and all he was and had. To his memory and to his devoted mother all fellow-Theosophists will send their sincerest sympathy.

They have passed into the light, but the younger ones, at least, will soon return into the shadows of our mortal life.

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We hear from France of a brief leave after so many long months of War, allowed to our French General Secretary Charles Blech. Very welcome was he to sisters and friends alike, and they report him as in splendid physical health and serene in mind; his hair has grown grey under the strain, but mind and body are but the stronger. Our Scotch General Secretary also is at the front, Major D. Graham Pole, and we hear of his brief words to his "boys" before a great charge, to keep calm and do their duty. Major Peacocke, of the Artillery, reports hard work and "fire problems for new positions," and his battery was one of the two specially thanked by the French General for the very valuable services rendered, when several English batteries were sent to support the French flank during the big attack at the end of September. One brave Theosophist writes: "I hate War, and quarrels of any kind, but as fighting has been laid on me as the

duty of the moment, I endeavour to excel in that duty." That is the spirit of the *Bhagavad-Gītā*.

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It is interesting to note how the War has aroused interest in Theosophical ideas and its larger views of life. The *Evening Star* of Dunedin, New Zealand, reprints part of my Watch-Tower notes of August last, on the offering by Britain and the Dominions of their most "fit" on the battle-fields, the draining away from the Nations of their best. The *Star* reprints all that follows of the swift evolution and return, and of the work of the Manus. The message of Theosophy comes as a strong consolation, and its reasonableness recommends it, as it "justifies the ways of God to men".

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Here our excitements are other than those in Europe. Theosophically, all our work goes very well; arrangements for the coming Convention in Bombay are all well in hand, and the fine Opera House has been taken for the four Convention lectures, to be given by myself, and also for a second series, by our brother C. Jinarajadasa, whose knowledge and culture are winning for him ever larger influence and deeper appreciation. At present he is away in Burma, where he has been making a long and most successful tour, and where, a Buddhist among Buddhists, he has done most admirable work.

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Politically, things are not so well. There is a widespread resentment against the refusal of Great Britain to accept the eagerly offered Volunteers, who longed to give their services to the Empire, and have been deeply hurt by the refusal. Had they been accepted, there might have been another couple of million men trained by this time for military service,

and there would have been no need to talk about conscription in Great Britain, and the end would have been in sight, if not already here. Moreover, the maintenance of all the coercive Acts which discredit British Rule here is felt as another proof that "England does not trust us". Various contentious measures are, moreover, being pushed on. Our Viceroy, Lord Hardinge, is the only man who really grasps the situation, and the love and trust felt for him are Britain's greatest asset here. And she is taking him away.

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In all the rumours about possible Viceroys there is one idea that no one puts forward, and, as it is an old fancy of mine, I throw it again into the melting-pot of public discussion? Why not a Royal Viceroy? At the present crisis in Indian affairs, when the whole country is deeply moved with the sense of a National life, and when a National Self-consciousness has arisen, it is necessary to gather together every force which can make easy the transition to Home Rule. The admitted conspiracies in the Panjab, the U. P. and Bengal are the sign of wide-spread unrest, and while it is probable that they are largely due to German influence, exercised to a great extent through German missionaries, and financed by German money, they could not have spread as widely as they did unless there had been discontent to strengthen the appeals of the conspirators. Secret conspiracy is the inevitable fruit of coercive legislation, and it will never disappear from India until the whole of the coercive legislation, *lettres de cachet*, and the rest of the anachronisms which the bureaucracy here cherishes, are swept away into the lumber-room of archaic curiosities. But more serious than the conspiracies is the distrust of the bureaucracy towards educated India, despite all that she has done

for the Empire, and the growing answering distrust of the Indians. A change *must* be made, not the change of a few more posts in the Public Services, but the definite recognition of the right of India to rule herself, and the formulation, after the War, of the legislation necessary to bring about that Home Rule. Many questions will rise, especially questions concerning the Feudatory States, in which a Royal Viceroy would be of inestimable value. It is, of course, obvious that "Provincial Autonomy," making each large division an autonomous State, fits in perfectly with the autonomy of the Feudatory States, and that a Federal Government, with the Viceroy at its head, will be the unifying National authority. The United States of India is the ideal of the future, and the Constitutions of the United States of America and of the Commonwealth of Australia offer materials for their construction. Over such a reconstructed India, and especially during the transition period, a Royal Viceroy is the ideal head. Why not the Duke of Connaught, a Prince of wide experience, no stranger to India, and well liked in the land? The Connaught family is one of the best branches of the Royal Family of the United Kingdom—Prince Arthur, Princess Patricia, would both strengthen the Viceregal Throne. The appointment would be welcomed by the proud Chiefs of the major States and by all those of Rajputana; it would soothe the feelings of the ancient aristocracy, would be approved by the thoughtful, and move the enthusiasm of the masses, who reverence the idea of Royalty. Why not, then, a Royal Viceroy?

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We must raise a note of protest against the statements made in the article in the present issue, entitled, "The Problem of our Attitude towards Physical Life"

—not on the opinions expressed, which belong to the author, but on the statement that “the Theosophist is taught to draw a sharp line of distinction between the interior and the exterior life How is he, with that exalted inner life of his in view, to live in the world as it is to-day?” The whole para on p. 250 expands a similar idea, and suggests that normally, the Theosophist should be “wrapt in preoccupied indifference,” should “devote himself wholly to the contemplation of transcendental glories and the cultivation of virtue in his own soul”. The author comes on pp. 253, 254, to conclusions which, we submit, are right and true, though there is only one life, not two. But with regard to the teaching of the Theosophist, I must say that I have never been taught, nor have I passed on, any teaching of the nature described. On the contrary, I have been taught that the one life, the life of the Spirit, which is myself, should show itself out through its incasings of matter, and perform every “action which is duty”. That the life of the Spirit is a joyous life of service, service of God and Man, and that no action which is Right—that is, which is in accord with the Divine Will in evolution—can be unworthy of the Spirit. Hence fighting, when fighting is necessary for the progress of the world, is an “action which is duty,” and is as much an expression of the Divine Activity as the nursing of a sufferer, or the education of a child. “Working together with me, render all action attractive,” said Shrī Kṛṣṇa. “My Father worketh hitherto, and I work,” said the Christ. The divorce between the religious and the secular life is not made in Theosophy; to the Theosophist nothing should be secular in a world where God is all and in all.



WHAT WILL HE TEACH?

By C. W. LEADBEATER

WE are often asked what the Boḍhisattva will teach when He comes, and how the world is likely to receive His message. The religion which He will preach cannot be new in its essence; it must be the old, old teaching, but He will put it in some new and beautiful form which will make it suitable to the needs of the present day. People often speak of religion as something which cannot need any new form. Our Christian brothers especially say that religion has been fully and finally stated.

“It is the Faith once for all delivered to the Saints,” they cry. “How can you alter it? how can you add to it?”

The Faith no doubt may have been once for all delivered to the Saints, but we are not told anywhere that it was once for all fully understood by the Saints or by anybody else; and as mankind develops, as intellect grows greater and love grows wider and stronger, it is quite certain that we can understand more of the great truths than our forefathers were able to understand; otherwise human evolution would be a farce. We can understand more, we do understand more in daily life, we know more about nature and more about science than men did when the Lord Buddha preached, or than they did in Judæa two thousand years ago. Therefore the religion which is to be a real and living faith in the hearts of men in the present day must take account of this wider knowledge, and must show that it enfolds it within itself—takes it as part of itself.

We must have no longer what we have had through many centuries—an opposition between science and religion, or at any rate, between science and the Church. That must never be so again, because men know in their hearts, and they cannot but know, that the scientific teaching represents an actual reality. Science makes its mistakes—has made them again and again, and has been persuaded to abandon them only with reluctance in many cases; but nevertheless its broad bases are true, and every one knows that, and consequently a religion which does not harmonise with scientific teaching stands to a large extent self-condemned in the minds of thinking men. It is not that religion does not perfectly harmonise with science; it

is itself the science of the higher worlds, the science of the spiritual; and since God is One, and His laws are the same on every plane, true religion must accord and does accord with everything that we see about us.

It does not follow that all *statements* of that religion will necessarily be in unison with scientific knowledge. The older statements often are not, and the reason is that those through whom they were made did not then know the scientific facts, and consequently the language in which they clothed the truth was often unscientific. They could but represent the truth as it appeared to them. Although in the various scriptures you have records of what the Great Teachers are reputed to have said, you must remember that in no case have you any writings of those Great Teachers. Neither the Buddha nor the Christ wrote anything which is known to the public; we have only the reports, and in most cases reports prepared long after the time, of what They were supposed to have said, and those reports must always have been coloured by the knowledge of the writer.

The hearer understands a certain thing by what he hears, and when it is his turn to teach and to become the speaker, he reports, not what his Great Teacher said, but his own individual understanding of what that Great Speaker said, which may or may not represent Him accurately. In many cases it *cannot* represent Him accurately, from the obvious fact that the apostle is not greater than his Master, but less; that he will understand less of the depth of meaning than the Master, and consequently his representation is sure to fall somewhat short of perfection, and may in some cases be quite inadequate.

We see that for ourselves in ordinary life. If you are set to describe something which you do not fully understand, it is quite sure that your report of it will be inaccurate, in the sense that a technical student who does understand the subject can find flaws in your statement of it. It is the same here, and so those men who knew nothing of science, who were not endeavouring therefore to make their statement square with this science of whose existence they were unaware, often put it in a form in which it would not harmonise. Not that the original truth would not correspond perfectly; all truths are one, and they must agree with one another; but a partial statement is very likely to disagree. We cannot revise the truth—that is God's; but the statement, which is man's, we may revise. We may put the thing in a new dress which will be acceptable to the wider knowledge of the present day, and not do violence to it in any way, as the ignorant statement so often does.

It will not, then, be anything *new*. The teaching must be the grand old teaching which is the Eternal Verity, but it will be clothed in a new form; that much is certain.

What will happen when that Teacher comes? Let us hope that the many thousands of members of the Order of the Star in the East will have done something, at least, by that time to accustom the world to the idea of His coming. We, let us hope, shall recognise Him at once, because we shall all have been trying to some extent to prepare ourselves to know Him, by developing within ourselves those qualities which He mainly preaches. Therefore at least there will be many thousands of us scattered over the world who will

acknowledge Him ; and there will assuredly be many others, whom by that time we shall have influenced, who will also be ready to own Him. Therefore a congregation, an audience, will be assured for Him. Remember also that, although we have been given to understand that He will visit all the civilised countries of the world, whether He does so or not, all that He says will be reported all over the civilised countries: it will appear in the newspapers; it will no doubt call forth much of criticism, much of argument, much of dissent. But all that will be an advertisement; all that will help to spread the knowledge of the new Great Teacher who has come.

How may we suppose that His own Churches, the result of His last effort to teach the world, will receive Him? I suppose that in every Church there will be some who will recognise Him, some whose intuition will tell them that this is He in whom they have believed, that this is He whom they expected. But certainly there will be a large number, perhaps a great majority in His Churches, who will *not* own Him, and for this reason: His teaching will come in a new and wider form. We know that it is characteristic of many of those Churches now that they cling to their own usually somewhat narrow statement of His older teaching. We know that in many cases they have abandoned His teaching altogether, and have set up instead of it a system which assuredly is not His, although it may be based upon a distortion of certain things which He is reputed to have said.

You may remember, if you read the Higher Criticism, how an accomplished writer on biblical subjects

once published a book called *Not Paul but Jesus*. He made the statement (and there is a great deal of truth in it) that the theology of the present day in the Christian Church is largely to be attributed to S. Paul, and most of it is not based upon the reputed sayings of Jesus Christ Himself. The sayings of Jesus Himself, as reported in the Gospels, are simple, direct, and clear, and bear no relation to the curious theological puzzles about which so much difference of opinion has arisen. One can quite imagine how He might come and say to His Churches :

“What is all this about which you are quarrelling ? What has it to do with My teaching ? Get to work and *do* the things that I told you last time, and then perhaps you may some day know something about all these other matters, about which you are so unnecessarily troubling yourselves.”

His own directions are clear. Remember His account of what is called the Last Judgment. Remember how He calls the people up (and since He is to be the Judge on that occasion, one must presume that He knows something about the procedure), and asks them certain questions. What does He ask ? We should expect from all we have ever heard, from what we have been taught in any Christian Church, that the first question at least would be : “Did you believe in Me ?” And probably the second, “Did you attend Church regularly ?”

The Christ unaccountably forgets to ask either of those questions, but simply says to the people : “Did you feed the hungry ? Did you give drink to the thirsty ? Did you clothe the naked ? Did you visit those who are sick and in prison ?”

That amounts to asking whether you behaved in a decent and brotherly fashion towards your fellow-men, and if you did, then you go straight off to the kingdom, without any question as to whether you believed *anything whatever*; and that is the direct teaching of the Head of the Christian Church Himself. It is a significant fact that according to this clear and unmistakable teaching of the Christ, any Hindū, any Muhammadan, any freethinker will go straight into heaven, if only he has lived a kindly life and done his duty to his neighbours. If you ask any Christian about this, he will probably shuffle, and say that of course Christ did not mean it, that He was taking for granted that they all believed in Him. However, there is His own plain statement: it seems curious that so little attention is paid to it.

So He might very reasonably call up some of these people and say:

“What are you quarrelling about in My Name? Is that what I told you? Do what I said; follow what I taught you, and not the commandments of men.”

They will not like such a rebuke, because they have erected a vast scheme on the foundation of those commandments of men, and suddenly to be called back to first principles—to be told that all their tests of Church membership do not matter in the least, that it does not matter what anybody believes so long as he behaves as he should—will be startling. I think we can hardly expect that those Churches *en masse* and officially *can* accept Him; and so I imagine that many of them will reject Him. There is the prophecy that in the latter day there will be many false Christs, so they will have an opening to say: “This may be one of the

false Christs." Many others will take the general attitude of holding back. They will say: "If this thing be of God it will prevail, if not it will presently come to naught." We cannot blame them for being cautious where they have no compelling intuition; but there will certainly be a great number who will reject Him in His own name.

Those who have read the later Theosophical books will remember how the Manu, when He was trying to found a Root-Race, established a number of people in Arabia, and imbued them strongly with the idea that they must not intermarry with other races. Then later on He found the conditions unsuitable; He left them there and withdrew only a small number of them, and went and founded His new race elsewhere. After many centuries He with His men came back to Arabia, with the hope of persuading those (who already had so much in their traditions of what He wanted) to fall in with His plans. But they rejected Him in His own name.

"You cannot be the Manu," they said. "We have directions that we should not mix with other people. We are the chosen people, and you are trying to mislead us." I am afraid it is reasonably certain that in this matter history will repeat itself—that the same thing will happen with the Bodhisattva when He comes.

Yet there will be those who will know and receive Him, and it is our business to try to increase that number—to spread the good news of His coming as widely as possible, and to bring as many as we can into the condition in which they are open to His influence, and ready to hear the wondrous message that He brings. That coming is our gospel; let us see to it

that it is preached with assiduity. And as a first step let us fill our own lives with it; let us live in the spirit of that noble verse from *Hymns Ancient and Modern* :

Thou art coming, O my Saviour,
Thou art coming, O my King,
In Thy glory all transcendent,
In Thy beauty all resplendent ;
Well may we rejoice and sing.
Coming! in the opening East
Herald brightness slowly swells ;
Coming! O my glorious Priest,
Hear we not Thy golden bells ?

C. W. Leadbeater

THE PROBLEM OF OUR ATTITUDE TOWARDS PHYSICAL LIFE

By M. A. KELLNER

THE present War is an event such as the world has never known, a convulsion of the social frame of so overwhelming a magnitude that no part of existing society can possibly remain unaffected. Everything to which we are accustomed seems slipping away, and to keep pace with the changes around us, many of our thoughts, feelings, opinions, have to be readjusted—we are in the midst of a mental, as well as a physical upheaval.

There is a special reason why this upheaval should be greater and more productive of difficulties for Theosophists than for some others. The Theosophist is taught to draw a sharp line of distinction between the interior and the exterior life. The interior life at which we aim is a very exalted one, and because of its exaltation, very far removed from ordinary life in the world to-day. But life in the world at the present moment is far from ordinary. It is altogether abnormal, and abnormal in the direction of emphasising and intensifying all the stronger and lower passions. Men at the present moment are lower, and also higher, than in normal times. It is a time of sharp contrast, of startling

extremes. The ordinary tenor of life is broken, not only on the physical plane, but also on the emotional and mental planes, where everything has become intensified. The emotional plane is now a seething mass of fierce, unbridled emotions—deadly hate, murder, treachery, the lust of killing, all the lowest, most animal and least human emotions of which man is capable. And side by side with these, we see correspondingly intensified virtues—heroism, public spirit, magnificent courage, willing sacrifice of comfort, money, prosperity, of life itself, to the general good. Heroism to-day is becoming a commonplace, and the heart swells with wonder and pride to learn the number of heroes there are in the world. We thought them ordinary, commonplace men and, but for this War, should have thought them so to the end, but we were wrong. When the need arises, they calmly throw aside the disguise and show us their true selves.

In the present state of things, these two elements, the high and the low, cannot be dissociated; they must exist side by side. We cannot take the one and leave the other. Here comes the Theosophist's special difficulty. How is he, with that exalted inner life of his in view, to live in the world as it is to-day? How is he to keep himself unaffected by the violent and undesirable emotions raging around him? What precise attitude is he to take with regard to the virtues; for though sufficiently accustomed to admire courage, self-sacrifice, heroism in the abstract, here these virtues are wholly directed to a physical, and what must be admitted to be a highly untheosophic end, namely, the overthrow and destruction of other human beings whom he is taught to regard as brothers.

The question of establishing a right balance between the inner and the outer lives is always difficult, but at the present time it has become far more so, for while the two lives have become more hopelessly incompatible than ever, it has surely become glaringly unjustifiable for any man to withdraw himself from things mundane, and, wrapt in preoccupied indifference, to devote himself wholly to the contemplation of transcendental glories and the cultivation of virtues in his own soul. Whatever one may do normally, surely now a man must feel that he cannot remain aloof, but is bound, being man, to range himself with his fellows and play *some* part in the great events of the world's life.

It is this contrast which makes the Theosophist's position so difficult. His familiarity with the idea of an inner life of perfect calm, of utter selflessness, makes it infinitely harder for him to choose his line of action in the present crisis. How can he who believes in the brotherhood of all men, in the supremacy of the law of love, and who, glorying in sacrifice, thinks little of success—how can such a man make a good soldier or a patriotic Englishman? How can he throw his whole soul into killing and maiming as many Germans as possible, when an inner voice constantly persists in reminding him that the Germans, like ourselves, are children of the All-Father and, even as we, are but human beings wending their appointed way slowly, blindly, painfully, towards perfection?

The answer to this problem is a difficult one—hard to grasp intellectually, and harder—infinitely harder—to carry out in practice. The problem is simply that of the right relation between esoteric and exoteric life; a

problem which is always with us, but is presented to us now in an acute and accentuated form. And because it is always with us, as well as because of the importance of the present crisis, it is worth any effort we can make to find a clear and definite answer, for without this we shall never be able to see clearly what line we ought to adopt, and having chosen, to pursue it consistently and without fear. Mental confusion on this point leads, at the present time, to such mistakes as trying to send out thoughts of peace and love to soldiers at the front. This, surely, is manifestly useless and even undesirable. Indeed, its safety lies in its complete futility. No ordinary man, if filled with thoughts of peace and love towards the enemy, could possibly fight as we should wish our soldiers to fight, and as we are proud to know that they are doing. To do what many of them have done requires, it is to be feared, a great deal of very untheosophic emotion in a man's mind with regard to the Germans, and if we really succeeded in filling a certain number with thoughts of peace and love, we should simply make very poor soldiers of them. This cannot be desirable. Whatever we do, let us do it thoroughly. Let all the hesitation and half-heartedness be got over before we start upon any line of action: once started, let us pursue our course, whatever it may be, with vigour and determination.

It is an ancient stumbling-block, the unsuitability of Christ's injunctions to everyday life. We hear various explanations and evasions, but there is no getting over the fact that anyone who follows them literally would come to grief with regard to everyday life. If sufficiently far advanced, they would not mind this;

in fact, when the consciousness is centred in the inner life, the apparent failure is accompanied by the feelings of success; the martyr who died by Nero's command enjoyed a sense of triumph such as the Emperor had never known. But if people are not sufficiently developed, if the consciousness is centred largely in physical life, then there is no possibility of this joy; the failure seems complete, the calamity final. Naturally to such people, to follow these commands seems sheer lunacy—and from their point of view they are right. Hence it is impossible to persuade them to take the Sermon on the Mount as a practical guide for conduct.

So far all is simple: there are two lives, the exoteric and the esoteric, each with its own laws and conditions, which, being entirely different, and often antagonistic, present a wholly different code of rules for the attainment of success. If we could leave it at that, we could simply choose for which life we were going to live, and having chosen, we should know by which code to regulate our conduct.

But there is one important fact which we must not forget, and which entirely robs the problem of this delightful simplicity. The fact is this: that this earthly life is the instrument and means whereby we progress spiritually. Therefore if, being drawn to higher things, we should renounce the outer life and turn to the inner, determined to live for that wholly and alone, we should, in reality, be renouncing the machinery by means of which the product we desire is manufactured. All that has been said about the non-reality, the unimportance, the illusion and transitoriness of everyday life is true; and yet the Great Wisdom has ordained

that by means of that non-reality, that passing illusion, we are to develop that which is real and lasting.

Here, then, is the problem by which we are faced: if we live for the outer life, throw ourselves, our energies, into that, we shall almost certainly lose sight of, and taste for, the inner, for the still, small voices of the unseen world are all too easily drowned by the clamour of earth. If, on the other hand, choosing to live for the inner life alone, we shut ourselves away from the turmoil of exoteric life, then a fate not far removed from stagnation—at best very partial and restricted progress—awaits us, for we have cut ourselves off from the instrument by which alone we can attain our end. What, then, are we to do?

There is only one answer to the riddle. We must choose, not one of the two lives, but both. We must live in the world—live vigorously, strenuously—and at the same time keep a part of ourselves aloof, so that with even greater vigour we may pursue the life within. A common illustration of the requisite attitude frequently presents itself; it is exactly that of a well-bred person playing a game. The man of breeding will throw himself heartily into whatever form of sport may occupy him, he will give it his whole attention for the moment, he will do his best to win, otherwise he would spoil the pleasure of all concerned; but he will never allow the fortunes of the game to affect in the slightest his equanimity; he will win or lose with equal good temper, and he would consider himself disgraced were he to allow any sign of annoyance to escape him however much fortune, or superior skill, might favour his opponent.

That is precisely the attitude to be desired with regard to everyday life. We must live it vigorously;

we must throw ourselves into it, play our part to the full, accept—nay, go forth to seek—its manifold experiences. But all the time we must preserve a consciousness within, that however poignant or overwhelming our experiences, none of them really matter. However wild and devastating the tempest to-day, all will be calm to-morrow—all *is* calm, even now, at the heart of things.

We must learn to watch the process of manufacture of our souls much as the clay, if endowed with consciousness, might watch its moulding in the hands of the potter. Everything that happens to us in daily life leaves its mark, and it is our business to see that the mark made is the right one. We should welcome experiences, for a crowded life may mean rapid progress, but we must keep our minds fixed on the subjective, net result of each event, not on the event itself, for that net result is the only thing that matters. For instance, suppose a bank fails and we lose some money. Habit and convention have taught us to think that the possession of money is essentially a good thing, and its loss, therefore, a calamity. This, of course, is a mistake, or rather, a distortion of the truth. Even from a purely selfish point of view, the one thing that matters to us is happiness. In so far as money tends to bring happiness, it is to be desired; and although it is a truism among moralists to say that money does not represent happiness, we have all of us yet to learn how intensely, vitally true that saying is. After a time, when we have grown accustomed to the changed circumstances which the loss of the money entailed, we may realise, with much surprise, that we are really no less happy than we were before; but the chances are that instead of

being wiser next time a calamity befalls us, we shall be equally downcast, or equally overwhelmed. This appears all the more foolish when we remember that in the nature of things the calamity, even if it actually were one, will pass and be forgotten, whereas its effect upon our character, whether for good or ill, will remain for ever, in the sense that we shall never be exactly as we should have been had that mark never been made.

Events, as well as individuals, have their "souls," their inner significance and import, and it is to the souls, rather than to the bodies, that we should accustom ourselves to attach importance. When the bank fails and you lose your fortune, the "body" of the event is your deprivation, henceforward, of a certain amount of material wealth, which will prevent you from buying certain material things you would otherwise have bought. The "soul" of the event is the abstract loss—your concept of what has happened, which, by its subjective effect on your mental state, alone has power to affect what really matters, your character and your happiness. As a rule, we fix our attention on the "body" of events, altogether overlooking the fact that there is, or can be, a separate "soul," and further failing to realise that, though we may not be able to control exoteric events, and prevent the arrival of misfortunes, yet it is within our power to ensure that all happenings shall be blessings as regards their "souls".

If we think only of the "body"—the loss, or whatever it may be—and forget that to lose some things may be no real disadvantage, then, in failing to see that the event has a soul, we miss the subjective effect which it

was designed to have, and the mental and spiritual parts of our being, robbed of their intended blessing, share in the depression attendant upon a material loss, and the event becomes an actual, instead of only an apparent misfortune. Had we, on the other hand, forced ourselves to discriminate between the outer event which did not matter, and the inner effect which did, and, fixing our attention on the latter, had realised clearly that, to the inner man, the loss of a thing was as much, if not more, productive of good as its acquisition, that here was a blessing knocking at our door if we would have it so; then, in a wonderful way—wonderful to those who are not used to the experience—the “loss” would have been entirely swallowed up in the gain, and in looking back afterwards, we should never feel any inclination to regard the failure of the bank as a calamity.

Could we but see clearly what is actually in the balance on either side, we should be amazed at our previous blindness; for what have we to put in the two scales? In the one is a certain material loss, a necessity to do without certain things—it may be also certain pleasures—which we should otherwise have had. In the other scale is the possibility of remaining cheerful in spite of an inclination to do otherwise, of rising superior to outside circumstances, in short, of acquiring the power to find happiness within ourselves, rather than in external and material things, this eventually rendering us completely independent of, and indifferent to, whatever may betide in physical life. Now, since we shall all admit that, from the most selfish standpoint, happiness is the only thing that matters, which is better, to depend for this one desired object on

circumstances which are at least as often hostile as friendly, or, by deriving happiness from within ourselves, to remain absolutely assured of possessing it, whatever may betide? There can be no two replies to the question, put thus. It is the philosophic discovery that the man who desires no material thing is richer than he who, having many desires, possesses also the means to gratify them.

Of course, the difficulties appear when we come to put the theory into practice, otherwise we should all be possessed of a perfect and unassailable beatitude. But the thing can be done—and chiefly by habitually fixing the attention, as previously said, on the soul of events, rather than the body. This habit established, in a short time, the occurrence of any of the small misfortunes or annoyances of life will act as a tonic, a spur, a call to our stock of energy, and in the mere overcoming of the natural feelings of vexation or depression, we shall take the same pleasure that a healthy body feels in physical effort; and in the enjoyment of this bracing sense of moral exercise, we shall quite forget that, by all our former standards, the event was a misfortune.

The moment the annoying or distressing thing happens, let us say to ourselves: "Am I being annoyed or depressed by it? If I am, I am failing; if I am not, I am succeeding, and have a right to feel pleased with myself. This is not an annoying thing really, it is simply a test to see how far I have progressed, and a means of practising what I have learnt. If I did not have occasions for practice, I should never improve, therefore I myself *wish* to have them, since I want to make progress, and I recognise this event as an opportunity, not as a misfortune." If we did this persistently

for a time, before long we should really begin to feel rather pleased when anything annoying happened, paradoxical as this may sound.

This is one of the supreme facts of life, and it contains within itself the solution of our problem, how we are to bear ourselves in everyday life. If we have learnt to live in the world, to face whatever daily life may bring, whether good or bad, able always to fix our attention on the inner, subjective aspect of the event, rather than on its material, outer aspect, then, as we have seen, "misfortunes," "calamities," are over for us; henceforward every event, great or small, good or bad, fortunate or unfortunate, according to the world's reckoning, will be for us but an instrument for progress and increased happiness, an occasion, an invitation, to take another step up, and hence a priceless opportunity, and the supremest blessing we can desire.

Indeed, when we have reached this point, it would seem probable that we are approaching proficiency in the art of living and, it may be, nearing the end of our course; but since we are most of us as yet only beginners, it is the elementary steps which claim our attention, and which we should do well to study further.

This method of living is the link between the two lives which are apt to appear so incompatible. We have seen that it is necessary for us to live fully and energetically in both the outer and the inner lives; that we cannot cut ourselves off from either without hindering, if not altogether arresting, our progress; and if, as Theosophists, we have chosen first as indispensable the inner and higher life of the Spirit, we want to know how we should also live vigorously in the life of the world, and especially how we should bear ourselves in

the present difficult time, when worldly life seems to demand of us total contradiction of all our ideals and aspirations.

The problem of how to live both lives at once is solved by the acquirement of this power of fixing the attention on the soul of events, and regarding everything that happens, good as well as bad, as a means of education and progress. When we are able to do that, we shall find, as a secondary result, that when we come to voluntary actions, we are able to perform them without feeling the appropriate emotions. We have grown into so impersonal a habit of mind, as regards our lower selves, that, while directing their actions, we do not experience the feelings which formerly would have prompted and accompanied those actions. Since our conduct is now determined from a standpoint quite outside worldly life, since our motives are now above and wholly unconnected therewith, in a similar way is the result of actions (so far as our feelings are concerned) dissociated. To take an example. Ordinarily, when a man kills another, he is led to do so by feelings of hate, anger, revenge, or some such motive, and while committing the deed, his whole being is dominated by these emotions. But if a man should kill another from some impersonal motive—because, for instance, he knows it to be necessary for the future safety of others and not from any personal feeling whatever—then he may escape entirely all the attendant violent emotions; he may even experience nothing but pity and regret from beginning to end of the proceeding. Clearly the result on the characters of the two men—both of whom are murderers in the eye of the law—will be wholly different. Whereas one has committed a terrible crime

for which he cannot but suffer terribly, the other may have performed an act of heroism and self-sacrifice from which nothing but good will result to himself.

Here we have an illustration of the way in which the method of living recommended above has the power to alter entirely the values of actions in the physical world: it makes it possible for us to do things, if we should find it necessary, not only without detriment to our highest welfare, but in actual furtherance of this welfare, which formerly would have seemed to us wholly incompatible with our ideals and professions. In short—it enables us to live energetically in earthly life, while still pursuing with all the strength that is in us the inner life of the Spirit.

This, it may be objected, is simply saying that, in the appraisal of any action, it is the motive alone which counts; a fact generally admitted, which might have been stated simply and at once, without so elaborate a prologue. Every one agrees that a good man may do an apparently bad action from a motive which will free him from all blame. That is perfectly true, but the prologue nevertheless has its justification. The good man, performing the numberless small acts of daily life will not, by reason of his goodness alone, be able to keep his motive always pure and himself free from the emotions naturally aroused by his actions: and when it is a question of events which come to him from outside and in which his part is primarily passive, there will be no question of motive, and he will see no better course than to strive after resignation, which is very far from being all that is wanted. If, by cultivating a correct attitude towards the events which

come to us, we acquire the habit of detachment, the custom of dwelling on the soul rather than the body of the occurrence, we shall go much further than resignation towards the misfortunes of life, and when we are called on to take an active, rather than a passive, part, we shall further find that we have acquired the power previously referred to, of performing actions without experiencing any of the appropriate feelings.

Is this, then, not a solution of our original problem? We wanted to know how it was possible for a Theosophist to conduct himself at the present time, when war and hatred and violence have convulsed society, and when many things which he has always been taught to regard as vices have now become virtues, without, on the one hand, withdrawing into selfish and callous isolation, or on the other, playing traitor to all the best that is in him.

If what has been said above be accepted, we shall see that it is possible for him to do things in outer life completely at variance with the whole trend of his inner life, and yet progress thereby in his spiritual development; provided only some adequate motive exists for the apparently retrograde action. Is there, then, any such motive at the present time? Or, to put the question in a practical form, is there now any sufficient reason why a Theosophist, who has always been taught to regard all men as brethren, and to cultivate the virtues of charity, tolerance, self-effacement and non-resistance, and above all to respect the sanctity of human life, should now take up arms and devote himself to the task of killing as many Germans as he can possibly compass?

The writer would reply in the affirmative, and would submit that there is a reason why such a course should be justifiable.

Every kingdom of life, every stage of development, has its own proper code of conduct, its own standards of right and wrong. That which is blameless and right for the tiger becomes wrong for man, and in the same way, what is right and permissible for man, becomes wrong for super-man. As we ascend, constantly there appear before us new and ever higher ideals. Our inner life is leading us up the steps to a goal above ordinary humanity, and therefore, in that inner life, the ideal of those beyond humanity prevails. But this inner life, with its lofty ideal, being a step beyond the stage which average humanity has yet reached, consequently embodies a standard of conduct not yet accepted by the ordinary man as the one to be aimed at. As individuals, this need not affect us—we are at perfect liberty to regulate our lives, if we please, by a code other than that of the people round us: but as members of a nation, this is not so. In that capacity we must be prepared to submit to the code appropriate to, and accepted by, the State at large, and this code will be, not that of the lowest in point of development, nor of the highest among private individuals, but a mean between the two. This is that mysterious thing to which we give the name “public opinion”—mysterious, because it never seems to constitute the opinion of the people present at the moment, and yet proves its foundation in reality by the overwhelming force which is undeniably behind it.

That it is fatal for us, as members of a State or nation, to attempt to hold to our own private ideals of

right conduct, will be easily seen when we reflect that a nation or State is, or should be, in reality a single entity composed of the separate individuals belonging to it, just as the individual cells constitute in their totality the human body. But the harmonious adaptation of varied activities to one common end is the essential idea of a "body" as distinguished from a collection of independent units; hence it follows that it is the primary duty of every unit (in its capacity as part of a whole) to see that it contributes to this harmonious working, and subscribes to this common end.

As members of a nation, then, duty requires that we should rule our actions by the nation's standard of conduct and not by any private standard of our own, even though this latter may be higher than the former, and consequently duty requires us to do things on our country's behalf which we should never do on our own. Indeed, paradoxical as it may seem, our own private, lofty standard demands of us, in this special capacity, action in accordance with a lower one, because otherwise, though we might be good individuals, we should be bad Englishmen, and we have to strive after perfection in *all* the relations in which we find ourselves.

There is, then, nothing necessarily incongruous in a good Theosophist doing things incompatible with good Theosophy; but how is such a one to know what to do and how far to go in actual practice? He must bear in mind the principle that his aim as an Englishman is to act up to the best national standard of right and wrong. In detail this may be a little difficult to define, but broadly we need be in no uncertainty. To give a few examples. Our national code most assuredly declares that it is right to fight, right to kill,

wound, outwit your enemy by any lawful means, in defence of your country, your loved ones and your life. It declares that in such a crisis as the present it is wrong to hold back, wrong not to do everything one can, in some way or other, to help forward the cause, at whatever sacrifice of private advantage. But while advocating no hesitancy and half measures in the making of war, there are things which this national code absolutely forbids. You may kill your enemy, it says, but you must not torture him; you may outwit him, but you must not tell him a direct lie (as by abusing the white flag); as soon as he is wounded, he is an object for pity and an enemy no longer; you may kill as many men as you like, provided they are soldiers; but non-combatants, women and children are sacred, and to harm them intentionally is an unspeakable disgrace.

These, and a thousand more dictates of our national code show, if placed beside some other codes, or our own of long ago, that even as a race we have made considerable progress on the upward path. The standard has risen, and will continue to rise higher and higher. Let us be thankful for that, and in the meantime realise that we must not expect, or even aim at, perfection too soon. This is true even in our individual lives. Although we cannot be too much in earnest in the pursuit of our ideal, we *can* be too rigid, and hurry on a little too fast. Even here, existing conditions require to be taken into account, and they will, or ought, at times to act as a brake on our ardour for rapid progress, as, for instance, in the matter of vegetarianism. When once convinced on intellectual or moral grounds that vegetarianism is desirable, we are

apt to plunge headlong into a revolutionised diet, in many cases ignoring the fact that our bodies are not quite as far advanced as the rest of us, and require a little consideration and leniency. Any injury to physical health by the adoption or practice of vegetarianism, while commanding our admiration in one direction, indicates, nevertheless, a failure to take into account existing conditions, and an undue haste and rigidity in our efforts after progress.

If this is possible in our efforts to reach our individual goal, how much more so is it possible in the pursuit of national ideals, which are admittedly lower. If we aim too high—if, for example, we go about at the present time preaching universal peace and brotherhood, and expatiating on the wickedness of taking human life—we shall achieve no result other than to put ourselves entirely out of touch with our hearers and to arouse their antagonism or contempt.

A little thought should prevent our making such a mistake. For the ordinary man to wish and work for peace at the present moment would be wrong, not right. It is those who go out to fight, not those who, when they might go, stay at home, that command the nation's respect and admiration. Never for one instant do these men doubt that they are doing their duty—how, indeed, can anyone doubt? Does anyone, Theosophist or other, make immense personal sacrifices and voluntarily face discomfort, hardship, death and worse than death, for the pleasure of it? What more conclusive proof could these men give, that at present the national code of ethics does declare that at such times as these fighting is right, justifiable and a sacred duty?

Let us then see to it that we do not commit the terrible mistake of blaming people for acting nobly and with magnificent heroism in pursuit of their ideals, simply because, looked at from another point of view, which we, perhaps have reached, but they have not, there is a still higher ideal for which to strive. Let us rather, in our public capacity, be proud to take our place beside them, realising that for the time being we are accepting a lower standard of conduct, but realising also that the one thing more important than the elevation of our ideal, is the spirit in which we strive to attain it. That which a man sees as good, is good for him, however shortsighted he may appear to another; and it is infinitely greater to strive earnestly toward a low ideal, than half-heartedly towards a high one.

We must be prepared then, as English men and women, to do things at this time which are totally at variance with our private standard of right: we are to accept the common standard, but let us not think that because this is lower than our own, all will therefore be easy. Very far from it. If it is difficulty we want—something hard of achievement—we shall not be disappointed. For this is the task before us: to act according to the common standard, while refusing to feel as the ordinary man feels. We must perform actions tending, by their nature, to arouse the most violent emotions of which mankind is capable, without experiencing these emotions; we must oppose without dislike, we must fight without hatred, we must kill without feeling one shade of animosity. Few of us, even the most advanced, could do this with ease or complete success.

We come back here to that lesson which, as Theosophists, we should have learned, and which

constitutes our right attitude towards ordinary daily life: the power of inner detachment, the habit of fixing our attention on the soul rather than the body of events, the ability to realise clearly that the one thing that matters is the subjective effect of occurrences—our attitude towards them—and since this is a matter within our control, it is henceforward of entire unimportance what may befall us, or what actions circumstances may demand of us, for all may equally be transmuted into the pure gold of spiritual progress, by which not we only, but the world in which we live and all with whom we come in contact, shall infallibly be benefited.

M. A. Kellner

IN KYNANCE COVE

(SPRING)

By EVA M. MARTIN

AT Kynance when the wind and tide were high
I climbed down to a narrow, grassy ledge
That overhung deep water, milky green
In the swirling hollows, and like emerald glass
Where the proud billows arched their shining necks.
Between the cliff and one huge island-rock
The tide surged strongly, and two currents met,
So that the waves were locked continually
In close embraces, while the impetuous wind
Blew their wild, radiant manes of snowy hair
Backward along their shoulders like thin smoke.
Above, the white gulls floated tranquilly
Across the rain-washed sky of early spring,
And the bright-flaming gorse on every side
Breathed forth its almond scent upon the air :
Below, the impassioned waves flung up wild arms
And met and clasped and parted in a whirl
Of foam and song and rainbow-tinted spray.
There, as I leaned above the unresting sea,
I saw a figure lying in a curve
Of emerald water. From a flower-pale face
Two lambent eyes, green as the wave, held mine
In a long look, while a melodious voice,
Clear as the limpid ripple of running streams,
Floated upon the wind despairingly.

“ Long I dwelt in a moorland pool,
Deep, deep and cool,
Under the brow of a purple hill,
Where the cloud-shadows fly
O'er the earth, and the sky
Is high . . . and still.
Where the winds are free,
And the golden gorse

Floats like a golden sea,
 From a hidden source
 A stream arises.
 Full of sudden, sweet surprises
 It takes its course
 'Mid rocks and ferns,
 With headlong leaps and silent turns,
 Far from that foamless pool of dreams—
 Mother of streams.
 And the stars, who mirror their heavenly faces
 In the still water through the night,
 Crossing the sky in their ordered places,
 Lured me away to find the bright
 Sea of green and tossing waves,
 And the mermaid-haunted caves
 Where the lucent sea-weeds grow,
 Paved with silver sand below.
 On and on one travelling star
 Led me o'er the moorlands far,
 Down the splashing waterfalls,
 Past the green, fern-covered walls,
 Through the primrose-lighted woods
 Where a holy silence broods,
 'Mid the rocks, across the sands—
 Till a wave stretched forth her hands,
 Caught me, clasped me, held me fast,
 Drew me out to sea at last. . . .
 Now my heart is cold as foam,
 Longing for my moorland home.
 Spirits of the sea, your flight
 Is too fierce and wild and white
 For a moorland water-sprite. . . .
 Fled, fled is my delight!"

I gazed into her luminous green eyes,
 And fain was I to leap to her, to clasp
 Her snow-white form and bear her swiftly back
 To that far, silent pool upon the moors
 Where the stars washed their faces in the dusk.
 But lo, the wave on which she floated met
 Another wave, and the two leapt in air,
 And kissed and clasped and parted, in a whirl
 Of foam and song and rainbow-tinted spray.
 She sank into the opalescent depths. . . .
 I saw her face no more. . . but o'er the spot
 Where the waves met, a white-winged sea-bird hung,
 And rose, and soared in circles overhead,
 While the sun gleamed through its wide-beating
 wings.
 With strange, mysterious cries it rose, and then,

Uplifted by the wind, flew out to sea,
Far out to sea, a wonder and a joy.

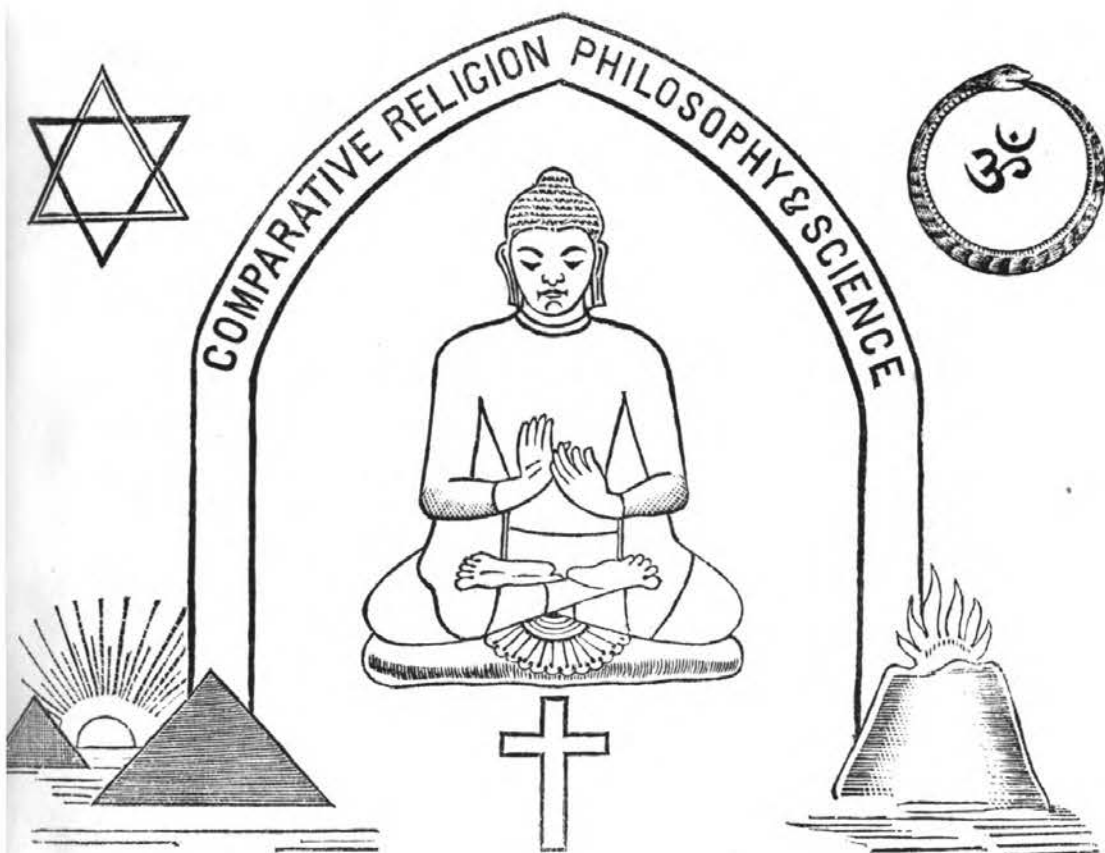
* * * * *

Even so are we frail human spirits caught
In the wild clash of the world-forces, while
Our hopes and thoughts and dreams are dashed to
spray,

Shining an instant only in the sun.
Even so the star of life doth lure us forth
From many a tranquil haven of repose,
Down through the sunlit moors and shadowy woods,
Across the sands of birth, into that sea
We call the world, where meet in tireless war,
The eternal elements of life and death.
There are we tossed and carried to and fro,
In passionate unrest, till all the waves
Of the world meet o'er our heads, and we must sink,
In fathomless depths of unknown mystery.

*Yet there shall rise from out the swirling gulf
A foam-white bird, with strong and vibrant wings,
To circle the illimitable sky,
And ride upon the wind far out to sea.
Far out to sea, a wonder and a joy.*

Eva M. Martin



ABDUR RAZZAK

By V. RANGACHARI, M.A.

(Concluded from p. 166.)

THE time came when Razzak was in serious danger of his position, if not life, in the court, in consequence of the machinations of certain people from Hormuz who were residing in the country. These circulated a rumour that Razzak was an impostor, that he was

not the accredited representative of His Majesty, the Khakan-i-said, but a mere merchant with the diploma of his master. The nobles and ministers came to be influenced by it and Hambah¹ Nurir, a low vile man who officiated as Danaik, during the absence of the permanent Danaik in a campaign against Kulberga, believed in this representation and stopped the daily allowance hitherto assigned to the ambassador. Not satisfied with this the Hormuzians, with that characteristic "devilry which formed the leaven of their disposition," spread "several other lies in the hearing of the infidels," and they produced such an impression upon them that for some time the author was, to use his own language, reduced to a state of misery and uncertainty "in the middle of this unholy country". And from this anxiety it was the Emperor that saved him. Incapable of small feeling, he never gave way to resentment; on the other hand, when he met him several times on the road, he treated him with much graciousness, asked how he was going on, and did not object to the assignment of a daily allowance of seven thousand fanams on the old Danaik's return. Their King was indeed not uninfluenced by the whispers of calumny; for when in December, 1443, he dismissed Razzak and sent two ambassadors—Khwaja Mahsud and Khwaja Muhammad of Khorasan—to Mirza Shah Rukh, he told him plainly that it had been represented that he was not really the envoy of his sovereign, that otherwise he would have paid him greater respect :

If you should come again into this country, and I should ascertain that you are really sent on a mission by His Majesty,

¹ Major adds that he was a *Christian*. He also gives his name as Nimah Pezir. But Elliot points out that *Hambah Nurir* is the right name. Again, unlike Major, he says that Hambah was "a temporary substitute". Does the word *Christian* occur in the original MSS. ?

I shall pay you such attention as becomes the dignity of my Empire.

In a similar vein he wrote to the Shah himself :

It was our intention to commend myself to His sacred Majesty by royal presents and gifts, but certain parties represented that Abdur Razzak is not His Majesty's servant.

It is to the remarkable credit of the Emperor that, in the face of this suspicion, he was so generous, kind and hospitable to the stranger ; and it is not surprising that the latter naïvely and curtly remarks : " In very truth, he possessed excellent qualities."

Abdur Razzak does not give us much information about the system of government which obtained in the country. All he says is that " one might seek in vain throughout the whole of Hindustan to find a more absolute *rai*, for the monarchs of this country bear the title of *rai*". One administrative officer alone he mentions, the Danaik or Vizier. He had his office in the Dewan Khana, where he heard people's affairs and heard their petitions. There was no appeal from his decisions. Every day after the conclusion of business he was to make a report of the affairs to the King. The Danaik was also a military officer ; for Abdur Razzak mentions two occasions on which he went abroad on military expeditions, one against Kulberga and the other against Ceylon. The Danaik of Deva Raya was, says Razzak, a very able and trustworthy eunuch, in whose valour, fidelity and capacity the King had absolute confidence. This is illustrated by a tragic incident which Razzak describes in detail, which took place during his stay in Calicut and which gives us a clue as to the insecurity of the imperial crown. The King's brother who had just constructed a house for himself invited thither the monarch and the principal magnates.

Now it is an established usage of the infidels never to eat in presence of each other. The men who were invited were assembled together in one grand hall. At short intervals the prince either came in person or sent some messenger to say that such or such great personage should come and eat his part of the banquet. Care had been taken to bring all the drums, kettledrums, trumpets and flutes that could be found in the city, and these instruments playing all at the same time, made a tremendous uproar. As soon as the individual who had been sent for entered the above-mentioned house, two assassins, placed in ambush, sprang out upon him, pierced him with a poignard and cut him in pieces.

They removed the fragments of his body and then sent for another guest ; and no sooner did he enter the hall than he found himself sacrificed. The noise of drums and the clamour of festivities prevented the cries and denunciations of the unfortunate victims from being heard, and the grim carnage therefore went on unrecognised and undisturbed. In this manner all those who had any name or rank in the state were removed. The bloodthirsty monster then enticed the guards of the palace and despatched them. The palace was now defenceless and the villain was able to enter into the King's presence. With a dish covered with betel-nuts in which a brilliant poignard lay concealed, he approached the unsuspecting monarch and invited him to his house. The King instinctively did not want to go, and pleaded ill-health. The unnatural brother now gave up his secrecy and gave vent to his design. He drew his poignard, struck the King, and practically left him dead, entrusting one of his confidants to complete the sanguinary task by cutting off his head. The murderer then ascended the portico of the palace and delivered an address to the people in which he spoke of his slaughter of the King, his brothers, his nobles, his Brahmanas and his Viziers, and of *his* sole right to claim and receive their allegiance. In the meanwhile

the King, who had not lost his life, recovered his senses, killed his brother's emissary with the aid of a single guard who had accidentally happened to witness the horrible transaction, and emerging out of the palace to the scene of his brother's harangue, instantly proclaimed his existence and his safety and ordered the seizure of the wretch. The furious crowd immediately responded to the royal mandate. They fell on the traitor and tore him to pieces. From amidst this tragedy only one had escaped, and that person was the Danaik. An expedition to Ceylon had sent him out of the country and therefore out of danger; and now when the King recovered from the shock of the huge outrage committed on him, his very first act was to send an urgent courier to the Vizier, asking him to return forthwith and informing him of the events that had transpired in his absence. The advent of the Danaik was the sign of a speedy punishment of those who had been involved in the conspiracy. They were "either flayed alive or burnt to death, or destroyed in some other fashion and their families were altogether exterminated". One of the other fashions referred to is the trampling by an elephant, so that the criminal would be crushed to death. The Danaik was, says Razzak, a firm friend of his and treated him in a noble and generous manner. This generosity shone by contrast when his temporary successor, Hambah Nurir, a man who was "diminutive in stature, malignant, low-born, vile, savage and reprobate" listened to the enemies of Abdur Razzak, and withdrew the allowance hitherto granted to him.

It is unfortunate that Razzak gives no more information about the actual administration of the country

or the duties and functions of its great officers. All that he enlightens us on is the police system of the city and the administration of the mint. Regarding the city police he points out that, to the office of the Prefect which lay opposite to the Mint there were attached twelve thousand policemen. Their daily pay amounted to twelve thousand fanams, and the whole of this amount was obtained from the proceeds of the brothels of the city. The brothels were in a definite quarter of the city, and the business of collecting the revenues was not difficult. Razzak describes it as situated behind the Mint, and as a fine, well-built street, three hundred yards long and twenty broad, lined by mansions in front of which were fore-courts and platforms on which figures of lions, panthers, tigers and other animals were "so well painted as to seem alive". At the doors of the houses, on chairs and settees, were seated, after the midday prayers, the courtesans themselves, in all their finery and their charms, attended by one or two slave-girls, experts in the art of "blandishments and ogles" beyond description. The business of the policemen who were maintained out of the revenues from these pleasure-houses, was

to acquaint themselves with all the events and accidents that happen within the seven walls, and to recover anything that is lost or that may be abstracted by theft; otherwise they are fined. Thus, certain slaves which my companion had brought took to flight, and when the circumstance was reported to the prefect, he ordered the watchmen of that quarter where the poorest people dwelt to produce them or pay the penalty; which last they did, on ascertaining the amount.

The worthy writer does not tell us whether this urban police system was a feature in every city of the empire or whether its existence was a feature of the

capital only; but we may perhaps believe that it was a common institution in every well-populated town or city.

Regarding the Mint and its activities, Abdur Razzak tells us that it discharged the duties both of coining and of the State Treasury. The Mint and the Treasury offices, in other words, were combined. Razzak mentions three gold coins, one silver and one copper as current in the Empire. The gold coins were the varaha, the partab or half-varaha, and the fanam which was one-tenth of the partab. The silver coin, or the tar, as it was called, was one-sixth of a fanam in value, while the copper jital was, it is curious to note, a higher coin, equal to one-third of the fanam. As the Treasury Office, it received the revenues and disbursed them.

The usage of the country is that, at a stated period, every one throughout the Empire carries to the mint the revenue (*zar*) which is due from him, and whoever has money due to him from the Exchequer received an order upon the mint. The Sipahis receive their pay every four months, and no one has an assignment granted to him upon the revenues of the provinces.

Of the sources of revenue, Abdur Razzak does not speak. All his information in this respect is a statement which he incidentally makes in the course of his description of Vijayanagar to the effect that at the gates of the city were posted guards who were very diligent in the collection of taxes (*jizzat*). These taxes were evidently, as Sewell points out, octroi duties. One other source of revenue, the licence for prostitution, has been already referred to.

With regard to expenditure, Abdur Razzak takes care to inform us of the lion's share of it in the military department. The Rāya, he says, had more than a

thousand elephants, resembling mountains in size and devils in form, and a gigantic army of 1,100,000 men. Next to the military defence, the King's own personal expenses formed an important item. The Rāya's harem, which contained seven hundred ladies, purchased from their parents from every part of the empire, and into which no male person above ten years was admitted, naturally absorbed a good deal of the revenues. The amount spent on palaces and pleasure houses, on elephants and horses, for the private use of the Emperor, was proportionally great. Abdur Razzak speaks of gold and silver walls and nails, doors and ceilings. Pearls and gems were in profusion and played a conspicuous part in the adornment of men and things. The Emperor's throne, for example, was "made of gold and enriched with precious stones of extreme value," and, adds Razzak, was nowhere excelled in the other kingdoms of the earth. The cushion on which the Rāya sat had three rows of exquisite pearls on its edges. The roofs and walls of his throne-room were entirely formed of plates of gold enriched with precious stones. "Each of these plates was as thick as the blade of a sword, and was fastened with golden nails."

The large scale of palace expenditure can be inferred from that of the department of elephants. These huge and costly beasts were required, in those days, for a variety of purposes. They were, in the first place, valued for their contribution to the grandeur of State processions and State celebrations, for war in the second place, for games and amusements in the third, and lastly for the execution of criminals who were cast down before them to be crushed to death. Elephants were numerous in the country, but the biggest were reserved

for the palace. A particular part of the capital was assigned for the taming and breeding of these. The King, we are informed, had a white elephant which he held in superstitious veneration, and which he ordered to be brought every morning to his presence so that he could see it first in the day. No expenditure was spared in the proper construction of elephant stables and in the method of feeding them. Each elephant was housed in a separate stall, the walls of which were very strong and high and covered with strong wood. "The neck and back of the elephant were attached by chains to the beams above, and the forelegs were similarly bound." The elephant's food was sumptuous! In fact an elephant of the Rāya seems to have commanded more comforts and luxuries than many of his subjects! Razzak says they were sumptuously fed on *kichu*, which, after being cooked, was turned out from the cauldron before them. Sprinkled with salt and sweetened with moist sugar, it was then made into a mass out of which balls of about two *man's* each were dipped in butter and then placed by the keepers in the mouths of the animals. So habitual did the latter become in the expectation of their meal that a negligence in the refining process was chastised with death by them; and if the negligent keeper escaped the elephant's fury, he was not likely to escape his sovereign's. The elephants were fed in this way twice a day.

It is in the description of court life, of court etiquette, court customs and festivals that Abdur Razzak excels. When he was first introduced to the court he found the Prince seated in a hall surrounded by the most imposing attributes of State.

Right and left of him stood a numerous crowd of men arranged in a circle. The king was dressed in a robe of green satin, around his neck he wore a collar composed of pearls of beautiful water, and other splendid gems.

The custom of the day necessitated the gift of presents by an ambassador, and Razzak presented to the Rāya, in the name of his master, five beautiful horses and two trays each containing nine pieces of damask and satin. And the Rāya, in accordance with the etiquette of the age, gave an ample present in return—a tray, two packets of betel, a purse containing five hundred fanam's and twenty mithkal's¹ of camphor. His generosity at the same time ordered the daily provision of two sheep, eleven couple of fowls, five *man*'s of rice, one *man* of butter, and one *man* of sugar, together with two varaha's in gold. Thrice a week the ambassador was received by the King and engaged in conversation on matters concerning his country and King, and always dismissed with a packet of betel, a few fanams and camphor.

Abdur Razzak was struck with amazement and wonder at the numerous festivals and celebrations, and the games and amusements of the court. He gives a glowing and realistic picture of a certain festival of which he was the eye-witness. It is not clear what festival he refers to. Razzak himself calls it *Mahanadi* or *Mahanawi*, which evidently stands for *Mahanavami*. But the *Mahanavami* was a nine days' festival which began with the New Moon of the month Asvina, whereas Abdur Razzak says that the festival which he saw was a three days' festival which began with

¹ Major says that the *Mithkal* was the name both of a weight and of a coin, the present weight being three pennyweights. As regards the *Mans*, the same scholar points out that as there are ten sorts in Persia and India it is impossible to fix the real weight intended by Razzak and that, if the market weight is meant, it should be 7½ pounds. See *India in the 15th Century*, p. 31.

the full moon of Kartika. Mr. Sewell¹ therefore surmises that the New Year's Day festival might have been intended by him. However it was, the account he gives is so beautiful and so realistic that it has become a classic in the eyes of the indigenous historian. Razzak says how in pursuance of orders issued by the King of Bidjanagar, the Generals and principal personages from all parts of his Empire presented themselves at the palace, and paid their tribute and allegiance. They brought with them a thousand elephants, "tumultuous as the sea and thundering as the clouds, arrayed in armour and adorned with howdahs on which jugglers and growers of naphtha were seated". Their interview with the Rāya over, the games and amusements began and endured for three days. They were conducted on a broad expanse of ground, magnificently decorated, in which the numerous elephants provided, to the eyes of the traveller, the appearance of the waves of the sea or of "that compact mass which will be assembled together at the day of Resurrection". On this space were erected a number of enchanting pavilions, from two to five storeys high; and on these pavilions there were painted, from top to bottom—

all kinds of figures that the imagination can conceive—of men, wild animals, birds and all kinds of beasts, down to flies and gnats. All these were painted with exceeding delicacy and taste. Some of these pavilions were so constructed that they revolved, and every moment offered a different face to the view. Every instant each stage and each chamber presented a new and charming sight.

In the front of the plain, there was a pillared edifice, nine storeys in height on the topmost of which the Emperor was seated. In the open space between

¹ See *Forgotten Empire*, p. 93.

this palace and the pavilions, the games were enacted. They were endless. Sometimes singers and story-tellers exercised their respective arts. "The singers were for the most part young girls, with cheeks like the moon, and faces more blooming than the spring." They were adorned with beautiful garments and displayed "figures which ravished the heart like fresh roses". They were seated "behind a beautiful curtain opposite the King. On a sudden the curtain was removed on both sides, and the girls began to move their feet with such grace that wisdom lost its senses and the soul was intoxicated with delight". Besides these, there were a number of miraculous and marvellous feats performed by trained elephants. Abdur Razzak mentions a feat in which three beams were placed one on another, and an elephant was made to mount on the topmost of them, and "beat time with his trunk to every song or tune that the minstrels performed, raising the trunk and lowering it gently in accord with the music". Another feat was to construct a gigantic horizontal bar, attach a long weight on one side, and place an elephant on a plank on the other, so that it had to go up and down, marking the tune of the musicians with the motion of his trunk.

One cannot, without entering into great detail, mention all the various kinds of pyrotechny and squibs, and various other amusements which were exhibited.

Regarding the outdoor amusements of the monarch, Abdur Razzak is comparatively meagre, and gives a short account of elephant-chasing,¹ of which the Rāya was very fond. Deva Rāya stayed sometimes for months in the jungles in this exciting game. The way in which the elephants were caught was very

¹ Students of epigraphy will see how true Abdur Razzak is in his representing Deva Rāya as a lover of the elephant chase.

skilful. A pit was dug in the way which the animal frequented and covered lightly, so that the beast fell into it. For three days it was not approached; but on the fourth a man would come and repeatedly strike it with a bludgeon, while another would appear in the guise of a protector, drive off the oppressor, seize the bludgeon and throw it away, and retire after placing some forage before the beast. The process was repeated for days till the animal became friendly to the protector and allowed him to come near and scratch and rub him till, deceived by this kindness, he would submit his neck to the chain. Elephants were also purchased from Ceylon, their price depending on their height.

In regard to the material condition of the people, Abdur Razzak has some favourable remarks to offer. In a single passage he notes the thick population of the country, the colossal wealth of the Emperor, and the jewellery which the people, as the result of their prosperity, possessed.

This country is so well-populated that it is impossible in a reasonable space to convey an idea of it. In the king's treasury there are chambers with excavations in them, filled with molten gold, forming one mass. All the inhabitants of the country, whether high or low, even down to the artificers of the bazar, wear jewels and gilt ornaments in their ears and around their necks, arms, wrists and fingers.

One other common but cheap luxury among them was the betel. Both as a digestive after meals and as a mark of courtesy, it was used by all classes of people. Ministers and ambassadors, noblemen and courtiers, made presents of it on occasions of State or private entertainment. Regarding its virtues, Razzak observes:

It lightens up the countenance and excites an intoxication like that caused by wine. It relieves hunger, stimulates the

organs of digestion, disinfects the breath, and strengthens the teeth. It is impossible to describe, and delicacy forbids me to expatiate on, its invigorating and aphrodisiac virtues.

We may note also that Abdur Razzak mentions the high position occupied by the Brahmanas both in the order of society and the counsels of State. He places the influence of Brahmanism only next to the absolutism of the monarch.

The book of Kalilah and Dimna, the most beautiful work existing in the Persian language and which presents us with the stories of a *rai* and a Brahman is probably a production of the talent of the literati of this country.

It is unnecessary to dwell on the later career¹ of Abdur Razzak. For the moment he left India he ceased to take any interest in her affairs, and the historian of India does not miss him. As has been already mentioned, he left Vijayanagar somewhat discredited, and two men of Khorassan who had been in Vijayanagar, Khwaja Mahsud and Khwaja Muhammad, were sent as ambassadors to his sovereign. He received, however, a kind and cordial treatment at the hands of the Rāya on the occasion of his bidding farewell to him. A journey of eighteen days brought him to the port of Mangaluir (Bakrur or Mangalore?), where he had the privilege of an interview with a Muhammadan saint, a hundred and twenty years old, and where one of the two ambassadors, Mahsud, died. The Ramzan over, Razzak set out on his voyage, and after an eventful journey, reached Hormuz in April, 1444. He was to live for thirty-eight years more and distinguish himself as an historian and diplomatist.

V. Rangachari

¹ See *India in the 15th Cent.*, Introduction, and Elliot's *History*, iv, p. 90.

TREASURE TROVE OF ANCIENT LITERATURES

By G. K. NARIMAN

(*Concluded from p. 179.*)

III. Enormous Buddhist Samskr̥t literature in original and vernacular versions—Great discovery of the century: Pāli not the mother tongue of Buddhism; Pāli represents translation from perished vernacular

THE varieties of scripts employed in these manuscripts are as curious as their contents. We meet with a Manichæan Estrangelo, the Uigurian alphabet, the Brāhmī, the Runes of a particular kind, (which the genius of Thomsen was able to read twenty years ago for the first time on the stones at Orkhon and Jenissei). From the standpoint of their contents the texts fall into three divisions. The Christian literature has up to now been very sparsely encountered, the largest document dealing with the adoration the Magi who are here described after the manner of the Apocrypha. Among Buddhist texts, those of a comparatively later date occupy a large place—the *Saḍḍharma puṇḍarīka*, the *Suvarṇa prahasa Sūtra*, (of which both Berlin and Petrograd boast of complete texts), passages from the

diaries of travellers, from the peculiar species of literature, not always of a cheerful nature, the Dharanis, and the penitential formulas with their lively portraiture of all manner of imaginable sins. They bear a strong resemblance to the Zoroastrian *Patets*. Then there are again fragments of works with interlineal versions, which are not without value for the originals, since though they are somewhat younger in age they reflect the oldest accessible texts. From the standpoint of history and literature the most interesting of our acquisitions are the miscellanea of Indian legends. Who could have ever conceived an expectation of coming across in Turfan the old legends of the *Mahābhārata* related by Bimbasena or more correctly Bhīmasena and his fight with the demon Hidimba, or of the *svayamvara* of Indian princesses? We have confessional formulas of the Manichæans which are without doubt framed after the Buddhist exemplars, like the *Khuastuanift* which is valuable even in its dogmatic contents, and another which witnesses to a considerable tolerance of Buddhism. In this text, in the same breath, are enumerated the sins committed by one against one's own brother in religion as well as the sins shared in Vihāras dedicated to Shakyamuni! Further, our inventory of the treasure trove has to notice fragments of hymns, sermons, divine judgments, and dogmatic transactions; next, a small complete book of prognostications or a dream book in the Rune script. It bears resemblance to similar products of China, but is of Manichæan origin. A special value is to be ascribed to two leaves from Berlin which from their exterior can be marked as Manichæan and not Buddhist. The first relates to the setting out of the Boḍhisattva or as

he is here called, the Bodisav, on the path of renunciation, and those who meet him. The other contains the revolting story of the youth who in his intoxication embraces the dead body of a woman. It is of Buddhistic origin and S. Oldenburg has shown that it occurs as the first parable in the Persian version of the legend of *Balaam and Joasaph*. This discovery as good as confirms the conjecture of Muller and Le Coq, to which the peculiar name Bodisav had led them, that here we have to do with the vestiges of the Manichæan version of the celebrated Buddhist romance. But it is not at all impossible that the original was a Manichæan work possibly in the Soghdian language. It would constitute a remarkable instance of involuntary syncretism if the Manichæans had contributed to the turning of the founder of Buddhism into a Christian Saint.

There is hardly a single nation among those of the East Asiatic continent possessing any civilisation of its own, which has not left literary traces in Turkestan. Müller has in certain fragments recognised the script employed by the Hephthalites or White Huns on their coins. We have Mongolian letters and xylographs in the enigmatical Tangutian writing language. Tibetan manuscripts are numerous of which only a few, the fragment of a sūtra and a couple of religious songs, have been brought out by Barnett and Francke. The number of Chinese writings is enormous. The oldest of these excavated from the sand by Stein are now before the public in a magnificent work by Chavannes. Of the paper manuscripts a few go back to the second Christian century. They are at any rate the oldest paper documents in the world. A large majority of

the documents are on wooden tablets. Some are on bamboo chips: they mark the condition of the oldest Chinese books. The wooden pieces, the oldest of which date from 98 B.C., come from the archives of the garrisons stationed here in the outermost west of the empire on the Great Wall. Here are gathered the detailed particulars regarding the daily life of these military colonies in the first centuries of Christ. They deal with the duties, the wages, the equipments of the soldiers, an optical telegraphic service, a postal department; and, a complement to the picture of the realities of the day, a poem of later days describing the miseries and dangers of the frontier legions guarding against the barbarians of the West. The mass of later Chinese manuscripts seems to belong to works of the Buddhist canon and to business documents. A stranger has sometimes strayed into the collection as is shown by the "Lost Books in the Stone Chamber of Tun-huang," published five years ago in Peking. It is a pleasant sign that China is willing not merely to guard the ancient literary treasure entrusted to her, but also to make it useful.

For us, in India, the manuscripts in Indian languages are of supreme importance. Historic interest is claimed before all by documents on leather and wood discovered by Stein on the Niya river. They contain, as is evidenced by the publications of Rapson and Boyer, dispositions and reports of local authorities, instructions, regulations, official and private correspondence—all inscribed in the Kharoshti script and drawn up in a Prākṛṭ dialect. The date of the Prākṛṭ documents is fixed by the Chinese wooden tablets which have been mixed with the latter, and one

of which is dated A. D. 269. In the third century, therefore, there were Indians in Khotan of Gāndhāra origin who were living mixed with a Chinese population. It is, therefore, not improbable that an historic fact lies at the basis of the legend according to which Khotan in the days of Ashoka was colonised by Chinese emigrants under the banished son of the Emperor as well as the inhabitants of Takshashila whom the Indian king, wounded over the blinding of his son Kunala which they had not prevented, had accordingly ordered to be banished to the deserts to the north of the Himālayas. In the circle of these Indian colonies lies also the Kharoshti manuscript of the *Dhammapāḍa* which is known after Detrenil de Rhins. Professor Lüder thinks that it is by no means a private anthology, but the remnant of a particular tradition of the word of the Buddha which up to now has undoubtedly remained the only one of its kind.

Since the time of Pischel, who deciphered the first pages of the xylograph of the *Samyukṭāgama*, the remnants of the Buddhist canonical literature in Samskrṭ have been infinitely multiplied. What up to now has been placed before the public out of the *Vinaya* and *Dharma* of the Buddhist Samskrṭ canon by Sylvain Levi, Finot and de la Vallée Poussin is only a small portion of the salvage. Of the *Uḍānavarga*, which seems to have been unquestionably the most favourite Samskrṭ Buddhist work, 500 leaves are preserved in the Berlin collection alone, out of fragments and leaves belonging to some 100 manuscripts, so that the text is almost completely restored. Pischel recognised that these vestiges belong to the canon of the school of the Sarvastivadis lost in the original Samskrṭ. He already

noticed that the Samskr̥t texts were not translations from the Pāli canon, which is the only canon preserved intact to us. A penetrating research has revealed that both the Samskr̥t and Pāli canon are traceable to a common source which, as is proved by mistakes in the translations, was drawn up in the Eastern dialect which was spoken as the common idiom in the territory of the Buddha's activity. THIS IS AN EVENT WHICH IS OF DECISIVE CONSEQUENCE IN THE HISTORY OF BUDDHISM. We are now in a position to restore the Samskr̥t canon from the débris of tradition. It existed in the pre-Christian centuries in Magadhā. That, however, is not equivalent to saying that we have come upon the original word of the Buddha. What the Buddha himself exactly taught will always remain a subject of speculation although Professor Lüder believes we are not yet justified in resigning ourselves to the position of *ignorabimus*. That, however, which the Church thought He taught at a time to which no direct documents go back, is now in our hands, thanks to the Turkestan discoveries.

Another region in literature has now been made accessible from this quarter—the pre-classical Samskr̥t poetry. Thirty years ago the Kāvya appeared to begin with Kāliḍāsa who was placed in the sixth century. Before that seemed to lie centuries of complete sterility and Max Müller coined the phrase about “Sanskrit renaissance”. To-day we are positive that Kāliḍāsa lived in the beginning of the fifth century, that his name signifies the zenith of courtly poetry, and that it was preceded by a spring. Inscriptions and a couple of lucky discoveries in India have given us an idea of the beginnings of the Kāvya. Turkestan intimates to us the

existence of an unsuspected wealth of hymns, epics, romances and anthologies which in the majority belong probably to this period. The material is always religious but the form is that of the secular Kavi. This differentiates the poetry from the old Buddhistic, though the old Church did not by any means stand hostile to poetry.

The present writer may be allowed to dwell for a moment—a moment only—on the brilliant confirmation of the discovery of the Buddhist canon in Samskr̥ṭ. A short eight years ago his refusal to look upon Pāli as the prime word of the Buddha, and Samskr̥ṭ Buddhist books as later fabrications, drew on him a storm of indignation from Burmese monasteries. Unfortunately for the time-being the excavator's spade is left for the shrapnel; else it were easy to make a present to the Shwe-da-gon shrine of an anthology of Samskr̥ṭ Buddhism as voluminous as any in Pāli issued from Leipzig or New York.

IV. The hiatus in classical Samskr̥ṭ literature supplied—Buddhist poetry or drama in Samskr̥ṭ—Matriceta and Ashvaghosha the forerunners of Kālidāsa—Authenticity and verification of Tibetan treasures

People appropriated the popular species of poetry called the Gāthas by putting over it a Buddhistic veneer. The first age of profound religious passion gave rise to a number of poets who, however, had not the ambition to hand down their names to posterity. Many of the strophes which were placed in the mouth of the Buddha himself or his disciples are among the finest produced by the literature of any age. But only when Samskr̥ṭ was given the position of a church language, instead of the popular dialect, doubtless with a view to a wider spreading of the doctrine, it was then only that

poetry began to be composed according to the rules of the Samskr̥t court singers. Our manuscripts prove how much under the influence of this artificial poetry gradually the ear of the monk himself in the Turkestan monasteries was refined. Scholars were constantly at work improving upon the old translations of canonical works which were in many ways crude and unpolished. They laboured to reduce the text in language and metre to the stricter requirements of later ages.

Two names belonging to this early period are mentioned in the Middle Ages with enthusiastic admiration, Matriceta and Asvaghosha. Both belong as it seems to the beginning of the second century. Matriceta's fame is based on his two hymns to the Buḍḍha, which according to I-tsing in the seventh century every monk in India learnt by heart, whether he was attached to the *Hinayāna* or the *Mahāyāna*, and gave rise to the legend that the author in his previous birth had rejoiced the Buḍḍha with his songs as a nightingale. They were up to now known only from Tibetan and Chinese translations. From the fragments in the Berlin collection about two-thirds of their text has been restored. The work of Matriceta has great value in the history of the Samskr̥t literature as the earliest example of Buḍḍhistic lyrics; although the enthusiasm with which the Chinese Buḍḍhist scholar and translator I-tsing speaks thereof is not altogether intelligible to us. Dogmatic accuracy can scarcely compensate us for the monotony with which synonym after synonym has been heaped. Also the *alaṅkāras* which constitute the regular decoration of a *kāvya* are only sparingly employed. Incomparably higher as a poet at any rate stands Ashvaghosha.

Fragments of his epic, the *Buddha carita* and the *Saundarānanda* in the original Samskr̥ṭ are found in Turkestan. Here we have also palm leaves eaten up and ruined on which was inscribed the *Sūtra alaṅkāra* which is at present known only from its Chinese translation. A French version of the Chinese rendering was done by Huber. The ruined remains, however, give us an idea of the style of Ashvaghosha. We likewise possess a wholly unexpected fund of remnants of dramas of which at least one in the colophon is expressly designated as Ashvaghosha's work. One of the two palm leaf writings in which it is preserved to us is a palimpsest prepared in central Asia. The other was probably written in northern India during the lifetime of the poet. It represents the oldest Brāhmī manuscript we know. One leaf has come out of a dramatic allegory in which Wisdom, Endurance, and Fame entertained themselves on the virtues of the Buddha. Probably it is an epilogue or an interlude. A fragment represents a comic piece in which the principal part seems to have been played by a courtesan. The drama which undoubtedly is a production of Ashvaghosha treats of the story of the two chief disciples of the master, Shārīpuṭra and Mauḍgalyāyana, up to the time of their conversion to Buḍḍhism. The fragments do not suffice to enable us to judge of the individuality of Ashvaghosha although they furnish valuable suggestions for a general history of the Indian theatre. We here come across, apart from divergences of little consequence, forms as in the classical period. The speeches are in prose intermixed with verse. The women and the inferior *dramatis personae* speak a Prākṛṭ dialect which undoubtedly stands here on a

more ancient phonetic level. The comic person of the piece, the Viḍūṣhaka, is also here a Brāhman perpetually suffering from hunger in the company of the hero, and the manner of his jokes is the same as in *Shākuṇṭala*. All this demonstrates that the Indian drama at the close of the first Christian century was fully developed in all its peculiarities, and this has been completely established by the discovery in Southern India of the dramas of Bhasa, by Gaṇapaṭi Shāṣṭri. Bhasa is one of the poets mentioned by Kālidāsa as his predecessor.

It is a variegated picture this, presented to us by research in Turkestan. It is all still almost in confusion, the flickering light of accident. It will require years of labour before we are able to judge of the whole huge collection. The question with some is whether the results will be commensurate to the labour. There are many in the West who have hardly any appreciation for the work of scholars engaged on the investigation of peoples and speeches of Southern and Eastern Asia. But the sinologues' views at least must count. Chinese is a "colonial language". The Samskr̥ṣṭist, however, is something more than a tranquil man who worships dead deities worlds apart. These Gods are not dead. The knowledge which Gauṭama Buḍḍha acquired in the holy night under the Boḍhi tree is still the *credo* of millions of mankind, and thousands and thousands of lips still repeat the prayer at sunrise composed by a Ṛṣhi thousands of years ago. Nor are those countries far from us. Only 18 days' journey divides the heart of Europe from Colombo, in whose harbour steamers from their journey to the ends of the earth take shelter. The world has

become narrower, the people of Asia have been brought close to us and will be brought still closer. Whether this will be peaceful or will lead to strife, this nobody knows. It is nevertheless our duty to endeavour to study the ancient systems of culture, to endeavour to appreciate them in the only possible way—that of historical research. In the history of this research the discovery of the Ancient and Middle Ages of Turkestan constitutes only a single chapter but that happens to be one of the most important.

G. K. Nariman

SILENCE

Be still and know that I am God

WHEN with hearts high bounding, full of joy and hope,
Bravely go we forth to meet Life's swelling flow,
When Love's whispers thrill us with their music sweet,
Be still, and know.

When from cloudless sky of noontide heat and strife,
The Sun's strong rays fall, blinding in their glow,
When Life's success and glory veil the sight,
Be still, and know.

When Evening comes, the hour of retrospection,
While yet the red illumines the peaks of snow,
When Life is all behind, and Death before us,
Be still, and know.

And when the Day is done, with all its pains and
pleasures,
And to us comes the whisper soft and low,
The message that the Angels bring at night-time,
Be still, and know.

Be still, at Life's glad morning and at noon-tide,
Mid scorching heat, when tempests loudest blow ;
Remain unswerving, still, midst all Life's turmoil ;
Be still, and know.

Be still, and know that God is in His Heaven ;
Be still, let Life's mad swirl unheeded by you go ;
Be still, from out the Silence comes the Knowledge,
Be still, and thou shalt know.

E. B. YEOMANS



INWARD SIGHT

By THE REV. S. BARING GOULD

ALTHOUGH in so-called thought-reading there is usually a good deal of imposture, there is certainly a substratum of truth. To certain persons is given a faculty of "taking stock" of another that is justified by after revelations. We are all conscious of entertaining sympathies or antipathies for which we are not able to give a rational explanation. Children, to whom experience in human character is wholly wanting, possess it:

and in the same way animals—dogs and horses—entertain strong and unaccountable likes and dislikes for special human beings. It is certainly true that the judgment we form at the first sight of individuals hitherto unknown to us is often more correct than that which is the result of a longer acquaintance. The first impression that through some instinct of the soul attracts or repels us when encountering strangers may, by further acquaintance, be weakened, yet it is never altogether shaken off, and in the long run is not infrequently justified. This is a faculty of peculiar value in the East, where every native lies, and in a court of justice no witness can be trusted to speak the truth.

In some persons the gift is very strongly marked. I had an intimate acquaintance, now no more, who could read the mind of an interlocutor ; and, quite involuntarily, when engaged in a conversation he would read off the mind of the person with whom he was engaged in talk, and startle him by saying, “ You are speaking of this matter, but your mind is full of something quite different ; and what that is I will tell you.” And I have known him to frighten people out of all equanimity by thus revealing to them what was passing in their minds.

I remember one special occasion when he suddenly interrupted a young lady with whom he was conversing by abruptly telling her of a passage in her past life known to no one but herself. She turned livid, and went off into a dead faint. It was not, I presume, that he saw her past portrayed before him, but that he read her thoughts, at that moment recurring to the incident which was thus disclosed to him.

He told me that this faculty of his had estranged so many friends and acquaintances from him that he

now never spoke of what was present to him in inward vision. He was quite unable to exercise this power at will; nor could he exercise it on whom he would.

A person of lively imagination might perhaps form a correct picture of the actions and passions of another person, but this would be due to deliberate exercise of the mind, whereas in such as are gifted in this particular manner it is almost always involuntary. As my friend said to me, it was usually when talking with individuals who did not interest him, or about subjects that bored him, that, as by a flash of inspiration, he read their minds; and if the mind at the moment were engaged on some passage in the past life he saw that.

Zschokke, whose autobiography was published in 1842, informs us that he possessed this power. "It has happened to me on my first meeting with strangers, as I listened silently to their discourse, that their former life, with many trifling circumstances therewith connected, or frequently some peculiar scene in that life, has passed quite involuntarily, and as it were dream-like, yet perfectly distinctly, before me. During this time I usually feel so entirely absorbed in the contemplation of the stranger's life that at last I no longer see clearly the face of the unknown, wherein I undesignedly read and distinctly hear the voices of the speakers, which before served in some measure as a commentary to the text of the features."

Here, in my opinion, Zschokke was mistaken. He could not possibly see the incidents of the past life of a total stranger; but by means of thought-reading he might follow the thoughts of the person who was before him, as that individual recalled the incidents of his

past career. Zschokke, on making the acquaintance of John von Riga, related to him his past life with the avowed purpose of learning whether he was correct in his revelation or not, and Von Riga was constrained to admit that what he had said was true. He gives an instance: "One fair day, in the town of Waldshut, I entered an inn in company with two young student foresters. We supped with a numerous society at the *table d'hôte*, where the guests were making merry over the peculiarities of the Swiss. One handsome young man who sat opposite us had allowed himself extraordinary licence. This man's former life was at that moment presented to my mind. I turned to him and asked whether he would candidly answer me if I related to him some of the most secret passages of his life, I knowing as little of him personally as he did of me. He promised to admit frankly if I spoke the truth. I then related what my vision had shown me, and the whole company were made acquainted with the private history of this young merchant—his school years, his youthful errors, and, lastly, with a fault committed with reference to the cash-box of his principal. I described to him the unoccupied room with the whitewashed walls, where, to the right of the brown door, on a table, stood a black money-box. A dead silence prevailed during the whole narration, which I alone occasionally interrupted by inquiring whether I spoke the truth. The startled young man confessed every particular, even—what I hardly expected—the last-mentioned."

Zschokke says that this faculty of his was never of the slightest material service to him. "It manifested itself rarely, quite independently of my will, and several

times in reference to persons whom I cared little to look through.”

This was precisely the experience of my friend. The power was exercised quite unexpectedly, as it were involuntarily, and generally when he was in a listless mood.

Zschokke says that once, when on an excursion with his two sons, he saw an old Tyrolese seller of oranges and lemons who possessed the same gift and exercised it upon Zschokke himself.

Dr. Mayo, in his *Essay on Popular Superstitions*, mentions a Scottish lady of his acquaintance who had a cook who was invested with the same power, and whom she had to dismiss on account of the annoyance caused her by this domestic being able to read her purposes before they were expressed.

Probably, when her mistress was entering the kitchen to order dinner, the cook told her what she had purposed ordering. That there is a faculty of this sort lodged in all, but not in all developed, we can hardly doubt; and we cannot but be grateful that it is not in its perfection in very many, or social intercourse would be at an end. It is not always pleasing for persons to give us a bit of their minds, but it would be far less pleasing if they could give us a bit of our own!

S. Baring Gould

GRAIL-GLIMPSES

“THE CUP OF SACRIFICE”

By E. M. GREEN

THE hot August sun flooded the long clean room with an unshrinking glare ; it lit up the rows of beds with their checked cotton quilts and high white enamelled rails, like an infant's cot, upon some of which a blue and white chintz curtain had been hung in such a manner as to shroud the occupant from the view of anyone not standing close by the bedside. Twenty such beds occupied the room, ten on either side ; and at each end a table, covered with a blue and white check cloth, and two wicker chairs completed the furniture of a place which seemed neither hospital ward nor work-house infirmary, though resembling both in its clean bareness. Complete silence brooded over the hot air, the room seemed motionless as a place of death, yet strangely filled with a sense of some presence, tense with a sort of breathing as of some creature of the desert crouching in its lair alone, and waiting.

Upon eight of the cot bedsteads the chequered quilts were drawn smooth and flat, the oblong of the trim pillows undented by the pressure of any resting head. Upon the other twelve the quilts hung with the same perfect precision of arrangement, neither tumbled

nor pulled awry by the restless movements of a sleeper, the pillows lay straight and orderly in their white cases; but beneath these latter quilts the outline of a human form showed vaguely, and on each pillow a head lay still and motionless, as if in deepest sleep or the yet deeper sleep of death. A clock outside the house struck three deep notes whose dying vibrations pulsing through the hot stillness seemed to mingle with, and be absorbed by, the strange breathing motionlessness of the atmosphere.

The silence was broken by a long sigh, one of the wicker chairs creaked as a figure rose from it and stood stretching and yawning by the table. It was the figure of a woman, tall and well formed, the white skin of throat and wrists and the auburn of the hair coiled thick beneath her white cap thrown into strong relief by the sunlight on her blue linen dress. Beautiful, young and vibrant with physical life, the life of the supple body that stretched and curved itself as she raised her arms over her head and yawned again, she seemed to strike upon the heavy sagging stillness with the note of some wind instrument piercing the drone of muted strings, or the rhythmic throbbing of muffled drums.

“Only three! two hours more before tea-time! *Can I stand it?*” she said aloud and glanced at the bed nearest to her and then quickly away with a kind of restrained horror in her eyes. Stooping she picked up the crochet work that had slipped from her lap to the floor and laid it on the table, then with an air of pulling herself together and bracing herself for an effort, moved briskly towards a bed on her right. The figure that lay there straight and still upon its back might have been man or woman, the cropped scanty hair and heavy

features could equally have belonged to either sex, and the face so like a mask in its utter expressionlessness gave no hint of character or personality. The eyes, open but apparently sightless, showed no speculation in their fixed stare, the puffy lids neither quivered nor drooped, the open mouth showed no change of expression as the nurse bent down and slipped the clinical thermometer into it. Lifting the motionless wrist she felt the pulse, then entered that and the temperature on the chart at the bed's head, and moved to the next bed. No pen may paint the picture of that ward in Dr. Wilmot's Institute for the congenitally Insane and Paralytic; no pen should trace the secrets which are there locked away for ever from the eyes of the world! Only those to whose care are confided the monstrosities of human birthing, the idiot and the paralytic, the abortions that had been better had they been "consumed away" before ever they saw the light! only those men and women whom the exigencies of the struggle for existence induce to undertake such a charge, only such may know in detail the dread mystery of such a place, or bear to gaze upon the sights it hides within its walls.

It is sufficient here to say that as the nurse went from bed to bed no answering glance met hers, nor was there any movement in the still forms whose wrists lifted mechanically, her own radiant vitality seeming to fade and shrink into itself as she performed her monotonous task. The sunlight lit up her red gold hair and turned the ivory pallor of her skin to a pale gold, showing up the delicate modelling of her chin and sensitive mouth, the broad brow and fine arch of eyebrow above the hazel eyes whose light seemed now to veil itself beneath a load of shrinking horror and pain.

As she finished marking the last sheet, the door opened, and a short stout woman of about thirty years of age, with a high colour and beady black eyes full of a sharp inquisitive expression, entered noisily, shutting the door with a bang behind her. The fair nurse started and the colour flooded into her face; the noise seemed an insult in that silent place; it was to her imagination, sensitive as only the imagination of the pure Kelt can be, as if a blow had been aimed at those motionless forms.

“ Well! Nurse Graham, and how are you getting on?” asked the new-comer cheerily. “ Bless me, my dear, don’t look like that, it *has* been getting on your nerves with a vengeance. Come, buck up, you’ll get used to it. The first day in this ward is always the worst, or the night I should say; it *is* a bit nervy then, I’ll own. But even then it’s not as bad as the freaks, none of us can stand that for more than a month at a stretch; my word, I can’t see you in there. I can tell you, my dear, there are times when even I feel a bit jumpy, and I’m good and tough and not one for nerves. But what with that little imp Jacky, much more monkey than boy *he* is, and then the woman with—good sakes, my dear, are you going to faint? here catch hold of me, there that’s better, sit still while I get you a drop of sal volatile; poor dear, I forgot you were the tender sort, wait a minute, I won’t be half a tick,” and voluble still, the stout figure bustled away.

Let alone, Nurse Graham laid her arms on the table at her side and laid her head upon them in an abandon of misery. A sick faintness took hold upon her and her body shook as if with ague. “ My God!” she moaned, and again, “ My God!” Nothing stirred in

the hot stillness, but a robin piped upon a branch outside the window, and the sunlight fell like gold upon the floor.

Nurse Atkins was back in a moment, and the girl drank the nauseous mixture she had brought, caught her breath and shuddered violently, then came to herself again.

“Thank you, you are very kind,” she said with white lips and a wan smile as she handed back the glass. “I am all right again now, I am not usually so foolish, but the time has seemed rather long and—and the stillness is—is rather unusual. I shall soon get quite used to it.”

“That’s right, my dear,” the other answered kindly with a reassuring pat on the arm, “you won’t care a pin in a day or so! Well, I must go back, just thought I’d look in and see how you were sticking it. Tea at five you know, and it’s just upon four now; I’ll look in and fetch you when Nurse Jones relieves me, and Fletcher will take this room for a half hour. You will usually have your tea up here, / can’t, they’d pull it to pieces in a minute, but as you are new you can come down to the refectory for the first week. Ta—ta, look out of the window a bit and forget the cases; pity we mayn’t read, we used to be allowed to, but a case in bed 4 rolled over once on to her face and got suffocated, so now, law! child, there you go again as white as death; you aren’t what I should call cut out for this job; well I must be off, keep your pecker up,” and with another pat the kindly creature stumped noisily away.

Nurse Graham turned to the window mechanically, and stood for a few minutes looking out upon the gravel

sweep bordered with shrubs leading to the high wall that shut the place of horror away from the dusty high road. She could see the road from the window, and now her eyes rested upon it with a very sickness of longing in their gaze. Only yesterday, yesterday at about this hour, she had driven along it in the old yellow cab from the little wayside station—had turned in at the solid wooden gates which the porter had unlocked and had entered the big red brick house which was to her worse than a prison. She knew that the gates had been locked again after her cab had gone away ; that the little postern by the porter's Lodge was locked also ; that very fact made the blood of the Kelt, the wild free soul of the Gaelic people, stir in her pulses and mount hotly to her white brow ; as the first touch of bit and bridle to the unbroken colt, so was the sense of restricted action to this woman, and beyond it was the horror, the nauseating disgust and invincible repugnance with which the atmosphere of the place filled her, till her very soul seemed sick within her, and all her will was in rebellion against the world as she now contacted it. Pale, mutinous and lovely she stood in the hot sunlight, the thoughts crowding fast through her brain as her fingers twisted the hanging cord of the window blind, knotting it so tightly round themselves as to cause physical pain.

She reviewed the circumstances that had led to her applying for this post, the vague desire she had felt to do something really worth while with her life, the half formulated emotions that had stirred within her when she had read of such sacrifices as that of Father Damien in devoting his life to the lepers, the indefinite imaginings she had indulged as to the way in which

the terribly afflicted from birth, the abortions and human monstrosities, should be cheered and uplifted by her care and tender nursing. She had all the mystic romanticism of her race; her nature, full and rich in imaginative idealism, had painted the picture in rich and glowing colours, had even in its inmost sanctities dwelt upon the knowledge of her own physical beauty and had added that final offering as the consummation of her sacrifice. And now, . . . she was here, face to face with the reality, with the hard glare of the untempered sunlight leaving no mental or actual corner in the shadows of merciful obscurity. Here were no half shrinking, half tentative sufferers craving the heaven of her loving sympathy, no bitternesses over which her tenderness could pour a healing balm; she had been into the adjoining wards that morning—Merciful God! what saving love or grace may touch an abortion of mentality, more awful in its manifestation than even its physical expression. From those rooms she had turned, almost with relief, to this, where those who from birth had exercised only the physical functions of breathing, sleeping and taking nourishment were passing the hours of an awful living death. But now—she knew that her resolution was failing, that her will was giving way before the agony of repulsion and revolt that rioted through her senses. Gripping the window ledge with one hand while the other twisted the cord tight and more tightly round her fingers, the sweat breaking out upon her forehead as her breath came quick and uneven, she bent like a reed to the rush of thoughts that swept over her. The great ward of the London Hospital, the bright walls and tables of flowers; the familiar scent of

iodoform and the fresh uniforms of the nurses and sisters; home-sickness for each well-known detail possessed her with a very nostalgia of desire; words broke from her white lips as she murmured audibly, "I must go back, I *must*! Sister Raphael said she would take me any time! I can't stay here. Oh! my God—is there a God? I should doubt it in time, if I stayed here! It is not cowardly, but strong to go; *no one* could expect me to stay!" The breathing silence answered by no vibration, even the robin was silent, but from the distant fields the call of the outer world came to her in the whirr of a reaping machine, and the sound of children laughing as they came home from school. The fair nurse listened and grew calmer as the dear, simple joys of life beckoned her soul to return to their safe entrenchments. Musing of happy bygone days she stood and dreamed of freedom, till Nurse Atkins came to call her to tea.

* * * * *

It was Christmas Eve; Christmas even in that place of gloom. Snow had been falling all day; but now, as the short winter twilight faded, the clouds broke, and in the east a star shone faintly above the pale struggling moon.

Nurse Graham fixed the last sprig of holly above the head of the last bed, and stepped back to survey her work. The room looked bright enough with its festoons of ivy and holly hanging from the gas brackets and over the mantelshelf, and Nurse Atkins entering at the moment exclaimed in surprise:

"Good gracious, my dear! you've never been and decorated the place up like this! Last year I stuck a bit of holly over the fireplace, but afterwards I didn't

see much sense in it. *They* don't notice it, and *we* don't want to think of Christmas and this place together. Blest if the girl hasn't stuck a sprig of holly over the head of each bed, and what's that for, if one may ask?"

"I... I just had some over so I put it there," Nurse Graham answered flushing. "It's beautiful holly this winter, isn't it, I can't remember when I've seen so many berries."

"Yes, the hall and refectory look lovely. Oh! and that reminds me, Dr. Wilmot asked me to go into the conservatory and get some flowers for the table, and I came to see if you'd do me a favour and go for me. I do want to get a few cards done up for post; I'll bring them in here if you'll be an angel and go for me."

"Not much of an angel to do such a very pleasant commission," smiled the other, "I shall love a breath of air."

"Oh! well, take your time, I'm off duty for an hour, and can write here as well as anywhere, it's quiet enough in all conscience; so long!"

With a deep-drawn breath of pure joy, Nurse Graham closed the garden door behind her and stepped out into the gathering night. The wind had dropped suddenly and the snow lay white and crisp, expectant of the coming icy grip of frost. The sky had cleared towards the east and south where the moon, mounting as she sailed, caught an ever deepening gold from the wings of departing day.

The girl walked slowly, drawing her dark blue cloak more closely round her, her footsteps showing clearly in the untrodden snow. An impulse drew her towards the shrubbery that ran round the garden beneath

the high brick wall; her mind was far away; the laurustines and evergreens with their weight of snow, the tall Scotch firs and larches bent beneath their unusual burden, the unruffled silence which snow imparts even in busy places; all brought back vividly to her remembrance the wooded heights of the Swiss village where she had been to school. She could see again the faces of her school fellows, the figures of the French Nuns who had taught her, the little Oratory where she had kneeled so often, her face uplifted to the bronze Crucifix over the Altar, her soul full of dreams of the dedication of her young life to the One who hung thereon. So filled was she with memories and dreams that she started violently as, detaching itself from the shadows upon the unsullied snow, the figure of a man moved towards her. A man wearing a long dark cloak, with a soft hat, whose shadow partly veiled his face. The Stranger did not speak at once, neither did she; only the night drew closer and more still as if to shut that moment from the rest of time. Nurse Graham started as she heard his voice, it was so low and yet it seemed to fill the space around them like a wind. He said: "You go to gather flowers, I think. I will go also if you will permit." Taking the key she held, he led the way, and presently they came to where the large conservatory gleamed like crystal from amid the snowy trees. The Stranger stooped, unlocked the door and entered first. Half timid and afraid, she knew not why, yet with a strange delight that drew her on, the Nurse came in, stood beside him, waiting what might come.

"See here," he said, and bent to touch a blossom with his hand, "gather your flowers, I will wait for

you; give me the piece of holly that you hold, it will be in your way."

In silence still she cut the white blooms one by one, then turned to him with a quick smile.

"How still it is, how far we seem from all the world in here, yet I am not afraid now you are here; are you the gardener of whom Dr. Wilmot spoke?"

The Stranger smiled;

"I have been thought to be a gardener before," he said, "and by a woman then. No! I am not the gardener, my child, nor does your Dr. Wilmot know me—yet. I came to see you only, and to speak with you."

Nurse Graham flushed:

"With me!" she faltered.

"Yes, with you alone in all this place. Tell me; I think you wrote a letter yesterday, a letter that you found it hard to write, in which you put away a great desire. That letter has been seen by me, and it is that of which I came to speak."

"Oh! Sir, forgive me pray, I did not mean to be so rude, what must you think of me," Nurse Graham said in great distress. "I took you for the gardener, and now I know that you are one of the Directors of the Hospital. You could not well have seen my letter else! And you have come to see *me* only! are they angry that I have refused? I never meant. . ."

The Stranger raised his hand: "Be calm; no one is angry, least of all myself. I came to ask you if you would explain; I should be glad to know your reasons, if I may; the post of Sister for the children's ward, the salary raised because they knew your worth; tell me!

was it not good enough? and they thought you were longing to escape from here."

"I know, I know! I was at first," she said and lifted eyes to his that searched her face. "I wanted so to go, I feared to stay! in this sad place God seemed so hard to find; I longed to leave even without a post."

"And yet you stay! tell me the reason why," he asked, and touched the flowers she held, reading her eyes with his.

"I hardly know, I fear it sounds so strange," she answered slowly, "yet to you I feel I may perhaps explain; it seems to me as if those dreadful lives, those lives I watch and tend and keep alight, are not lived here at all but in some place close by, *so* close to those poor bodies, that the souls who wear them see, yet are not in the dreadful shell at all. I think it may be punishment for them, that so they pay for some great wrong they did, and wear the weary years away and learn, and then come back to earth and truly live. And it has come to me to feel that *they* do know and feel as we do, and that their shame and pain is most, at some unreverent touch or careless word, or worst of all when some one loathes to think of them or tend them as we have to do. I think those awful bodies are their Cross, and that they hang upon them till their sin is cleansed." She paused, and in her eyes the light grew deeper yet.

The Stranger did not speak, and she went on: "And so I stayed because I love to feel that I can minister to souls in pain and not tend bodies merely; so I just stay and touch them as the Christ would have them touched, I know; I try to bring the chalice of His Passion to their lips and give them of *His* Love to drink . . . *is* it a dream of mine, or may it be?"

The moonlight fell across her earnest face, the stillness woke to echoes of her voice; the Stranger answered, and his voice was low.

“No dream, but very truth, my child; of such as you, the Christ does choose his ministers of love. The souls shall drink His cup and find therein *through you*—not only bitterness but healing too.”

He bent, and laid his hand upon her brow, then left her; and the silence grew, but first: “Here is the holly that I held for you,” he said, and gave into her hand a Christmas rose.

E. M. Green



The Garden City Theosophical School

THE GARDEN CITY THEOSOPHICAL SCHOOL

By G. E. ROGERS

IN January of this year a Theosophical School on co-educational lines was opened in Letchworth, (the Garden City) Hertfordshire, England, with fourteen pupils, in two ordinary semi-detached houses, which were connected by the making of a doorway between two of the downstairs rooms. The Principal, and ruling spirit of the School, is Dr. Armstrong-Smith, who came back to England after three months' Red Cross work in France, to devote himself to the development of the School.

Under his magnetic influence and experienced management the number of pupils increased so rapidly that before the end of the second term it became a serious question as to where more space was to be found for their accommodation, the only solution to the problem apparently being to take another house in the same road which happened to be vacant. But suddenly and most unexpectedly a beautiful school building was offered to the Doctor if only money could be found for the purchase. It had been built only six years ago, by a first-class architect, and stood in a fine position in the town, about 300 feet above sea-level, in its own grounds, and surrounded by fields and well-grown trees. But how was it possible at such short

notice (a few weeks only being allowed for final decision) and in war time, to raise sufficient money to obtain possession of such a beautiful, and in every way desirable place?

A hurriedly-called meeting of Committee Members was held in June, and it was decided to make all possible effort to obtain the necessary money either by gift or loan; Mr. Baillie-Weaver, our Deputy General Secretary, at this juncture came forward with a most generous offer, to give his time and the benefit of his legal knowledge until the matter was concluded in one way or the other. The result was, however, satisfactory; the purchase was rendered possible by the generous devotion of some two or three persons who came forward with gifts and a loan on favourable terms, so that on September 1st, the School's Trustees entered into possession of the beautiful new premises, and after a very busy three weeks of preparation, the School itself re-opened for its third term with forty pupils, eleven of them being boarders; and with the prospect of yet more to enter after Christmas.

As regards the building, all the principal rooms face south or south-west, and look over a wide lawn and flower garden, where roses bloom in luxuriant profusion. There is sufficient bedroom accommodation in the house for forty pupils, with the requisite teaching and domestic staffs; while there are good kitchens and all the necessary offices for working a large establishment; two large upper rooms isolated from the rest, are designed for use in case of illness. There is a laboratory completely fitted up, a carpenter's workshop equally well furnished, and the greater part of the building is steam heated, and there is also a most useful

convenient lift for luggage. The rooms reserved for the staff are bright and charming; a good gravel-laid play ground, a Fives Court, a cricket field, together with three extra class rooms apart from the house, complete the sum of the new purchase.

It is calculated that by the time the boarders number twenty-five, the undertaking will be self-supporting. In the meantime there is the loan of some £3,500 which we hope may be paid off in part, if not entirely, at an early date.

Donations will be gladly received by either Dr. Armstrong-Smith himself—address, Garden City Theosophical School, Letchworth—Herts, England, or by the Hon. Treasurer, Miss Hope Rea, Overhill, Letchworth—Herts, England.

G. E. Rogers

THE BEGGAR DANCE

By THEODORE LESLIE CROMBIE

I

THE following story was found amongst some old papers of a novelist who has recently died. Permission has not been given to reveal the name, but it may be noted that his work was characterised by a wonderful insight into life, and by the peculiar literary charm which he brought to bear on every incident he portrayed. The story given below must have been one of his earliest efforts, as it bears distinct marks of immaturity and gives few indications of the literary greatness to which the author afterwards attained. It has, however, a certain touch of realism which makes the reader wonder whether or not "The Beggar Dance" may be a fragment of autobiography.

II

Cold, sleet, slush, fog—one of these ghastly November evenings which bring despair to the hearts of the homeless and make even the rich shiver beneath their furs. The Thames rolls its brown waters unconcernedly, heeding not the poor wretches that lean

over its bridges and wonder whether it were not best to fling themselves into the murky depths and for ever find rest. The lamps shine strangely on the Embankment, each surrounded by a misty halo. Up Northumberland Avenue it is a little clearer, the lamps shine brighter, life takes on a less gloomy shade. Across Trafalgar Square, down Charing Cross Road, there is still more light, great patches of bright haze proclaiming the presence of theatres.

This evening the Crown Music Hall stood forth with a certain dignity. Large posters, well-illuminated, displayed the full-length portrait of a woman—a beautiful woman—and underneath the portrait was written: “To-night at 9.30 CONSTANCE RÉVEILLON in her famous BEGGAR DANCE.” In letters of fire, round the porch of the theatre the same tale was repeated—“CONSTANCE RÉVEILLON—THE BEGGAR DANCE.”

And here I found myself this dreadful night. Only one sixpence between myself and beggary. I, a gentleman by birth, but fallen so low as scarce to remember even that. Educated?—yes; but with the education of some twenty years ago that was worse than useless. Fit for nothing, unable to get any work after weeks of honest striving. The one poor room which I inhabited would to-morrow be no longer mine, for I could not find the rent; henceforth I must be one of the homeless wanderers. My God! how the mother who gave me birth would weep if she could see me now—and yet the worst had not happened. I had not yielded, though so strongly tempted, to the seduction of the river. I must and would fight it out.

I was standing near the stage door when a motor-car drew up from which emerged a lady clad in beautiful sables. I knew her at once; she was the great Réveillon. And then to meet her came a tall man, a typical manager, and the two stopped on the street, talking earnestly. I was near enough to hear what they said, but they took no notice of me. Why did they not go inside the theatre? It was cold enough. But fate plays many games, and in this one she had decided to include me.

“But Mr. Barker, what is it you would tell me? My beggar is run over at Wimbledon. So? poor devil. Unable to play—Eh! But of course: the understudy? A fool I know, but he will do all right though. I will dance, Oh heaven, I will dance so that they shall not know whether there is a beggar or not.”

“Madame, you do not understand,” replied the agitated manager. “The understudy, Irwin, has telegraphed us he cannot come to-night. He has got pneumonia. He will not be here, and there is no one.”

The despair in the manager’s voice roused La Réveillon.

“Mon Dieu! What *can* we do? Is there no one?”

“We must find some one—but at such short notice, barely an hour. I wired Jacques if he would help us out, but he is on at a show in the Frivolity, and I can think of no one. Stay! there is Mark Lord; he would do at a pinch *if we can get him in time. . . .*”

So saying the manager rushed off to the telephone, leaving La Réveillon alone on the street.

“Madame, *I* will play the part,” I said moving forward as if impelled by some irresistible impulse.

“You,” she exclaimed, glancing at me half angrily, half critically. “You,” she repeated, and then she laughed.

I should have been abashed, I should have turned away with an apology, but the words framed themselves again on my lips and I repeated :

“Madame, I will play the part.”

She looked again at me, more carefully; the light from one of the lamps caught my face, and she gazed for a few seconds earnestly; then she grew pale, seemed almost to stumble forward, but recovered herself instantaneously. Her right hand was pressed against her heart. Just then the manager hurriedly returned :

“Wire engaged,” he explained briefly. “They’ll ring me up in a moment. A thousand apologies for having left you. Let us come in out of the cold.”

“I have been well entertained,” Madame replied laughingly. “This man, he has offered to what you call ‘save the game,’” and she pointed to me a little derisively.

The manager turned on me angrily. “Has he annoyed you, Madame? Be off with you. Poor devil, he looks a bit down in his luck though.”

My impulse had been to move away, but I was held, as it were by force, to the spot. My clothes and shoes were evidence of my ill-fortune, if evidence were needed. This was only another rebuff. What did it matter? But the woman looked at me again.

“Poor devil,” she murmured, “he has a queer face. After all there isn’t much to do, and he is better than nothing. Come,” she said, “I have a presentiment. You shall act to-night with me. We will do great things together, you and I, and you shall

have as your reward the money they throw you on the stage. For to-night then? To-morrow—what matters to-morrow? Is it agreed then? Come.”

A fervour of gratitude rose in my breast. I had never realised before to such an extent my utterly desperate state. Tears dimmed my eyes, as I half unconsciously offered her my hand to seal our contract. She took it, and we three passed within the precincts of the theatre, the manager expostulating in vain. The French blood of La Réveillon was revealed in her impetuosity, her obstinacy, and her kind heart.

III

I stood before a mirror, clad in appalling rags—a veritable beggar. My face was emaciated by recent starvation, but the make-up brought this out even more strongly. I gazed at myself. In fifteen minutes more I should be on the stage. Several thoughts, unbidden guests, coursed through my brain, strange questionings obsessed me. What strange freak of fortune had ever made me dare to approach La Réveillon? *Then* I felt strong, purposeful, impelled as it were to some end. *Now* my courage was completely gone. The next hour loomed before me in horrid guise. I knew not what it would bring forth. What was the part that fortune had cast for me? A man had come and told me what I was to do. I had been shown where to stand—near the footlights, to the side. I was to appeal dumbly for money, raising my sightless eyes to the audience for pity, while she danced for me and claimed by her art the charity which would have been denied to my rags. Above all I was not to get in the

way. This was all I could remember. While it was explained to me, I seemed to grasp it all, to understand, and my informant appeared pleased. He had called me "intelligent," and said he thought we should get through all right. But now! now it was all going from me, and a chill terror was possessing me.

Great heavens! Only ten minutes more! No, I could not do it. I must escape while there was yet time. I turned; surely there was some one in the room; yet where? I looked round, there was no one. I glanced back towards the mirror; I *looked* the part, a new courage seemed to be coming to me. *Could* I go through with the thing. Again, the impression stronger this time, I felt I was not alone; again I turned and gazed upon nothingness. Yet stay! A shadowy misty figure was forming itself by the corner near the door. As I looked, my fears seemed gradually to disappear, my courage seemed to strengthen, yet I could not speak. Closer and closer drew this figure, still shadowy, yet the form more clearly defined, but the face was clouded and misty. At length it came near to me, so near that I could have touched it. I even wished to do so, but the power to move seemed to have left me. Slowly it approached, and still I could not move. Fascinated I watched; at last so near it came, I could not understand why it did not touch me. Nearer even yet, and I lost the sense of its outline. It was there, I knew, and now I could not see it. At last I realised; it had *passed partly through me*, enveloped me, and stopped.

There are some things which cannot be written down. I was now possessed of an indescribable sensation. I was myself, and one other. There

was one part me, and another part not me, and this other part was in command. What did it all mean? It was now time to go on the stage. I looked once again in the mirror and saw myself—myself yet not myself. Some one now came to call me. A thrilling inspiration filled my being. I was no longer Stephen Margrave; I was the beggar for whom the lady danced. Confidently I pursued my way to the wings. The mocking glances of the stray players I met did not touch me, although they eyed me curiously. Were they conscious of the change in me, I dimly wondered; and then my other self impelled me forward. La Réveillon met me, and scarcely heeding me said :

“Go on first, and stand there, and don't get in my way. Courage! I come immediately behind you.”

I nodded. All fear had left me now and, lost to everything save an overwhelming sense of excitement, I stepped upon the stage.

IV

Strange and conflicting emotions held me as I took my place close by the footlights. At first I had no fear; I shuffled on, just as a sightless man might do, groping my way to the destined position, my right hand grasping pathetically some sort of bowl in which to receive the charity of the casual passer-by. My eyes were open, gazing, as it were, into an impenetrable darkness. In truth, the glare of the footlights at first dazzled them, but soon I became aware of a sea of shadowy faces, and tier upon tier of figures with eyes intently turned towards me. The sense of duality which had taken hold of me in the dressing

room and borne me safely behind the footlights seemed to be deserting me. The other presence began to recede from me. As in a dream, I observed that "it,"—the other me—had deserted me for a while and was standing close to where La Réveillon would make her entrance.

She was coming—only fifteen seconds after my entrance, but what an eternity these fifteen seconds had seemed. A hush fell upon the audience, a silent expectancy made itself felt. *She* was coming—and a ripple of applause, growing louder and louder, heralded her coming.

She came on quietly, apparently unconscious of everything save her desire to dance for the beggar, to bring to an unfortunate fellow-being some of the happiness that was surely hers. Her movements were grace personified, and she approached me with a smile full of heavenly pity. Closer she came, and behind her glided the shadowy figure. When she was almost at my side, the figure moved forward more quickly, and once more enveloped me. Again I was Stephen Margrave and one other, again courage possessed me; all strangeness left me.

The dance began; La Réveillon stretched forth her hands towards me with a gesture of exquisite compassion, and then turned thus towards the audience in a mute appeal for help. Slowly she swayed to and fro, as if possessed by a sense of her own inability to aid; then her movements became gradually more quick, almost imperceptibly so, until at last a realisation came to me that she was caught in the toils of her art, lost in the maze of a wonderful whirl of movement. Not a sound could be heard in the theatre, save the weird

music from the orchestra, which wafted to my ears as it were the strains from some other world.

I could not be still. The Presence yet with me seemed utterly to possess me. A blind man often displays powers which seem incredible to those with sight. He develops a sixth sense; thus was I. I had ceased to be Stephen Margrave, had ceased to be the presence; *I was the beggar*. Seeing nothing, yet governed by this sixth sense, I turned and followed with my sightless eyes, wide open, staring, every movement of La Réveillon's dance. For one moment the audience gave their attention to me. I pleaded with my hands, I showed by my gestures the work of mercy this wonderful woman was doing by dancing for me, a beggar from the street. My adoration for her was manifest in my every movement, and it was not feigned; it was a reality. Love—I had never known what it meant before—filled my being. I loved Constance Réveillon, or was it the Presence that loved her, for it dominated me completely now? My actions shewed my love. I moved towards her as if to bid her cease her work of mercy, as if to tell her how unworthy I was. My face was turned towards hers. For an instant she met my look, seemed to falter. Again, as at the stage door, her hand sought her heart; an answering look of love leaped into her eyes, succeeded by a puzzled and disappointed expression. On she danced, but every moment the triumph of her dancing was more and more apparent. I moved from side to side of the stage—all orders forgotten—worshipping her, asking the people to crown the appreciation of her art, by rewarding her in the way she would have wished—by rewarding me.

My musings were suddenly disturbed. Something whizzed through the air, struck me and rolled to the floor. It was a sovereign. Carried away by the impelling magic of the scene, some spectator had thrown it. It fell at my feet unheeded. The spirit of art had entered into me. I would not spoil her dance by groping on the stage for a sovereign. More coins were thrown, even some jewellery—charity for the beggar.

At last the movements of *La Réveillon* grew slower, slower, still slower. I moved back to my original position, holding out my hands once again to the people. Then a strange thing happened. She came close behind me, laid her hands lightly on my shoulders, bent forward and smiled.

“Thank you! my beggar—my mascot—you and I will dance for ever, will we not?”

One last gesture of appeal from her, a shower of coins, a bow, and she drifted from the stage, amidst thunders of applause. I stood where I was, the Presence was leaving me. I was conscious of gold lying at my feet. I bent down as if to feel for it; the curtain had begun to fall. Another burst of applause, as the audience were slowly hidden from my sight.

Could it be that this applause was for me?

V

The memory plays strange tricks with one. I have but a confused recollection of what happened to me between the time of the fall of the curtain and my waking up next morning in my dingy little lodging in Pimlico. The first thing my eyes lit on were my

clothes, still wet with the rain of the night before, lying as if hastily thrown about the room. How I had returned from the theatre I could not remember. Suddenly a wave of doubt came over me. The whole thing was a dream, an elaborately constructed dream, a fantasy born of my wretched state to cheat me of my misery. But it had been marvellously realistic. Even now, I could scarcely reconcile myself to the theory that it was all a dream, albeit I had no evidence to prove that the wonderful events I have just set down had ever taken place, but for my knowledge that I had been out on the streets for hours last night as my wet clothes testified.

I got up wearily. To-night must be spent entirely on the streets; save for my sixpence I was utterly destitute. Then suddenly something lying on a table in the corner of the room attracted my attention. It was a bag, and to that bag was attached a card. A flood of recollection swept over me. I remembered, at first dimly, then more clearly, that after I had left the stage, I had changed my clothes, and then some one had given me a bag—the very bag lying on the table before me—tied up with La Réveillon's card, and on it, pencilled in her handwriting: "From the Lady to the Beggar." A message had also come; she wished to see me in half an hour. Had I gone to see her? I could not tell. Perhaps in time I should remember details. Now all was vague, shadowy, except the bag; it was tangible. I opened it; and the glint of gold caught my eye. My recent experiences had dulled my brain, or I would surely have known what it must contain, but perhaps this was because my thoughts were elsewhere recalling the wonderful dance, or rather fragments

of the wonderful dance I had seen. Still man must live. Our contract came before me; the bag contained my earnings. I turned them out on the table—a diamond ring, a gold bracelet, fifteen sovereigns, six half-sovereigns, twelve half-crowns, and four shillings. In all, nineteen pounds, fourteen shillings. Riches, indeed! I counted the money over and over again, mentally assessing the value of the ring and bracelet. For the moment the theatre, the dance, all were forgotten; my horizon was limited by nineteen pounds, fourteen shillings, a diamond ring, and a gold bracelet. La Réveillon had nobly kept her part of the contract. The sudden revulsion from hopeless poverty to comparative wealth overwhelmed me. I sat down, unnerved, put my face in my hands, and wept.

After a little, I began to grow accustomed to my change of fortune. Then the thought of the theatre again swept over me. La Réveillon's whispered words as she left the stage came back to me:

“You and I will dance for ever, will we not?”

She had not understood; that was it, she had not, understood. How should she know of the Presence, how should she guess that, had not something that was not me allied itself to me for a brief hour, I should have ruined and not helped her dance. I could not go back to the theatre. Having once tasted the fruits of a success which was not mine, could I bear the horror of a failure which would be mine alone? It was impossible. Still she counted on me—that I knew—and in a few short hours would expect me. And I must not go, for something within me told me firmly and inevitably that the Presence would not come again. Better surely she

should think me faithless, than that I should fail to repeat the wonderful performance of last night—and my performance had been wonderful. The beggar had been no adjunct of the dance, he had been part of it; in his way, he had performed his duty as marvellously as she, and surely no dancer had ever danced as she did last night.

I sat and argued with myself, but all my deliberations ended in one determination; I would not act to-night. Still, I must warn her. I would send a telegram to her, breaking my engagement, if engagement it had ever been. Sooner starve than go with the certainty of spoiling her triumph.

£19.14s. I could well spare sixpence on a telegram. I would spend the very sixpence that had stood between me and beggary. The idea appealed to my imagination. I dressed hastily and went out quietly. Somehow I wished to avoid my landlady, a person whose mental horizon never extended beyond the idea of her rent. I could satisfy her now, but I would not see her yet. I was cold and faint for want of food. There was an A. B. C. shop close by. I should have toast, poached eggs and coffee—a glorious meal. Anticipation hastened my steps.

Just at the door of the shop a boy was selling newspapers. I must allow myself one luxury. I bought one, changing a shilling,—my sixpence I kept for the telegram—but I did not open it until I had given the order for my breakfast. A penny paper must not be treated lightly. I was perusing the advertisements first when my ear was caught by a sound outside. My newsboy was calling out in strident tones: “Sudden death of a famous Dancer.”

Something in the tragedy of the words struck me, and I opened my paper feverishly, but I knew before I opened it what I should read.

We regret very much to announce the sudden death of Mme. Constance Reveillon this morning at her residence in Eccleston place. The death was due to failure of the heart, and must have occurred in the early hours, for her maid found her dead when she took in the morning tea.

Then followed an account of the actress' career. I read it eagerly; all the facts had been pigeon-holed by some enterprising journalist, in readiness to be brought out when occasion arose. They were well strung together. Further on I read:

Last night Mme. Reveillon seemed to have reached the height of her triumph. Many spectators say that she has never before danced so divinely. One curious incident occurred prior to the performance. We believe that the part of the beggar owing to an accident to Mr. Devereux, and, almost simultaneously, the sudden illness of his understudy, was left absolutely unfilled, until just at the last moment an actor out of work offered his services, which were, *faute de mieux*, accepted. What threatened to ruin Mme. Reveillon's dance proved only to enhance its perfection. The stray "beggar" acted marvellously, interpreting the part in a new and inspiring manner, and Mme. Reveillon declared last night that she would never dance her Beggar Dance again unless this man acted with her. His name is unknown, but his acting was so fine that he is sure never to be overlooked in the future. His performance was reminiscent of the work of Arthur Gerrard who, it will be remembered, died under painful circumstances only a year ago. He was at the time of his death engaged to be married to Mme. Reveillon, and it is said that the heart trouble from which she suffered and from which she eventually died was largely accentuated by her grief.

VI

La Réveillon dead! I tried to realise it, to understand all it signified, but even at such moments when we would be most alone, the outer world interrupts. A

waitress came, bringing my meal. The thought of food sickened me. I gave her some money and went towards my lonely lodging almost dazed. Up the long stairs I slowly climbed, and then having reached my room, I locked the door and sat down to think.

La Réveillon dead! I understood now what the world would never know. The love of Arthur Gerrard for Constance Réveillon had lasted beyond death. Have the dead prophetic insight? did he know she was so soon to join him? Be that as it may, it was he and he only who had inspired me that wonderful night. His love for Constance had brought him back to the physical world to do one last service for her. And in a sense she had known this, for twice—once at the stage door, once during the dance when the stranger completely dominated me—she had faltered, and pressed her hand against her heart as if to quieten its beating.

Surely it was the inspiration of his presence that had made her dance that night as she had never danced before, gaining a veritable triumph, reaching the culminating point of her art.

While I was thus musing, my mind came back with a sudden jerk to practical affairs. £19. 14s. will not keep a man for ever. I must get work, the future must be faced. And as I was grappling with my problem, once again the strange, the weird, the supernatural occurred. The Presence was again with me. I felt, rather than saw, this time. For about five minutes it seemed to linger with me, and then left me, as it were, reluctantly; but a distinct impression remained with me that it had tried to do me some service for what I had done for her in her hour of need.

The impression persisted, and gradually, as if from some other world, an idea seemed to filter down into my brain. I could not act, and yet I had the instinct for art. It has many branches, and I might be true to her in one though false to her in another. A fresh hope began to take birth in me. Was it not possible? One thing at least I could do. I might try to write the story of that wonderful night. Filled with the idea, I found a pen, some paper and wrote for a couple of hours the story which is here set down. But I owe it to her that it should never see the light of day, for it holds a part of her life-history which is known to but three persons—herself, Arthur Gerrard and myself. And two of these are dead. Still the hope remains

[The manuscript here comes suddenly to an end.]

Theodore Leslie Crombie

CORRESPONDENCE

BALANCE IN CRITICISM

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

When I from time to time read the various criticisms levelled at our President and the leaders of the T. S. I often wonder why it is that some members of the movement seem incapable of grasping the fact that there is such a thing as evolution, and that some of our members are much older in evolution (older egos) than a great many of us. These older Souls also have developed certain faculties which we at present do not possess, faculties which enable them to a certain extent to look back into the past, as well as into the future, and they are thereby enabled to trace certain causes to their effects, etc. Now therefore when they make statements which we may not agree with, as they do occasionally, we should be very careful in passing judgment, for our President may have reasons for doing so undreamt of by the great majority of us. And when we do criticise, and no one welcomes honest criticism more than the President, let us at least keep a level balance and do it consciously remembering whom we are criticising—one who has devoted many lives in various ways to the service of Humanity. I can perhaps quite understand some of the younger members making these errors of judgment; but I can find no excuse for the older members making such mistakes. (Mr. Jinarajadasa's explanations in the June number of THE THEOSOPHIST may meet the case to some extent.)

Germiston, Transvaal, S. A.

HOWARD ARNOLD, F.T.S.

FOLLOWING UP

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

In modern business the term, to follow up, has acquired a very definite and particular significance. Most readers have probably experienced the process after having made an enquiry relating to some attractively advertised article which did not, however, lead to a purchase. Regularly thereafter, for possibly two or even three years, they will have received further letters, circulars, and advertisements of the same or similar goods, sometimes offered at less and less rates. This is being "followed up," for it is recognised that the spark of interest which led to the original enquiry is one which may sooner or later be fanned into a flame of purchase. So up-to-date business concerns find that the 'time, labour, and money spent on thus following up potential customers is more than worth while in the addition to trade it brings in. In modern business magazines constant notes and articles on this method of securing custom will be found and most elaborate indexes, registers, and statistics are maintained in connection with it.

Now every Theosophist yearly meets with a number of people who betray some spark of interest in matters Theosophical and occult, and some of these sparks he or others doubtless manage to fan into a steady and increasing flame of interest. But probably the greater proportion are allowed to smoulder until accidentally fanned again into transient brightness. This is where, it seems to the writer, that we might well adopt the systematic methods of modern business, since a potential Theosophist is surely worth at least as much trouble as a potential buyer of a half-crown article. Exactly what methods should be followed can only be determined after experiments in various places have been carried out and the suggestions which follow are put forward merely as suggestions to be modified as experience may dictate.

Directly, then, anyone has shown any interest in Theosophical matters it should be reported to the Lodge headquarters, where the name and all possible particulars, especially those in connection with the particular trend of thought of the individual should be registered, preferably on cards in a card index. Thereafter, at regular intervals, definite efforts should be made to fan the spark into life again, due records of the efforts and results being kept. To carry out the campaign really well, of course, will demand the services of an energetic Theosophist versed in the diabolical intricacies of the card index system with its cross references, shaped and coloured signals and other maddening devices. Further he must be a

man of some judgment able to guess from often slight indications what will be the best methods of attack. This does not mean to say, however, that the system should not be given a trial even where a lodge or centre has no one answering to this description. A little enthusiasm will make up for a great lack of the necessary qualifications, which may quite probably be lying dormant, and may require but a little study and experience to render them most serviceable.

Needless to say that when these potential Theosophists leave the town in which originally registered, their cards should at once be transferred to the lodge in their new place of residence, so that the campaign once started may not be stopped through a mere accident like a move. It would also seem desirable in the case of important and influential people so registered, whose further interest in Theosophy would be a valuable asset to the cause, to report particulars of them to sectional headquarters in order that their cases may be given special treatment by those peculiarly trained and experienced. In such cases the fullest particulars regarding tastes, characteristics, idiosyncracies, etc., should be gathered and sent in.

E. G. H.

REVIEWS

The Triumph of Death and The Flame of Life, by Gabriele D'Annunzio. Translated from Italian. (William Heinemann, London. Price 3s. 6d. each.)

It was Poe, we believe, who spoke of the poetry of words and defined it as the "rhythmical creation of beauty" and we did not quite fathom the inwardness of the expression till we read the English versions of the Italian (rendered, we believe, with care and devotion), *Il Trionfo della Morte* and *Il Fuoco* by Georgina Harding and Kassandra Vivaria. If the translations are so poetic, what must be the original in soft and rhythmic Italian we can imagine, especially when we find our author remarking about the Italian language: "In a page it can fix with graphic precision the slightest and most elusive waves of emotion, thought, and even of incoercible dreamland." However accurate and faithful the translation, it leaves the natural feeling on the foreigner-reader that over-rich oriental cooking produces in the case of the average Westerner even accustomed to rich food of French or Dutch origin. Over-richness tires, and that is the only irremediable defect these translations present.

Born of Italian brain, manifesting the beauty which Dante saw in Beatrice, permeated with the fragrance of Italian flowers, expressing the glow of the warm Latin blood that flowed in the veins of Tasso, these two volumes bring their message, their excitement and their thrill. D'Annunzio is a poet-soul and he cannot help talking in poetry for it seems to be the natural medium in which he can think and write, feel and speak. Next, he is a symbologist, a ceremonialist, a sort of magician to whom Nature reveals certain of her secrets and sings peculiar songs. To him is vouchsafed a particular vision of The Beautiful which enables him to evolve a system in which The Good and The True play their part. He is

an abnormal psychologist who enters into the working of other peoples' brains and hearts, understands it in his own fashion and enables his readers to understand it by his peculiar and certainly original exposition. He reads the history of the past repeating itself in the present, and has the power of interpretation and prophesying for the future. He writes what he has felt, experienced, gone through. He portrays what he has seen, and more enchanting still what he has idealised. He paints his inner emotional realisations with a master hand: there is strength of the whole and magnificence of detail. Emotions find embodiments, desires gain incarnations, passions don shape and weep, feelings take birth and sing, sentiments come to life and speak, aspirations assume form and chant.

While the Beauty of form is as perfect as possible, the author's inherent outlook on life and the universe creates a gap which an idealist fails to fill up with his optimism as he reads, understands, and appreciates D'Annunzio. Our author is a materialist; not perhaps of the ordinary type but one whose materialism is removed to a subtler plane of being. Theosophically he is a materialist of the Astral Plane: he sees in emotional existence the power and potency of Man, son of God. He is a voluptuary—not of the gross, slum type. His centre of consciousness abides in the world of emotions and his knowledge and culture are dominated by Kāma. His love for and appreciation of the Beautiful enables him to live in a garden, but that garden is the "Garden of Kāma" familiar to the readers of Laurence Hope.

On the side of form he is a master. His pen pictures are superb. Whether their respective messages are true or not is "another story". What he paints one cannot help admiring for its wealth of details, its beauty of colour. The vivification of life he produces by vitalising dead old forms is grand. The sensuous illusion of reality he fashions forth and catches his reader into is an experience. But when that beautiful, gorgeous, living form is pierced by Idealism it proves to be a bubble—it bursts. There is no spirituality in it. Its soul is desire-nature—unstable, ever-changing, evanescent. Therefore D'Annunzio's philosophy is a kind of subtler materialism whose central theme is voluptuousness. His language is the language of certain music—passionate but spirit-less.

Take for instance the first of the two novels. It is the diary of a morbid soul. Our author has the great gift of recording in graphic ways desires and passions, their cogitations and struggles, and their final expression in the body of sensuous flesh and hot blood. There is hardly a volume that can beat *The Triumph of Death* in that respect; and yet at the close of the volume if the reader asks: "Where will Giorgio and Ippolita turn up after their tragic end in this world?" or "What would be the future destiny of the hero and the heroine when, under cyclic laws, once again they descend to earth to love and suffer or to repent and grow?"—we get no answer. Death has triumphed as far as the passionate flesh of the people is concerned—but what of their passions? D'Annunzio may himself feel satisfied that nothing more remains, and that Giorgio in murdering his much-loved mistress and dying with her has gone to eternal "love-making" and rest, but neither psychology nor philosophy can lend him a support.

Or take *The Flame of Life*. It preaches the creed of the Beautiful, but the Beautiful is once again looked at by the eye of passion and interpreted and understood by the brain of a voluptuary. Such passion and voluptuousness are not expressions of vulgarity; they are not even rude, shocking or grotesque, but they are vital. The author seems to belong to that class of people to whom he refers as "those who feel an obscure necessity of raising themselves by means of Fiction out of the daily prison in which they serve and suffer". His philosophy is sybaritic. Build your soulless castles of emotional illusions and live therein and laugh and weep and have thrills, thrills, thrills—and then death which has its "triumphs" and "silences". It is all very clever, and it is art of its kind, but truth—?

But the volumes are a veritable treasury for artist-souls. There is material to work upon and ideas to get hold of for purposes of expansion in directions other than that which our author has achieved. Much will be missed by those who have no art in them, but for the votaries of The Beautiful D'Annunzio certainly opens a new way to worship.

B. P. W.

Telepathy, or the Power of Thought Transference, by J. C. F. Grumbine. (L. N. Fowler & Co., London, 1915. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

This is not a very interesting book, and we should imagine it was intended by the author rather for the more advanced student of matters spiritualistic than as a study of telepathy. The latter, as far as its practical value and operation are concerned, receives from the author little more than a very superficial treatment. The small instruction we get is found in the last chapter and though the directions are few in number they are very correct. Disharmonious thoughts should never be entertained. Corrupt and selfish ideas should not be allowed to darken and harden the mind. Free meditation is to be practised, with a close observance of diet. We welcome these observations but cannot help remarking that they have been demonstrated by the Indian Yogi and others for many centuries past. Compared with the rest of the book this last chapter, which should be a luminous summing up, rather disappoints us, and as the contribution of fresh light upon the subject is so insignificant, we are tempted to wonder why the book was written. Our predilection in books of this class is for the sincere attempt to enlighten, and we cannot truthfully place the present work in this category.

The earlier chapters deal with the powers of thought and their origin, the brain and its relation to mind. Continuing, they treat of aspiration and inspiration, spiritualism and its connection with excarnate spirit thought. The style is somewhat involved and sentences frequently occupy a quarter of a page, but the subject matter for the most part follows the generally accepted lines of modern thought.

I. ST. C. S.

Council from the Heavenly Spheres and Thoughts Thereon, by H. B. (L. N. Fowler & Co., London. Price 1s.)

We have here twenty-five short meditations on the conduct of life. The author received counsel from a "spirit-guide" and in this volume presents it to the world, together with reflections of her own on some of the subjects dealt with.

The object for which the book was written is this: There are many struggling souls who, in their endeavour to live the higher life have left the beaten track and, as a result, find themselves lonely, left without earthly friends and sympathisers. To these it would be a comfort to know that in the invisible worlds which surround us there are discarnate beings who know them, feel for them, and are anxious to befriend and help them. The author wishes to witness to the truth of this consoling fact: to pass on to others this knowledge and some of the fruits of those faculties that have enabled her to gain it.

How the spirit communications were made we are not told, but certainly the counsel received is very much above the average of "teachings" purporting to come from "Heavenly Spheres". It holds up a high ideal of service and impersonal love; it is sane and balanced and full of common sense.

It is a pity that here again as in most writings of this class there is a hopeless confusion of thought in connection with the word "spirit". If only it could be kept clearly before the minds of writers and readers alike that the "spirit" from which the word spiritual is derived is not a human being who has passed beyond the grave, *i.e.*, dropped his physical body, nor even an "angel" or a highly evolved being from "the other side"! H. B. evidently recognises the danger of misunderstanding. She warns us that not all spirits are good; that the development of psychic faculties must not be made synonymous with the unfoldment of spirituality. Yet she speaks of the "World of spirit" as being "very near"—evidently meaning the invisible world to which conscious access can be gained only by the psychic, and she leaves us with the impression that her spirit guide is, by the fact of his being a "spirit," a more direct messenger from the great "Over-Soul" than Canon Wilberforce to whom, as she tells us in the Introduction she is indebted for much help in her "dark days". The work of the writers on what one might call ethical spiritualism would be more convincing, would appeal to a larger public, if this confusion of terms could be avoided.

A. de L.

Some Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson. (Methuen & Co., London. Price 1s.)

The present volume represents an effort to compress within a modest compass, and to sell for a proportionately low price, a selection of the well-known "*The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson* by his friend Sir Sidney Colvin." Thus is the book described by its compiler, Lloyd Osbourne, R. L. S.'s stepson. What can the reviewer do or say but joyfully pass on the good news of its existence and add that the "modest compass" means 299 well-filled pages, and the "comparatively low price" only 1 shilling, bringing this mine of profit and pleasure "within the reach of all," as the phrase goes!

A. de L.

South Indian Bronzes, a Historical Survey of South Indian Sculpture with Iconographical Notes based on Original Sources. By O. C. Gangoly. (Thacker Spink, Calcutta. Price Rs. 15.)

It has been the fashion amongst European art critics to disparage the merits of Brahmanical sculpture on the ground of the alleged monstrosities of the Hindū paurānic conceptions, which, it is said, are incapable of artistic treatment.

On the other hand, the masterpieces of South Indian Art have received but little honour in their own country, as the modern educated South Indian still continues to cultivate a philistine indifference for the works of art produced by his ancestors. Mr. Gangoly's effort will, let us hope, serve a double purpose. His work will be a valuable reinforcement to that of Mr. Havell and Mr. Coomaraswamy in making Hindū Art, as art, apprehensible by the western world, and it might be a spur for the generation of to-day to devote more attention to the treasures of old Indian art, which have survived in ancient temples and shrines in a bewildering variety, and which, little known as they are, offer a source of captivating research and fascinating study.

The specimens of Indian sculpture dealt with in this volume belong to the South Indian Shaivaite School, which constitutes the *bella epoca* of Indian art. The author has based his study on original sources, namely three Samskr̥t

manuscripts—one in possession of an hereditary craftsman in the Tanjore District—dealing with the sculptor's canons, Kasyapiya, Agastiya and Bramhiya, which have not yet seen publication nor have they been used by any previous writer.

The first and second chapters of the volume deal with the history of South Indian sculpture, with reference to the writers commencing with Agastya, the first Āryan missionary who came to the South, and whose influence was an epoch-making one. He is the reputed author of the first Tamil Grammar and he did for Tamil what Pāṇini did for Samskr̥ṭ. He also seems to be the first author to systematise the practice of image-making in South India, and the rules and proportions laid down in his work are practically the same as those elaborated in the later works on South Indian sculpture, such as *Kasyapiya Saraswatiya*, *Anghsumanaveda Kalpa*, etc., and they are still followed by modern South Indian sculptors.

The author says that it is difficult to ascertain the exact time when Shaivism introduced itself in India as a definite cult, but that it probably came along with the advent of Brahmanism led by Agastya. From the ninth to the thirteenth century a wave of Shaiva fanaticism practically swept over the whole of South India and Ceylon, and was enthusiastically supported by the Kings of the Chola dynasties. The series of temples built by these Shaivaite princes constitutes one of the best schools of Indian architecture, witness the famous Br̥hadēshvar temple at Tanjore erected by King Rāja-Rāja. No less was the patronage accorded to religious sculpture, and most of the specimens in this volume are of that period.

The third chapter, well illustrated by figures and diagrams, is devoted to the canons of the Shilpashāstras, with an account of the system of proportionate measurements and rules, which, although they for ever reduced the art of the Indian sculptor to a formula, do not appear to have hampered the artistic perception of individual workers, and they only paralysed now and then the freedom of expression of the less gifted craftsman. The pose, hand-action, characteristic ornaments, and decorative accessories of the figures are fully dealt with in this chapter which gives us also a detailed account of the process employed in casting the images, namely the well-known *cire perdue* or the "lost-wax" process.

Chapter IV deals with the history and evolution of Chola Art, of which the bronzes are but a ramification. Of not less interest is the information given about the stone sculpture of the same period with several illustrations of statues and bas-reliefs existing in the different temples, especially in the Brhadēshvar temple at Tanjore. This chapter further tells about the evolution of the image of Natarāja (Shiva) and the excellent pieces the cult of Rama contributed to the South Indian School of bronzes; the relationship between Sinhalese and South Indian Art, and many more interesting items are dealt with, in reference to the numerous illustrations—about ninety-five of which follow the text.

In the fifth and last chapter Mr. Gangoly treats Buddhist and Shaivaite sculpture and considers the effect of the canons. Further, comparing Indian and Greek art he points out that the Indian idol-maker has symbolised a spiritual image in an ideal type or superman owing to his essentially religious outlook on life. The Greeks on the contrary have made but grand and beautiful *men* of their Gods, for their conception of life, their love and care for the human body confined the artist's conception of the Deity to a perfectly developed human form. "The vocation of the Greek sculptors was not to bring the people nearer to the Gods—to the conceptions of the super-human as in India—but to bring the Gods nearer to the heart of the people by making their images in human shape." "The Indian conception of the Divine has uplifted the human form out of the realm of the merely physical and has transfigured it with spiritual meaning."

Each plate is accompanied by notes as to locality, probable date, etc., and usually by a verse from the Shilpashāstras enumerating the chief characteristics of the deity or figure depicted. More than one process has been employed in their reproduction, and some of them are very well-executed. The printing and general get-up of the book are very good; on the whole a valuable acquisition for any library and a work all lovers of Indian art will be glad to possess.

D. CH.

“*I Promise*”: *Talks to Young Disciples*, by C. Jinarāja-dāsa. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras. Price Re. 1 or 1s. 6d.)

There is one little book unique, probably, in the literature of the world, written in English by a little Indian boy, and it set before the world in simple language the teaching given by a Master of the Wisdom to His little boy disciple. That book every Theosophist knows—*At the Feet of the Master*, by Alcyone. It caused much questioning and discussion, it was received with incredulity by some; and for others, for many, it became a little scripture. Why? Because written in a language which any child could understand, it yet contained the time-old message of the Ancient Wisdom for the soul that is about to tread the Path of Discipleship. That is why we are put in mind of that little book by the one which we now have under review. There is a parallel to be drawn between them, for both contain a deep spiritual message for the grown-up soul in a child body.

The small volume before us has simple lessons, written in the bright descriptive fashion which is easy of appeal to the child-brain, and would prove an invaluable guide-book for conduct for all the children in the world. It teaches manners, it teaches thoughtfulness for others, it inspires them with the examples of the world's great heroes and knights—the highest teaching we can give to children—and this is made the more attractive and easy by formulated promises and verses, which can be learned and repeated.

And yet, this is not a book for children, really. It contains a deep lesson of life which every grown-up needs to learn and few have as yet learned. Under the heading “Bright Looks” we are told:

If you say: “But I do not feel bright always,” my answer is, “Whatever is your feeling you must have a bright face.” You may perhaps then say, “Is not this pretending?” No, because deep down, as a soul, you are bright, and full of sunshine and happiness; and when you promise to yourself, “I will give Bright Looks to all I meet,” you are really bringing into your brain something that is inside you; therefore you are not pretending at all.

In “Brave Words” is included kind words, beautiful words and true words. The author points out the necessity for using words appropriately and accurately, and avoiding

ugly words, that is, "a word which describes what is not in the Master".

The key-note of Mr. Jinarajadasa's message, which we may discover, more or less, in every work of his, is the fact that we are souls and not bodies. The following passage bears out this view-point more vividly than we have found it in any other words written by him :

It does not in the least matter that men should injure you, or even kill you ; you are souls, and as souls you cannot be killed. And do not forget that the Master always knows what is happening to His pupils everywhere ; if His pupils are in danger, the Master knows ; if they want help, the Master knows. You can always trust in him that He knows ; and if He knows that is all that matters. Because whatever help you want, He will give you ; and if there comes a time that you are to be killed, well, that only means that the Master wants your death, because your death can help the world more just then than your life.

The value of this little volume for the purpose of propaganda will be considerable, for in itself it stands for a teaching of reincarnation, wherein the youth of the body and maturity of the soul are clearly distinguishable, and explains without intent something of what it means to become a pupil of the Great Masters. It will lead to many questions, perhaps to a deeper search in our Theosophical books, for information concerning these facts which seem to render the vista of earthly life all at once wider, deeper, and more full of inspiration. We recommend this book to the perusal of "old souls" and "young bodies" alike.

D. M. C.

The Holy Fire, by Jamshedji Dadabhoy Shroff. (Sethna Building, Thakordwar, Bombay.)

This little booklet is a good attempt at expounding some of the inner meanings of the visible symbol of fire so much venerated by every devout Zoroastrian. It is written in a very easy and simple style, and the ideas expressed therein are well substantiated by apt quotations. The third chapter on "Aspects of Fire" is particularly interesting and illuminative. The author has harmoniously blended some of the western ideas of art and beauty with eastern conceptions of contemplation, and though, in some cases, the conclusions drawn are stretched a little too far, still they afford ample

scope for serious thought and careful study, and we have pleasure in recommending its perusal by all who are interested in symbology, especially those Zoroastrian scholars who are apt to take rather a materialistic view of many of the Zoroastrian rituals and ceremonies, and see nothing beyond the concrete materialised forms.

J. R. A.

The Heart of Things, written down by Edward Clarence Farnsworth. (Portland, Maine Smith and Sale.)

This book will prove gratifying to the occultly curious, for it is full of information on occult matters. It consists of a statements of facts concerning the occult workings of our universe and man's nature, written down in a straightforward manner, without much comment or suggestion. We are unable to say as to how far it is accurate, but most of it is knowledge familiar to Theosophists, and at least the tone of the book is thoroughly pure and, unlike some of the automatically written books, is, we judge, quite harmless. We are inclined to think the author has not done justice to his work in the choice of its title, for until one examines the contents one has an expectation of some hazy pseudo-mystic effusion. The get up of the volume fails in the same respect—it is not so dignified as its interior matter.

D. M. C.

From Faith to Certainty, by Chaudri Mohammad Sayal M.A.

This is an attractively written pamphlet dealing with the progress of the religious life through the stages of instinctive and traditional belief in God to intellectual examination of its truth, and final realisation of its power as a living force in the life. It forms an introduction to the Muhammadan presentment of spiritual truth which should rouse further interest in the reader. Copies may be had from the Author (enclosing postage), 39 Upper Bedford Place, Russell Square, London, W. C.

M. E. C.

ON THE VALENCY OF THE CHEMICAL ATOMS

IN CONNECTION WITH THEOSOPHICAL CONCEPTIONS CONCERNING THEIR EXTERIOR FORM

THE article under the above title, published in THE THEOSOPHIST for July, 1914 (Vol. XXXV, No. 10), p. 535, was translated from the Dutch. The Author has sent the following list of corrections of the translation (* indicates line from bottom) :

P.	L.	FOR	READ
541	5	Often, also, other negative poles will exactly then absorb the opposite stream issuing from a positive pole :	Often, also, negative poles <i>other than the one exactly opposite</i> , will absorb the stream issuing from a positive pole :
543	4	heptavalency $Cl_2 O_7$	heptavalency <i>in</i> $Cl_2 O_7$
544	4	cube faces	cube <i>directions</i>
552	10	ring three	ring <i>the</i> three
553	3	pounds in their normal condition, are	pounds, in their normal condition are
555	10*, 9*	physical or around an immaterial axis formed by one or more spikes, so that	physical axis formed by one or more spikes, or around an immaterial <i>axis</i> , so that
558	11*	poles of the bottom	<i>pole</i> of the bottom
558	5*, 4*	position which . . . occur	<i>delete</i> : which . . . occur
559	13	valence with ever constant polarity we	valence—with ever constant polarity—we
559	11*	recall to mind	<i>imagine</i>
559	1*	explain	<i>lay out, spread out</i>
560	8	disturbances	disturbances <i>of symmetry</i>
560	20	linkings of	linkings
560	5*	hypothesis	<i>hypothesis</i>
561	6	, that is forced and unstable,	(that is forced and unstable)
562	note 7*	Pringadie	<i>Pirngadie</i>
570	18	have	<i>has</i>
571	5	all	<i>each of</i>

SUPPLEMENT TO THE THEOSOPHIST

THE CONVENTION OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, 1915, AT BOMBAY

THE Executive Committee of the Theosophical Society having accepted the invitation of the Lodges, and the President having given her approval to the same, the T. S. Convention of 1915 will be held at Bombay in the month of December next (Christmas week.)

In the absence of any Headquarters at Bombay, arrangements will have to be made from now for the comfort and convenience of the large number of delegates that are likely to attend this First Theosophical Convention at Bombay. In order that as little inconvenience as possible may be suffered we request the intending visitors :

1. To notify their coming by 31st October, 1915, at the latest. Each member attending the Convention should send in the usual registration or delegation Fee of Rupee One and send notice of his coming to Mr. D. S. Bhandarkar, c/o Blavatsky Lodge, T. S., Hornby Road, Fort, Bombay.

2. To bring with them bedding, mosquito-nets (if needed), towels, soap, travelling lantern and drinking utensils.

3. If any persons require a special room they must send word by 31st October, 1915, and cash must accompany the order. A room 10ft. by 10ft. will cost Rs. 5 and a larger one 15ft. by 10ft., or thereabouts, will cost Rs. 20. The money should be sent to Mr. D. S. Bhandarkar, c/o Blavatsky Lodge, T. S., Hornby Road, Fort, Bombay.

T. S. members at Bombay, and those that may make independent arrangements for their stay at Bombay during

the Convention days, will have to pay the registration or delegation Fee of One Rupee to Mr. D. S. Bhandarkar, c/o Blavatsky Lodge, T. S., Hornby Road, Fort, Bombay.

Each delegate requiring meals in the European style (including chota hazri, coffee, tea or milk) is required to pay Rs. 4 per day.

Each delegate requiring meals in the Indian style (two meals per day without lunch, chota hazri or milk) is required to pay Re. 1 per day.

Any delegate requiring any concessions in the above charges or any extra accommodation or convenience, or requiring any separate set of furniture for himself, should make arrangements with Messrs. Jamnadas D. Dharamsi and K. G. Wagle, Hon. Secretaries, Housing Committee, c/o Blavatsky Lodge, T. S., Hornby Road, Fort, Bombay.

The arrangements for lectures, delegates' tickets, etc., are in the charge of Mr. P. R. Green, c/o Blavatsky Lodge, Bombay.

Persons who do not notify their coming beforehand must excuse us if we are unable to provide lodging and food for them, as we cannot displace those who have given previous notice in favour of those who arrive at the last moment, unexpected.

Arrangements are made only for members and their wives (and children, if the latter cannot be left at home).

Other arrangements regarding lectures, etc., will be notified in due course.

All letters addressed to the persons mentioned herein should be marked "*Convention*" in the corner of the envelope.

K. J. B. WADIA,
K. G. WAGLE,
JAMNADAS D. DHARAMSI,
V. V. PRADHAN,
TRIKAMDAS DHARAMSI MURARJI,

Honorary Secretaries,

Bombay T. S. Convention Executive Committee

A SPECIAL MEETING OF THE GENERAL COUNCIL, T. S.

THE voting on the change of Rule 46, recorded in the Minutes of the T. S. General Council Meeting of 27th December, 1914, was not a full three-fourths majority, and as the meeting was adjourned without fixing a date, some of the Councillors thought that a Special Meeting ought to be called to fully register the votes.

As several General Secretaries did not vote, probably thinking that it was a matter for Indian convenience, the President, T. S., issued a circular on 13th May, 1915, calling a Special Meeting of the General Council, T. S., to be held on August 18th, 1915, and asking those who did not vote to send their votes at once for registration.

In pursuance thereof a Special Meeting of the General Council, T. S., was held at Adyar Headquarters on 18th August, at 8 a.m., where, besides the President and the Recording Secretary, three additional members of the Council, viz., Dr. Sir S. Subramania Iyer, Dr. W. A. English and Mr. C. Jinarājādāsa were present.

After the Minutes of the Meeting of December 27th, 1914, having been previously circulated, were taken as read, and confirmed, the President announced that 3 more votes had come in favour, viz., one from Mr. A. P. Sinnett, the Vice-President, T. S., and the others from the General Secretary, T. S. in the Netherlands, whose vote, by error, had not been entered, and from the General Secretary of Cuba.

Thus the modification of Rule 46 was finally passed by a majority of 27 for, 1 against, and 1 neutral.

The Meeting rose at 8.15 a.m.

ANNIE BESANT, *President*

J. R. ARIA, *Recording Secretary*

Adyar, 18th August, 1915

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The following receipts from 11th August to 9th September, 1915, are acknowledged with thanks :

ANNUAL DUES AND ADMISSION FEES

	Rs.	A.	P.
Mr. E. Drayton, C. M. G., for 1915, £1	15	0	0
Presidential Agent, Spain, £2. 17s. 6d. dues of new members	42	14	6

DONATIONS

"A Friend," £10	150	0	0
	Rs. 207 14 6		

Adyar, 9th September, 1915

A. SCHWARZ,
Hon. Treasurer, T. S.

OLCOTT PANCHAMA FREE SCHOOLS

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

The following receipts from 11th August to 9th September, 1915, are acknowledged with thanks :

DONATIONS

	Rs.	A.	P.
Mr. C. M. Doraiswamy Mudaliar, Public Prosecutor, Chittoor	8	0	0
Secretary, "Nishkama Karma Malha," Poona	5	0	0
Miss Nellie Rice, Honolulu, £2	29	15	11
Mrs. A. M. Forsyth, Brisbane, £2	29	14	0
Donations under Rs. 5	1	0	0
	Rs. 73 13 11		

Adyar, 9th September, 1915

A. SCHWARZ,
Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, O. P. F. S.

NEW LODGES

Location	Name of Lodge	Date of issue of the Charter
Cincinnati, Ohio, U.S.A....	Cincinnati Lodge, T. S.	16-1-1915
Wallace, Idaho, „ ...	Wallace „ „	19-1-1915
Dayton, Ohio, „ ...	Dayton „ „	14-2-1915
Fort Wayne, Indiana, U.S.A.	Fort Wayne, „ „	5-3-1915
Detroit, Michigan, „ ...	Unity „ „	15-3-1915
Peoria, Illinois, „ ...	Peoria „ „	21-3-1915
Chicago, Illinois, „ ...	Herakles „ „	9-4-1915
Louisville, Kentucky, „ ...	Louisville „ „	24-4-1915
Maikar, C. I., India ...	Fraternity „ „	13-8-1915

Adyar,

1st September, 1915

J. R. ARIA,

Recording Secretary, T. S.

THE FOLLOWING LODGES OF THE AMERICAN SECTION ARE CONSOLIDATED

Millenium and Calgary	(Calgary) to Calgary Lodge	July 1914
Alcyone and Vivelius	(Detroit) to Unity Lodge	„ „
Vancouver and Lotus	(Vancouver) to Vancouver Lodge	Oct. 22, '14
Nebraska and Lincoln	(Lincoln) to Lincoln Lodge	March '15

CHANGE OF NAMES

Vivelius Lodge, of Detroit, U.S.A., changed to Unity Lodge, T.S.
 Auburn Park Lodge, of Chicago, U.S.A., „ „ Herakles „ „

vi SUPPLEMENT TO THE THEOSOPHIST OCTOBER
 LODGES DISSOLVED

Location	Name of Lodge	Date of surrender of Charter
Chicago, Ill., U.S.A. ...	German Morning Star Lodge, T. S.	9-2-1915
Danvers, Mass. ,, ...	Danvers Lodge, T. S.	12-4-1915
East Orange, N.J., U.S.A.	Olcott ,, ,,	1915

Adyar,
 1st September, 1915

J. R. ARIA,
Recording Secretary, T. S.

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6.30 P. M. Masonic Meeting

Saturday, 25th December, 1915

8.30 A. M. Public Lecture by Mrs. Annie Besant

1.30 to 4 P. M. General T. S. Convention

5.30 P. M. Public Lecture by Mr. C. Jinarajadasa

Sunday, 26th December, 1915

8.30 A. M. Public Lecture by Mrs. Annie Besant

10.30 A. M. E. S. Section

1.30 to 4 P. M. Convention of the Indian Section

5 P. M. Anniversary Meeting

Monday, 27th December, 1915

8.30 A. M. Public Lecture by Mrs. Annie Besant

1.30 to 4 P. M. Convention of the Indian Section

7.30 P. M. E. S. General Meeting by Mr. C. Jinarajadasa

viii SUPPLEMENT TO THE THEOSOPHIST NOVEMBER

Tuesday, 28th December, 1915

8.30	A. M.	Public Lecture by Mrs. Annie Besant
10 to 11	A. M.	Star Meeting at the China Bag
1.30 to 4	P. M.	Convention of the Indian Section
7.30	P. M.	E. S. Section Meeting by Mr. C. Jinarajadasa

Wednesday, 29th December, 1915

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(Amended by the Executive Committee in their meeting on 10th October)

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Sikandara Manjil, Banki- pore, India <i>Adyar,</i> 6th October 1915	... Dhruva Lodge, T. S.	4-9-1915

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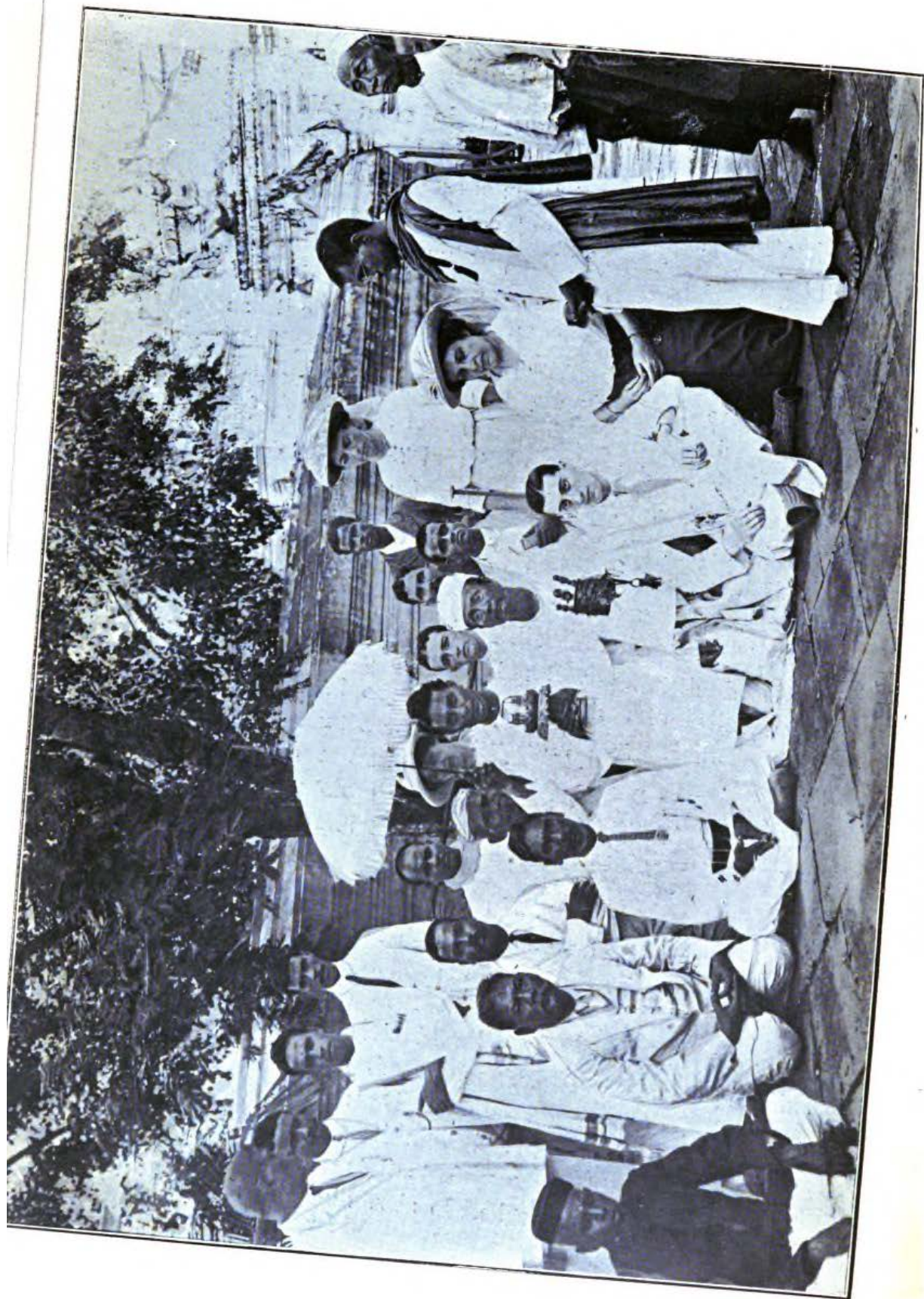
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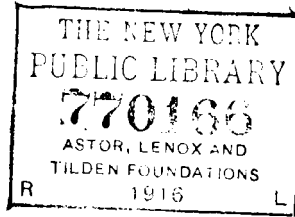
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C. JINARAJADASA, HOLDING THE BUDDHA RELICS

VOL. XXXVII

No 4.



THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

A SECOND Christmas has passed in the midst of War, and has been a scene of mourning to countless families instead of a season of innocent family joy, of children's laughter, and the patter of little feet. And another New Year is dawning after Christmas, dawning red with blood instead of with the rosy glow of love, and Aurora's fingers are blood-bedabbled, and her cheeks are splashed with blood and not with blushes. Maitreya! Christ! Compassionate and tender; when will the harvest of men's lives be reaped, and the karma of broken hearts be exhausted? When this volume of THE THEOSOPHIST shall close, shall we be within sight of the closing of the War? Some Yogis here, in India, put the ending in April, but I know not whether they speak sooth, or only guess, as do others. For myself, I have heard naught of an ending, so far.

* * *

We none of us understood, when Dr. Steiner, supported by M. M. Schuré and Lévy, made his carefully planned attack on me and tried, by the most unscrupulous misrepresentations, to eject me from the Presidency of the T. S. and put himself in my place, that his policy was the policy we have since become so familiar with as the German *par excellence*. The extraordinary mendacity had not then become familiar as peculiarly Teutonic, and the ingenuity of the tangle created was so great that even I, who knew the falsity of the statements made, was at a loss how to straighten out the twisted coil. M. Schuré was, obviously, for the time, under the spell of a subtler and more powerful intellect than his own, and saw the distorted representations as truth, in all honesty. M. Lévy was malicious, but probably thought himself justified in being so. The whole plot was intended to put a German at the head of the Theosophical organisation, and thus to influence the various countries over which that organisation spreads. Dr. Steiner would thus have had a powerful instrument for circulating German views in all civilised countries, and for colouring public opinion in favour of Germany.

* * *

It was always a puzzle to us how he, apparently a poor man, obtained the large funds which enabled him to circulate his mendacities in many languages, and to scatter them gratis in all directions. But the world has now learnt that the subsidising of such plots has been part of the German policy for years. It would have been a great thing to have had a German President of the T. S., seated at Adyar, working for Germany through our hundreds of Lodges, a centre of danger in

India. As it is, he has had to send out his poisonous pamphlet, revealing himself as an apostle of Pan-Germanism, from Switzerland, and his influence, such as may remain to him outside Germany, receives thereby its *coup de grâce*. We have, however, heard nothing of him and his Society, since his fiasco in relation to myself, until the issue of this pamphlet.

* * *

The pamphlet seems to have come as a great shock to M. M. Schuré and Lévy, who had been deceived by his pretensions, and who now find that he is one of the many Teuton agents who use all means, religious and political, to spread the German claim to world-domination. Naturally the War has evoked the Gallic enthusiasm in the hearts of Dr. Steiner's French followers, and he is not able to lead them astray any longer into the forwarding of Germany's plans for crushing Europe under the German heel. He had also started one or two Lodges in America, through which to aid the German propaganda there.

* * *

Among the many signs of the awakening of Indian Womanhood, the Ladies' Association of Masulipatam has for some years been doing very valuable work. They have lately held their Anniversary, and had a prize distribution for the Lady Amptill's Girls' School. At Gwalior, whither I went to preside over the Rajputana and Central India Federation, T. S., I found a Ladies' Association active, and had the honour of addressing it in a pleasant garden where they held their meeting. Some of them had also formed a Women's T. S. Lodge there, and I initiated eleven ladies, the charter members. The Mahārāja Scindhia—who

was looking much pulled down by his recent severe illness—is very deeply interested in girls' education, and has allowed a school to be named after his baby daughter, a very bright-looking little lady, who sat quite amiably in my lap, and clutched and cooed over H. P. Blavatsky's ring, with which she seemed much fascinated. H. H. is no mere figurehead to his State; he is an indefatigable worker, and devotes himself to the welfare of his dominions with strenuous energy. Gwalior City—three cities really—can boast of some splendid buildings, due to his guidance, and the State enjoys some of the reforms which the Congress has been vainly urging on the British Government for thirty years. One speciality of the Gwalior buildings is the beautiful pierced stonework, looking like embroidery in stone. It is interesting to see how the advanced Indian States are showing the way now-a-days to the British Government, and are proving how thoroughly "fit"—odious word—the Indians are for Home Rule. They are a standing proof of the ability of Indians to rule themselves better than the English can rule them.

*
*
*

Our T. S. Convention is at Bombay this year, the first time that it has been held away from Adyar or Benares, although the Bombay Lodges urged the new move strongly in 1907. So far, the change seems to be popular, as we hear of 900 delegates already notified. There is, of course, the practical advantage that as very many of our members are Congressmen, it enables them to attend both functions, and many other associations to which different members belong—Social Reform, Temperance, Theistic, orthodox Hindū—all

have their annual meetings in the "National Week," as we call it, and the Theosophical Society thus becomes recognised as a unifying Society, an organ in the mighty body of the Motherland. Our subsidiary activities also link us with many organisations of service, and, in addition, there is the pleasure of meeting many friends, belonging to all sorts and conditions of good work.

* * *

The T. S. Convention is the first in the field, opening with the first of my public lectures on December 25th, at 8.30 a.m. The lectures are to be on some of the great teachings of Theosophy; I. God; II. Man; III. Right and Wrong; IV. Brotherhood. Then, at 10.30, we have an E. S. meeting, and at 5.30, Mr. C. Jinarājadāsa lectures, on World Reconstruction. At 1.30, I have to attend a Congress Committee, and at 4.30 the Conference on the Home Rule question, at which an important gathering of Indian leaders takes place, and the discussion is likely to be long. Intense interest has been aroused all over the country. The General T. S. Convention is to be held on December 26th, but it will be shorter than usual, for we have no reports, of course, from Germany, Austria, Bohemia, Hungary, Bulgaria, nor from Finland nor Russia, nor from martyred Belgium. Spain and America, which are at peace, have not reported, unless the letters have gone wrong, as so often happens now-a-days. On this same day also we hold the Anniversary Meeting, at 5 p.m. at which many languages usually fall into the surprised air. On the next two days, the Indian Section has its meetings, and on the 28th December, a day ever memorable for us, is

held the Anniversary meeting of the Order of the Star in the East.

* * *

The National Congress is to be held on the 27th, 28th and 29th, and the great Pavilion built for it holds 20,000 people. It will be seen from this that a huge attendance is expected, and we have no doubt that the expectation will be realised. India is fully alive and is throbbing with repressed hope. How much of this it will be thought politic to show, one cannot guess, but for all who know, as those who compose that huge assembly will know, what is seething under the surface, the meetings will be intensely interesting. So also will be the meetings of the Muslim League on the 30th and 31st December. The President of League meetings and the General Secretary of the All-India Muslim League Council, are both enthusiastic supporters of the Home Rule movement, and are among the signatories of the invitation convening the meeting.

* * *

I should be very glad if the class, or classes, formed in England for the study of Indian questions, would read and circulate my new book, *How India Wrought for Freedom*. It is the complete story of the National Congress taken from the official records :

It is a plain story of India's constitutional struggle for freedom, a story so pathetic in its patience, so strong in its endurance, so far-seeing in its wisdom, that it is India's justification—in any justification can be needed for asserting the right to freedom—for her demand for Home Rule.

Much good would be done by placing the book in public libraries, especially in those of towns where there is a large artisan population, and where political interest is strong. India's hopes and India's

struggles only need to be known in Great Britain to cause an overwhelming movement in her favour. The great mistake made in England, since Charles Bradlaugh's death, has been the restriction of argument and appeal to the upper and middle classes, whose husbands, brothers and sons profit by the keeping of India as a preserve for Englishmen.

* * *

A very pleasant new departure was taken here in Adyar on December 16th, when the Arts League was inaugurated in the large Hall at Headquarters. A pretty little collection of Indian silver and ivory work was shown on a table, and two or three effective water-colours by members of the League helped the decorative side; Mrs. Cousins, who is a brilliant pianist, Mrs. Edwards and Mr. Schwarz, violinists, Mme. Petrini, a Swedish prima donna, Mr. Cousins who has a soft and sympathetic light tenor voice, provided a pleasant musical programme, and there was some exceedingly good Indian music by a Musalmān player. Some short addresses were delivered by Mr. C. Jinarājādāsa, Mr. Cousins and myself, and the gathering was an enjoyable one. The League is to meet twice a month in Olcott Gardens, and there will be occasional meetings in the Headquarters' Hall. Adyar residents seem to run to music. Mr. Kirby, for several winters, was a joy to us, with his exceptionally fine playing, but Italy has kept him this year.

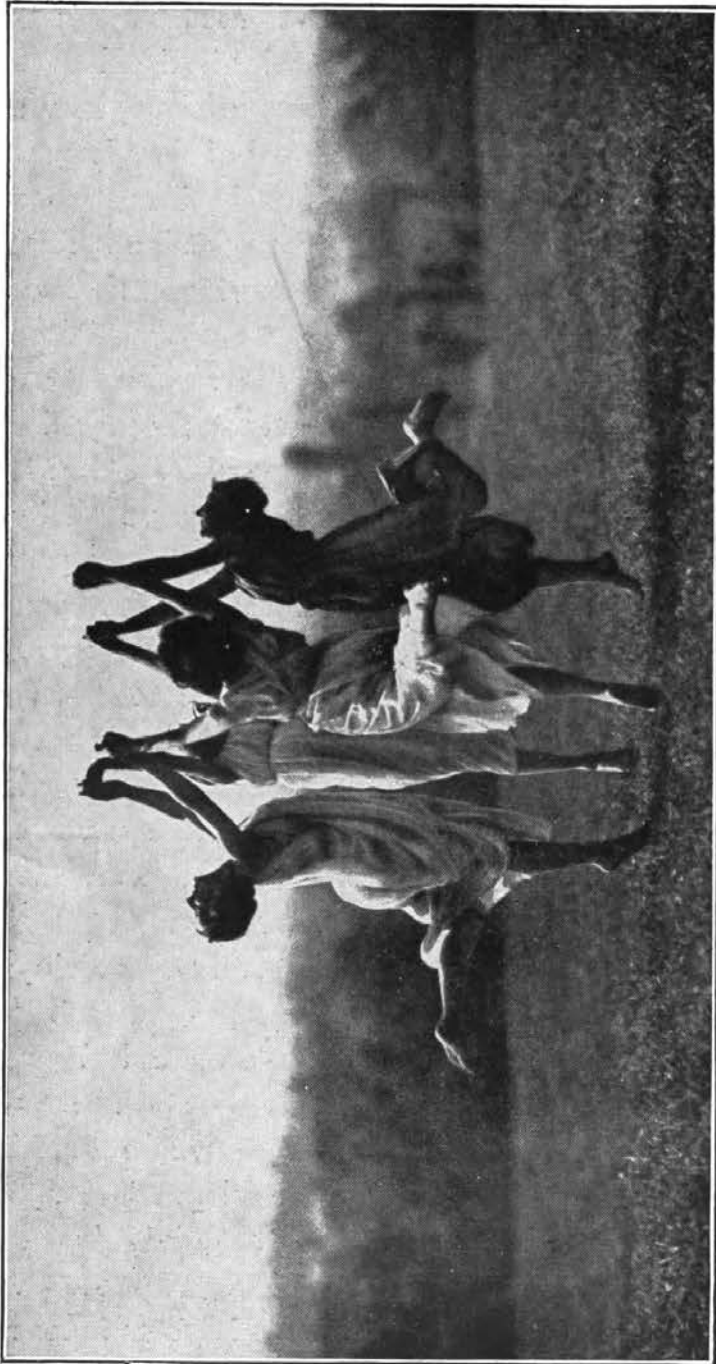
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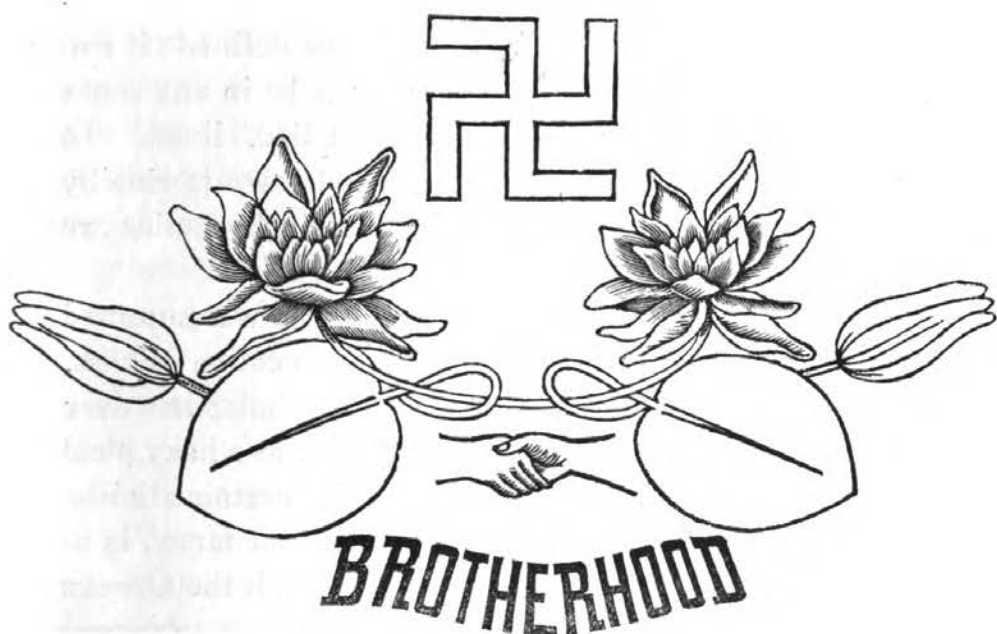
Adyar is not so full as usual, nor so cosmopolitan. We have lost, of course, our German residents, and of foreigners have only Swedish, Dutch, Swiss and American. So we are much less many-sided

than usual. From within the United Kingdom, we have English, Scotch and Irish, but we have no Welshman.

* * *

The news that George S. Arundale had been elected General Secretary for England and Wales came just after my Watch-Tower notes last month were printed off, so I could not send then my warm congratulations to the Section on its good fortune in securing his invaluable services. For he is one of the best workers of the Society, with his energy and initiative, and, as a centre for the work of others, his inspiring personality is priceless. A week or two ago I was in Benares, and found there the old love for him and the longing to see him come "home" again, for, naturally, there is no second Arundale available there. The heads of Madanapalle College, of the Benares Theosophical School, of the important Kāyastha Pāthashālā at Allahabad, are all "Arundale's men," and spread his spirit through staffs and students. He will have a royal welcome when he comes back to India, for England cannot always hope to keep him.





EURHYTHMICS

By E. AGNES R. HAIGH

THE name "Eurhythmics," by which M. Jaques-Dalcroze has chosen to describe his system of rhythmic gymnastic, is vaguely and variously interpreted by the general public. Most commonly it is understood to refer either to a particular school of physical culture with musical accompaniment, or to some special method of interpreting music by dance. Students of Eurhythmics alone realise how wide of the mark are all such conjectures—but the difficulty of correcting them in plain language remains. The misunderstanding arises in great measure from our habit of expecting a descriptive title to define that

which it represents, or of demanding that a system of education must necessarily be capable of precise definition. Eurhythmics certainly cannot be defined; it can only be partially explained in words; to be in any sense comprehended it must be seen, studied, lived. To quote from its founder: "One does not learn to ride by reading a book on horsemanship, and Eurhythmics are above all a matter of personal experience."

The ideal training of the Greek world was summed up in "music and gymnastic"—an education which, in its practical workings, no classical scholar has ever yet intelligently explained. To regard it as a hazy ideal which every teacher might, within certain limits, interpret according to his own talent or fancy, is to ignore the intellectual precision with which the Greeks always followed up their acknowledged aims: to regard it as a mere curriculum of subjects, is to mistake its method completely. In his *Republic*, which Mahaffy calls "the finest educational treatise which the world has ever seen," Plato makes it clear that reform must base itself on education, and that education has as its first object the formation of character. The acquiring of knowledge and the training of special talents are important but secondary. Of the manner of this education he finds that "it is hard to invent a better than has been discovered by the wisdom of ages—the education of gymnastic for the body, and music for the soul". Music is to harmonise the soul, giving to the young character an "unreasoning love for the good and beautiful—so that later, when reason comes, he salutes her as a friend with whom knowledge has made him long familiar". By gymnastic the body is made active and healthy, fit for physical

exercise, enduring, a controlled and efficient tool of its master, the mind. Moreover, music and gymnastic are not independent agents, any more than are body and soul separate departments. Music inspires and controls the body through rhythm, gymnastic helps to produce strength and endurance of character. Body and soul assist and reinforce one another, acting in harmonious combination. With Plato's ideals the critics have never quarrelled: it is because this "slender curriculum," so-called, has been judged to be unpractical and visionary or, at best, only fitted for a privileged class, that the principles and practice of Greek education have been ignored in modern life.

The whole question turns, of course, upon what we understand by "music and gymnastic," and what method we should employ in the teaching of them. I can myself conceive of no interpretation of music and gymnastic, which would wholly satisfy the Greek ideal, as in substance differing from that upon which the practice of Eurhythmics is founded. It should be understood, however, that the Dalcroze system is no mere revival, no attempt at re-introducing ancient forms and usages, but a free and direct application of Plato's principle in the education of the modern world. Hence it is seen that Eurhythmics is not a special study, or branch of learning, such as a University course involves, nor does it in the least attempt to replace any special study: its purposes are different. Eurhythmics is a musical training of the entire human being through movement; its method is to educate the whole personality through discipline and development. By discipline brain, nerves and muscles are to be brought into true relation, and co-ordinated with one another.

Disorder of mind or body results from lack of rhythm or balance, confusion of duties in the parts of the human organism, whereby the components deviate from their proper reaction to the requirements of life. Only by an educated control, which eliminates inhibition of excess of activity, can the true balance be preserved, in the harmonious interaction of all the faculties and parts, and that perfect health of mind and body be effected which is the foundation of all sane endeavour. So far the ends accomplished may seem to be purely hygienic, but, if we look deeper, we must recognise how wide is the gulf separating health which is an attribute from the quality of health. The just equipoise secured by education in discipline and control gives to the student a marvellous efficiency for any task either of assimilation or of expression. To quote from the words of M. Jaques-Dalcroze: "There must be created an automatic technique for all those muscular movements which do not need the help of the consciousness, so that the latter may be reserved for those forms of expression which are purely intelligent. Thanks to the co-ordination of the nerve-centres, to the formation and development of the greatest possible number of motor habits, my method assures the freest possible play to subconscious expression." By freeing thought from the multitude of minor preoccupations which usurp attention where subconscious activity is insufficiently automatic, by training out involuntary resistances of mind and body, by eliminating leakage of energy through a more perfect economy, such a discipline enables mind and will to devote their highest concentrated capacity to any given voluntary task.

From discipline we come to development. The one is an introduction to the other, although there is no actual priority in order of teaching. The two proceed side by side, each essay in free expression gaining in security and coherence as control gradually asserts itself. Eurhythmic development is essentially individual—not the less so because taught in class work—and aims at equipping the student, first to realise, then to express himself according to his own temperament and genius. The rules are few and simple, the mere alphabet of the language of rhythmic construction. No attempt is made to train according to a pattern, or to give models for the student to imitate and reproduce. Whatever is expressed must be an independent spontaneous conception, the form of its creation determined by the student's individual taste. Yet, because of long discipline in the school of control and balance, originality can never become spasmodic or unbridled. Very few, it may be, have it in them to become true creative artists, and the merit of different attempts at self-expression must necessarily vary according to the capacity and endowment of the pupil. Notwithstanding, each individual has something to communicate—something his own, and therefore new in nature, given but the means of translating himself intelligibly to the world. The true education of every human being, as M. Jaques-Dalcroze holds, is that which teaches him to realise his personality; and the expression of that personality, under disciplined control, in its reaction to the stimulus of external impression, is his life's work in whatever calling or pursuit he finds himself engaged.

Such a view of the purpose of education is as strictly in accord with the conclusions of modern

psychology as with the unconscious ideals of the Greek world—that the training of individual powers is accomplished by liberation rather than by assimilation. Specialising, a vigorous application of the mind to a single subject, or set of subjects, before the balance of natural powers is effected, may develop certain important faculties; but leaves out of reckoning the co-operation of the whole personality. The education of the powers in combination, and harmonious interaction, towards a communal goal of endeavour, releases a far richer capacity, which may be directed towards any purpose upon which choice determines. This “focusing,” so to speak, of the whole personality, can only be achieved by such co-operation of all the instinctive, as well as conscious powers, brought into trained accord under the direction of the will.

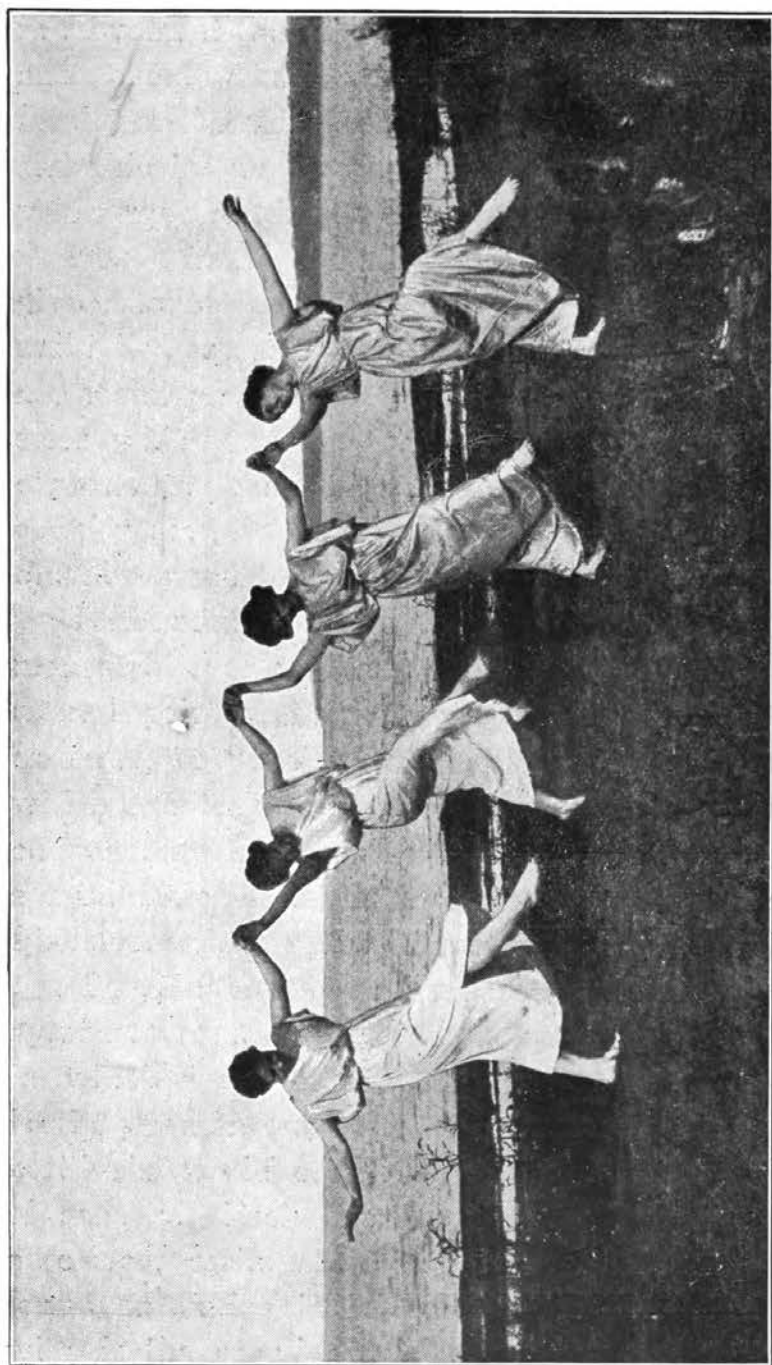
The question naturally suggests itself, why does M. Jaques-Dalcroze found his system upon a musical basis, and why should a training in rhythmic gymnastic be more valuable for character-building than physical development combined with scientific, literary, or other artistic study? M. Jaques himself gives the answer. He says: “If I base my system on music it is because music is a great psychic force, the result of human thought and expression, which, through its power to stimulate and control, can order all our vital functions. ...By music I understand what the Greeks so called; that is, the sum of our powers of feeling and thought, the ever-changing symphony of spontaneous ideas, first created, then modified, given form by imagination, ordered by rhythm, and harmonised by consciousness. This music is the character of the individual.” It is essential for the understanding of Eurhythmics to

remember that by "music" its founder means "what the Greeks so called". To the modern mind the word is bound to suggest definite compositions, or schools of composition—anyhow, certain fixed forms and immutable rules. We need to remind ourselves of the Greek conception of music as a creative energy expressing itself in ordered sounds, always fluid and productive, never static and final; an inward process, or activity, (with rhythm as its dominant factor), not the outward manifestation or concrete example. Rhythmic gymnastic, in consequence, has as little to do with preordained gestures moving to fixed measures, on the one hand, as with plastic reproductions of ancient statue-groups, on the other. It is a common misconception of Eurhythmics to suppose that it models itself on ancient types, illustrating or translating their characteristic features into movement. Whatever may be true of some schools of dance-culture, Eurhythmics is above all things an independent art, finding its incentive to creation in the basic instincts and experiences of the individual. The music of Eurhythmics, which is generally improvised, never dictates the movement; it suggests an idea or impulse which finds form in spontaneous rhythmic expression, and infinite is the variety of impressions which the same musical piece can make upon the different personalities of the pupils. The very presentation itself is a motive rather than an explanation, for the rôles may be reversed, the pupil suggesting the idea in rhythmic movement for music to interpret: in other words, true rhythmic interpretation is no definite conception plastically or picturesquely reproduced, but a root perception full of meanings still

undefined, a theme containing the germs of ideas not yet comprehended in reasoned thought.

It might be supposed that the power of plastic interpretation was a gift of nature which would be found in a few only of the pupils, but this is not the case. It seems, on the contrary, that rhythmic expression is a universal instinct which needs only to be aroused and trained. The impulse towards self-expression in bodily movement exists, in a more or less rudimentary form, in every child, and leaves him only as he learns to confine expression to the more limited medium of speech. Festival and religious dances—all founded mainly on a rhythmic basis—are a prominent feature in the culture of all simple and primitive peoples, especially where the natural movement-instinct is not hampered by a conventionalised dress; and it has been noticed by anthropologists that savage races are more sensitive to subtleties of rhythm, and more accurate in the rendering of them, than are many of our trained musicians.

Of the practical workings of the Dalcroze system it is difficult to speak without seeming to attempt to reduce it to rules. Its founder is by far its most eloquent exponent, and he tells us more by what he indicates than by means of actual description. In demonstrations given by advanced pupils we see how a musical idea is first conveyed to them, perceived—not emotionally only, but with all the æsthetic faculties trained to act in concert—firmly grasped by the intellect, and then translated into free and coherent expression under the control of the will. The effect—a test of all true art—is as effortless as a bird's flight, but one may conjecture how severe is the discipline which must



precede such perfection of freedom. In the earlier stages the pupil's consciousness is more occupied with the need for energetic mental concentration, an intending of the sum of the faculties upon the task in hand, than with the movements of the body: yet an active pleasure accompanies all stages of the work because the exercises are founded upon natural instincts. By slow degrees the body becomes schooled to a precise and orderly translation of the commands which it receives, and by slow degrees the faculties learn to grasp the musical impression in a lucid unwavering concept. "The independence of the different parts of the body becomes so complete that the times of entirely different measures can be beaten concurrently—movements of the head marking a $\frac{3}{4}$ time, of the left arm a $\frac{3}{4}$ time, of the right arm a $\frac{4}{4}$ time, of the feet a $\frac{5}{4}$ time, all simultaneously." By exercises such as these can the power of mental detachment and intensive concentration be cultivated to an extraordinary degree, while corresponding bodily movements, serving as a free outlet, react most healthfully upon the nervous system, and exclude the danger of exhaustion. Moreover, the infinite variety of the exercises, which are hardly ever repeated in the same form, and the study of antagonistic movements, "of the balance of contraction in one limb against relaxation in another," protect effectively against strain or over-fatigue of individual muscles or nerves.

To take another illustration; the pupil expresses a rhythm¹ (or rhythms) with the body while mentally attending to another which is being played, and

¹ A rhythm is well described by Mr. P. B. Ingham as "a regularly recurring series of accented sounds, unaccented sounds, and rests, expressed in rhythmic gymnastics by movements and inhibitions of movement."

prepares, at the word of command, to take up and realise in movement the new theme, again listening to a third, and so on. Such an exercise insensibly trains the faculty of abstraction and of rapid accurate memorising, and this by no tedious distasteful process, but by a voluntary effort both interesting and congenial.

Or again, a long and complicated rhythm may be given, to be doubled, trebled, halved, or otherwise multiplied or subdivided—perhaps even reversed, so that mathematical problems of varying difficulty frequently arise which must be worked out by the pupil in bodily experience. Similarly, exercises in syncopation and counterpoint, from the simplest to the most abstruse, must be translated into visible form.

The accurate performance of complicated bodily movements, of which these are examples, requires a mental poise and sureness, a power of grasping the essential, of “seeing whole,” if one may so express it, which are looked upon usually as a rare and special endowment. In developing such qualities as these, by a systematic and calculated process, Eurhythmics is, as I believe, unique among educational methods.

Speaking from some personal experience of rhythmic gymnastic training I may mention one or two impressions in which I find other students also concur. The first is the spontaneous pleasure of the exercises as a more positive state of feeling than that induced by other forms of activity. Each exercise, which consists of an idea perceived, assimilated, and translated into expression, forms an entire individual achievement, and brings with it the peculiar satisfaction which only a sense of fulfilment, independent of external aid, can confer. Secondly, the complete relief which Eurhythmics gives

from tension of mind or body. Fatigue and nervous strain, resulting from the excessive use of certain nerve or muscle-groups, cannot survive the surrender, for the time being, of all the faculties to an absorbing and congenial task. The recreative value of rhythmic gymnastic exercises, wherein body and mind recuperate themselves almost as in sleep, bears out the statement of Dr. E. Jolowicz¹ that "the experience of these feelings" (induced by certain rhythms) "stimulates the metabolism of sensation, and results in an increase of vitality." And thirdly, the feeling of self-reliance, of resourcefulness, which results from the training. The personality, educated to react in the method proper to its nature to every stimulus of external impression, tends to acquire a confidence in its ability to deal with the difficulties of daily experience, since the whole modus of the teaching is to refer each problem which the work presents to the pupil's own powers for its solution.

The question of ethics should find some place in a general survey of Eurhythmic development. The modern world does not look to secular education for results of permanent ethical value, outside of the specific virtues of diligence, application, and so forth; these are to be achieved through "influence," or the inculcating of definite moral ideas. The best of Greek thinkers, on the other hand, valued a training in music and gymnastic above all things for its ethical results. On what did they base this expectation? The question is a large one, and it is not possible to do more than suggest certain ideas for consideration. In Greek belief moral excellence was united with, and indicated by, the beauty of physical excellence. Where there was a

¹ Resident physician and lecturer in Psycho-physics at the Dalcroze College, Helleran, Dresden.

pervading harmony there could be no excess, no training of certain faculties at the expense of others, no throwing the judgment and resultant action out of perspective. Hence the Greek "good man" was the *kalos k'agathos* the man whose outward comeliness bore witness to his inner integrity—a "proper" man. In this respect, also, is the founder of Eurhythmics inspired by the ideals of the Greek thinkers. Training in rhythmic gymnastic is the most complete education in harmonious well-being that one can imagine; and there is no surer security for well-doing than a consistent state of well-being. The quickness of decision, self-reliance, and clearness of vision which the exercises produce go far to eliminate the bias of disorderly thinking, of irrational impulse, which, more often than deliberate evil intention, lead to ill-regulated conduct.¹ "Probably, owing to the permeation of the whole mental life with rhythmic values, the effect of the exercises is so far-reaching that even areas apparently quite unconnected with the faculties involved are indirectly influenced." Following up this suggestion we may conjecture how the human system would involuntarily correct error or excess in itself in obedience to its own law of balance and harmony.

Of Eurhythmics as an art, of its musical possibilities, of the incentive it gives to sculptor and painter in the exploration of new ideas and fresh effects, of its heightening of the natural human instinct for beauty and for joy I have said nothing. On this side of the subject each observer and student must receive his own impressions and form his own conclusions.

E. Agnes R. Haigh

¹ From a translation of Prof. Jolowicz.

POVERTY AND PATRIOTISM

By THE REV. CANON BARNETT

*(President of Toynbee Hall, and Author of
"Practicable Socialism," etc.)*

THE poor pay the taxes and fight the battles of the country. The heaviest burden always falls on their shoulders and in old times they have willingly paid and willingly fought because of their patriotism. They were proud of being Britons, quite certain of British superiority to all foreigners, and very fond of the country into which they had put the work of their hands and the thought of their heads.

The Industrial Revolution which changed the condition of the poor has also gradually changed their mind. The invention of machinery and the introduction of the modern business methods which have led to such a vast increase of wealth drove the poor to crowd into the towns and gave another direction to their thoughts. Much has been written about the consequent loss of health and happiness among workers who left the hand loom and the country cottage industry to live in crowded alleys around giant factories. But conditions which affect people's bodies also affect their minds, and thus it comes to pass that the basis of the old patriotism

has been shifted. British workmen, who have become familiar with the ways of trade—its sharp practices—the oppression of the weak by the strong and the poor physique which follows long hours and habits of drink, are no longer so proud of being Britons. They are not quite certain that they can say, “Britons never shall be slaves.” They may not like foreigners any better than their fathers liked them but pride has now become jealousy. They dislike foreigners as competitors who undersell their labour and outwit them by superior knowledge, but they have not the proud consciousness their fathers had of a courage, or a love of freedom or a care for justice which proved them to be “sprung of Earth’s first blood, by titles manifold”. They have no clear hope of an England which, forged out of memories, would draw them on to willing sacrifice. They have little vision of a country where the people, sitting in the shelter of their own homes, united to their neighbours by the bonds of peace and goodwill, and set on doing justice to all men, would command the respect of the world.

The poor by their poverty are shut out from much of the knowledge on which patriotism depends, as they are prevented by their separation from the land from putting their labour into the earth and from making homes they might love. People’s hearts are where their treasure is. Workmen who have put their labour into the earth and waited for its fruits, householders who with years of care have dug their gardens and furnished their houses, have their hearts involved in the care and future of their country. The poor who occupy rooms in the long rows of houses which with monotonous uniformity form the streets of our towns,

where house is so like to house that the owner can recognise his home only by its number, where the stay is so short that decoration seems waste, are never called to spend their time or their labour on house making. They, as birds of passage, have little sense of ownership and no heart's treasure in the country. How can they whose home is squalid flooring, and without any character of its own, be moved by the thought of "Home Sweet Home"—how can they be patriots?

Poverty therefore, we may conclude, largely prevents patriotism. Workmen feel Class to be a greater bond than Country, and stretch out hands of fellowship to foreign workmen that together they may assist their rights against Capital. Young people say, "What is there for which we should fight, we could live as easily in other countries, and all we have we can carry in our pockets." It may be possible, as I already said, to excite jealousy of foreigners by suggestions that they undersell our labour and to raise passions by talking of their evil designs, but the patriotism so excited is not the patriotism which makes a country great. Bad thoughts do not make good deeds, and suspicion is a bad thought. Vain, therefore, is it to attempt to revive the old noble feeling by increasing suspicion of foreigners, or by flag-waving and shouting. Patriots like those of Italy, just made familiar to us in Mr. Trevelyan's *Garibaldi and the Thousand*, faced foreign host, waved their banners and shouted together, but it was not the banners and the shoutings which made them patriots. They had a vision of Italy, and the thoughts of their country's call moved them to action. It is not enough to put "Union Jacks" in the

schools, or to exhibit maps with English greatness painted red, the poor must have a vision of England and realise their treasure in the country.

The teaching of patriotism to the captives of poverty is no light matter. There is no royal road by which poverty may be abolished, and the problem is how to awaken in the people whose homes must be in dull streets, and whose labour must begin early and go on late, that love of country which will give them a higher self-consciousness. Patriotism, it must be remembered, is not only a national asset which owners of property are concerned to develop for their own protection, it is much more important for the dignity and the consciousness of duty with which it inspires individuals. The patriot is not just the high-spirited boy ready to take fire at any insult to his country or to fight to extend her supremacy, he is the man who feels himself a member of a noble company and concerned to carry forward through the ages a great inheritance to higher issues. How are the poor, while they remain poor, to be given this grace and power of patriotism? How, that is, are they to be given a conception of their country which will inspire them to be its defenders? How are they to be brought to feel that the country is their own?

There seems to be only one solution to every social problem. The poor must be educated and the education must be something more than that which makes them "good scholars" or even good craftsmen. They must be taught to think and to judge for themselves what "deeds have made the Empire," what is the true ground of the nation's greatness. They must be taught to discover in history what their fathers really

won—not just the territory or the wealth—but the qualities of character which have become their inheritance. A man's winnings in life are not to be found in what he has, but in what he is; a man's worth is truly counted not by his possessions, but by his character. Britain's greatest winning, it may perhaps be said, is confidence in liberty. Britons early own for themselves the right of self-government, and when her battles are forgotten and her wealth dissipated it will for ever be remembered that Britain by a mighty sacrifice of treasure gave freedom to the slaves and trusted the government of the Colonies to the free votes of the people. If then by the study of history the children in the schools learn how this confidence in liberty has been won it will not be long before a vision rises of a country where liberty has even a more perfect work, where the people have not only the right to vote, but are equipped with the means—the health and the knowledge to vote wisely, where every one will be able to enjoy the things worth enjoying, when there shall be no more an infant of days nor an old man that hath not filled his days, when they always shall build houses and inhabit them, when the voice of weeping shall be no more heard nor the voice of crying, when none shall hurt or destroy one another.

Patriotism for modern people, as for the Jews, must be fed by visions. Before the poor have visions of a country to be loved, to be defended, and to be worked for, they must have knowledge as to what constitutes greatness. Before they can have this knowledge they must have longer time at school and more opportunities of learning the call of their country. The first things to do, so that the poor may become patriotic, are to raise

the age at which children leave school and to enforce attendance at Continuation Schools up to the age of seventeen.

But knowledge of their country's greatness is not the only need of the poor. They must have in it their own treasure. It is a happy sign of the times that garden suburbs are growing up round our towns, where home-makers can put their labour into their gardens and learn to love their homes. But for the majority of the poor their days must still be spent in close streets where the flowers will not grow. How are they to be given a sense that their country depends on them and that they depend on the country? The pension system has already done something to make them feel that their work is not forgotten, and when, further, workers are insured against unemployment, that sense will be deepened. The country is showing greater care for the people, it is passing out of the stage when it was thought sufficient to leave every one to himself and punish defaulters. The State recognises other duties than that of being a hangman. The greater difficulty is how to lead the poor to put their own treasure—their own work and thought—into the country. It is impossible that the town dwellers can hold land which they might work, it is impossible even that they can have a home which they might love, the only suggestion is that they should use more fully their right to vote. When they feel that it is they who make the Government which can make the city healthy or unhealthy—which can settle the education of their children—which can prevent or develop poverty—which can secure or hinder recreation, when they realise that it is they, by their votes and by their talk,

who make the city, they will have in the city the interest which makers have in their own creations, and so they will become patriotic—proud of its health—its cleanliness—its grandeur. They may be poor, but the city being their own, they will have the ennobling sense of membership in a great society, and there will be good reason why they will defend it against all enemies, whether the enemies arise at home or from abroad, whether they threaten to destroy what has been established or to prevent progress towards a greater greatness.

The Rev. Canon Barnett

THEOSOPHY AND THE ARTS

By JAMES H. COUSINS

FROM the earliest times of which we have record or hint, it has been a habit of the human consciousness to formulate within itself some conception of the universe of which it found itself a part, and of its own relationship thereto. Such conception it has also been a habit of the human consciousness to throw into expression, for the purpose of exchange, confirmation or correction. The very urge to formulation within, drives also to formulation without, where the impact of multiplicity annuls the possibility of the finite in conception becoming the infinite in presentation. Thus the impression and its expression, with their mutual reaction thrown backward and forward—making perpetual modification in one another, yet both being the dual operation of Hermes, the Celestial thief—“robbing Peter to pay Paul,” and Paul in turn to pay Peter—are figured in the twin serpents, mutually destroying yet nourishing one another. We observe also the operation of the Divine Messenger, bearing tidings from the shadowy hinterlands of the Spirit to the soul of humanity; and bearing them also from soul to soul in search of the hidden unity.

For these reasons, amongst others, is Hermes the Guardian Divinity of the seers on the one hand, and of the artists on the other; and the immortal foe of those who would withhold from Religion and

Philosophy the comradeship of Beauty, or deny to the Arts the fecundation and inspiration of the soul.

Between Religion and Philosophy in its essence—that is, Theosophy—and the Arts, there is, therefore, not only a historical coincidence in time, but an inevitable co-operation, which, being essential, integral, discloses itself in related laws and activities in Theosophy itself, in its human channels and exponents, and in their expression in the Arts.

Thus, in the interactions of human activity, the first contact is between surfaces. Our existence on the physical level of the universe is possible only through our physical instruments, and their subtle affinities. Our peripheral nerves inform us only of the peripheral universe. A step further, and we have fallen through the physical and sensible to the conceptual. We apprehend behind and beneath the superficial, something untouchable. We admire (or not, as the case may be,) the round face of the girl of Rouen, or the almond eyes of the East; but we cannot put the *shape* of either in a bottle in a laboratory.

To what we may turn the *body of appearance*, and the body of *form*, which, mark, are both immobile in nature, we have to add the *body of desire*; the spring of all activity, the secret of evil—and of good. Lacking the movement of desire (or feeling, or emotion) to and from the objects of desire, form would be formless, appearance would dwell in the unapparent. Desire is the urge in the artist towards creation, towards the abysses of imperfection that for ever open between conception and execution: it is the link between Divine and human.

Because desire, that flung them in the deep,
Called God too from his sleep,

as the seer-poet, A.E. puts it.

Deeper still, we apprehend the basis in which these three "bodies" inhere, the *body of thought*—the source of vitality, the centre that is parent of circumference. "I think, therefore I am," said the philosopher. Mr. Chesterton having popularised the journalistic pastime of head swallowing tail, it was inevitable that some one should set the old philosopher right by declaring, "I am, therefore I think." Both are right: it is in the nature of *Amness* to preserve itself by thinking: cease thinking, and you cease existing. It is also in the nature of thought to seek after existence, amness; and this it does by way of desire, into form and appearance. Observe, that these bodies of desire and thought are mobile in nature.

To these telescoped "bodies," or functions, of the human consciousness (speaking only of its general and normal operations,) we may relate the great "Square Deific" of the Arts. The superficial function of life has its counterpart in painting, which conveys to us explicitly only the *appearance* of things, and only implicitly whatever else the looker behind the eye is capable of seeing. For a portrait we go past the door of the poet; but later he will come into his kingdom. So also we pass the door of the painter for a representation of *form*: he cannot put his brush round a corner: he holds us for ever in the front of things, pillories us in the gaze of nature: it is the sculptor who takes us behind things. Still, while the sculptor will make us move as a planet around the magnetic centre of his

masterpiece—thus adding to inanimate form the ironical power of making apparently intelligent beings turn on their own axes—his art, and the art of the painter are as immobile as the form and appearance which they portray.

But neither of these arts takes us to the heart or mind of things. All that they give us of emotion or thought is reflected from the other arts. To express feeling, we need movement; a sensitive medium that will resonate to the increased vibration of the moment, and return to quiescence. The statement that “music is the language of the emotions” is true, even to the extent of the addendum that it is a universal speech. But it must be borne in mind that the “language” will vary according to race and habitat: the music of Europe, and the music of India, are equally the expression of emotion; but there is more of a difference than eighty degrees of longitude and forty of latitude between them: there is all the difference between the throwing of an emotion into expression with a view to its expansion and intensification, and the enunciation of an emotion with a view to transmuting it to its octave or its overtones, and so finding escape from it.

To express thought, we have to go further still. A drawing, a figure, a tone may serve to carry a rudimentary meaning across the great gulf that ahamkāra has put between soul and soul. But the advance of consciousness through the physical and lower mental degrees has caused a collateral subtilisation of speech, which has drawn into it the qualities of painting, sculpture and music, and in its highest expression—poetry—has become an epitome of the arts, both intuitively, and

also consciously, in such work as that of Stephane Mallarme, who tries to make every stanza convey an image, a thought, a sentiment, and a philosophical symbol.

Thus the vehicle for the expression of conscious thought is found in the literary arts: and our evaluation of the four fundamental arts will depend on our estimate of the value of the thought-function as contrasted with the feeling-function, or of the qualities of form and appearance. The result will be temperamental; but apart from this, there are clear limitations, such as the impossibility of teaching, say, the law of *Karma* on a piano.

Yet, observe that here we come across a vivid patch on the warp and woof of conscious life that discloses the to-and-fro flying of the shuttle. It is the arts that in presentation are immobile that compel mobility in the beholder. We cannot see a picture by fixing the eye on one spot. We may see that spot with amazing clearness; but the spot on the inner eye will have no relation to mental vision if unrelated to the rest of the picture. You know little of the agony in Hero's eyes, in Leighton's picture, if you have not looked long at her clenched hands. So, too, with sculpture. The will-o'-the-wisp of Beauty gleams from a thousand angles of invitation. The propped chin of Rodin's *Thinker* gives intensity: the bent back puts weight into the thought. Every inch of our orbit finds a new revelation of form; and when we have performed its revolution, and called upon the multitude of voices to speak one synthetic word in the mind, we have the consciousness of an incompleteness that might be made complete if we could enjoy the privilege of the birds of

the Pantheon of Paris, and look at the sculpture from above as well as sideways.

On the other hand, it is the mobile Arts—music, whose life is an instant's articulate football between silence and silence: literature, with its scant garment for some thought, that it has made of pieces torn from the robes of a thousand flying images—it is these arts that impose immobility and single-pointedness of mind on the hearer. An invitation to an impromptu waltz would find little favour in a person who was under the thrall of a Schumann Concerto; and, however highly we may esteem the simple and obvious in the literature of a moral code, it is beyond possibility that, in creative literature, he who runs, either physically or mentally, may read.

So far we have considered the relationship of the nature of humanity to its expression in the arts, and have seen that the exercise of thought finds its articulation in the literary arts. It is necessary (not by way of discovery save in so far as the obvious may be in danger of secreting itself too close to one's eye) to remark that any coherent presentation of truth, such as Theosophy, finds its proper vehicle of expression in literature, and in that presentation conforms with the quaternary of qualities: appearance in its separate teachings; form, in their balanced totality; desire, in their practical outcome in altruistic effort; thought, in the final ratification of the purified reason.

If, however, we shoulder ourselves through the obvious, and enquire which of the phases of literature is that in which we shall find the qualities raised to their highest potency, and therefore calculated to form the most worthy and effective vehicle of

expression, we shall hardly be likely to accept the answer, Poetry, straightway and finally. The first objection of the Theosophist will be the several pages of the book-index of the British Museum which stand under the caption "Besant, Annie;" with perhaps a subtle and malignant thrust at the present pages here set out in prose. The first objection of the lover of Poetry will be the appalling notion of joining in unholy matrimony two members of the family of human consciousness whom some deity of a new Olympus has decreed to be for ever kept asunder, aided and abetted in their divorce by the young men who review books for the London newspapers, and give a line's *coûp de grace* (with little of grace) to any would-be poet who betrays the fact that he or she has an intelligent theory of life and death.

I do not purpose here to endeavour to make a case for the burning of our Theosophical libraries, or for being myself burnt at the stake of the new literary inquisition. But I cannot resist the temptation in passing to remark that it might be more than fitting if some closer union were established between the eldest of the creeds, the Divine Wisdom, and the eldest of the Arts, Poetry, even in the matter of propaganda. For what is the Universe but God's exposition of His nature? and what is Poetry but the first Upaniṣhaṭ, and the nearest to His secret? When the spirit of God "brooded" on the face of the waters, then was the first act of consciousness, and the primal poem. Then came utterance. "God said," and the Cosmic music sounded. Afterwards came the fashioning of the terrestrial sculpture, and the clothing of the form in the painter's pigments. Thus the art of

the Genesis was likewise the order of the genesis of the Arts.

Such use of poetry would be no untried innovation, but simply a reversion to the method of the Vedas, and the Psalms of David, not to mention the rhymed legal codes and tribal histories of ancient Ireland. The poetical method was, indeed, the prevailing one of the ancient world; as it is still the method of the unsophisticated, in word and gesture, when the operation of the lower mind is intensified by the nobler emotions, and lifted by increased vibration towards the higher degrees of the nature. It was also the natural way to true memory. It was when humanity began to forget, and had to externalise its memory in written records, that the Poet stepped from his place at the side of the King, to make way during succeeding centuries for the everwidening system of mental anarchy known as education.

To-day, under the imposition of European ideals over practically the entire globe, we are eating the Dead-Sea-fruit of intellectual stagnation, which is the natural fruition of thought unfertilised by the spirit—thought devoid of poetry, with its equally sinister companion, poetry devoid of thought, both crying out for what each alone can give the other, yet both condemned to an arid celibacy through the blindness of mere worldly seership, and the folly of the worldly wise. In another article I shall consider some appearances of Theosophical truth in English Poetry, with a view to finding a clue as to how Poetry may the better serve Theosophy, and Theosophy give a new impulse and illumination to Poetry.

James H. Cousins

HUMAYUN TO ZOBEDA

(FROM THE URDU)

By SAROJINI NAIDU

YOU flaunt your beauty in the rose, your glory in the
dawn,
Your sweetness in the nightingale, your whiteness in
the swan.

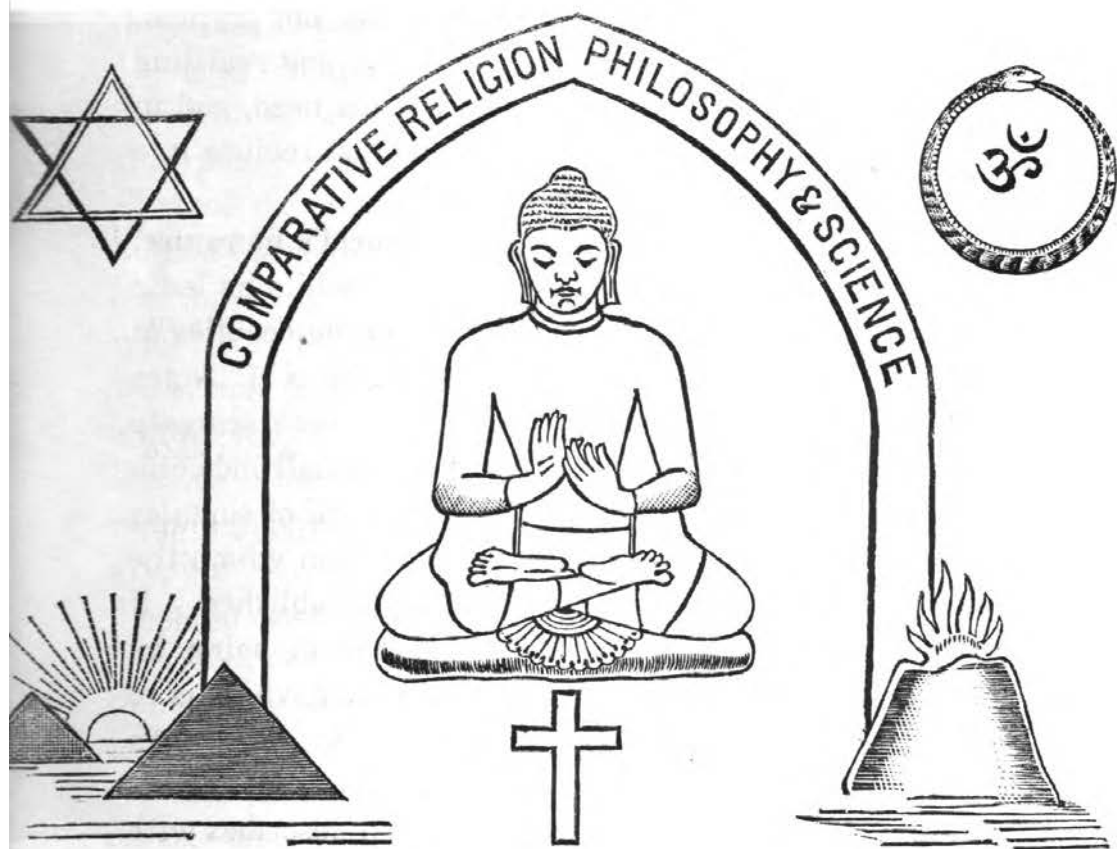
You haunt my waking like a dream, my slumber like
a moon,
Pervade me like a musky scent, possess me like a tune.

Yet, when I crave of you, my sweet, one tender
moment's grace,
You cry, "I sit behind the veil, I cannot show my face."

Shall any foolish veil divide my longing from my bliss?
Shall any fragile curtain hide your beauty from my kiss?

What war is this of THEE and ME? Give o'er the
wanton strife,
You are the heart within my heart, the life within my
life.

[Sarojini Naidu is the famous poetess of India of whom Edmund Gosse wrote: "She springs from the very soil of India; her spirit, although it employs the English language as its vehicle, has no other tie with the West. It addresses itself to the exposition of emotions which are tropical and primitive, and in this respect if the poems of Sarojini Naidu be carefully and delicately studied they will be found as luminous in lighting up the dark places of the East as any contribution of savant or historian." We take this poem from *The Golden Threshold*, published by William Heinemann, London.—ED.]



A JAPANESE MYSTIC

By F. HADLAND DAVIS

LITTLE is known of the early life of Kamo Chomei. He was an accomplished poet and musician, and at the instigation of the retired Emperor Go Toba he was appointed to a post in the Department of Japanese Poetry. For generations members of his family had acted as wardens to the shrine of Kamo in Yamashiro, and not content with his position in the Chamber of

Poesy, he petitioned that he might become superior guardian of the Kamo shrine on the death of his father. For some reason or other his request was not granted. Chomei felt the disappointment keenly, and realising the futility of worldly favours, shaved his head, and in his thirtieth year led the life of a Buddhist recluse in a mountain but a few miles from Kyoto.

Japanese literature, perhaps the world's literature, is the richer for Chomei's choice, for while he led a solitary, but far from lonely, life amid the beauties of Nature, he wrote in 1212 his famous *Hojoki*¹ ("Notes from a Ten Feet Square Hut"). His little book scarcely contains more than thirty pages. It is as small and compact as his simple dwelling, but it is a work of singular charm, an autobiographical fragment upon which the literary reputation of Chomei is firmly established. It is excellent in style, and is very far from being an imitation of the classical Chinese manner which is so prominent in much of Japanese literature. More than that, it reflects the character of Chomei, his love of Nature, his devotion to Buddhism, and describes with rare charm his manner of life. He has been called the Japanese Thoreau, but the comparison is rather unfortunate. Both withdrew from the world, both loved Nature and described her moods lovingly and vividly. With Thoreau his withdrawal to the peace of the woods was merely a brief experiment, while with Chomei he was driven to seek solitude, driven to find beauty because the wind of the world was too strong for him. Thoreau was often petulant, and still more often didactic in his seclusion. Chomei on the

¹ Translated by F. Victor Dickins. Published by Messrs. Gowans and Gray in their "International Library."

other hand was a gentler soul, too wrapped up in his own happiness to desire to instruct others in the way they should go.

The twelfth century in Japan was a period of great misfortune, and under the circumstances it is not surprising to find that it yielded a number of recluses. Chomei did not retire from the world simply because he had failed to obtain a certain appointment. He was confronted with a series of appalling disasters against which he was not strong enough to stand. But before we accuse him of running away from difficulties which a more robust man would have faced bravely, we must inquire what those difficulties were and also what manner of man Chomei was. He has given us a most graphic account of the time when Nature became "red in tooth and claw" and revealed a degree of "frightfulness" which even the Teutonic mind, by binding science to hatred, would be powerless to invent.

Chomei was familiar with Kyoto, or "City-Royal," as he calls the then capital of Japan. He saw there palaces and mansions glorious in design and colour. He doubtless met the nobility of the day and saw everywhere signs of lavish wealth. A less thoughtful pilgrim would have been content with the splendour, but not so Chomei. He saw the worm in the wood, the halting step that comes to the proudest *daimyo*, the lines that mar the fairest woman's cheek. He saw change and decay everywhere. To him antiquity was a vain boast and permanence an idle dream. Kyoto, splendid to-day, would be a ruin to-morrow, and not all the human love and ambition could make it otherwise.

He writes :

Of the flowing river, the flood ever changeth, on the still pool the foam gathering, vanishing, stayeth not. Such too is the lot of men and of the dwellings of men in this world of ours. . . Dweller and dwelling are rivals in impermanence, both are fleeting as the dew-drop that hangs on the petals of the morning-glory. If the dew vanish the flower may stay, but only to wither under the day's sun ; the petal may fade while the dew delayeth, but only to perish ere the evening.

Chomei was destined to see his words fulfilled in a manner he had not anticipated. In 1177 a great fire broke out in Kyoto. The conflagration was accompanied by a violent storm, and the flames stretched out in the shape of a gigantic fan.

The air was filled with clouds of dust, which reflected the blaze, so that the whole neighbourhood was steeped in a glow of fire. . . Amid such horrors who could retain a steady mind? Some, choked by the smoke, fell to the ground ; others in their bewilderment ran straight into the flames trying to save their property, and were burnt to death . . . A full third of the city was destroyed. Thousands of persons perished, horses and cattle beyond count. How foolish are all the purposes of men—they build their houses, spending their treasure and wasting their energies, in a city exposed to such perils !

Three years later Kyoto was devastated by a terrible hurricane. Chomei describes it as “ a true hell-blast ”. Still worse was the famine that followed in 1181. “ To till the land in Spring was vain, in Summer to plant was foolishness, in Autumn there was no reaping, in Winter nothing to store.” Famine was followed by plague. The dead were strewn upon the roads and under the walls of the city, and there was none to carry them away. Woodcutters demolished their own dwelling for firewood, hoping to sell it for a trifle in the market. Some poor men and women were in such dire poverty that they ravaged Buddhist

temples, broke wooden images of the Buddha, sacred vessels and ornaments, and used them as firewood. Chomei, who on this occasion certainly fails to show the compassion of his master, remarks: "That one should be born into such a world of dross and evil as to witness so sinful a deed, which I, alas, did!" Chomei would have done well to remember that there were times when the Buddha brushed the strict letter of the law aside in order that he might show his mercy in full forgiveness.

Chomei does not spare our feelings in describing the effects of that terrible plague. He writes :

There was a sort of rivalry in death among those men or women who could not bear to be separated. What food one of such a pair procured by begging would be reserved to keep the other alive, while the first one was content to die. Both sexes displayed this tender self-sacrifice. With parents and children it was almost the rule for the parent to die first. And there were cases in which infants were found lying by the corpses of their dead parents and trying to suck the parent's breast.

Yet another calamity fell upon stricken Kyoto, for in 1185 a great earthquake occurred.

Hills were shattered and dammed up the rivers, the sea toppled over and flooded the shore lands, the earth gaped and water roared up through the rents, cliffs were cleft and the fragments rolled down into the valley, boats sculled along the beach were tossed inland upon the bore, horses on the roads lost the ground beneath their hoofs ; all round the capital, it is hardly necessary to add, in various places not a single building was left entire, house or temple, tower or chapel [mortuary shrine] ; some were rent and cracked, others were thrown down ; the dust rose into the air like volumes of smoke. The roar of the quaking earth mingled with the crash of falling buildings was like thunder.

Chomei naïvely remarks of this earthquake, "It was not an ordinary one," and, thoroughly experienced in Nature's most angry moods, he was of the opinion

“that of all dreadful things an earthquake is the most dreadful”. He writes:

The son of a *samurai*, six or seven years of age only, had built himself a little play-hut under a shed against a wall, in which he was amusing himself, when suddenly the wall collapsed and buried him flat and shapeless under its ruins, his eyes protruding an inch from their orbits. It was sad beyond words to see his parents embracing his dead body and hear their unrestrained cries of distress. Piteous indeed it was to see even a *samurai*, stricken down with grief for his son thus miserably perished, forgetting his dignity in the extremity of his grief.

Can we wonder that Chomei, who had experienced fire, hurricane, plague, famine, and earthquake, should have decided to withdraw from the world? He had not only witnessed these terrible disasters, but he lived at a time when civil war between the Minamoto and the Taira unsettled the country, at a time when “nephews beheaded uncles, sons fathers, brothers banished brothers, and nobles rebelled against the Emperors, sent them into exile, deposed them, and with the help of mercenary bands kept the land in a continuous welter of civil war.” Now Chomei, who was a genuine mystic, hungered after “an abiding happiness,” and this he could hardly be expected to find in turbulent City-Royal. He had lived for many years in the house of his parental grandmother. On her death he had no ties. He was free to answer a call that had sounded in his heart so long. He sought peace, not turmoil; happiness, not sorrow. Full of the impermanence of this life, he sought the path where the Buddha had trod; he craved that absolute tranquillity which can alone be found in Nirvāṇa.

Chomei left Kyoto and journeyed to Mount Ohara. Here he built “a house to suit my own ideas, one-tenth

of the size of my former home." He frankly admits that "it was hardly a house at all". It contained only one room, and resembled a shed for vehicles. During a storm it was scarcely safe, the swollen river threatened to wash it away, and to crown these disadvantages it was "handy for thieves". His dwelling was neither well built or well situated, and the reader with no taste for an ascetic life will be inclined to think, with a tolerant smile, that Chomei had not arranged matters very well, and might with advantage have remained in the house of his parental grandmother. As a matter of fact Chomei remained on Mount Ohara until he had reached his sixtieth year.

Whether thieves broke in and stole his few belongings, or whether a storm finally carried away his frail dwelling is not recorded. Chomei writes: "When the sixtieth year of my life, now vanishing as a dewdrop, approached, anew I made me an abode, a sort of last leap as it were, just as a traveller might run himself up a shelter for a single night, or a decrepit silkworm weave its last cocoon." If Chomei himself described his previous abode as "hardly a house at all," who shall describe his final dwelling? The Japanese love of little things amounts to genius. Their miniature gardens, spacious landscapes seen through a telescope at the wrong end; their sword-guards replete with every conceivable design; their tobacco-toggles reflecting history and myth, all are small but exquisitely beautiful. Chomei, bent in figure by this time, wanted not so much a house as a kind of outer shell for his protection. His last hut was only ten

feet square and seven feet high. It was built with remarkable forethought. He writes :

As I had no fancy for any particular place I did not fasten it to the ground. I prepared a foundation, and on it raised a framework which I roofed over with thatch, cramping the parts with crooks so that I might remove it easily if ever a whim took me to dislike the locality. The labour of removing, how slight it would be!—a couple of carts would suffice to carry the whole of the materials, and the expense of their hire would be that of the whole building.

It is at this point that the *Hojoki* becomes most interesting. Chomei writes :

Now since I hid me in the recesses of Mount Hino the manner of my abode is this : To the south juts out a movable sun-screen with a matting of split bamboos, bound together parallel-wise. Westwards-looking is a small shrine with a Buddhist shelf and a picture of Amida so placed that the space between the eyebrows shines in the rays of the setting sun.

This last reference is of importance, for Amida (Samskr̥t, *Amitābha*) was originally symbolical of boundless light. That Chomei should have placed the sacred picture in the way he did was, in itself, an act of profound reverence. The sunshine of this world fell, as it were, upon Boundless Light, upon the holy spot on the deity's forehead that was emblematical of wisdom. Before Chomei's shrine stood figures of Fugen and Fudo. Fugen, usually seated on the right hand of the Buddha (in the Japanese Shaka Muni), is the divine patron of those who practise a certain kind of ecstatic meditation known as *Hokke-zammai*. There is some confusion as to the origin and attributes of Fudo. Hearn is probably wrong in associating the deity with Buddha. We may trace a close resemblance between Fudo and the Brāhmiṇical God Siva, so finely described in one of Sir Alfred Lyall's poems :

I am the God of the sensuous fire
 That moulds all Nature in forms divine ;
 The symbols of death and of man's desire,
 The springs of change in the world, are mine ;
 The organs of birth and the circlet of bones,
 And the light loves carved on the temple stones.

It was a strange image to have in so peaceful a dwelling, a deity wreathed in tongues of flame, bearing in one hand a sword, and in the other a coil of rope. The fire and sword suggested the power of punishment, while the rope symbolised that which bound the passions and desires. Chomei writes with great self-sufficiency: "I do not need to trouble myself about the strict observance of the commandments, for living as I do in complete solitude, how should I be tempted to break them?" It is more than probable that he discovered the foolishness of this observation, for the power of evil is often most potent when the unsuspecting soul is exulting in its moral strength. It is recorded of a certain Buddhist priest that he yielded to the beauty of a woman while he was actually reading one of the sūtras.

Kenko, another Japanese recluse, in his *Tsuredzuregusa* ("Fugitive Notes"), writes: "There is no greater pleasure than alone, by the light of a lamp, to open a book and make the men of the unseen world our companions." Chomei was evidently of this opinion too, for in the modest hut were "three or four black leather boxes containing collections of Japanese poetry, books on music, and such works as *Wojoyoshii* [Book on Buddhist Paradise]". In addition he had a musical instrument called a *so*, which was a combination of a harp and a lute. Bracken and straw served him as a couch, while in cold weather his brazier

consumed faggots. He made a miniature reservoir from which ran a bamboo pipe, while his garden was entirely devoted to medicinal herbs.

Chomei's mountain hut must have been charmingly situated. In one direction he looked out upon a thickly wooded valley. To the west there was an open space, "not unfitted for philosophic meditation," suggesting, it would seem, that thoughts are apt to get entangled in a wooded district, even if one merely looks upon it from a distance! He writes:

In the Spring I can gaze upon the festoons of the wistaria, fine to see as purple clouds. When the west wind grows fragrant with its scent the note of the *hototogisu*¹ is heard as if to guide me towards the Shide hill [a hill crossed by souls on their way to Paradise or Hell]; in Autumn the shrill song of the cicada fills my ears; . . . in Winter I watch the snow-drifts pile and vanish, and am led to reflect upon the ever waxing and waning of the world's sinfulness.

In the morning, when tired of reciting prayers, reading the Scriptures, or playing the *so*, he would wander down to a river and watch the boats and the silvery waves. In the evening the rustle of laurel leaves reminded him of a Chinese girl, famous for her skill on the lute. In a more ecstatic mood the wind in the pine trees, the murmur of distant water, suggested celestial joys.

Chomei was not always alone. Sometimes he went out with the hill-ward's boy. "He is 16 and I am 60, yet we enjoy each other's company despite the difference in years." They gathered wild fruit, and sometimes they brought back with them from the paddy-fields rice-tufts, which served as a kind of coarse matting. Sometimes, according to the season of the year, they picked cherry blossom, maple leaves, or

¹ See my *Myths and Legends of Japan*, page 278.

ferns. "Some of these treasures," Chomei tells us, "I humbly present to Amida, and some I keep for presents." There were times when the moon shining through his window moved him deeply, when the mournful cries of the monkeys brought tears to his eyes. The gleam of fireflies reminded him of Maki fishing-boats with their jewel-like lanterns reflected on the water. The call of a copper pheasant made him wonder if it were his mother crying out to him, while "the tameness of the deer that roam under the peak tells me how far removed I am from the world of men."

Chomei never regretted having adopted the life of a recluse. Occasionally he heard of the doings in City-Royal, of great men, and men of no consequence who had passed away, and of many houses that had been burnt to the ground. He found his hut better than a palace. It was enough that it contained his shrine, a bed to sleep on at night and a mat for the day.

A man who knows himself and also the world he lives in has nothing to ask for, no society to long for; he aims only at a quiet life and makes his happiness in freedom from annoyance.

He was content to hide his nakedness in wistaria cloth and hempen fabric, content to eat the simplest fare, his own servant and his own master in all things. He writes:

All the joy of my existence is concentrated around the pillow which giveth me nightly rest, all the hope of my days I find in the beauties of Nature that ever please my eyes.

Only when the aged Chomei chanced to go to City-Royal did he feel a passing shame on account of

his beggarly appearance. In his own hut he knew no shame or fear but "the fullest joy". He does not attempt to describe what that pleasure is, for writing on the life of a recluse he wisely observes, "only those who do choose it can know its joys."

Sometimes the going down of the moon suggested to Chomei that he too was declining, not behind the edge of a hill, but behind the veil that divides mortality from immortality.

"Ere long," he writes, rather wistfully, "I must face the three realms of darkness. What deeds in the past shall I have to plead for there? What the Buddha has taught to men is this—Thou shalt not cleave to any of the things of this world. So t'is a sin even to grow fond of this straw-thatched cabin, and to find happiness in this life of peace is a hindrance to salvation." Had those quite happy years been a failure after all? Had he preserved his own material happiness to lose his own soul? He asked those old questions which we all ask in some form and at some time. Power, wealth, fame, had never attracted him, but what of his love for the wind in the pine trees, of the song of the birds, of the dancing river waves and all the beauties of Nature that meant so much to him? "What answer could my soul give?" he writes. "None, I could but move my tongue mechanically, and twice or thrice repeat involuntarily the Buddha's Holy Name. I could do no more." Who shall say whether Chomei attained Nirvāṇa or not? It would seem that to the last he clung to the beauties of Nature, to the light of sun and moon and stars rather than to the Light of Amida-Buddha. His last words were :

Alas! the moonlight
Behind the hill is hidden
In gloom and darkness.
Oh, could her radiance ever
My longing eyes rejoice!

Perhaps for a little while Chomei touched with spirit hands the falling snow, the cherry blossom, the red maple leaves: perhaps for a little while he wandered wistfully among the familiar, requiring no dwelling however small, watching the rising and setting of the moon with the old sweet rapture. While in human form *Namu, Amida Butsu!* ("Hail! Omnipotent Buddha!") was often on his lips and in his heart and soul. Such a cry is not uttered in vain, and I like to believe that long before he gave me the treasure of his words he had found a greater Peace than the peace of a recluse, a greater Light than the light of the moon, and a greater Beauty than the beauty of cherry blossom.

F. Hadland Davis

THE CURVES OF LIFE

By PROFESSOR G. S. AGASHE, M.A., M.Sc.

WE are told that we are at the dawn of a new era. The prominent characteristic of that new era is to be co-operation, brotherhood ; brotherhood, which is based upon the fundamental unity of the essence of all things, however diverse their forms may be. It is, therefore, but natural that all intellectual activity in these days should gravitate more and more towards this idea of Unity. Physics and chemistry are tending more and more to prove that all the varieties of physical matter are but modifications of one and the same substratum. Physiologists are seeing more and more clearly the oneness of all life, while scientists of Professor J. C. Bose's heredity and temperament have gone a step further and have proved that what we call matter, and what we call life, are fundamentally one. All this is more or less familiar to most people nowadays. But very few people, I am afraid, will be prepared for the news that exactly the same thing is being done in the realm of art. Science, they understand, is based upon observation and measurement ; and so they do not think it strange if it happens to prove the Unity of all the things it deals with. But art they consider to be somehow different. It is generally believed that art is a thing that transcends or, at any rate, eludes measurement, that we cannot deduce any general laws in art as

we do in science, and that individual idiosyncracies are the essence of art. But a perusal of *The Curves of Life*, by Mr. T. A. Cook¹ will show them that that view is not quite correct, at least as far as beauty of form is concerned.

Mr. Cook has examined many beautiful forms of natural and artistic origin, and has arrived at two principles of universal application. One of them is a number, a mathematical constant. The other is a geometrical figure, the logarithmic or equiangular spiral. His volume can be fitly described as an exhaustive treatise on these two universal principles; and the number of examples of their application which he has collected within its covers is really amazing.

It appears that this constant is also a solution of a very old difficulty. In geometry, a straight line is said to be divided in extreme and mean ratio, when the whole is to the greater segment as the greater segment is to the less. How to demonstrate this is shown in the thirtieth proposition of the sixth book of Euclid. This ratio is obviously a fixed definite number. It seems that up to this time it had not been possible to express this ratio arithmetically with any degree of accuracy. Fibonacci, an Italian mathematician of the thirteenth century, came near to it in an infinite series which he discovered, *viz.* :

$1+2=3, 2+3=5, 3+5=8, \dots$ giving 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 13, 21, 34, etc.

Here the extreme and mean ratio is not realised quite accurately. For example: we have here 13 divided into two parts 5 and 8; and if we write the proportion $5:8::8:13$, and take the product of the extremes $5 \times 13=65$, and the product of the means

¹ *The Curves of Life*, by T. A. Cook, M.A., F.S.A. (Constable & Co., Ltd., 1914.)

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$8 \times 8 = 64$, we find that the two products are not quite equal, as they should be if the two ratios are quite equal. Here the difference between the two products is to the extent of 1 in 64. As we go higher in the series it will be found to become smaller and smaller and to reach zero as the limit. At the same time the ratio itself will come nearer and nearer a certain limiting value. That limiting value is the arithmetical expression of the ratio in question. The value has now been found to be

$$\frac{\sqrt{5}-1}{2} = +1.618033988750\dots\dots\dots$$

$$-0.618033988750\dots\dots\dots$$

or approximately $+1.618$ or -0.618 . Let us restrict ourselves to the positive value in our considerations.

If we now re-write the Fibonacci series in a new way in the light of this number that we have obtained, we have to put that as our second term, and get the other terms by successive additions as before. We thus get the series

$$1, 1.618, 2.618, 4.236, 6.854\dots\dots\dots$$

Now it is to be noted that we get exactly the same result if we try to write down a geometrical progression with unity as the first term, and 1.618 as the common ratio. Here, then, is a number with an extraordinary property. Mr. Cook and his mathematical friend, who found out this number for him, suggest that this number should be called ϕ (Phi). They do so for two reasons; first, because it is the initial letter of the name of Phidias, the great Greek Master, in whose work it has been so constantly used, and secondly, because it has a phonetic resemblance to another very important mathematical constant π (Pi).

The division of a straight line in extreme and mean ratio was accorded great importance in the Middle

Ages. It was honoured with names like *sectio aurea* and *sectio divina*. Why it was so considered in those days is not clear; but that they were right in doing so there is now very little doubt, as Mr. Cook has shown us in this volume.

He has examined a number of pictures and statues by some of the great masters, and finds the ϕ ratio constantly used by them, not only in the delineation of individual figures, but also in the disposition of the several figures in a group. He finds that in the famous Boticelli Venus the distances of the various parts of the body from the crown of the head to be quite accurately expressible by "Phi" and its powers. Exactly the same is the case with the male figure in many pictures. Mr. Cook shows that the ideal male figure will have the following dimensions; total height 68 inches (5 ft. 8 in.); the distance from the sole of the foot to the navel 42 inches; that from the navel to the crown of the head 26 inches; that between the crown of the head and the chest 16 inches; and that from the chest to the navel 10 inches. Now if we divide all these numbers by 10, *i.e.*, make ten inches the unit of our measurement, we get five numbers that form the first five terms of our revised Fibonacci series (see above). These numbers are evidently the different powers of "Phi" from "Phi" raised to zero to "Phi" raised to the fourth power. Mr. Cook can trace the conscious or unconscious use made of this ratio in the grouping of the many figures in Leonardo da Vinci's famous picture "The Last Supper," and also in the general plan of Turner's "Ulysses deriding Polyphemus". So much for the present about the mathematical constant "Phi", the first of the two universal principles of which we spoke

in the introduction. Now let us turn our attention to the second.

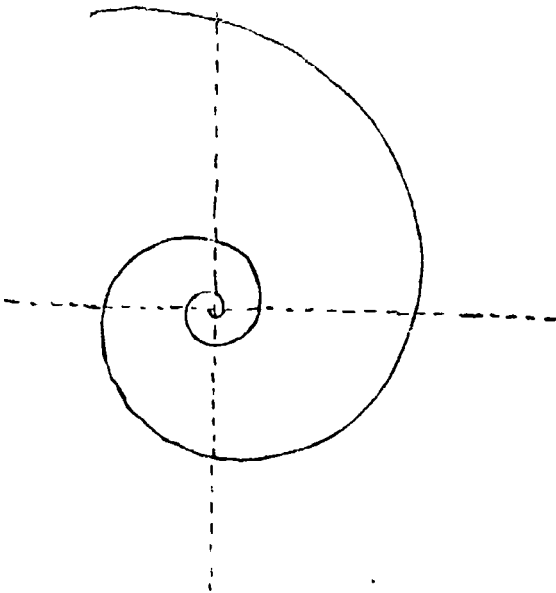
Any one with even very limited powers of observation knows how great a part curves play in the production of beauty both in nature and in art. Of all the curves that we meet with the spiral is undoubtedly the most fascinating. Its charm lies in the fact that it traverses the same region again and again but always at a different level. If we are asked to draw the curve for the Evolution of mankind we shall have to draw a spiral; because we know that history repeats itself, but always on a different plane. The spiral has cast its spell on many a refined soul. The late Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace talked of "That most beautiful of curves, the spiral". The great Ruskin described it as "Eloquent with endless symbolism".

Now there are various kinds of spirals, first of all we have the plane spiral as in the case of a watch-spring. If one pulls out the inner end of a plane spiral one gets the conical spiral; the commonest example of this is the screw-thread spiral. Both of these have one definite end; the other end is indefinite, because the spiral can be extended to infinity. The third variety of the spiral, *viz.*, the cylindrical one, illustrated by a dumb-bell spring, differs from both these in being without even one definite end; it can be produced to infinity both ways.

Mr. Cook has quoted numerous examples of the spiral formation (of all the three types described just now) in each of the three kingdoms of nature, from nebula to man. He has given illustrations of spiral formation in whirlwinds, water-spouts, crystals; in the stems of twiners and the tendrils of climbers, in many vascular cells, and in many legumes; (of both upright and flat spiral formation) in many shells, in the horns

of many animals, the wings of birds and insects, and intestines of certain animals and birds; and finally in many human organs like the umbilical cord, cystic duct, sweat ducts, and some bones.

It is evident that each of the three types of the spiral will exhibit an infinite variety in size and shape according to the dimensions of the elements of the curve in question, and it is pertinent to inquire whether any particular shape of the spiral is more frequently to be met with in nature than any other. Let us consider the plane spiral. Of all the innumerable varieties of the plane spiral Mr. Cook finds the logarithmic or equiangular spiral to be Nature's greatest favourite. The following is an example of the same.



It is called the equiangular spiral because the radius vector makes always the same angle with the curve. As it serves as a graphical table of logarithms, it is also called the logarithmic spiral, (See Clifford's *The Common Sense of the Exact Sciences*, ch. IV, §9).

Everybody knows that Newton explained the planetary motions by postulating the force of gravitation, which is proportional to the reacting masses, and inversely proportional to the square of the distance between them. But it is not generally known that Newton also showed that had the force of attraction varied inversely as the cube of the distance (instead of as the square) the planets would revolve not in ellipses, as they do, but in logarithmic or equiangular spirals. We have already seen that according to Mr. Cook's observations the logarithmic spiral is of such frequent occurrence in the organic world. In this connection Mr. Cook quotes Professor Goodsir who put these two things together and suggested that as the law of the square is the law of attraction, so the law of the cube should be regarded as the law of production, and that the logarithmic spiral should be looked upon as the manifestation of the law which is at work in the increase and growth of organic bodies. Mr. Cook further points out that even in the inorganic world we have to distinguish between two kinds of bodies; fully formed bodies like the planets, which revolve in elliptical orbits and thus exhibit the working of the law of inverse squares alone, and growing bodies like the nebulæ, which are most probably solar systems in the making, and the vast majority of which show an equiangular spiral structure, thus indicating the working of the law of inverse cubes, which, according to Professor Goodsir, is probably the law of growth.

Any one, who has some knowledge of botany, may know that in phyllotaxis (the arrangement of leaves on the stem) botanists talk of a "genetic spiral," which is an imaginary spiral line drawn on the surface of a stem, so as to pass in the shortest way successively through the point of insertion of every leaf. Starting

from any particular leaf it is found that after a certain number of leaves has been passed over, one comes by a leaf which is exactly over the first. In the meanwhile the spiral has made a certain number of turns round the stem; this length of the spiral is called a cycle. Now if we imagine vertical planes passing through each leaf-base, it is obvious that there will be as many of them as there are leaves intervening between any two successive leaves in the same vertical row. These planes are inclined at equal angles. This angular divergence is expressed by a fraction (of a circle) having for its numerator the number of turns of the spiral in a cycle, and for its denominator the number of the vertical planes. The most common divergences are the following: $\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{1}{3}$, $\frac{2}{5}$, $\frac{3}{8}$, $\frac{5}{13}$, $\frac{8}{21}$, $\frac{13}{34}$, etc. The reader has probably noticed that the numbers occurring here are our old friends of the original Fibonacci series; but the fractions are ratios not of successive but of alternate terms (except in the first case). This is rather a remarkable coincidence. The rationale of it is this. These complicated arrangements of leaves are of use to the plant. The leaves perform their function best in sunlight; so they have a tendency to be arranged in such a way as will give them maximum exposure. It has been calculated by Professor Wiesner that the ideal angle of divergence is roughly $137^{\circ}\frac{1}{2}$

or more accurately $\frac{360^{\circ}}{2\phi}$; *i.e.*, the fraction $\frac{1}{2\phi}$ expresses

the ideal divergence. It is obvious that the series of

fractions given above reaches $\frac{1}{2\phi}$ in the limit. This is

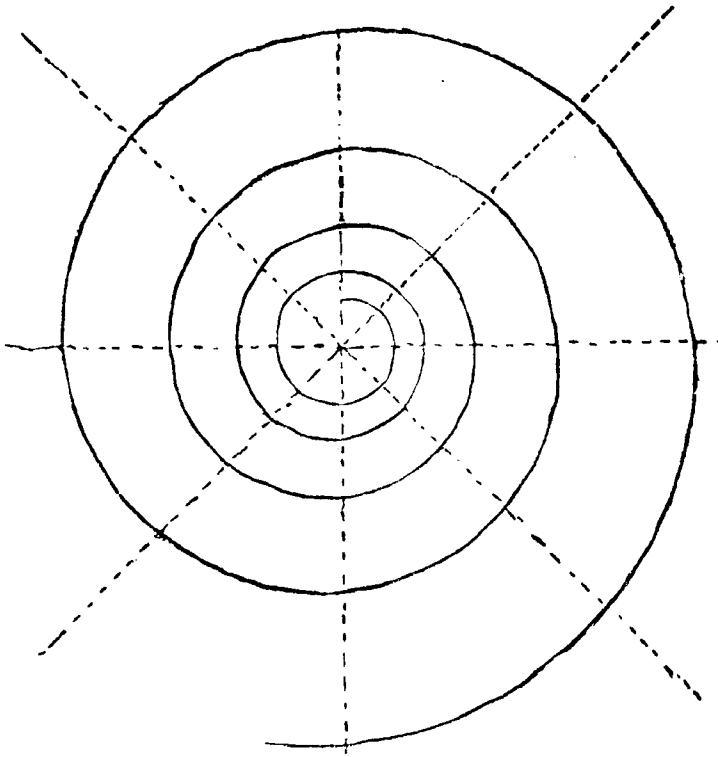
another curious fact emphasising the importance of the

number in nature. More recently Mr. A. H. Church, of Oxford, has shown that if, instead of regarding the genetic spiral as a helix round a cylinder, as we have done in the above discussion, we regard it as projected on a plane surface, we get logarithmic spirals alone as the curves of uniform growth in plants.

Chemists have a method of arranging the elements into a kind of Table known as Mendeleeff's Table. The great value of this tabular arrangement lies in the fact that it brings out very clearly similarities and divergences in the behaviour of the elements. The late Dr. Johnstone Stoney (the author of the term "electron") showed that the elements could also be arranged on a spiral without any loss of suggestiveness, and that the spiral obtained was a logarithmic spiral.

So much for the spiral in nature. Now about the spiral in art. Mr. Cook shows from old relics that the beauty of the spiral must have attracted the attention of mankind even in its infancy. The Greeks, probably the most æsthetic people that ever lived, used it very frequently in their architecture. In the Middle Ages, spiral columns and staircases came into use. The most famous of such staircases is the one in the Château at Blois, which is attributed to Leonardo da Vinci. It is described in great detail by Mr. Cook, who also discusses the question as to whether it was or was not designed by Leonardo. In fact, it was Mr. Cook's great interest in this magnificent piece of architecture, that was the origin of his twenty years' work on spirals. When the late Charles Stewart, F.R.S., was shown a photograph of the central column of this staircase, he recognized the identity of the curves on the central column with those on the shell of *Voluta vesperilio*. It was this observation of Stewart's, which started Mr. Cook on his research.

The mathematical reader may object that this is all rather vague; because there can be an infinite number of shapes for the logarithmic spiral from a straight line to a circle according to the angle which the radius vector makes with the curve. He may want to know which of all these is the most favoured of nature and the most beautiful. Mr. Cook is ready with an answer. We have seen the importance of "Phi", we know the value of the logarithmic spiral. Put the two things together, and you get the most beautiful of the spirals. In this the radii vectors,



when separated by equal angles are in the proportion of "Phi," and the sum of the distances between two successive curves of the spiral is equal to the distance along the same radius to the succeeding curve. This spiral has not been invented by Mr. Cook for the purpose of

replying to the mathematical objector; but he has found it constantly used by that greatest of sculptors, Phidias, in his work. Mr. Cook, therefore, proposes to call this the Phidias spiral.

Mr. Cook probably knows nothing about the ultimate physical atom of the Occultist, and of course he makes no mention of it. But I may here take the opportunity of suggesting that the spiral of each of the ten wires that constitute the ultimate physical atom may possibly have something to do with the constant "Phi".

The conclusion from all this is that both beauty and growth are "visibly expressed to us in terms of the same fundamental principles".

Is then all beauty and all organic growth reducible to a mathematical formula? No, answers Mr. Cook. In the first place, "the logarithmic spiral can never be reached in nature, for nature is finite while the logarithmic spiral is infinite." It is only the nearest mathematical expression we can use for the relation of form to growth. But there is something more than the mere mathematical statement, some variation, some inflection, which is Life in the one case and Beauty in the other.

As Ruskin puts it, "All beautiful lines are drawn under mathematical laws originally transgressed." These transgressions of the law are as much an essence of beauty in nature or in art as the law itself. And it is in these that the hand of the Master is seen.

Professor G. S. Agashe



THE NATURE OF MYSTICISM

By C. JINARĀJADĀSA, M.A.

THERE is a saying of the ancient Greeks that “Wonders are many and nothing is more wonderful than man”; and this thought has been worked out in many a philosophy to reveal to man that the highest elements of manhood are of the nature of God, while the dearest elements of the Godhead are of the nature of man. The study of man becomes a spiritual exercise if we seek in man the God; it little

matters of what nature are man's activities that we watch, for man is the shadow while God is the light, and in all men's deeds, good and evil, a World Soul strives for Self-Realisation.

Now men are of many types, and for the present purpose of the study of what makes mysticism, let us group them into three natural divisions, according to their temperaments as they react to the environment round them. There is first the "practical" type; his characteristic is that his reaction to thing or event is according to its *use*. He does not care for abstract truth; when an object or idea is before him, "Of what use is it?" is his first question. He trains himself to know things by their uses. The second type is the "scientific," whose reaction is to the *form* of the thing or event. What is its nature, what is its cause, how did it happen, what can I know from it?—these are the natural questions that first arise in individuals of this type. They desire truth first, and then deduce its use in terms of conduct. The third type is the "mystic," and his reaction is by *feeling*, and the use or value of a thing is seen only after it has passed through the crucible of the feelings. To him the highest criterion is "I feel; therefore I am; therefore I know."

Though men are of these three main types—practical, scientific, and mystical—no one man is of one type alone, without traces of the other two temperaments. But what characterises a man will be one predominant quality, and the two other qualities will be as modifications brought into the fundamental type which he represents. Mystics need not necessarily be unscientific nor unpractical, nor are "practical" people

necessarily without mysticism. But in the main the life of mysticism is a life of the feelings, and the message of mysticism consists of the values discovered to life as life has been transmuted by the feelings.

The first, if not the chief characteristic, that distinguishes the mystic is that the outer world is continually transmuting itself into an inner world of feeling; he lives for that inner world, and his values to life in the outer world are derived from it. He is therefore extremely individualistic, for he knows of one sole authority, which is the growing life of his own inner world, and not another's. Though he is the youngest of the mystics in the company of the oldest, yet is he in a fashion among equals; and when he gives his own message he is *primus inter pares*. Utmost humility and confident self-assertion exist side by side in his character; for such is the mystery of the feelings, that while they may know nothing, from the standpoint of reason, they may know the All, from the standpoint of the Spirit.

We must, as we survey mysticism, distinguish the mystic from the pious man. Both may be "religious," and equally devoted to a creed or ritual; but the latter relies on the authority of church or ceremony in a way it is not in a mystic's temperament to do. The mystic is always a thorn in the side of an established church, because he will be guided by authority only so far as it suits him. While the pious man is ready to bend his will to the will of a superior, the mystic asserts it. In all ways then mystics are fundamentally individualists, though at the heart of

true mysticism is an individualism that enwraps the whole world in one unifying embrace.

So universal is the mystic life, so all-inclusive of life's processes, that it is not easy to say what exactly constitutes mysticism; let us try first to establish by analysis the modes of mysticism that are to be found among men, hoping to come to a synthesis after an examination of the many facts before us.

There are six main types of Mysticism, as follows :

1. The Mysticism of Grace
2. The Mysticism of Love
3. Pantheistic Mysticism
4. Nature Mysticism
5. Sacramental Mysticism
6. The Mysticism of Modern Theosophy

In the study of each type we shall observe four principal elements : (1) the theme, (2) the method, (3) the obstacle, and (4) the ideal.

It should be noted that any one type of mysticism is not limited to a particular religion or creed ; mysticism is a life of the Spirit that cannot be held within the boundaries of the religions. It is like a mighty river that cuts out channels for itself according to its need ; there may be only one channel of the mystic stream in a religion, or there may be several. And mysticism may also exist where there is no religion at all.

Of a necessity, in our study of mysticism, it will be impossible to trace a particular type of mysticism as it manifests itself everywhere ; the examples taken are only illustrative of mystic modes. Keeping in mind then our limited survey, let us pass on to examine one by one the types of mysticism.

THE MYSTICISM OF GRACE

The Theme.—This is the thought that a gulf exists between the nature of man and the nature of God, which can only be bridged by Grace from God. Man is proclaimed as born with a predilection to sin; he is innately weak to resist temptation, and he is bound to fall. So naturally in *The Imitation of Christ* we have these words:

There is no order so holy, no place so secret, as that there be not temptations or adversities in it.

There is no man that is altogether free from temptation whilst he liveth on earth: for the root thereof is in ourselves, who are born with inclination to evil.

When one temptation or tribulation goeth away, another cometh; and we shall ever have something to suffer, because we are fallen from the state of our felicity.

Man must always therefore be full of contrition, for “there is no health in us”; he must confess his sins to his Maker. Repentance is the pre-requisite for the receiving of Grace. The thought of sin looms large in the estimate of man; we must acknowledge our sinfulness before Divine Grace can be ours. Thus in the Christian hymn we have all the elements of this type of mysticism:

But vain all outward sign of grief,
And vain the form of prayer,
Unless the heart implore relief,
And penitence be there.

In sorrow true then let us pray
To our offended God,
From us to turn His wrath away
And stay th' uplifted rod.

O righteous Judge, O Father, deign
To spare us in our need;
Thou givest time to turn again,
Give grace to turn indeed.

Sometimes, in this mysticism, so powerful is the thought of the grandeur and omnipotence of God, that it takes the strange garb of fear. "The Fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom" becomes inspiring and not depressing. To some the thought is repellent, because they do not understand; it is not indeed any fear at all, but an indescribable awe which stills all thought while the soul gazes at the Godhead before its vision. To one used to the soft yellow light of an ordinary electric lamp, the colourless light of an electric arc-lamp is blinding and cold as steel; yet it is a fuller light in every way. But it is light of an order that our eyes are not accustomed to. Similarly it is with the vision of the Godhead along this path of mysticism; that vision begets wisdom, though the first effect on a nature not used to it is the sense of fear and awe.

It is one form of the "Fear of the Lord" that we have in the great vision of Divinity that Shri Krishna shows to Arjuna in the eleventh chapter of the *Bhagavad Gita*, when the Lord shows Himself as

Time who kills, Time who brings all to doom,
The Slayer Time, Ancient of Days, come hither to consume;
and Arjuna sees all the mighty hosts of heaven gazing
at the Godhead in awe.

These see Thee, and revere
In sudden-stricken fear;
Yea! the Worlds,—seeing Thee with form stupendous,
With faces manifold,
With eyes which all behold,
Unnumbered eyes, vast arms, members tremendous,
Flanks, lit with sun and star,
Feet planted near and far,
Tushes of terror, mouths wrathful and tender;—
The Three wide Worlds before Thee
Adore, as I adore Thee,
Quake, as I quake, to witness so much splendour!

In the cult of Shaivism something of this same mysticism appears in the imagery of Shiva the Destroyer, the frequenter of burning grounds, the supreme Ascetic, wreathed with the skulls of men ; and in all that is best in Kāli the Mother we have similarly commingled the two thoughts of terror and tenderness, of splendour that begets fear and of motherhood that gives boons.

The Method.—The means of bridging the gulf between God and man is Prayer. Though in his inmost heart man knows God will forgive, is perfectly sure that God's grace will be his, yet that mere conviction is not sufficient. The act of magic that spans the gulf is prayer ; without the *act* of prayer the miracle will not happen. Hence in this type of mysticism the emphasis laid on prayer, and man's unworthiness is laid stress upon in order that the virtue of humility may be born in him to make his act of magic by prayer certain of success.

The Obstacle.—The devil that tempts man away from the spiritual life is, in this type of mysticism, self-reliance. The thought that we are not so sinful after all, that we can to some extent go our road unaided, that man made in the image of his Maker cannot be in any danger of damnation by a loving God, is the direst of heresies. Such a thought corrodes the soul, weakens the character ; self-confidence is the great illusion that wraps man in the folds of sinfulness. So proclaims this type of mysticism.

Specially noteworthy too is how in this path the acquisition of knowledge is discouraged, for there can be only one knowledge worth the seeking, the knowledge of the grace of God. Arts and sciences are apt

more to lead astray than to guide: "Cease therefore from an inordinate desire of knowledge, for therein is much distraction and deceit."¹ Similarly too there is no message but of distraction in song and dance, and in the theatre; God's face is not to be seen along those ways of temptation. "Endeavour therefore to withdraw thy heart from the love of visible things, and to turn thyself to the invisible."²

The Ideal.—He who is the true mystic of this type is the man of Righteousness. Neither wisdom nor compassion nor devotion are his ideals, but to be righteous, which is to feel within the heart a continuous battle between good and evil, and the attempt to express the victory won for God in being a pattern to men to lead them to Him. The prophets of Judaism clearly are mystics of this type; when they turned their inner realisation to bring changes in the life of their nation they became practical mystics of extraordinary ability.

THE MYSTICISM OF LOVE

The Theme.—The overflowing love of God towards man is the theme in this type of mysticism. The never-ending wonder is that God is so full of love for His creature; if only man would recognise how greatly he is sought by God, then man's salvation is not the work of time but of an instant. The mystic therefore never wearies of dreaming of the open arms that God ever holds out towards him, in spite of his sinfulness and repeated failures. To know his own weaknesses—they are not sins so much as blemishes on the garment

¹ *The Imitation of Christ*

² *Ibid.*

he must wear before God—and yet to feel God will accept him as he is, this is both bliss and pain, both heaven and hell. In the following hymn we have clearly some of the characteristics of this type:

O Love, Who formedst me to wear
 The image of Thy Godhead here ;
 Who soughtest me with tender care
 Through all my wanderings wild and drear ;
 O Love, I give myself to Thee,
 Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O Love, Who lovedst me for aye,
 Who for my soul dost ever plead ;
 O Love, Who did that ransom pay
 Whose power sufficeth in my stead ;
 O Love, I give myself to Thee,
 Thine ever, only Thine to be.

It will be seen that in such a type of mysticism as this, the Godhead becomes intensely personal, at times almost verging on the nature of a human beloved. In Christianity a hymn such as this above has as its inspiration not God the Almighty but Jesus the Lover of the soul. In the following from St. John of the Cross we have an attempt to describe the rapture produced as the Godhead is loved by many a mystic of this type :

O sweetest love of God, too little known ; he who has found Thee is at rest ; let everything be changed, O God, that we may rest in Thee. Everywhere with Thee, O my God, everywhere all things with Thee ; as I wish, O my Love, all for Thee, nothing for me—nothing for me, everything for Thee. All sweetness and delight for Thee, none for me—all bitterness and trouble for me, none for Thee. O my God, how sweet to me Thy presence, who art the supreme God ! I will draw near to Thee in Silence, and will uncover Thy feet, that it may please Thee to unite me to Thyself, making my Soul Thy bride ; I will rejoice in nothing till I am in thine arms. O Lord, I beseech Thee, leave me not for a moment, because I know not the value of my own Soul.

It is this phase of mysticism that is so very pronounced in the Vaishnava cult of Hinduism, where

Shri Krishna becomes the Divine Lover in search of His mate, the human soul. With prayer and song His love for man is hymned ; it is the intense Personality of Divinity that works the miracle of the soul's salvation.

Wherever exists this mysticism of love, we shall frequently find the object of devotion in the aspect of Woman. The Virgin Mary in Christianity, Kāli the Mother in Hinduism, Isis in Egypt, and Pallas Athene in Greece, bring the thought of God nearer to some hearts than any male presentation of the Godhead. Why this is so is a mystery of the soul that can be understood only by those on this particular mystic path ; we can only state here that one of the most beautiful as well as powerful forms of Love Mysticism is that which sees the All-Love as Mother and Friend or Goddess and Beloved.

The Method.—The magic of this mystic path is performed through Adoration. To pour one's heart and soul in streams of love and offering to the feet of our God, to the knees of our Goddess, is the sole heart's desire ; and in the act of magic the soul's consciousness wakes to know mystery after mystery of the Divine Nature. It is not prayer ; there is no thought of receiving, none of asking. The bud asks nothing of the sun's light ; it opens and adores and shows its beauty. Yet is there intense effort ; the adoration is not a negativity, but a positive outpouring of the soul.

The Obstacle.—While on the path of the mysticism of grace, man's unworthiness to receive Divine Grace is insisted upon, it is exactly contrary on this path. God so loves man that for man even in his greatest sinning to imagine that God would veil His Face is a blasphemy. What matters our sin and our failure if

God loves us in spite of both? It is the sense of shame, of diffidence, of timidity before the thought of God, that is the obstacle to realisation. Belief in our unworthiness, and doubt in the perfection of His tender love so that our sinning would erect a barrier between us and Him, is the illusion that surrounds the soul on this path of mysticism.

The Ideal.—Naturally on this path the ideal is the devotee, who is the Bhakta, the saint. He shall not be judged by God by the wisdom of his mind, nor by the strength of his practical ability; he stands or falls by the nature of his devotion alone. To grow in wisdom or understanding, or in power to guide men, mean little to his imagination; life grows only as he rises from one intensity of adoration to another. It goes without saying that the more saintly becomes the soul treading this path the more full of wisdom he is, and the greater is the power in him to inspire men and their actions; but the typical saint does not aim at either; his aspiration is to pour out greater and greater love to the Object of his devotion.

One variant of this Love Mysticism proclaims as the ideal an actual union between the Godhead and the soul, so that the twain are one. In Christianity this mystic phase has developed from the teaching of Christ in the Gospel of Saint John, where again and again He tells us of the mystic unity between Him and those that have found Him. "At that day ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me and I in you." Such an ideal of union is blasphemous to some Christians, and of course heretical from the standpoint of orthodox Christianity. Yet such a staunch pillar of orthodoxy as Saint Augustine proclaims it as a

part of the Christian doctrine, when he makes a distinction between the two forms of faith, the "belief on Christ" and the "faith in Christ". The former is the mental process, the inevitable acceptance by the mind of the facts before it of His nature; even the demons believed "on Christ". But what is the other form of faith, *in Him, in Christum?* It is: *Credendo amare, credendo diligere, credendo in eum ire, ejus membris incorporari*: *By faith to love Him, by faith to be devoted to Him, by faith to enter into Him, to be incorporated into His members.*²

This type of mysticism has profoundly influenced Christianity, though mystics following this path have been mostly regarded as unbalanced, if not indeed as heretical. The mysticism of grace, involving as it often does a church as intermediary, has felt itself jeopardised by the mysticism of love. What part need churches and priests and sacraments play in a mystic life such as Ruysbroeck describes in these words?

When we rise above ourselves, and in our ascent to God are made so simple that the love which embraces us is occupied only with itself, then we are transformed and die in God to ourselves and to all separate individuality. . . In this embrace and essential unity with God all devout and inward spirits are one with God by living immersion and melting away into Him; they are by grace one and the same thing with Him, because the same essence is in both . . . Wherefore in this simple and intent contemplation we are one life and one spirit with God . . . In this highest stage the soul is united to God without means; it sinks into the vast darkness of the Godhead.

The thought of complete union with Divinity is so prominent in all Hindu thought that naturally this phase of the mysticism of love is well known in

¹ *Milleloquium Veritatis.*

² *Members* here mean the parts of His very Body.

India. The *Bhagavad Gītā* has the teaching as its essence :

Place thy mind in Me, in Me fix thy reason ; then with no incertitude thou shalt abide in Me hereafter.

They who worship Me with devotion, they are in Me, and I also am in them.

And since the appearance of Shri Krishna, this thought of mystic union with Him has been as the song of angels in the land, inspiring high and low alike, now driving to waywardness and frenzy the unbalanced worshipper, now raising to supremest acts of renunciation and blessing those who have more strength of character to grasp the Reality. Supremely dear is this mystic path to humanity, since along this road there is always One as the goal, who Himself journeys with the pilgrim to the end.

C. Jinarājādāsa

(To be continued)

SPIRIT-LIFE AND SPIRIT-ACTIVITY

By JOHN PAGE HOPPS

[The Rev. J. Page Hopps is one of the best-known exponents of Spiritualism, and at this time when such numbers of people are eagerly seeking evidence of continued consciousness after death his views are bound to be interesting to our readers, though Theosophy differs from him in differentiating between the quality of the agencies producing the phenomena, and applies the title "spirit" only to the purely spiritual intelligence.—Ed.]

IS the testimony of all the ages to the reality of spirit-life and spirit-activity mere moonshine or impudent fraud? The Bible consists of books or fragments of books written without collusion during, say, one thousand years; and every bit of it is coloured or saturated with the fact of spirit-life and spirit-activity. Is all *that* moonshine or fraud?

That testimony has never ceased. When the Book of the Revelation was written and the Bible was made up, the testimony went on all the same. The early Christians knew all about it, and right away on to the present day every church has had its witnesses: and far beyond the churches, every class and kind, of sinners and saints, has supplied witnesses to the fact, whether acceptable or regretted, that there are unseen people who, at times, and under certain conditions, manifest themselves on the visible plane.

Is it all to go for nothing? Where there have been and are such continuous emissions of smoke, is it possible that there has never been any fire?

The negative view, however, is a quite natural one. Our five senses are our normal limits. We are, in fact, five-sense creatures, and therefore quite reasonably live, move and have our being under the five-sense conditions. Whether we have lived before, or shall live again elsewhere, it is quite obvious that, for all the present purposes of our mundane existence, the five senses describe our educational, disciplinary and practical field. It is therefore not to be wondered at that "ghost stories" should be mistrusted, and that, where fraud is not imputed, illusion or indigestion is assumed.

Still further, it is quite naturally supposed that ignorance and the unscientific mental atmosphere of days gone by are sufficient to account for the old happenings or imaginings. But, strange to say, it is precisely modern science which, while dissipating many old superstitions, is rapidly supplying the best of all bases for belief in a future life and in "ghosts," by introducing and making familiar to us the fact of the infinite subtilty of matter.

So much so is this the case that, with the help of this same modern science, it is perfectly easy to build up the conception of a bodily personality, or the body of a person, which shall be both invisible and intangible, and which shall be possessed of the power to pass through what we usually call solid substances. The spirit-world, in fact, has been made scientifically conceivable.

Still further, we are being made familiar with the remarkable fact that the mightiest forces lie beyond the

region of the solids: in fact, that as we recede from the solids we get further into the realm of the forces. The subtile and the ethereal can go where the solids cannot go, and do what the solids cannot do. The ethereal is the omnipotent.

The mysterious little thrills that travel through hundreds and thousands of miles, and convey messages without connecting wires, practically uninterrupted by mountain masses or stormy seas, are an astounding instance of what the finest vibrations can do. Is it, then, so very difficult to postulate a personality built up of similar vibrations, and possessed of similar powers?

Multitudes who "do not believe in spirits" are fully convinced of the fact of thought-transference or suggestion. But that is on a line with the Marconi telegraphy, and carries us very close to spirit-activity. What is it that, in thought-transference or suggestion, passes from brain to brain, without connecting vehicles of any kind? Surely that must be correlated with telegraphy through space on the one hand, and with spirit-activity on the other; and the last is as rational, as conceivable, and as scientific as the first.

It is often objected that what is called spirit-activity is too fitful, too uncertain, too vague, to be reliable; that experiments cannot be repeated and that results cannot be ensured. That may be so, but what else ought we to expect, at all events at this stage? For how short a time has there been any noticeable care to experiment! how few have cared to investigate! how seldom has anyone seemed to be able to treat the subject seriously! and how little we know of the subtile laws of that etheric world in which the unseen people,

if there are any, dwell! We need to be extremely patient, careful and modest, both in our experiments and in our conclusions.

Another point. We have, one way and another, taken for granted that the unseen people are all intensely serious, and that they are all either gravely saintly and placid, or horribly wicked and miserable. We have imagined two places,—a be-jewelled Heaven and a be-devilled Hell—in which all the spirit-people dwell: and, as one-half are all saintly and placid and the other half are all wicked and miserable, we have been unable to believe in the modern experiences of Spiritualists who tell us that the unseen people can be just as frivolous or insipid, just as silly or stupid, just as mischievous or pompous, as some of the inhabitants of Great Britain: and nothing is more common than to hear it said that it is degrading to believe that spirits “come back” to talk through tables, or rap out ridiculous messages, or call themselves Shakespeare and talk bosh.

Well, it is quite natural for people to say that: but many things are quite natural that are quite wrong; and this may be one of them.

If there is a life beyond the present one, the likeliest thing about it is this,—that the man or woman who passes over to that life begins on the other side as he or she left off here, simply minus the physical instrument we call the body. The selfhood will be unchanged, with all its ruling loves and longings, its tendencies and habits, its capacities and tastes. This is the real meaning of that ancient saying, “Where the tree falls, there it will lie,” or of that grave saying, “He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; and he who

is filthy, let him be filthy still; and he that is holy, let him be holy still"; and we might add, "he who is a fool, let him be a fool still,"—until he is taken in hand by wise teachers, and made wise.

It is quite probable that the first surprise of the life beyond is the discovery that there is no such Heaven or Hell as most Christians believe in, but that a new plane of existence has been reached, with a personality to match it, from which plane the spirit can work for the benefit of others, or play the fool as easily as before, only with fresh instruments and other powers. That is all.

Now as to experiments and experiences,—a tremendous field. In connection with these, the names of Sir William Crookes and Alfred Russell Wallace are specially prominent, and not without reason.

They are in the very first rank as accomplished, patient and honest investigators. Sir William Crookes' book *Researches in the Phenomena of Spiritualism*, is still on sale and is still fully acknowledged by him. It records experiments conducted for years in his own house and under stringent test conditions. He began by writing "Hitherto I have seen nothing to convince me of the truth of the 'spiritual' theory"; and he ended by saying, of a crucial test, "I am happy to say that I have at last obtained the 'absolute proof'."

Here is a very brief summary of the results of his experiments, set forth by himself and for which he vouches, with the remark, "My readers will remember that, with the exception of cases specially mentioned, the occurrences have taken place *in my own house*, in the light, and with only private friends present besides the medium."

1. *The movement of heavy bodies with contact, but without mechanical exertion.* "This varies in degree from a quivering or vibration of the room and its contents to the actual rising into the air of a heavy body when the hand is placed on it." (That I have repeatedly seen.)

2. *The phenomena of percussive and other allied sounds,* sometimes heard several rooms off, merely with the placing of a hand on any substance: heard in a living tree, on a sheet of glass, on a tambourine, on a stretched iron wire, on the roof of a cab; heard when the medium's hands and feet were held. (That I also proved when alone with the medium, in my own study). These sounds indicate intelligence, and reply to questions, and "lead to the belief that it does not emanate from any person present."

3. *The alteration of the weight of bodies.*

4. *Movements of heavy substances when at a distance from the medium.* "The instances in which heavy bodies, such as tables, chairs, sofas, etc., have been moved, when the medium has not been touching them, are very numerous." "On three successive evenings a small table moved slowly across the room, under conditions which I had specially pre-arranged." (We must remember this was written by one of the ablest and most careful experimenters in the world).

5. *The rising of tables and chairs off the ground, without contact with any person.*

6. *The levitation of human beings.* On one occasion a lady, who knelt on a chair of which the four feet were visible, was lifted from the floor, suspended for about ten seconds, and then slowly descended. "There are at least a hundred recorded instances of Mr. Home's

rising from the ground, in the presence of as many separate persons, and I have heard from the lips of the three witnesses to the most striking occurrence of this kind—the Earl of Dunraven, Lord Lindsay, and Captain C. Wynne—their own most minute accounts of what took place. To reject the recorded evidence on this subject is to reject all human testimony whatever; for no fact in sacred or profane history is supported by a stronger array of proofs.”

7. *Movement of various small articles without contact with any person.*

8. *Luminous appearances*, (this required a darkened room). “Under the strictest test conditions, I have seen a solid self-luminous body, the size and nearly the shape of a turkey’s egg, float noiselessly about the room, at one time higher than any one present could reach standing on tiptoe, and then gently descend to the floor. It was visible for more than ten minutes, and before it faded away it struck the table three times with a sound like that of a hard solid body. During this time the medium was lying back, apparently insensible, in an easy chair.” (This all occurred in my own experience also, in my study, when alone with the medium; the door being locked, and the hands and feet of the medium perfectly controlled by my hands and feet. The glowing object flew about the room, high up, like a bird, rapped loudly on the table, hit my shoulders and fussed about my face).

9. *The appearance of hands, either self-luminous or visible by ordinary light.* “A beautifully formed small hand rose up from an opening in a dining-table and gave me a flower. This occurred in the light of my own room, whilst I was holding the medium’s hands and feet.”

10. *Direct writing.*

11. *Phantom forms and faces.*

12. *Special instances which seem to point to the agency of exterior intelligence, and miscellaneous occurrences of a complex character.* •

Hundreds of thousands of persons in all parts of the world are continuously testifying to similar experiences.

“And what of it?” it is sometimes said. This question, however, can never be asked in real earnest, for, as Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace says, in his important work *On Miracles and Modern Spiritualism*, “It substitutes a definite, real, and practical conviction, for a vague, theoretical and unsatisfying faith. It furnishes actual knowledge on a matter of vital importance to all men, as to which the wisest men and most advanced thinkers have held that no knowledge was attainable.”

John Page Hopps

LETTERS TO A GERMAN GIRL

MY DEAR RAPUNZEL,

I am writing this letter on the verandah of the "Ramsauhof". Now and again I look at the great company of snow-clad mountains, for I cannot keep my eyes off them for long. Their wonder and glory are a great delight to me. Perhaps they are some of the old Gods gathered together with white and shining mantles spread about them, Gods that can commune with the blue sky, whisper to the moon and throw about her silver head a necklace of stars. In their divine ecstasy they are willing to sit still for a very long time. If you laugh at my pagan fancies, you must not forget that you, O German Fairy, are partly responsible for them, for you belong to a time when the world was younger, more joyous, than it is now.

Fanny has come in to lay the cloth on "our table". Cumbered with more than her share of human flesh, she rolls across the verandah like a ship in a storm. She has either asthma or a Jew's harp in her inside. I rapturously called her attention to the mountains, but all she said was "Yah! Yah!" Fanny has a weight on her mind, but it has nothing whatever to do with snow-clad mountains.

That little grey bird with red on her wings has just flown to her nest. I see extended beaks, almost wide enough to swallow the roof, and hear such

clamorous twitterings. Two peasants are yodelling to each other in the valley. If laughing water tumbling down the hillside wanted to make love to the more sedate pools, it would sing like that. The cows ring their bells as they amble along the fields, and the corn, no longer green, has a golden sheen in it.

I keep on thinking, Rapunzel, that you will come in presently with your face very rosy with the sunshine and your blue eyes full of laughter. But you will not come. Only a few hours ago I saw you leaning out of a railway carriage window, kissing your hand and waving your handkerchief. How I hated that train bearing you away, hated the lines refracting the heat in gossamer-like clouds. My eyes were fixed on yours from the last handshake to the last glimpse of you. Then I wanted magic eyes that would see round the bend and follow you all the way to Dresden. Something was tearing at my heart-strings. Something was being drawn from me more precious than life itself. I felt a great loneliness. It was not till that moment of parting that I realised what you had been to me and what you will be to me always.

There is one great consolation: something very sweet to look forward to. In September you are to come and stay with us for three months. I cannot help trembling at the very thought of it, for something wonderful will happen then. What you have perhaps dreamed of, guessed at, will become a reality. If love is anything to you, and I know it is your very existence, then you shall have all I am capable of giving. We have had delightful days in Austria together. In England, when the right time comes, we shall perhaps know greater joys. Your coming seems much too good

to be true. And yet you must come, you must come, Rapunzel, for I am going to plunge my hands deep into the Kingdom of Happiness, and give it all to you.

Already, like an unwise mortal, I have made my plans. There is a little hill with groups of pine trees upon it that turn red when the sun goes down. There, Rapunzel, I have a fancy that we shall learn together what love means. If it is not on that little hill, then it shall be somewhere out of doors, somewhere where the wind blows gently and is full of the scent of flowers. Are not these things better than a stuffy suburban room?

It is getting too dark to write more. To-morrow you will be in Dresden, and the month after next. . . . Good-night, Rapunzel. I miss you so. I would give much to look into your dear eyes for a long time, then if I found something I want to find more than I can say—something you will find writ large in mine—I should put my arms round you and kiss you for the first time. If I did not find it, Rapunzel, I should wait. I should go on waiting just as long as those mountains are prepared to wait for joys I know nothing of. Good-night, Rapunzel. Sleep well.

MY DEAR RAPUNZEL,

We have just received a letter from your Mother telling us that you are not coming to England because your grandparents do not like the thought of your good parent being left alone without you. Can you wonder very much that I want to *strafe* your grandparents? Your Mother tells us that you are very disappointed.

You cannot be more disappointed than I am. Anticipation has been building and building, and now the edifice has come crashing to the ground. I shall have to content myself with letters. You will find, if you care to look, much between the lines. That is the kind of letter I want to write to you.

When I heard that you were not coming, Wisdom said, "How wise!" and Love, "How cruel!" I do not doubt the wisdom of your staying away any more than I doubt the cruelty of your absence. It was not wise of Helen of Troy to inspire so much love and sacrifice. I have a fancy that wisdom of a certain kind belongs rather to mothers than to their daughters, that love has something of glad folly in it all the time. If Cupid were not a child, love would be a very poor adventure.

MY DEAR RAPUNZEL,

We are leaving Ramsau to-day. The peasants go on saying "*Gruss Gott*" with the same placidity of expression, the sun goes on shining, and the mountains this morning look like gigantic tents encamped in the blue sky. All is so beautiful, so still.

I went out alone this morning. I looked at the impress your body made when you lay full length in the grass and flowers. I wish you were still lying on your back and singing to yourself. I wish you were dancing along the path with dewdrops clinging to your fair hair and dancing too. If only I could see you with impish humour in your eyes, or better still that look which made my cheeks burn and in a moment flashed forth all that my heart desired.

That last morning, Rapunzel, was a kind of love pilgrimage. Presently I sat not far from the Scheichenspitz where you and I had sat together, and where you rested your head on my shoulder. I shall never forget that morning, Rapunzel. We were lying so close together on the moss-covered rock. I felt the movement of your hands, and that touch, so spontaneous, so intimate, conjured up all sorts of delightful fancies. But it was much more than the touch of your hands, and I like to believe that your whole being was thrilled, even as mine was. I like to believe that my thoughts were your thoughts then I have crossed this out, for I find I was writing on the lines what I meant to suggest between them!

I do not know how Germans woo their women, but I rather think, if one may judge by some of your writers, that they are not exactly subtle in their love-making, that they come forward boldly and arrogantly, and take almost by force the women they love. That is not my way, Rapunzel, and if you think me cold and cautious, it is but a cloak to hide my feeling. At present I have been compelled to love you in thought rather than in action. And so, Rapunzel, I go on building up my love for you, in the hope that some day, when not a little sorrow has made it clean and strong, it will be found worthy of your acceptance. If my wish, through force of circumstance, is never fulfilled, at least remember these happy days, and know that you gave me something that is so radiantly happy that it needs must endure always.

O these last hours in Ramsau! The woods, the paths, the long winding road from Kulm, the little stream where you quenched your thirst, all remind me

of you. Lean over the verandah and say good-bye to it all. Hold out your arms to the mountains and breathe in the scent of fir trees. Dear little Imp, fill my Austrian pipe for me, because then, without your noticing it, I can watch your pretty hands. Now sing once more, and while you're singing by the rickety piano, and while dear old Fräulein Kramer is listening with not a little love for you in her tear-filled eyes, I will look through the window and see the candle-light reflected on your face. Then I would creep away. I would climb down the mountains for the last time to the town where the emerald river flows. That shall be my last Austrian memory of you, singing with the candle-light reflected on your face.

MY DEAR RAPUNZEL,

We are in England again. There is little to tell you in regard to the journey. I saw the sun rise at sea, or rather I saw a little of the splendour, for while I was watching the sunlight dancing on the calm water I was interrupted by an agitated little man with eyes like boiled shrimps. He told me that he was the manager of a boot shop, and persisted in pouring forth his troubles into ears that were not, I am afraid, very sympathetic. At last he went away, but not before the sun had performed his miracle and left another prosaic day to fashion its destiny. God punish all people who want to tell their life history to strangers when the sun is just rising over the rim of the sea!

At last a letter has arrived from you. I have been waiting for it with great impatience. I attributed the

delay to illness, and now you tell me that you did not write sooner because you were busy jam-making! jam-making! And here have I been waiting and waiting, and loving you most desperately all the time.

I have been remarkably energetic since my return, and now do more work in a week than I used to do in a month. I get up early and go out of doors. I find, Rapunzel, that I did not leave you behind in Ramsau, but that I brought you with me in my heart. My love for you is growing. Of that I am quite sure. You have filled my being with your radiant presence so that there is no more loneliness. How can I have a single regret when you are with me all the time? And yet I have one regret, one fear. I sometimes wonder if this miracle of love that needs no marriage vow will be suddenly snatched from me. I sometimes wonder if it is a kind of joy intended for Gods and not mortals.

MY DEAR RAPUNZEL,

For weeks I have been more sad than I can tell you. England has declared War against Germany, the Germany that gave the world Goethe and Schiller and Heine, the country that gave me you, more precious than all their genius. There was no other honourable course open to England, and though my love for you can never diminish, I cannot help telling you that your country has thrust this terrible War upon Europe. That your own soldiers should be guilty of the awful atrocities perpetrated against the Belgians, and particularly against Belgian women, makes my heart ache and my blood boil. I like to think that the German people,

the civilian classes, do not necessarily reflect the filthy abominations of Prussian militarism. Right or wrong I must believe that. German hate is terrible. I had it recently explained to me by a German friend, and I thought I was looking into a Chinese hell where revenge and blood-guiltiness were marked in thousands of distended eyes that leered up at me. I am not forgetting the cause of that hate. I am not forgetting that England in the past has been largely responsible for it. There is fault on both sides. There always is, but the pity of it is that Germany went war-mad before the fault could be rectified without a single gun being fired.

It is unspeakably sad to think that after nearly two thousand years after the coming of Christ the most advanced nations should be at war. The trouble is that we are too German, too British, too French, too Russian, that our nationality is over-emphasised, and until it is swallowed up in a kind of universal brotherhood, we shall go on fighting each other. There is only one Kingdom that matters, and that is the Kingdom of God.

Forgive this little sermon, Rapunzel, but you have made my love for you part of my love for other people. It is bigger, wider, more tolerant than it used to be. It takes in all the world and has made race hatred absolutely impossible. Centered in you is all the sweetness of womanhood, and because of these things I believe that a time will come when Germany's "will to power" will be changed into the will to love. To-day we have fallen away from Christ and His teaching, and have set up in His place, as much in England as in Germany, the gods of greed and worldly power. Christ

still walks upon the sea with unfaltering step. He is in the trenches, holding a soldier soul in His arms. He is standing by the side of roaring guns, walking softly through a field hospital, the Father of us all and the King of Kings. The great armies do not see Him because hate is in their eyes. When Love enters they shall see Him in all His Glory, and then and only then will the hell of battle give place to the heaven of lasting peace. The very name of enemy will depart for ever and the joyous cry of brother be upon the glad lips of us all.

And now, Rapunzel, if you have read so far, let us go out together. I want you to see what astronomers call the Southern Cross. To me it is much more like a big silver kite which some infant soul is flying through the sky. When we have seen these things, draw close and help me to forget the horrors of war.

DEAR ONE,

I am now a soldier, fighting in what I believe to be a righteous cause, not against the German people, but against their enemy as well as ours—Prussian militarism that has cut off the breasts of women, held children aloft on the point of the bayonet, and perpetrated a thousand horrors in the name of war. I who have dreamed of brotherhood, I who would shrink from killing an insect, have become a soldier! For three nights sleep would not come. Doubts assailed me. I asked myself a thousand times if I were justified in fighting against your countrymen. I made excuses for myself. I tried to shuffle out as medically unfit for

such a project. Gradually the way grew clear. I heard you calling. I saw you smile. You understood the agony through which I was passing, and in a moment I grew strong. I would fight for you. I would crush those very forces that mocked womanhood, those forces whose banner was lust and not love. I would do these things for you.

I am still in training, and have been moved about from one part of the country to the other. I am eager to go to the front. I wear your photo under my shirt. Many times I look at it, and many times I kiss the smiling face. I shall send this letter through a friend of mine. I hope you will get it all right. I don't suppose there is another soldier in the whole of the British Army who is in love with a German girl, or if there is then she is not a little bit like my Rapunzel. Give me both your dear hands. I want you to promise that you will come to me out there. I look into your eyes and know that you will come.

O MY DEAR, DEAR LOVE,

I am out at the front. I cannot tell you of my sufferings, of all the horrors of this awful war. They are not to be written about. The bravery of our men is just splendid, their self-sacrifice something which England can never know to the full. One little Cockney fellow, who used to be dressed in a frock-coat and sell ribbons and lace, has the heart of a hero after all. He dragged in three men under heavy fire to a place of safety. Poor fellow, he's gone now.

Later. I write by the fire of burning houses. A moment ago a comrade by my side was blown to pieces. I never knew a body could be blown to pieces like that. I have a shrapnel wound in my right hand, and I can hardly force my pen across the paper.

Last night it seemed that you came to me. You were dressed in black, and I knew that one of your brothers had been killed. You bent over me and kissed me. I held out my arms. I whispered your name. Nothing matters now, dearest. We are travelling to a new shore, Rapunzel, to a port in the Kingdom of Eternity where for the last time we shall unload the harvest of our love.

So happy, so happy, Rapunzel. The Ramsau days crowd upon me. I can see something more than the fire and smoke of battle. There is a Light fairer than the light of sun or moon. I hear your voice above the thunder-roar of warfare. You are yodelling, slowly, very slowly, just as you used to do, only I hear no echo now. I shall never finish this letter, dearest one, and perhaps you will never read it. Fire seems to be rushing through my veins. The snow-clad mountains are rosy in the dawn. Great cloud-banners unfurl over them. You come with masses of gentian in your arms. They are not so blue as your dear eyes. I take your face between my hands. I caress your hair. I see blood. The world rocks. I feel your hair blown against my face. Lift me up, Rapunzel. This is Death. This is Love. Rapunzel.

THE "BUDDHA RELICS"

IN a mound near Peshawar, in north-west India, there was found in 1909 one of the eight portions of the "ashes of the Buddha" famous in Buddhist tradition. This portion consists of three tiny pieces of bone, placed in a cavity made in a rock crystal about three inches long by two inches broad. The rock crystal was placed in a bronze casket bearing inscriptions, giving the names of the Greek artificer of the casket and the donors. As the name of the Buddhist Emperor Kanishka occurs in the inscription, the date of the making of the casket is fixed as the latter part of the first century after Christ.

When the authenticity of the relics was established, the Government of India handed them over for custody to the Buddhists of the Indian Empire, represented by the Burmese. The original bronze casket remains at the Peshawar Museum; the Government gave a gold receptacle to hold the rock crystal, with a suitable inscription recording the gift. The Burmese Buddhists gave the gold casket, decorated with rubies, which Mr. C. Jinarājadāsa holds in his hands in our illustration. A model of the original bronze casket is held in his hand by the Burman Buddha Relics Trustee, who is on Mr. Jinarājadāsa's left.

During Mr. Jinarājadāsa's visit to Burma in October last, one of our devoted members Mr. C. G. S. Pillai,

an Indian Buddhist and one of the Trustees of the Buddha Relics, arranged with a fellow-trustee to open the safe where the relics are now kept at Mandalay, pending the construction of their final resting place on Mandalay Hill. As a Buddhist, Mr. Jinarājādāsa was allowed to hold them, and to be photographed surrounded by his Theosophical friends and co-workers, as a memento of his visit to Burma to speak the message of Theosophy to the Burmese.

The ceremony of the gift of the Relics by the Viceroy of India to the Buddhist delegation from Burma took place at Calcutta on March 19, 1910. Mrs. Besant was present on the occasion, and has thus described what she saw in *THE THEOSOPHIST*, April, 1910.

To the ordinary eyes it was merely a brilliant gathering ; high officials of State, the Representative of earth's mightiest Empire, the Envoys of an ancient land, the committal of a relic of the Founder of a great Religion to His modern followers, a number of gaily dressed ladies and gold-laced officers. But to the inner eye it was the vision of a perfect life, a humanity flowering into the splendour of a Divine Man, the tenderness of an all-embracing compassion, of an utter renunciation ; wave after wave of wondrous magnetism swept through the room, and all faded before the deathless radiance of a Life that once wore this dead fragment, which still rayed out the exquisite hues of its Owner's aura. A scene never to be forgotten, a fragment of heaven flung down into earth. And the actors therein all unconscious of the Presences in their midst !

C. JINARĀJADĀSA

CORRESPONDENCE

“THE THIRTY DAYS”

TO THE EDITOR OF “THE THEOSOPHIST”

In his remarks on my story *The Thirty Days*, your reviewer is good enough to say that I have evidently studied Theosophical literature. That is, of course, true. A novelist who proposes to deal, however superficially, with a subject in fiction must necessarily make himself acquainted with it. Among other works, I read very carefully a manual on *The Astral Plane* by C. W. Leadbeater and a small volume entitled *In the Next World* by A. P. Sinnett. The perusal of these two books left me in a considerable difficulty regarding the Theosophical conception of the astral plane, for they appeared to be, on an exceedingly important point, not merely inconsistent, but in direct contradiction to each other. I quote a passage from each.

Mr. Leadbeater says (p. 17): “Although the poverty of physical language forces us to speak of these sub-planes as higher and lower, we must not fall into the mistake of thinking of them (or indeed of the greater planes of which they are only subdivisions) as separate localities in space—as lying above one another like the shelves of a book-case, or outside one another like the coats of an onion. It must be understood that the matter of each plane or sub-plane interpenetrates that of the plane or sub-plane below it.” He goes on to elaborate this view very carefully.

Mr. Sinnett says (p. 10): “A part of the great sphere is actually immersed or submerged beneath the solid crust of the earth. . . Two sub-planes of the astral are thus

underground—the first and the second, numbering the series from below upward. The third lies just above the surface of the earth.”

He does not state the position of the remaining sub-planes, but he names them in ascending succession, and the inference from the foregoing is clearly that they also are piled one above the other. Indeed, the system of “concentric spheres” which he describes is precisely that of the coats of an onion, which Mr. Leadbeater is at pains expressly to exclude.

There, you will admit, was a quandary for the artless but conscientious student. I applied to Theosophists in England for elucidation of the puzzle, but could get no satisfactory answer. It appeared, indeed, that though, to be sure, I had not “paid my money,” I was called upon to “take my choice”. I had to plunge. I plunged accordingly, boldly and completely, for Mr. Leadbeater ; partly because I understod—whether rightly or wrongly I do not know—that he is the higher authority on Theosophical matters, and partly because his system seemed to me (if I may venture to say so) the more sensible and the more calculated to appeal to rational minds.

When I began this letter I did not intend to do more than point out the apparent discrepancy I have alluded to ; but, having got so far, and since I am an exotic, who may not have an opportunity to communicate with you again, perhaps you will bear with me while I explain why I felt it would be easier to make Mr. Leadbeater’s, rather than Mr. Sinnett’s, conception acceptable to the intelligence of my readers. It was because it is not inconsistent with conditions of life with which they are acquainted. They know that, however deep they may bore in the crust of the earth, however high they may soar above it, they will still be in the physical universe, that they cannot possibly get out of it by moving in space. So it would, I knew, be exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, to make them feel the reality of a condition of things in which a change in the state of being could be effected by a change in location.

On the other hand, it can be shown that even physical life is partitioned into fairly definite tiers in a figurative sense, which, though all occupying the same region of space,

may not inaptly be called planes of existence. One may instance the criminal, the practical, the intellectual, the mystical. Each has its own atmosphere and its own population, and each individual composing the latter may be said to be strongly and perfectly conscious only of his fellows on his particular plane. An intellectual man, for example, addresses himself to his intellectual peers. When he is thinking or writing, he has them, and them only, in his mind; the world besides scarcely exists for him. The huge errors, the crude theories, of the masses below him do not trouble him: all his faculties are directed to the adjustment of delicate differences with some one or more of his fellows on the plane of intellect. If ever he tries the experiment of "writing down" to those on lower levels, it is almost inevitably a failure, because he finds himself unable to express himself in language, or to use channels of thought, comprehensible on any plane but his own. Reciprocally, the teeming millions below are supremely uninterested in anything the thinkers can tell them. Similar remarks could be applied to the other divisions of the physical plane that I have instanced. Thus a man may find himself among people of the same race as himself, of the same social position as himself, and yet know that he is not of their "world".

I don't know if this theory of physical sub-planes has any Theosophical authority, but at any rate there appeared to me to be so much substance in it, that I could hope to make intelligible to the general reader the conception of interpenetrating planes and sub-planes, as set forth in Mr. Leadbeater's manual.

May I append a note in conclusion, which may save some confusion, since THE THEOSOPHIST has an international circulation, that the title of *The Thirty Days* in the U. S. A. is *The Brocklebank Riddle*?

HUBERT WALES

The Long House, Hindhead, Surrey, England

PRINCIPLE OR PUBLIC OPINION?

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

While agreeing with many admirable points in Mrs. Kellner's interesting article "Our Attitude towards Physical Life" published in last month's THEOSOPHIST, I must voice the protest that will arise in many readers against her conclusion that the ideals of an individual must be abandoned just now if they happen to be in advance of those of the nation to whom that individual belongs. We are wise enough to recognise that many are evolving through the present fighting, but that does not necessitate its being the path of further evolution for all. We can admire without copying or participating. Despite the glamour that is thrown over the the horrors of war, thinkers look to its very "frightfulness" to teach people that war is wrong, that it must never occur again, but be superseded by methods of arbitration, as duelling has been superseded by Courts of Law. Many of the slain and wounded soldiers and their womenfolk of all nations have already had this truth burned into their souls. It cannot be possible that numbers of us have not already learnt this self-same lesson in past lives, and it shows itself in our instinctive and reasoned belief that it is wrong to kill our fellow-creatures. For us to renounce that conviction, that experience, which has been transmuted into a principle, a precious possession of our souls, would be a sin against knowledge.

In times of peace we do not ask the idealist to accept the standard of the average person. Why should he or she do so in times of war, when, more than ever, the ideal must be clung to, as the thought-form of the masses creates so much stronger a temptation to let go hold of the Vision and the advanced practice? Our "national code," forsooth, upholds killing animals for food. According to Mrs. Kellner's argument our vegetarian Theosophists have been wrong all this time; they should "as members of a nation have been prepared to submit to the code appropriate to, and accepted by, the State at large." A practice founded on conviction of its truth must remain the same in peace and war. I can imagine H. P. B. sacrificing

this new attitude on the part of some Theosophists of bowing to "public opinion," a pernicious doctrine already seen in all its baseness in our politicians who put "party before principle."

Now we are sophistically asked to put Nationality before principle, and we must renounce our ideals for fear that "though we might be good individuals, we should be bad Englishmen." Is Nationality then a virtue above Virtue, Idealism and Righteousness? The nation is not an extraneous "thing-in-itself," it is in no sense homogeneous, and one cannot be a good individual and a bad unit of the nation.

As in the body one atom may act differently from the mass around it in order to get rid of a disease (a point our author overlooks), so while the average units of a country act in one way it is still the duty of the further evolved units to pursue their course unstamped by any obsession (even if it be of a higher than ordinary nature) which takes possession of the general public. Such was the teaching and practice which produced the Buddha, the Christ, the martyrs of all causes, the Tolstois, and some people in all the combatant nations who for conscience's sake refuse to take part in war.

They would all be denounced to-day as "unpatriotic," people having conveniently forgotten that we are told "seek ye first the *Kingdom of God* (not of England, Germany, or any other kingdom) and all these things will be added unto you."

For the super-man to descend to the ideas of the man is the same as for the man to revert to the tiger stage—to use Mrs. Kellner's figure of speech; no one upholds the latter but she argues in favour of the former. The whole mistake arises from a dualistic standpoint similar to that commented upon by Mrs. Besant, *i.e.*, the separation of the individual and the State. We see in Germany the dire result of putting State morality above a higher private morality. Are we Theosophists to follow suit?

Philosophy, experience and common sense prove that we can all truly exclaim with the French King "L'Etat, c'est moi"! As each one acts up to the best individual standard, he or she is forming the best national standard. Everything reverts to the subjective, each unit is the centre of its own universe and shines by its own interior light. Thus our

platform and philosophy is broad enough to appreciate all stages of knowledge and idealism, and while admiring the average man who responds to a higher ideal of self-sacrifice than his usual one, we also admire and support equally the man who refuses to kill or make war because he is living up to a still higher ideal, and who thereby sacrifices popularity and risks denunciation and possibly death (in conscriptionist countries). It takes as much courage to live above public opinion as to face the enemy in the trenches or a life of bereavement.

Granted even that England's code of honour be higher than that of its enemies, there is much need for it to reach a still higher code, and for that Vision its advanced individuals, amongst whom are many Theosophists, must stand firm, neither changing nor lowering the flag of their convictions and ideals. To ring a change on Mrs. Kellner's epigram, it is better to strive even half-heartedly for one's own ideal than to lower one's ideal to suit shifty public opinion.

"Better is one's own duty, though destitute of merits, than the well-executed duty of another. He who doeth the duty laid down by his own nature incurreth not sin." (*Bhagavad Gītā*)

In whatsoever way it may manifest, the only sure foundation of the evolution of one's self, of the unfoldment of the Higher Self, of true service to one's nation, humanity and the Great Ones, is summed up by the poet who said:

To thine own self be true,
And it must follow as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

MARGARET E. COUSINS

REVIEWS

The Devil's Mistress, by J. W. Brodie-Innes. (W. Rider & Son, London. Price 6s. net.)

This story might serve as an illustration of the old adage "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do," for the transformation of the heroine from a spirited and well-educated young wife of a dour and dirty Scotch farmer into the blood-thirsty and melodramatic witch-mistress of the Devil is easily traceable to the absence of any work or interests suitable to her vivid temperament. The ennui of Mistress Isabel Goudie's life galled her; she was not evil of nature, but she longed for a fuller, larger, more adventurous life, and for romance and love, and she yielded at once when Sathanas appeared on the scene and promised her all her heart's desires—if she would renounce her Reformed Kirk baptism! The comparative merit of Catholic and Presbyterian baptism is one of the pivots on which the plot turns, and it strikes a 20th century reader as a quaint competition in credal superstitions. The greater portion of the book is devoted to a description of the magical deeds and death-dealing arts and crafts of the witches of the 17th century. Many of the powers possessed by "the coven" can be easily understood in the light of Theosophy, such as the intimate connection between sickness and sin; the power of the moon in magic; the division and simultaneous activities of the various bodies so that the witch-heroine was seen of all in Kirk and was later able to remember the sermon, though at the very same hour another part of her was carousing and hunting with the "Dark Master". He teaches her caustically enough that "the part of ye that would take ye to Kirk has naught to do with love and joy," and again, "if only ye can imagine yourself to be in any place, a part of ye is there, and if ye imagine strongly enough ye may be seen there."

The presentment of the Devil with a Scotch accent comes as rather a shock to one's idea of the conventional Mephistopheles of "Faust" and Grand Opera, but it is no surprise to find that the author comes under his spell and succeeds more in interesting his readers in this "Lord of unbalanced force" than in repelling them from him and all his works. The recantation of Mistress Goudie is distinctly unconvincing, and the process of her subsequent conversion to saintliness, and voluntary martyrdom at the stake in expiation of her sins, is but sketched in a vague way; yet all through the story one can trace the key-note of the character as action—indifferent, bad, good—combined with a love of power which, originally selfish in character, became transmuted to altruistic self-sacrifice.

The story suffers from being derivative, its inspiration coming from "Dracula,"—to whose author it is dedicated, but whose powerfully uncanny atmosphere it nowhere reproduces—and its sources (historical or imaginary) being Scottish legal records, constantly quoted. The blend of imagination and documentary evidence is not satisfactory and leaves the reader somewhat disappointed at the lack of sensational effect produced. Nevertheless the author shows much knowledge of magical practices with an undercurrent of deep philosophical knowledge, and his book adds another to the rapidly growing library of occult novels which are widening the consciousness and interest of the reading public.

M. E. C.

The Next Steps in Educational Progress, edited by Dr. L. Haden Guest. (The T. P. S., London.)

These papers by educational experts, containing their convictions as to the next stage of progress in the various departments with which they are associated, were read at a Conference at the London University in June 1914, which was opened by Mrs. Besant. Then, with tragic irony, came the world's master-stroke in education, the European War; and the aim of the essayists—the care and training of the rising generation—which they set forth with that unspoken hopelessness that characterised all altruistic effort before Armageddon, was suddenly set by sheer necessity right in the

front of future reform. Dr. Guest looks for a great reconstruction after the War, beginning with the children. To begin with them will not only affect the future, but also the present, for any intelligent attempt to meet fully the needs of children must be shared in by their elders. Dr. Guest points out the omission of any definite attempt to deal with the emotional growth and development of children, or to apply Art to education. We would add that a further field awaits attention, namely, the teaching of the child's relation to the universe in some way that would lay the foundations for a philosophical view of life: unbridled sectarian religious instruction is a greater menace to the future of the race than empty stomachs: it is one of the root causes of the War itself.

J. H. C.

A New Suggestive Treatment (Without Hypnotism), by J. Stenson Hooker, M.D. (C. W. Daniel & Co., Ltd., London. Price 1s.)

This is a very sensible little book and should be useful to those who are interested in mental science. The point of view of the author seems well-balanced. Some sort of "mind cure" it is necessary that qualified medical men should adopt, he tells us. For the diseases which have no physical cause, but are obviously due to psychic disturbances of some kind, are on the increase, and these are not curable by the use of drugs. Great care must be taken, however, in the building up of a really workable method of treatment; those in use at present are very often ineffective—mere waste of energy—or, when potent, positively dangerous. He points out the reason why this is so and recommends what he describes as auto-hetero-suggestion as a safe method by which the healer and the patient may co-operate in restoring the health of the latter. The book is written in simple, non-technical language suited to the general reader.

A. de L.

Dreams, by George A. B. Dewar. (Elkin Mathews, London, 1915.)

This is a curious little book of three stories; two of them very short, the third a little longer, but all no more than a

suggestion ; perhaps an attempt to catch the atmosphere of an orderly dream. Not an unsuccessful attempt, for the author has imagined that faint pleasantness sometimes experienced when it is possible to direct one's dream fancies a little. Indeed the book claims for itself an atmosphere, and though perhaps in parts it is rather a musty atmosphere, the trend of the stories conveys that impression of dream which it is their object to impart. Of the stories themselves it is unnecessary to say anything. Two of them are furnished with a happy moral, and one—"The charm 'for ever'" is illustrative of a moment's artistic inspiration translated into action by an otherwise uncreative character. The style of the book improves in the last two tales. The first is marred by rather an involved mode of utterance and by expressions unfortunately cynical, such as the implied insincerity in the mourning of heirs. Again, a sentence such as the following indicates a lack of consideration—"They remained to the end of his life sharply cut in stone on the tablets of memory." This surely is a burnt offering of redundancy to the author's cult of atmosphere. The book does not attempt to be instructive on the theory of dreams, or their causes and interpretations, but offers readable entertainment for a spare half hour.

I. ST. C. S.

The Battle of the Lord, by the Ven. Basil Wilberforce, D.D. (Elliot Stock, London, 1915. Price 3s. net.)

This is an admirable collection of recruiting sermons and contains the very essence of the spirit which animates, or ought to animate, our troops in this great War. In this casual age, however, we think it probable that the large majority of men now enrolled under the colours have no very clear conception of the material causes, still less the spiritual causes for which they are fighting. Could some organised effort be made, some illuminating force, such as this book of stirring addresses, be brought to bear on them, how much more gladly and with how much less fear would they go out to meet whatever fate was in store for them.

There are twelve sermons here, each of them on its own subject appealing to the instincts of patriotism and

unselfishness which have kept England without Conscription for so long. The appeal is directed primarily to those of military age who are in a position to enlist, and to those also who are debarred from active service by age or circumstance, that they should act energetically as recruiting sergeants, stimulating the youth of the country to offer themselves for the good of their land. We could wish this book in the hands of every young man who could fight but won't.

The main, emphasised point running through the whole book is the immanence of the Divine Spirit, in all and permeating all. We cannot do better than reproduce two verses quoted from Mrs. Cheque's book *Litanies* :

Though I am deathless, I am not immune to pain ;
 And every evil that is done upon earth, hurts Me ;
 Every shot that is fired, passes through Me ;
 The wound of every man wounded, is My wound ;
 Every cruelty that is perpetrated, is perpetrated upon Me ;

Whatever is stolen is stolen from Me ;
 All the blood that is shed is My blood ;
 When the earth is defiled with slaughter,
 My garden is laid waste,
 Man, O Man, have mercy upon Me !

As the writer points out, this will be unintelligible to the Deist who believes only in the Extra-Cosmic God Whom he blames because He does not stop the war. Nevertheless to those of us who accept God in all created things, these lines bear a true significance and a conception of what War is to the Deity.

I. St. C. S.

Man: The Problem of the Ages, by "Homo". (Francis Griffiths, London. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

Books such as the one before us are to be welcomed because they have the intermediate points of view which are read and accepted by people who shun those systems of modern thought which are labelled with new names. You may yearn to seek the true and the beautiful, yet if you are conventional and the people round you are conventional, you might not care to be disgraced by studying Theosophy, Socialism, etc., but to be found reading a book called: *Man: The Problem of the Ages* is commendable and shows you are serious-minded. Therefore we are thankful that these

intermediate points of view, undisgraced by a revolutionary uniform, can penetrate unchallenged into many a home and heart, bringing with them light and inspiration. Some are good—sincere and well thought out—others are colourless and unoriginal. It is to the former category that we consign the present work, wherein we find much that corresponds with Theosophical teaching. The author distinguishes between the true immortal Spirit and his lower physical reflection, but as usual misses the link known to Theosophists as the ego. The term “ego,” he applies to the Spiritual Man. He preaches the theory of evolution, and if it were not for a strong Christian bias, which claims that the Lord Jesus is the Ideal Man born only “once in the history of the world,” and that “His personality, His life, and His teaching are altogether unique,” we would thoroughly endorse the following passage, which is full of inspiration, and entirely in accord with our own thought :

What matters, though in Jesus only we behold the full-grown Man whilst we are still in God’s nursery, and have not yet attained unto the stature of true Manhood? *Somehow we feel that this unique personality, this kingly personage is the elder Brother of our common humanity—the prophecy of our becoming.* Nay, more, that that perfect life, of which Jesus was the highest and noblest expression, is the goal towards which we are slowly but surely moving.

The great conception is the central figure in what we may term the *new consciousness*. A great spiritual awakening, indeed; that marks the dawn of a new era—the era of Universal Brotherhood.

D. M. C.

Life: Presented in Three Stages of Progress, by Annie Pitt. (Messrs. L. N. Fowler & Co. Price . . .)

“Life” is a title which leaves the writer plenty of scope, and “Aziel,” the true author of the book, avails himself of his opportunity by racing up and down the scale of human experience with the aid of a large vocabulary and a very oratorical style. The effect produced is a little chaotic. It is not a book for the man of trained intellect; yet it has a value which more than justifies its existence. On the full current of the author’s enthusiastic belief in immortality and the ultimate goodness and beauty of life the reader is carried away also, and he is filled with hope and confidence. There are many persons to whom such an experience would mean

the opening of the door into a new existence. Let us hope that the book will fall into their hands.

A. de L.

Nerve Control, by H. Ernest Hunt. (William Rider & Son, Ltd., London, 1915. Price 1s. net.)

An excellent little book very clearly and well written. Dealing with nervous troubles, which of recent years have been so enormously on the increase, its concisely-stated method of cure should be welcomed by all sufferers from the disorder. The lines of work laid down are of the New-Thought variety, positive suggestions being made to the subjective or subconscious mind, this, as the author explains, is more in accordance with Biblical teaching than the negative assertions favoured by Christian science. "Overcome evil with good" is the foundation on which the book is laid, and the acceptance of the positive suggestion would certainly appear to be the easier method of eradicating nervous and kindred troubles.

The earlier chapters treat of suggestion as the cause and cure of nervous ills and go on to emphasise the importance of maintaining an equable state of mind at all times as an accessory to the suggestions. Two chapters are devoted to platform work of all kinds, artistic and otherwise, and many valuable hints are given to those who do not feel themselves quite at home when appearing in public.

The author makes what may perhaps be called a lapse from strict probity in one point connected with the effectiveness of suggestion. He states it is not necessary to believe in mind cure, but that if the method is followed out faithfully the result will be effective. This, as Thompson J. Hudson points out, is not strictly justified, as following that faith is the *sine qua non* of mental healing, which we think is generally agreed; the attitude above alluded to obtains the faith but by rather a back door means, and one not highly to be commended. It is not out of place to remember that Christ never resorted to the subterfuge but always insisted upon the requisite faith in his subject.

As a guide to the healing of nerves, however, the book offers a valuable contribution to existing literature and we wish it every success.

I. ST. C. S.

The Influence of the Zodiac upon Human Life, by Eleanor Kirk. (L. N. Fowler & Co., London.)

This is a very useful handy book which any layman can easily understand. It is concise, simple, and devoid of astrological technicalities which many a time scare away an ordinary reader. It is divided into four parts according to the triplicity of Fire, Earth, Air and Water. Each triplicity gives a short description and characteristics of its component signs, the personal appearance of the individual born under those signs, the companions and friends best suited to possess, the faults, defects and diseases commonly found, the best mode of growth and development of the individual and the education and training of children born under them, with a summary of character reading of persons born upon the cusp of each sign.

These readings apply to the average man of the world, and not so much to one who has taken evolution in his own hand. However, the knowledge of the stars has its value in its application to daily life. There is no such thing as chance in natural and spiritual law. Neither signs nor planets have the slightest power over spiritual man or woman, Spirit being absolute over matter. Stars may influence us, but God rules the stars. When man recognises God in himself he can be dominated no longer by anything apart from God.

Speaking about diseases the author says: "All these ailments, and every other known to man, can be entirely dominated, for ever cast out, by those who realise that mind is the Master, and body the servant of mind."

This is a good book as a general guide to the understanding of different temperaments, according to the triplicities, which might enable one how best to counteract disharmonies between individuals, especially in relation to marriage, and other domestic infelicities.

This book should certainly be in the hands of all those who have the guidance and education of children under their care, because the hints and suggestions given under the heading, "Government of children," are very valuable and practical.

J. R. A.

Le Museon, Revue d'Etudes Orientales, 3rd Series. Vol. I. (Cambridge University Press, 1915.)

All members of the Theosophical Society whose interests lie with the second of its objects must be aware of that precious Belgian journal of orientalist research, founded in 1881 by the brilliant and many-sided Catholic scholar and Orientalist Ch. de Harlez, and the title of which heads this notice. The long and peaceable career of ever increasing importance of this periodical was rudely interrupted by the German invasion of Belgium and the attendant destruction of Louvain, for it was in the latter place that the journal was printed and edited, and the Louvain University furnished it regularly with its abundant matter of scholarly value. Alas, the Louvain University—nay, even Louvain itself—exists no more. In the destruction of the town there also perished half a volume of the *Museon*, ready for despatch, and containing articles and research work of fine quality.

Cambridge has welcomed the learned refugees from Louvain and has furnished those who survived and safely escaped with a place to reconcentrate the famous Louvain tradition until better times at—we hope!—a not far distant date. One of the consequences of this noble hospitality, together with the energy of the Belgian scholars, is the reappearance of the *Museon*, at Cambridge, rejuvenated and not a whit the worse for its tragic adventures. A stout number of 130 pages, extremely well printed, constitutes the first issue of the new, third, series, and offers us a feast of learning. *Le Museon* is an academical magazine of a type always bringing much matter of interest for the cultured but non-specialist reader interested in the study of comparative religion. In it L. de la Vallee Poussin regularly publishes his illuminating studies on Buddhist origins and teachings. In the present number Paul

Oltramare studies the most interesting problem of absolute existence, *tathatā*, and the ultra-phenomenal, *lokottara*, important for any enquirer into Buddhist doctrine. Reynold A. Nicholson presents an interesting note on a Moslem Philosophy of Religion. Other articles, notes and book reviews complete an excellent number. The journal is published indiscriminately in the chief modern languages, but French predominates as a rule on the whole. The price of the journal is 21 shillings net annually. We gladly seize the occasion to warmly recommend such amateurs as can afford it, to support the publication, even as a mere sign of sympathy, until its rebirth is fully established.

J. v. M.

BOOK NOTICES

The Sacred Names of God, by Leonard Bosman. (The Dharma Press, 16 Oakfield Rd., Clapton, London, N. E. Price 1s. 6d.). This is an important addition to the "Esoteric Studies" of this author, containing both erudition and interpretation of a high quality. *Ten Tamil Saints*, by M. S. Purnalingam Pillai, B. A. (Natesan & Co., Madras. Price As. 12.) An account of the lives of saints who exercised profound influence on the religion and culture of the Tamil people. It is based on traditional stories as well as on the researches of modern Tamil scholars. *India's Untouchable Saints*, by K. V. Ramaswami, B. A. (Natesan & Co., Madras. Price As. 6.) A pathetic recital of the lives of saints who were born in the "outcaste" classes of India in the Middle Ages. It provides an incentive to those who are working for the upliftment of these "untouchable" people, who are denied social recognition, decent livelihood, and even religion. *Divine Service of the Lord's Supper*. According to S. Saporion Scholasticus, arranged by Bishop Vernon Herford, B.A. (B. H. Blackwell, Oxford. Price 6d.) An arrangement of the Liturgy of S. Saporion to be used in any Christian Church as a step towards Christian Unity. A ritual of deep mystical import and undoubted occult power.



THE FIRST INDIAN V. C.

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

THINGS move so rapidly in these days that the National Week in Bombay seems far away in the "infinite azure," as though it belonged to the long ago, instead of to the past month. Very full were the days of work of all sorts, of lectures, talks, writing, discussions, committees. The Theosophical Society's Convention was more of a propaganda type than we had ever had before; a huge pavilion, giving room to between 4,000 and 5,000 people was the scene for the four Convention Lectures delivered by myself, and they were frankly propagandist, placing before the great crowd Theosophical teachings on God, Man, Right and Wrong, and Brotherhood. The Cadet Corps of our Cawnpur Theosophical School served as escort, in smart soldierly fashion, and served as an object-lesson in one branch of our work. Mr. C. Jinarajadasa gave two lectures also, and drew a large crowd, and gave also a special one to students.

* * *

The Convention meetings proper were held in a smaller pavilion in the grounds of Mr. Ratansi D. Morarji, the worthy son of his good father, a faithful and devoted Theosophist. He placed his splendid house at the disposal of the work, and the efficient Reception Committee of the Bombay Lodges carried everything through without a hitch. Our first Convention outside Adyar and Benares has been an unqualified success, and has brought Theosophy to the knowledge of many as a world-wide and important movement.

* * *

In one respect we were deficient this year—we had few visitors from foreign lands. The War has made travelling difficult, uncertain, and dangerous, so we were less cosmopolitan than usual. But the note was none the less struck by the reports from many lands, and though the War dominated all, they brought us messages of peace and goodwill. Very touching were the references to the sorrows weighing on the Nations, but the steady confidence from all rang true and clear. Cables came also—some not in time, for both postal and telegraphic services are disorganised—from England, from Australia, from New Zealand, from America, and from all parts of India.

* * *

One serious effect the War had had for us—effect on our finances. Our rents had fallen seriously, and the modest dues from abroad ran also short. The result is that our budget shows a heavy deficit, for we have had shortness of income for the second time, and must look to friends all the world over for some help in the coming year. This, I feel sure, will come to us.

We have rather over-invested in plantations, though that will come back to us; Nature will not be hurried, and we must wait her time of growth. The trees are growing in value, but the value is still in the future, and not realisable for present needs.

* * *

The meeting of the Order of the Star was full of serene confidence and strength, and that yearly meeting has always a joy peculiar to itself, both for young and old. The Order has spread now very far and wide, and the little Silver Star gleams out unexpectedly now and again, and tells of a brother whose eyes are turned with hope and joy to the East.

* * *

The National Congress had magnificent meetings, recalling in their life and enthusiasm, old Congressmen said, the great Bombay meetings in 1889, when Charles Bradlaugh, the "Member for India," paid his first and last visit to the land whose cause he championed so nobly. The Home Rule agitation had done its work and had aroused the country, bringing to Bombay a larger number of delegates than had ever before attended a Congress, and they passed a resolution for active and continuous work and propaganda, which is bearing already good fruit of activity in different parts of the country. The formation of the proposed Home Rule League was suspended, as the Congress itself had taken up its work, and at Easter, an important meeting will be held at Allahabad, where the elected representatives of the Congress meet to formulate the scheme of reform. The All-India Muslim League has elected a Committee to confer with that of the Congress, that both the great communities may act together.

Home Rule has suddenly sprung into the forefront of practical politics, and the demand is crystallising itself, as a saturated solution solidifies at a touch. Only when a Nation has come up to the point where in the hearts of all is awakening one great Hope, can so swift a change come over a land as that which has passed over India, so that what was a dream has become a living voice. As a flower matures within the fast-closed bud, and then swiftly unfolds its petals in the sunlight, so the Hope of a Nation grows silently within the people's heart, and suddenly—lo! it unfolds, a radiant bloom of realisation. It is of no man's making. It is born of a Nation's heart. God grant that Britain may welcome the unfolding, and that the Lotus may bloom with the Shamrock, the Thistle and the Rose.

* * *

We, who are sheltered from the horrors of War and only suffer small inconveniences of delay and of occasional petty losses when a ship goes down, have no realisation at all of the ghastly sufferings and horrors through which pass our men at the front. Living, like burrowing animals underground, with their clothes unchanged, without washing, amid the dying and the dead and intolerable stench, with the deafening crash of the unceasing bombardment, it seems incredible that human beings can bear it. At first, it was six days on and six off; then four days; now two. And even when "off," they are within the stunning thunder of the guns. This seems to be one reason for the huge number of men needed—to reinforce those whose nerves for the time are shattered, as well as to make good the wounded and the dead. The British, Indians

and Australians sent to Egypt arrived there exhausted and worn out, but quickly recuperated. What can the Nations do for all these men when peace returns, these men who have gone down into a hell worse than poet ever dared to limn, for love of their Motherlands and for high duty's sake?

* * *

It seems likely that the "great offensive" demands new men, men fresh and strong, not these worn-out heroes. These Russia has called out from her countless millions, and sent to the front; these Britain is strenuously training. And the Germans are in similar case, but probably even worse, for they have been obliged to put on their men the additional strain of travelling from one front to another, as they fling them from side to side to meet the need which is sorest at the point most menaced at the changing moments. And still we are told, "the end is not yet," and strong endurance is needed as well as heroic daring. But that end is sure, long as is the way thereto. And the end is a peace that will last, signed in Berlin.

* * *

It is interesting to note that Mr. A. P. Sinnett in England, Mr. C. W. Leadbeater in Australia, and I myself in India, have written in similar terms on the nature of this War; far though we be from each other in space, and without opportunity for discussion, we have all written on the same lines. I suppose that I may say, without undue claim, that we three are somewhat better instructed in the things of the occult world than our fellow-Theosophists, and that where we agree on essentials, while differing on small and irrelevant details, we are not likely to be far wrong. Mr. Lead-

beater's article, in our present issue, is of profound interest, the more so because of his normally joyous tendency to turn away from the dark side of things, and to fix all his attention on "the Good, the Beautiful and the True"—old Greek that he is.

* * *

And this point on which we are all three absolutely at one is that this great War is a struggle between the White and the Dark Forces, those which work on with Evolution, and those who seek to retard it. The Germans are, from our standpoint, under the impulsion of the Lords of the Dark Face, with a distorted view of all around them imposed upon them by the great hypnotic power wielded by the deadliest foes of the human race, obsessed by the forces which work for evil, to be driven finally to ruin. Of that final failure there is no doubt in the mind of any one of us. The world is too far on the upward arc to be swept downwards to destruction, and the last great triumph of the forces that make for separateness was the whelming of Poseidonis, whereof Plato tells us. The magnificent Atlantean civilisation went down in ruins, save the fragments of it which survived in Peru and in China. But the Lord Vaivasvata Manu led forth His chosen, and slowly shaped them into a New Race, that noble Āryan Race, which will yet overtop in splendour and in knowledge the heights to which the Atlanteans climbed.

* * *

Profoundly interesting is the scroll of the present, now unrolling before our eyes, in the light shed upon it from a study of "the memory of Nature," that natural cinematograph, which reproduces every gesture, every

look, of those whose very existence is blotted out for all save those whose eyes can glimpse a few pictures in that ever-unwinding film, whereof the Christ once said that "there is nothing covered, that shall not be revealed, neither hid, that shall not be known". There may we trace the struggles and the warfare of the past, and see the Good trampled under foot, but ever rising again and again going onwards; and we know that in this sore battle between Good and Evil, between Love and Hate, it is the good which shall triumph, and the earth shall again be fair.

* * *

Because of this nature of the struggle, none who understandeth what is at stake can remain indifferent to the issue of the fight, nor can any Occultist remain neutral, as I said in my address to the Theosophical Society. Not out of hatred for a Nation, but out of love for Humanity, must we who know speak out with no doubtful voice. "The Light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehendeth it not"; but the Children of Light, they shall see it, and be glad.

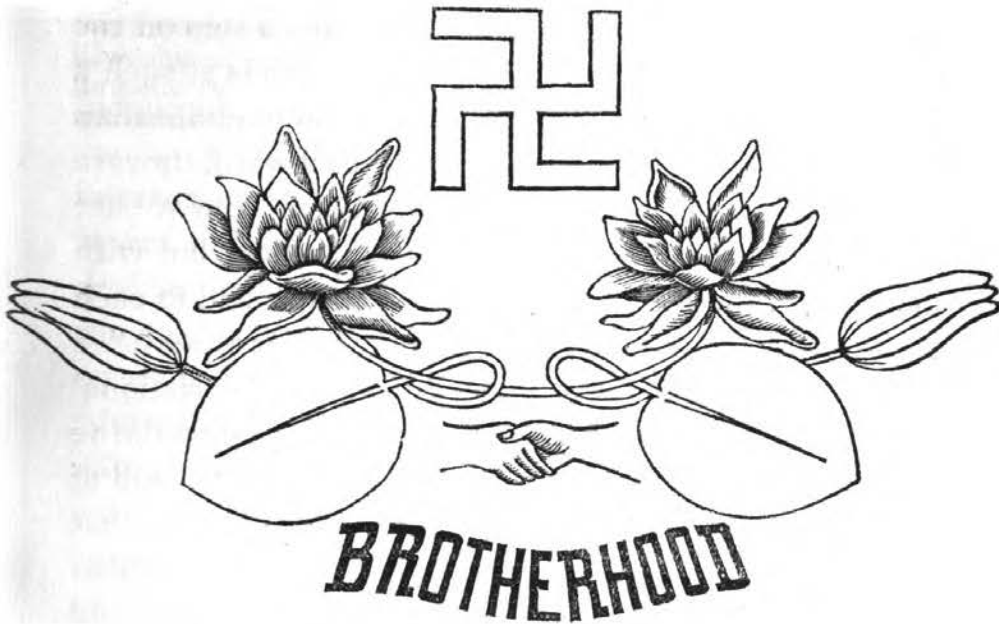
* * *

The following letter from "W. H. K." brings good news to the many friends of Dr. Spensley, reported killed, whose obituary notice from the same pen we published. We rejoice that we may hope for his renewed help in this world; so many good workers have gone to the other.

A private letter from his mother and an official notice in the *Times* have revealed that Dr. J. R. Spensley, first reported killed, is now known to be alive, wounded and prisoner of War with the Germans. His family have reason to believe he is a prisoner at Mainz. He was wounded in the Loos-Hulluch district in Flanders, while attending to the wounded, was himself wounded badly and remained 3 days

unattended, and was found by the Germans and taken prisoner. So far there has been no direct news of him. Meantime I am delighted to think, with all his friends, that while the occasion for the obituary notices has proved not existent, the contents of those notices remain true and will amuse him when, as we all hope, he will come back safe and sound to join us again. *Particulars*: Lieut. James R. Spensley R. A. M. C. attd. 8th Battn. E. Kent Regt. (Bufs.)

There must have been for many the bitterness of loss, the going down into the valley of the Shadow of Death with a dear one, and then, as in this case, the sunshine of life shining out once more from "this my son who was dead and is alive again". But how many more there are, alas, for whom the next meeting of which they will be conscious is on the other side of death.



YOUR DUTY ?

By ANNIE BESANT

ALL Theosophists, worthy of the name, must surely recognise that they have a place, each a place of his own, in the great world-conflict that is raging, and that to each may fitly be addressed the question, to be answered in his own heart: "What is your Duty?" For each has a Duty, and on the right discharge of that Duty his future progress depends. In a sense this is true of every duty which is ours, for progress is made by the little steps of daily duties, and as we discharge them, or fail to discharge them, so we go forwards, mark time, or fall back on the path of evolution. But there are periods in the world's history when we stand

at a forking of the path, and the faithful discharge of duty means a step on the path that leads upwards, and the failure in the discharge of duty means a step on the path that leads downward. The world stands at such a forking of the road to-day, and the trend of civilisation in the West will be either onward or backward, upward or downward, as the decisive step is taken. But we are concerned now not with the world as a whole, but with individuals, with individual Theosophists, and to each of them the question is put: "What is your Duty?"

I have often divided the great lines of National Activity into four: the Religious, the Educational, the Social, and the Political. For those who are fond of orderly thinking, it may be worth while to note that these are related to the four broad divisions of human nature: the Spiritual, the Mental, the Emotional, and the Physical; and these have been used also to denote the four departments of a complete education, addressed to the development of these four aspects of the pupil's nature. It is a convenient classification, answering to the clearly discernible facts of life, and therefore readily intelligible to the unlearned. The Theosophist will prefer his own more precise analysis, and will say that the "Spiritual" includes the three aspects of the Self—Will, Intuition, Intellect; that the "Mental" includes the Intellect or the Higher, and the Lower Mind; the "Emotional" includes the Lower Mind and the Passions; the "Physical," Vitality and Automatism; and that therefore we have cross-divisions. That is so, because while it is best to study organs and their functions as though they were isolated, yet in Nature you can never find them apart from their relations, and this is equally true when we

analyse human nature ; we have thought and we have passions, can separate them out for separate study ; but emotions are a complex of passion and thought, and in man we never find passion wholly unmixed with memory and anticipation, which are thought-elements, and as emotions become more and more "human" the passion elements diminish, though never wholly absent. So intermingled are thought and passion, that the Vedāntin makes the Manomayakosha, the mental sheath, a compound of astral and mental matter, as it is, indeed, during life, and an Upaniṣhaṭ defines the "lower Manas" as "Manas mingled with Kāma," mind mingled with passion. The astral and mental bodies are only separated when the man is ready to pass into the heaven-world, and even then the aroma, as it were, of the astral, passes on in memory, in mental images, and makes the emotional joys of heaven.

For practical purposes, then, we may take our four lines of activity in human life, and every Theosophist should be engaged in one or more of these, for the essence of Theosophy is Wisdom utilised in Service. Our perfect patterns of the Theosophic Life, the Masters, use Wisdom in Service ; perfect Servants of God and Man, They live in touch with our lower worlds in order that They may quicken the growth of Their younger brethren unto the stature of the Perfect Man. The Manus guide the destinies of Nations and shape the course of physical evolution ; the Boḍhisattvas reveal religions to the world and inspire spiritual unfolding ; other groups preside over intellectual and social evolution, utilising the work of the Rulers and Teachers, and applying it to subserve intellectual growth and social progress. All have one aim, to

fulfil the Divine Will in Evolution, and to bring to bear on often intractable materials the influences which render them plastic and malleable. All the lines of activity are useful, even necessary, for evolution, and all are the product of Divine Wisdom serving the purpose of the Divine Will. None is outside this purpose; none is alien from this service. There is but the one Activity, wrought of many fibres of action—one Will, one Wisdom, one Activity, all Divine. So is it in the Hierarchy that serves the world; so should it be in the Society which is Theirs. And every true Theosophist, every lover and server of the Divine Wisdom, should realise that there is nothing common nor unclean in any act of service, but that all true service is Theosophical.

By “true service,” I mean service done with the object of co-operating with the Divine Will in evolution. Naught else but that is Service. “Lo! I come to do Thy Will.” Service does not depend on the outer shell of action, but on the inspiring spirit of motive. A park, a hospital, given to a town with the motive of gaining a title, social honour, praise, or even gratitude, is not Service, it is self-seeking. But a similar gift, springing from pure beneficence, from the recognition that wealth is a trust not a possession, that it should be administered not owned, and is merely sent through a willing channel of Divine love and helpfulness—such gift is Service, pure and undefiled.

We may, therefore, rightly choose any line of activity, realising each as equally Theosophical, and our choice may fairly be influenced by: (1) That which is most necessary in the place where we are; (2) our capacities and temperament; (3) our opportunities.

The first of these is greatly important, and is perhaps the most weighty consideration of the three. There is often a gap in the ranks that needs to be filled. A member may be the only Theosophist in the place ; then his primary duty is the spreading of Theosophical ideas ; others can look after educational, social and political improvements, but he is alone there as a sower of the seed of the Wisdom. That marks out for him his path of Service. But if there is a Theosophical group, perchance an active Lodge, then he should consider the other branches of activity, and see where he is most wanted. If all are fairly equally attended to, then let him consider his capacities, his mental and emotional equipment, and choose the work for which he is best fitted ; lastly, let him consider the available opportunities, and seize the most suitable. Let each Theosophist thus select his line of Service, and then promptly proceed to labour on it.

As this labour will often be disheartening and depressing, it is well that the Theosophical server should realise that the present is a time in which he is to render help to others, and not to expect it for himself. In ordinary times, one who is serving others will often himself be served ; encouraging words, strengthening thoughts, will reach him, and his elders near him in this world, as well as the Brothers invisible, will guide him, console him, teach him, aid him in a hundred little ways. How much of such help, of teaching, of encouragement, have we all received. But now things are otherwise, for we are in the vortex of a great struggle, and the War which is rendering the earth one huge battle-field is but the shadow in our lower world of the great " War

in heaven," in which the Lords of the Day and the Lords of the Dark Face are engaged in the effort to uplift and the opposing effort to debase humanity. Their energies are being poured out upon the world through human channels, and men and women, whose lives have prepared them therefor, are being used as channels through which those forces that quicken and those forces which retard evolution can reach the earth. Every Theosophist should be a channel through which the integrating forces of the Masters should reach the Nations. Each should place himself in the current of these forces, and let them flow abundantly through him to the strengthening and preservation of the world. Men and women as individuals, as well as Nations, feel the disintegrating forces around them, and are apt to be strained, irritable, contentious, beyond their wont. Hence, while the Theosophist may be conscious of the play upon him, in common with the rest of the world, of these forces which impel to strife, he should by his knowledge recognise them for what they are, and deliberately set himself against them by controlling his vehicles, by making them vibrate in the harmony of peace and goodwill, checking the ebullitions of anger and of hatred, and pouring out love and pity on a world convulsed with enmity.

If every member of the Theosophical Society would deliberately set himself to become a channel for the forces which make for Righteousness, for Justice, for Public Faith, and for the Protection of the weak, a tremendous impetus would be given to the armies that are fighting for civilisation, for the saving of all that has been won by humanity during the last thousand years. As the War drags on, the

Nations are in danger of becoming ever more and more exhausted by the desperate strain, and there is a danger lest wills should weaken and strength be wearied out ere the object of the conflict has been gained. Endurance is the virtue most needed in this prolonged agony of War. Thought-power may well be poured forth to strengthen endurance in the hearts of the Allied Nations.

All the Theosophists who are sufficiently enlightened to realise the nature of the struggle in which the world is involved will see in this War the purifying fire in which the fifth sub-race is being purged of its worst elements and being prepared for the next onward step in evolution. All the tendencies to strife which have characterised this sub-race, the competition, the trampling on the weak by the strong within each Nation, and the exploitation of the weak among other Peoples; the struggle between Labour and Capital, the class legislation, the use of the powers of civilisation to invade and oppress, the turning of science to the devilish task of destruction instead of to the divine task of uplifting—all this must be burnt out in the fire of suffering, which is devastating the world. The self-sacrifice of the soldiers, the sailors, the doctors, the nurses; of the toilers who keep the work of the Nation going while their brethren fight; all this is training the Peoples for a loftier civilisation.

And how many social problems over which thinkers have been wearying themselves, up against the stolidity and inertia of ordinary men, have been solved without effort in this War under the sheer stress of necessity. It was necessary to produce munitions with the least possible waste of time,

under the best system of working, living, eating, sleeping, and with the least expenditure of force. The State sets up a factory; the State hires the workmen, men and women; the State builds them houses, and becomes a landlord; the State washes their clothes, and becomes a laundry man; the State cuts their hair and shaves their chins, and become a barber; the State makes their bread and becomes a baker; the State serves their meat, and becomes a butcher; the State builds schools for their children and becomes a schoolmaster; to say nothing of the State becoming a dustman, and a scavenger, and a man of all work. And it all runs smoothly, this State-controlled town of workers, supplied with all the necessaries of life, and we see Socialism in action, and find it quite convenient and workable. Whether it is continued after the War or not, a great experiment has been tried, and tried successfully, and under necessity England has been driven to find State production far more swift and effective than production by private competition. And the frauds of contractors are gotten rid of, and the profits which enriched a few to the loss of the many flow into the coffers of the State, and lighten the burden on all.

But beyond all this, England has been revealed to herself by the War. What heroism among rich and poor alike, among the golden youth and the rough factory lads, all brothers-in-arms in the trenches, all one in a common sacrifice. And what heroism in the women; mothers giving the light of their eyes to death, and seeing the sons, who should have closed their aged eyes, going down death's road before them in the full glory of their young manhood. Girl brides who are widows, and who will

never see their first-born in a husband's arms. Women taking up men's work everywhere, that their men may go out to the slaughter-houses of the Continent. A new England ; a Nation of Heroes, men and women alike heroic.

And so also in Belgium, in France, in Italy, in Serbia, in Montenegro, in Russia, in Poland. Aye, and shall not the red agony of War purify also Germany, and Austria, and Hungary, and Bulgaria, and Turkey, and shall not they also learn that War is an evil thing and bitter, and not the glorious thing it seemed to be, when it filled German coffers and added to German possessions ? Shall not the War-lust be purged from the German Nations too, ere peace is signed in Berlin ?

Into this new changed world, War-worn and exhausted, weary but purified, the Christ shall come, bringing new Life, new Light, to the darkened earth. " With healing in His wings " shall He come, to be welcomed by His own. Eyes, dull with weeping, shall be lifted to Him, and their heaviness shall vanish. The sorrowful shall greet Him, and their " sorrow shall be turned into joy ". The West will welcome the Christ ; the East will hail the Compassionate Maitreya. The Lord whom we await shall come to His earth, and the earth shall be glad of Him and blossom under the touch of His Feet.

Your Duty? to prepare His way, to hasten the coming of the World's Liberator, the Healer of her wounds, the Bringer of Peace and Joy, who shall make all things new.

Annie Besant

WHAT OF THE NEW ERA ?

By W. D. S. BROWN

BEFORE the outbreak of this War, several statements were made by our seers to the effect that civilisation was ripe for a general advance in the direction of spirituality, and that the beginnings of this advance might be looked for in the near future under the influence of a World-Teacher, and in connection with the formation of a new sub-race. One of the "signs of the times," instanced in support of this expectation, rested on the recent growth of communications all over the world, by means of which the various nationalities had come into closer touch with one another, thereby rendering possible a better understanding in the domains of politics, religion and art. Certainly there were signs that a sense of human solidarity was at last emerging from the widespread discontent prevailing under modern conditions of competitive commerce, and from the tangle of complexity woven round the root-impulse of humane conduct by vested interests, whether in the guise of patriotism or religion.

Naturally it was not to be expected that long-established privileges would be surrendered without a struggle, in which all the momentum of custom and the resources of finance would be mobilised

for purposes of obstruction, and in which the endurance and cohesion of the exploited masses would be tested to the uttermost; yet this struggle promised to be one in which public opinion, throughout England at least, would have refused to tolerate any appeal to organised bloodshed; for, even in the most painful situations that had then arisen, plain men and women had demonstrated their resolve to suffer persecution rather than submit to injustice, or become in their turn the aggressors. At least it may be acknowledged that no one who cherished the hope of a brighter day had reckoned with the possibility of a sudden and irresistible reinforcement of a form of tyranny commonly supposed to be outgrown.

But since the outbreak of this War it has become evident that the old thought-habits retain a far stronger hold on the popular mind than was conceivable until they were actually evoked and given free play. One would have supposed that in any case the doctrines of militarism would stand self-condemned as soon as they were exposed in all their naked hideousness; but, strangely enough, the discovery that the military idol had rested on feet of clay seemed only to have aroused the greater anxiety to prop it up by hook or by crook. (By "militarism" I mean the belief in the value to a nation of arms, whether intended for use in war or diplomacy. I am aware that if this meaning were generally accepted, the word would not have been used as freely as it has been during the War; but, if it does *not* mean this, what else *does* it mean? Or does its meaning depend upon whether it is applied to ourselves or to others? However, I do not insist on this particular word; any other

word denoting the traditional theory of international relations would serve, but I fail to find any other than that of militarism.) As a result we are forced to admit that, so long as the doctrines of militarism dominate the public mind, so long is it premature to look for an adequate expression of that growing demand for human emancipation on which we had begun to build our hopes. Accordingly, in any attempt to interpret the signs of the times, we must take into account not only the unforeseen fact of the War itself, but also the mediæval attitude which leaders of public opinion have betrayed towards it, and the ease with which they have fallen into the trap laid to divert the saving force of indignation, from efforts directed against the practice of war itself, to futile antagonism towards the leading exponents of war. To proclaim this almost irreparable set-back as in itself heralding the new era, appears to be no less ironical than erecting a signpost to point to the same town in opposite directions.

It is certainly natural that a strong preconception, touching the very springs of our inner life, should lead those who have formed it to regard every event as necessarily fitting into their programme, but the danger of self-deception is all the more insidious on this account. The opening of a new year, therefore, finds some of us instinctively asking ourselves: What of this New Era? Have we any clear idea of the changes in thought and feeling, in policy and mode of life, that are necessary to justify the assumption of so ambitious a title? Does the present state and trend of public opinion bear out the claim to significance with which it is commonly credited? If so, what are we doing as Theosophists to guide and awaken public

opinion, and might we do more ? These are briefly the somewhat vague, but none the less urgent considerations that have prompted this article, and it is hoped that the issues herein raised may lead to independent thinking and open discussion.

The expression "the new era" is naturally associated in the minds of Theosophists with the word brotherhood, but unfortunately this word does not carry us very much farther, now that it has come to be regarded as an obvious and harmless corollary to progressive religion on the one hand and an absurdly impossible ideal in conduct on the other. The explanation of this apparent contradiction seems to lie in the present divorce between feeling and effective thought. Most people feel, and know in the Innermost, that the "golden rule" is the true standard of honourable conduct, but their experience of the world has taught them that such conduct, if persisted in, will inevitably land them in a maze of difficulties, not the least of which is the tragedy of seeing their benevolent actions misunderstood, and even doing positive harm. Hence it would appear that at the present moment feeling has reached a higher level than thought is yet able to translate into action. As long as feeling and thought were both separative, they conspired to produce a temporary consistency in separative conduct ; but the synthetic region of feeling, at the threshold of which we are now standing, has already begun to protest against the subservience of thought to the separative conditions established under the dominion of desire. The romantic highwayman was probably less troubled with pangs of conscience than the modern philanthropist. "If I had not come

and spoken unto them, they had not had sin : but now they have no cloke for their sin." (*S. John*, xv, 22.)

The true solution of the problem is not one of less thought, as many would-be mystics have seriously recommended, but of clearer thought—the calling into play of the synthetic faculty of the mind. Then only will the promptings of the larger life become articulate, rational and effective. It may come as a shock to many to hear their pet virtues, such as altruism, apparently brought down to the level of commercial enterprise, but none the less is it true that "all these things shall be added unto you". In other words a society founded on the recognition of spiritual truth cannot fail to prosper in the long run, even materially. It is the first step that always costs ; therefore the conviction of spiritual truth must be strong enough to withstand the doubts and disappointments inevitable under existing conditions, and the mind must be far-seeing enough to create new and appropriate conditions that can demonstrate their own superiority. "New wine must be put into new bottles ; and both are preserved." (*S. Luke*, v, 38.) This reconciliation between feeling and effective thought may be taken as one of the milestones in any advance worthy to be counted in history as an era.

A miniature example of this type of activity may be found in the Garden City Theosophical School at Letchworth. First of all certain principles were formulated in response to an awakened sense of the true relation between child and teacher. These principles were not allowed to remain on the pages of books and articles, to be dismissed by the public as sentimental theories, but were subjected to the searching test of

practical experiment, the only method recognised by science. For instance, all punishment, in the ordinary sense of the word, was held to be worse than useless; and accordingly the children of the school were given to understand from the first that they were put on their honour to help their teachers and not hinder them. The result has justified the trust reposed in the children's natural desire to learn to be useful, and a more effective method of control has been created. The same success has attended the abolition of rewards, such as marks and prizes.

Another principle already put to the test has been the placing of character before a purely mental proficiency, with the result that every subject, when once taken up, is learnt more thoroughly. As was expected, fresh difficulties are always arising, and are always being met by fresh expedients as they arise. It would be difficult to define the system as a whole by any one educational formula; it is continually changing in form, as every living creation must always be changing with every pulsation of advancing life.

In the same way every institution representative of the new era must be created by individual experiment and patient trial, for a certain amount of error is inevitable. But each creative effort must keep in touch with all the others working on similar lines, freely communicating the results achieved, being glad to have them copied rather than afraid of losing the credit and profit. In short, society must be treated as a coherent and growing organism rather than an artificial organisation.

What is the current conception of a nation? It is to be found in the expression "The Great Powers of Europe". It is a crystallisation of commercial

interests around a monstrous engine of destruction. Contrast with this the humane and infinitely more scientific conception of a national body, providing a common field of experience for its members, and entering into mutually profitable relations with other national bodies. Such a conception can only be elaborated in terms of life by providing adequate scope for individual expression of the creative and social impulses.

So much for the positive side of the picture. The negative side is no less important, though far less attractive, for there seems to be a certain fascination about a cure that is lacking in simple prevention. Yet when the still small voice of compassion is no longer drowned in the clamour of conflicting interests, but fortified by a clear conception of the true relations of life, it will become increasingly difficult for one in this position to accept material advantages, until satisfied that they have not been gained at the cost of suffering to others.

Doubtless such a course may involve loss of money, employment, health, and possibly friendships of long standing; in some cases it may even lead to imprisonment; but the chief consideration would be the diminution of suffering, and in time the public would recognise that such people were at least as practical as the noisy variety of reformer. Gradually these protestants would congregate into self-supporting communities, which, in spite of healthy differences, would testify to the efficiency of their methods. As the last resort, therefore, when all reasonable efforts for conciliation have been rejected, passive resistance is the future lever of progress. Tolstoy saw that wars

would be perpetuated until men refused to kill one another to order, and women to encourage them, and the same applies to all social abuses. So long as the victims submit and the victors are whitewashed, so long will more victims be found.

Let us now turn from our visions of the future, varying as they must needs vary with each individual, and glance at the situation as we find it to-day. Beginning with the most promising developments, welcomed by many as evidence of real progress, we cannot but admire the nobler qualities evoked by the prevailing motive of patriotism. For the time being it is true that internal differences have been to a great extent laid aside to meet a pressing external difference; and a sense of common danger, suffering, and pride of race have launched a wave of psychic energy that embraces all who are swept into its course. But is this the kind of brotherhood on which we may hope to build a stable society? Is it the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual bond of union? Some socialists amongst us have pointed to the wholesale commandeering of industries by the Government as essentially socialistic in principle, but at this rate there would be little to choose between socialism and martial law. It is said that if the enormous sums that are being spent on destruction can be paid without a murmur, surely ample funds can be raised for social reconstruction after the War. But is it not far more probable that the productive power of the country will be so drained that all social measures will have to be indefinitely postponed for lack of means? The possession of extensive munition works will not relieve the situation.

A fair indication of the present phase of social consciousness may be found in the change of attitude toward German autocracy, mainly induced by the militarist press in England. At the beginning of the War the German system was held over our heads as a form of slavery to which we were in danger of being subjected, and was charged not only with the origin of the War but, quite rightly as I believe, with the extreme methods of its prosecution. It was urged that no sacrifice could be too great to defend our traditions of democratic government, and the War was pictured as a supreme test of the relative merits of the two diametrically opposed systems. But now that the monopolists of patriotism have discovered that one man can generally make up his mind in less time than it takes for a dozen men to agree on a joint course of action, no praise for the German autocratic method can be too loud, if only it succeeds in demonstrating a failure of the democratic method. Of course nobody can deny that the former is eminently adapted to the execution of those sudden moves that count for so much in the war-gamble; autocracy and militarism have ever gone hand in hand, while democracy, with its safeguard of deliberation, has ever proved at a disadvantage as soon as reason is discarded in favour of force; but is this obvious fact any reason why a Government should be chosen solely for the sake of its efficiency in war? Yet what else is the standard by which everything and every one is being tested in this "day of judgment"—as the pious say. Scarcely the standard of socialism in any conceivable sense of the word. On the contrary everything points to a revival of autocratic methods in dealing with the

industrial problems that will have to be faced after the War in a far more acute form, with an increasing determination on the part of the workers and a public conscience already inured to violence.

Another matter for congratulation among many who would fain see a fair field and no favour is the extended employment of women ; but is this not also a matter for congratulation among those who would welcome "cheaper labour" ? These notes of warning are not sounded to damp the enthusiasm of our idealists—far from it. We need all the enthusiasm we can muster at this crucial period, but it might well be a more searching enthusiasm, of the kind that is not easily led away by appearances, but gathers fresh energy with every illusion exposed. This is just the time when enthusiasm is more than ever apt to run off at a tangent and find itself lulled into complacency by specious palliatives.

But perhaps the most significant test of our capacity to co-operate in any attempt at reconstruction is our mental reaction to the problem afforded by our military enemies. It is probably true that few of us hate the German nation with the old hot-blooded kind of anger ; this cruder passion no longer lends itself to being directed against an abstraction ; but it seems to have been replaced by a deliberate sentence of excommunication that threatens to wither the very roots of compassion. It may be that the extension of warfare into the category of palpable murder has been more than our mental balance could be expected to withstand, but it is very terrible to hear the sanctimonious tone of superiority in which the function of both judge and executioner is assumed. The mental barrier that

presumes to exclude millions of human beings, however brutal their creed, from the pale of humanity is a prison wall for those who build it, and can only be surmounted on the level where "there is neither Jew nor Greek".

There is no reason to doubt that the British people can still be magnanimous, but something more than the sporting instinct, of which we are so proud, is required if we are to escape from the quicksands of slipshod thinking and reach the terra firma of genuine peace. The new era will call for robust minds that can sweep away the cobwebs of controversial subtlety and concentrate on the end in view. But do we find the promise of such insight in the general run of publications and speeches with which the public mind is now being saturated? On all sides we hear and read that the supreme lesson of the War is the necessity for increased armaments, in contrast to our former "unpreparedness". This propaganda is not confined to the requirements of the present, but aims at provision for the future when this War is ended. Little wonder that we no longer hear the apology that once caught the public ear: "A war to end war." When will it be admitted that the race for armaments has a bottomless abyss for its goal, and that the only alternative, unromantic but self-evident, is to call a halt?

A few Theosophists are facing these questions from the political standpoint. Several Lodges have organised study circles for acquiring information on the conditions that recently prevailed in countries to which attention is now being drawn. Others are taking up social problems, and at least one Lodge is essaying to bridge the gulf between

modern science and the Secret Doctrine. Astrological students are drawing together into closer fellowship for the study of this ancient branch of knowledge, on lines that bid fair to remove the many misapprehensions on the subject, and demonstrate its intimate connection with the re-born science of psychology. The Brotherhood of Arts has set on foot a movement which promises to pave the way for a renaissance of idealistic handicraft, and a revival of the guild system in industries where there is little or no advantage in mechanical production, with its attendant problems of capital and labour. Again, some in our ranks are devoting their energies to vivifying the ceremonial side of religion, with the definite aspiration of providing surroundings in which once again the Mysteries may be enacted in the outer world.

Greatest of all, perchance, are the many who have elected to bear the burden and heat of the day, side by side with the suffering masses of the people, in labour often monotonous and invariably arduous, but above all consecrated to a vision of the manifestation of the Sons of God. This vision it is that sustains them in their darkest hours, and ordains them to be messengers of hope and strength to all around them. These stalwart souls are often deprived of the comradeship of their fellow Theosophists, often surrounded by an almost overwhelming cloud of prejudice and racial antagonism, but in no small measure does the future rest with them. Not content with explaining this great calamity, as the work of this or that unseen agency, they are fitting themselves, by their efforts to mitigate the horrors of the present, to be the agents by which such horrors shall be rendered impossible for the future.

What then is the call of the coming year? Clearly no promise of respite, doubtless an even sterner demand for endurance and forethought. We trust the God in man, whatever the nation that provided the body; for in this spirit we entered the Theosophical Society. We trust the power of spirit over matter—of knowledge over ignorance, and the unchanging laws of nature. We trust the Divine Leaders of the race and Their messengers who inspire our movement. Let us welcome with grateful hearts Their message of an early dawn, while yet the darkness gathers round us; mindful of the obligation rather than the contentment this message brings. The world has yet to learn that force defeats its own ends, that the true superman claims no kingdom of this world, but the kingdom of the human heart. Surely the writing on the wall will now at last be read. Hitherto the glory of art, the marvel of science, the appeal of religion—all have been enslaved to make war and wealth appear worth while; let us, to whom the peace that springs from brotherhood is a cause worth living and dying for, show forth in every walk of life that peace can give to man a greater victory than war has ever given. Then, and not till then, shall we know of the New Era.

W. D. S. Brown



RUSSIAN MUSIC¹

A LINK BETWEEN EAST AND WEST

By MARGARET E. COUSINS, MUS. BAC.

RUSSIA is the vast and mysterious land which stands, Janus-like, in actuality, in civilisation, and in consciousness, between Europe and Asia; and in itself

¹ *A Short History of Russian Music*, by Arthur Pougin. (Chatto & Windus, London. Price 5s. net.)

links up and manifests the outstanding characteristics of both continents in its polity, its temperament and its arts. It was by no accident, but by reason of its geographical, linguistic and psychological position that a Russian body was used by H. P. Blavatsky, that great soul who herself opened the door between East and West, and shed the light of the Ancient Wisdom on a darkened world of religions bereft of the spirit and entangled in the letter. In that she bequeathed to the Theosophical Society the duty and privilege of keeping that door open, and made it the guardian of all that works for world-unity, a special interest in Russia and its evolution must ever be taken by Theosophists.

In no section of Russian life is this intermingling of East and West more clearly shown than in its music, and additional claims to our interest in this subject arise from the facts that H. P. B. was herself a most accomplished musician, having played in public with such a distinguished virtuoso as Miss Arabella Goddard; and that the only famous musical composer who openly avowed himself a Theosophist was the Russian, Scriabin, who so recently raised the enthusiasm of Western audiences by compositions which were opening up new horizons to the musical expression of mystical thought, and were showing themselves the media of the new life-wave of music which has moved during the last fifty years from Germany to Russia.

It is especially incumbent on Theosophists to study and keep abreast of the times in all pioneer movements, amongst which is that National School of Russian Music which has roused the attention and astonishment of all musical Europe, since it was able, in about

twenty-five years, to develop, assimilate, supersede and transcend all the previous schools, and attain a great measure of success in its new gift to the world, an Art-Form, the Russian Ballet-Opera, which acts as a Unifying Form for all the arts, combining as it does colour, form, poetry, dancing, music, and psychology—that final Art of Life.

Until the year 1836 the only music Russians ever heard, except their folk-songs, was imported to them, with its musicians, from Italy, France or Germany. True, it was good in quality, for it was procured by Tsars, Empresses and Grand Dukes, and the autocratic civilisation of the East does things in the grand manner rarely attained by a democracy. We find the first organised body of musicians was a small concert orchestra of Germans, brought to St. Petersburg and supported by Peter the Great and one of his Grand Duke sons-in-law. After this, Italian opera and Italian musicians entirely held the stage, although the patriotic initiative and genius of a woman, the Empress Elizabeth Petrovna, made the attempt to produce some distinctive Russian music. On her ascent to the throne she got together a company of Russians which, though very inferior, produced a Russian Opera in 1755. This may be regarded as the sowing of the seed of the great Russian school of music of a century later, and it followed the law of seed-growth in that it fell into the ground and seemingly died, for the patriotic impulse withered, and though a very brilliant period of music followed under the reign of the great Empress Catherine, it was exclusively the product of musicians of foreign countries. This cultured Empress invited the best composers and singers of other countries to

her Court ; she surrounded herself with musical artists, encouraging them in every possible way and loading them with honours. Thus we find enshrined in Russian musical history the names of such Italians as Martini, Paisiello, Sarti, Cimarosa, the Austrian Cavos, the Irish John Field, inventor of the Nocturne, the French Boieldieu, and many virtuosos of the first rank. In the reigns of these two Empresses the cult of music became almost a frenzy, and the legend runs that the Empress Elizabeth mercilessly imposed a fine of 50 roubles on any of her guests who were unable to take part in a Court entertainment. Would that such enthusiasm in high places still held sway ! With the accession of the Tsar Alexander I Italian music was superseded by the French school, but there was no diminution in musical zeal. Thus the personal musical fervour of these three sovereigns gave an impetus to the musical taste and training of the whole of the Russian aristocracy for a century and a half, and established the invaluable musical fashion of private retained orchestras, family quartet parties, amateur concerts at the houses of young noblemen, who were also amateur composers with the facilities for producing their own works. In fact, Chamber music was the order of the day, and Russian young men were then as keen on playing a musical instrument as Englishmen are to-day on playing football or cricket. Thus amongst the aristocrats there was high musical culture, a wide knowledge of the music of other countries, and a mastery of technique, both in composition and practice.

On the other hand, the serfs were equally musical, but in another way. The Russians as a people are

deeply religious and highly mystical, and this is the temperament which naturally expresses itself in music, the language of the emotions. The primary, natural mode of emotional expression is song; one hears it in the humming to themselves of little children in their innocent happiness; it is the source of the whistling of workmen and the singing of women at their work. The history of music all over the world proves that the joy and peace of high spiritual realisation ever seeks to express itself in music. "I will sing unto the Lord," said the Psalmist, and it is in accordance with this psychological law that actually the origins of modern Western music are to be traced in all countries to the monks in monasteries; similarly in Russia it was the celebrated St. John of Damascus who in the eighth century systematised and restored the services and vocal music of the Greek Church, and himself composed the hymns, psalms, and ritual music still in use. This school of Church music was entirely vocal, as no instrument is allowed in the Greek Church, and it trained the peasants in the art and love of singing, and this they carried into their daily life and through it produced the richest store of folk-songs to be found in any nation. They had *singing games* for feast days to the accompaniment of different games and dances; *songs for special occasions*, of which the wedding song is the most popular type; *street songs* of a jovial or burlesque character; *songs of the burlaks*, or barge-bawlers; and *songs for a single voice* of every sort and kind. Cui, the celebrated writer of the young Russian school says: "It is impossible to estimate the value of these folk-songs when you consider their variety, the expressiveness of the feelings they contain and the

richness and originality of their themes." These Russian folk-songs have peculiar rhythms, 5 and 7 time being common to them; their compass is very restricted, rarely moving beyond the interval of a fifth or sixth; the theme is seldom longer than two bars, repeated with changing developments as often as is needed; their harmonisation is traditional, and extremely original, using progressions in contrary motion with great effect; their form and tonality are those of ancient Greek music, the great majority being written in the dorian mode (the scale of E without accidentals), the æolian mode (A minor without the leading-note), or the hypophrygian (the key of G without F sharp). A Russian musical writer, Alexander Famintsin, has written a treatise on *The Ancient Scale of Indo-Chinese Music and its appearance in Russian Folk-song*, and this influence from the Tartar side produces the distinctive semi-Oriental flavour which underlies all Russian music. This was the indigenous musical expression of the numberless millions of Russia's peasants, and it was cultivated as strenuously by them as was the Italian and French music by the Court and its aristocrats.

In the person of Michael Ivanovitch Glinka these two types of musical culture found a meeting place and of their union was born the recognised and famous national school of Russian music. He had been steeped in the Italian music of the Court and was pursuing its further study in Italy, when during his tour there he wrote "home-sickness led me little by little to write Russian music". The great idea "haunted his mind" of creating a Russian musical style. "I want my beloved countrymen to feel thoroughly at home when

they hear it," he said of his ideas of writing a Russian opera. For this end he chose a national epic theme, a story of heroic self-sacrifice, and realising, no doubt through the help of the national Deva, that this inspiration of a national character is to be found in the instinctive creative genius of the masses of that nation, he went straight to the folk-songs of Russia for his models, and combining the characteristics of these with his wide cosmopolitan knowledge and mastery of technique, he gave to Russia in 1836 his famous opera *A Life for the Tsar*, which sounded forth the rhythm since then followed by the Russian School of Music. It was immediately acclaimed by the people and became a really national event. As is recounted in Arthur Pougin's *Short History of Russian Music*, the opera was played with such continuous success that on its 50th birthday its 577th performance was a kind of solemn national festival, and it had its counterpart in the provinces, where *A Life for the Tsar* was given in every Russian town which possessed an Opera house. His other great opera, *Rousslan and Ludmilla*, was a work of genius of still higher rank, and in it especially are found fresh, piquant harmonies which borrow a strange colouring from certain Oriental scales. It is a commentary on the gulf that till quite recently separated Russia from Western Europe that these operas, so popular in their own country, were not performed in Paris until 1896. Glinka was followed by the composer Dargomisky, whose choice of operatic subjects illuminates the other-worldliness of the Russians, *The Triumph of Bacchus*, *The Roussalka (The Water Sprite)*, *The Stone Guest*. He was the first to use the "melodic recitative" which became one of pillars of the new

musical school, and which replaces the set arias and concerted numbers of the older style of opera.

To the Western world Russian musical genius became known through the magnificent piano playing and the compositions of Anton Rubinstein, and through the orchestral writings of Tchaikovsky, both of whom, though not ranked in their own country as typically Russian writers, yet mightily enriched the musical life of Europe. Their karma and their gifts enabled them to bring their country's culture to the front and prepared the way for the young Russian school. Indeed Rubinstein might be called the Napoleon of music marching like a victorious General from Moscow to Paris and across the world. Since their time Russia has no longer been thought a semi-barbaric, semi-civilised country. But the music of these two men was not as nationalistic as Glinka's or the works of the young Russians who followed them. They represent the high-water mark of a transition period, and while they added new elegance, grace and fire to musical capital, they did not so utilise the national sources of inspiration and expression, thus striking out an original path, as did Borodin, Rimsky-Korsakov, Cui, and Moussorgsky, who were their contemporaries. Dealing with the work of these men, Rubinstein made the following important statement: "The originality of Russian music, as shown in its melodies and rhythms, should bring about a kind of fertilisation of music in general (a fertilisation which will also be effected, I believe, by Oriental music)."

It was just about the same time that H.P.B. was introducing Eastern philosophy to the West that Russia was roused into attention by the revolutionary musical

ideas of a coterie of brilliant men, nicknamed the "Group of Five," who self-consciously formulated, demonstrated, and successfully created the new Russian School of Music which has already given a fresh impetus to music-lovers all over Europe, and which broke quite new ground, thus contradicting the idea that Wagner had said the last word in music.

Had one the necessary clairvoyant ability, a study of the past lives of these five musicians would prove without doubt most fascinating and illuminating, for even to the superficial glance it is evident that they incarnated together in Russia for this special purpose, linked together by strong kârmic ties, and all passionate patriots, serving their country along the Ray of Art, true followers of Orpheus, Pythagoras, and Sarasvaṭī; and thus so greatly in touch with our Masters that it was only to be expected that their pupil, Scriabin, should openly become a Theosophist; and we may look forward to many others in the future being led in the same way. These five strong individualities were Cæsar Cui, the speaker, the Aaron of the group; Balakirev, the Moses, who led them out of bondage to the elder traditions; Borodin, Moussorgsky and Rimsky-Korsakov, captains during the wilderness period. The last-named might be thought of as the Joshua who led his forces into the Promised Land. They must have been strong partisans of Gluck in their previous life, and indeed were his spiritual heirs. They boldly denied that any good operas had been written between the death of Gluck and their own time, and they used him and Glinka as their models—with additions. It is easy to see that, starting on the basis of their love of singing-games, which are really

opera *in parvo*, Russians are natural lovers and supporters of Grand Opera, and the aim of these five reformers was to purify and re-construct the whole operatic conventional style of their time. Together they discussed the musical literature of the various countries, together they wrought out their new principles and methods of national opera; together they wrote and produced their famous operas, and as a result, we have a galaxy of brilliant, original masterpieces which, when produced in London for the first time a year ago, astonished and ravished the hearers as they had done their countrymen for years past. Such operas are *Prince Igor*, *Boris Godonov*, *Mlada*, *The Golden Cock*, *The Snow-Maiden*, *Ivan the Terrible*.

These are all reactions from the Italian opera of the Rossini type, which Cui castigates as "opera reduced to the condition of mere concert music embellished with scenery and costumes, sacrificing truth of expression to brilliant vocal display distributed indiscriminately between all the characters". Instead of this the "young Russians" insisted that the opera must be a unity in form, rather than a diversity, as in former times, of concrete and cut-and-dried numbers such as arias, duets, etc. To this end, as Pougin relates, "they absolutely forbade any repetition of the words, they adopted a system of melodic recitative, the independence of the voice never to be sacrificed to the orchestra; they allowed no numbers written in a definite and predetermined form . . . they insisted that operatic music ought always to have an intrinsic value, as absolute music, apart from the text; above everything they insisted on the necessity of having fine Russian verse to set." They started out on the "Art for Art's sake"

ideal, and let the public like it or leave it, but in the end, the strong practicability of their idealism led them to minor modifications. It is a remarkable evidence of the Russian character that the subjects chosen for treatment are rarely love-stories, but rather, great historic dramas, presentations in music of human psychology, the struggles of the soul of a nation, or representations of the Mysteries, or of the supernatural world. They have no Opera-Comique of the French, or musical comedy of the English type. Everything is on a large scale and thought out with the broad, free vision of a young and virile race bearing gifts for the future. The School is ever conscious of its responsibility in being the mouthpiece of the vast millions of people, the vast steppes, the vast problems to be solved, the vast possibilities of achievement, all linked in the intimate communal village life. In this country of autocratic government there is a more widespread philosophy of individualistic spiritual anarchy than in any other, which produces extremes of saints and sinners, creative rather than interpretative artists, determination to follow an idea to its logical conclusion, cost what it may. The musical power of such people having been once aroused, these qualities will make for exploration in expression, for novel effects in orchestration, already obtained by incorporating purely Eastern rhythms and percussion instruments in the scores. As the country is seeking a freer constitution, so is its music everywhere seeking freedom from the old forms. Its present defects are haziness; sectional over-development; a continuous attempt to get more out of music than it can give; deliberate confusion at times of the art of music with the art of painting; a search

oftentimes for the picturesque rather than for beauty of form. The very vividness of their temperament tends to exaggeration, and of one of the later writers, Rebikov, it is said : “ He wishes to free music from the trammels of definite form and tonality in order that it may be the faithful echo of all the impressions of the soul and the senses.”

M. Arthur Pougin lays Western Europe under a debt of gratitude to him for the detailed and instructive *Short History of Russian Music* written by him for France, now translated also into English by Lawrence Haward ; and his account of the magnificent system of musical education in Russia is among his most valuable contributions to our knowledge. With its Moscow Conservatoire, in which there is the unique feature of a whole system of general education running side by side with the purely musical education, making it in fact the first actual Musical University ; the Imperial Chapel, unique for its production of famous singers ; the Imperial Society of Music, a private and voluntary organisation, free of all State control, which undertakes the charge of musical interests throughout the whole country ; State-supported Opera houses, and an unfettered power of private initiative in all matters musical—there is every promise and congenial condition for the continuance of the ideals of the Great Group of Five, though all its members are now passed on. Indeed the following extract concerning one of their followers shows that such has already occurred : “ In the orchestral poems, in *Prometheus*, and in his other later works which have provoked much discussion, Scriabin evolved a new idiom based on a harmonic system of his own to express the mystical

programme underlying his music. A colour scheme, controlled by a key-board, is intended to synchronise with the music in *Prometheus*, and in his last work it is said that perfumes, too, are to play a part." This great artistic, Theosophic attempt to make a unified Art-Form based on the Doctrine of Correspondences, and using a mode which is Eastern in character, though its originator has tragically met an early death, is certain to be followed up by his pupils of the Moscow Conservatoire, all eager to try new paths, and doubtless reinforced by the influence of their master from the inner world.

With the internal loosening of political shackles in that great country through the results of the War, great souls will undoubtedly rise to voice in music the freedom and the new spirit in Russia, as strikingly as did the "Young Russians" in its days of yearning and oppression. By its close contact with the East it has in its power a whole new field of initiative and adaptation, which there is no doubt it will work to full fruition, thus indeed in itself fulfilling Rubinstein's prophecy, and fertilising and enriching the art of music throughout the world. The music of the East needs the orchestration, harmonisation and concerted action of the West; the music of the West needs the spiritual understanding possessed by the East of the occult power of music as the liberator of the soul and the vehicle of the Devas; it is to Russia all look for the union of both, and the continued revelation and manifestation of the combined inspiration of Orpheus and Sarasvatī.

Margaret E. Cousins

THE CALCULATING ANIMALS

By SUSAN E. GAY

THE reports, press paragraphs, and publications relating to a few animals who have achieved certain mental feats hitherto wholly unknown in the animal world, have excited a very widespread interest, especially in those who accept the great principle of evolution. The recent articles in THE THEOSOPHIST have no doubt moved some of their readers to endeavour to solve what appears to be a difficult problem. Nothing like these relations have appeared before, and we well know the books which contain collections of anecdotes of animals who have been closely associated with man and whose intelligence has been stimulated by that contact. But nothing in their pages contains anything so startling as the claim recently made with regard to a few, assuredly a very few, four-footed animals who possess the power of abstract thought, or who have been able to speak understandingly a few words. We have long been accustomed to the power of speech in some specially trained birds, chiefly parrots, and also starlings, and even thrushes. "Parrot-wise" has been the adjective specially used to denote imitation of sounds without the understanding of their meaning, though I can vouch for a contrary aspect in the case of two parrots, one of whom invariably

spoke appropriately and with evident knowledge of what he was saying, and the other of whom recognised his master's portrait by sounds of kissing, a compliment bestowed on no other. While we were dining, the first-named parrot, who accompanied us to the dinner-table, always demanded his share, saying: "Give poor Cocky a bit," and needless to say he received it. When he wanted his head scratched he would hold it on one side and say "Scratch poor Cocky". Of course he had been taught, but the point is that he never *confused* these speeches; each was associated with the appropriate deed, and therefore they were evidently understood. The parrot's imitation of the tones of a familiar and loved voice is marvellous, being so exact as to produce the belief that the voice is that of the person himself, if the bird be not seen. The bird's tongue and palate seem singularly adapted for human speech.

This, however, is not the case with the dog, who is the close companion of man. He has his own way and method of speaking, by barking, whining, or growling, as occasion invites, and we understand his meaning, but his tongue and palate seem unadapted for the sounds of human speech. We are therefore interested and not a little surprised at hearing of a dog who says in German that he wants cakes, or of an English dog who has been taught to say "God save the King". In the former case, it is related that the dog knew what he was saying and that he received the cake, so that the mental impression and connection of the words with a desired object would be intensified. He did not make a long and reproachful speech like Balaam's ass in the Scriptures, but merely associated a few words with a personal want and therefore has

brought us no nearer to the true understanding of that ancient story in its literal aspect !

But a further stage has been reached, apparently, in animal evolution, and one entirely new to the common experience of animal life in this world. It is that certain horses and one or two dogs have been found capable of abstract thinking in its most unmodified form, namely the solution of cube-root problems, and the correct working of sums; and that by movements of hoof or paw (no power of speech having been developed) in connection with written signs or spoken interrogations, the animal gives an accurate and appropriate reply.

The investigations of scientific men seem to show that these phenomena take place apart from the presence of the original trainers, thus pointing to the fact that the training is hardly of a mechanical order, but produces an understanding of its meaning. If so, we must admit that there are, however exceptional, a small number of four-footed beings who in mental evolution are more highly developed than many savages of the human type. We can hardly assert that any of the latter would be able to find so quickly the extraction of cube and fourth roots of numbers of several figures.

The horse thinks, but he has no hand with which to write, no speech with which to utter the result, and an apparatus is arranged wherein, by pointing with his hoof, he can indicate the correct numbers. A strange condition this ! To calculate, and yet be dumb—to know, and be unable to write the simple signs by which we humans designate figures ! Yet such is the condition of the thinking horses of Elberfeld, as testified by sober and capable scientists.

The reasoning dog, Rolf, of Mannheim, in Germany, is in like plight with his educational aid to the children of his owner. Rolf was only some three years old, as years are numbered in this physical world—which period has given him but small experience therein—when he notified the solution of a sum. A table of numbered letters was supplied and the dog raps out the numbers with his left fore-paw, a process demanding a good memory. Objects were drawn at first, and then a word and a number written, and finally the numbers were used to indicate letters, as recently related in an article in this journal. He also replies to questions, and gives his opinion on certain subjects. The replies are simple, more so than those relating to sums, but they show a perfect understanding of the questions, and of course the calculations needed for arithmetical problems involve purely abstract thinking.

It is needless to say that some of the scientists who have pondered on the subject are sceptical, although they fail to give explanations. Some are sure to be thus—seeing, yet blind; hearing, yet deaf. We know how clairvoyance and psychometry, and occult phenomena generally, have fared at the hands of men who had studied some laws of Nature so deeply that they could not allow there was room for any others. Having built up creeds relating to the physical order, as orthodox as those of the churches on another plane, they regarded any extensions of phenomena in a super-sensual direction as anathema.

But looking at the question we have been discussing from the point of view of an acceptance of the statements as facts, carefully observed, and carefully tested

by various cautious and intelligent persons, at what conclusion are we to arrive ?

It must be remembered that learning the alphabet is easier for the child who can speak than for an animal. The teacher as he points to a letter utters a certain sound, which the child copies, thereby rendering it easier to remember the letter ; the uttering of the sound impresses it on the child's mind. The animal can only see the sign, and hear it uttered, being unable to speak it, or to draw it. Thus, there is a greater mental effort to remember the right letters. We can understand this if we imagine ourselves taught Greek, for instance, purely by seeing the signs of the Greek alphabet and hearing them spoken by others. Repeating them ourselves by voice is of the greatest assistance.

What is our conclusion ?

I think undoubtedly we must admit that these very exceptional reasoning animals perform feats beyond the line of their evolution. In other words, that their mental power has outgrown the facilities for its expression. To deal with arithmetic and cube roots, and be able to signify results only by moving hoofs or paws seems a strange incongruity. Surely to speak words would be an easier task than this abstract thinking, and yet both tongue and palate remain silent and inflexible. What are the real causes of this apparent power of abstract thought in calculation, and in the meaning of descriptive adjectives, such as "beautiful," "ugly," etc. ?

To the ordinary scientist the problem must seem insoluble, but is it thus to the Occultist ? The latter is a man who sees farther and probes deeper than the physical scientist ; and who knows somewhat of the hidden laws of nature which unveil many a reality

that in these days has been all too hastily consigned to the scrap-heap of mere "superstition".

It seems to me that we can only consider the causes under the following aspects.

First. Clearly, if these "animals" accomplish these things through a power *within their own being*, they are beyond the line of animal evolution on this planet. And if so, what are they? They are really human souls imprisoned for some reason in animal forms. They are highly individualised, and accomplish feats that two-legged upright beings in many savage races cannot do. Yet they are four-footed, and clothed with hairy skins. To what does this point? Some special reason why these possessors of mind cannot enter the human physical form suited to their intelligence. They are exceptions; for the ordinary individualised animal can and does enter it on re-appearing in the physical world.

We know what the individualised animal feels and does. It loves master or mistress better than any other being, and learns much from such; will even die of grief on losing the loved human presences; will understand a certain amount of human language relating to its own conditions and actions perfectly well, and generally possesses the germs of all human feelings, such as jealousy, anger, shame, sense of possession in articles given for its use, faithfulness, joy, sorrow, and so on, and even Platonic love for members of its own species, which I have witnessed, as well as self-sacrifice and ready forgiveness of injuries. But up to the present period, no teaching would enable the possessors of these qualities to work sums, or so to understand language as to indicate the existence of purely abstract thought.

If, then, the exceptional creatures in question transcend the usual order of intelligence displayed by domestic animals, we must admit that they are human in reality but barred out as yet from the form to which they have a right. It has been urged that metempsychosis reverses the natural order of evolution, which can never go backwards. But is it impossible that, owing to rare and exceptional karma, this should occasionally take place, if it is for the benefit of the *ego* which has incurred the experience? If so, it may not only be just, but justifies hints in old writings of the past on this point which have been discredited.

Secondly, there is another solution, one concerned with an external force; and this is that great love for an animal, accompanied by a strong mesmeric power, will so unite owner and animal in sympathy, that the latter will use its hoof or paw in accordance with the will or thought of the trainer, and not really consciously and intelligently, but mechanically. Hence the right answers to problems in the higher arithmetical forms. This, of course, could be easily proved one way or the other, by the withdrawal of the special trainer, or owner, at the time of the tests, and also ignorance of the solutions of given sums, etc., on the part of enquirers who are strangers.

Thirdly, these beings are human sacrificers, who for the brief period of the animal's life, have overshadowed and practically possessed the animal forms from birth, in order to teach humanity to bestow more love and sympathy for our lower brothers on their "upward way," and to indicate fresh duties towards them more favourable to their quicker evolution. This

may not amount to an actual incarnation of the human *ego* in an animal form, but entails sacrifice on the part of such an *ego*, which may either be genuine sacrifice moved by compassion, or a just penalty for past neglect and selfishness.

The three causes may be more or less mingled together, or entirely apart, in different cases, but it is impossible at this early stage of experience of these strange phenomena to decide by mere external observations. We can only suggest what may be possible and reasonable. If we allow, as so many of us do, that the animal form is only a preparation for the human, with its greater powers and perfections, we must also concede that special efforts may be made on the other side of life to hasten the long evolution of our lower brothers, and to endeavour to teach humanity that they have no right selfishly to exploit their lives and consign long portions of them to continual toil, deprived of every enjoyment. Such has been the fate of horses for many thousands of years, who have perished miserably amid the selfish battles of man, drawn weary loads in the joyless streets of his cities, and ended their patient and mournful days of labour in misery which is a shame to our ungrateful race!

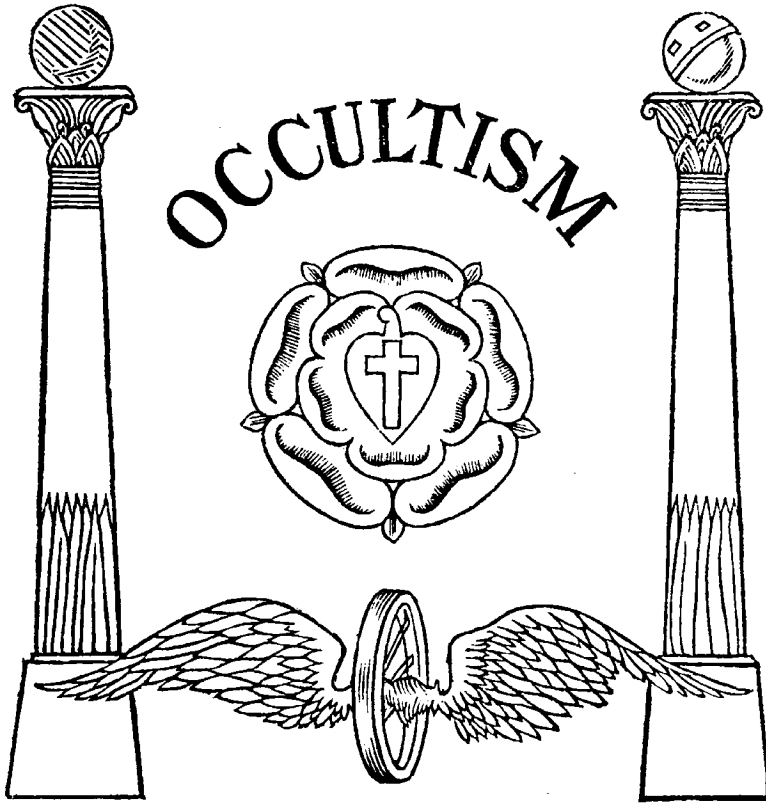
The Great Ones watch—above all does He who guides the course of events on our planet. Is it not a marked coincidence that just at this time the motor is taking the place of the creature of flesh and blood in the world's hard labour? I cannot but think so, and that it holds a deep significance. And again, that vegetarian diet is increasing; that vivisection is being condemned, apart from any consideration of its utility, by all humane persons; and that training packs of dogs to hunt and

destroy harmless and beautiful creatures is seen by many as a wrong producing evil karma for the doers.

As we increasingly perceive the future human being in the animal, we shall realise our great responsibility, our duty—in a way far more marked than heretofore. Love will extend to all that lives.

Susan E. Gay

[The recent articles in THE THEOSOPHIST referred to at the beginning of this article are *Thinking Horses*—August 1913, and *Reasoning "Rolf"*—June 1914, both by W. H. Kirby.—ED.]



THE GREAT WAR

By C. W. LEADBEATER

JUST now the minds of men are full of the great War, and wherever we go they talk of little else. So it is important that we, as members of the Society, should know how to look at the War as part of a great cosmic movement—that we should understand something of what is really going on; because it is only when we understand, that we can take absolutely a sane view, falling neither into weakness on the one

hand, nor into vindictiveness on the other. We must try then to comprehend—to see the greater plan. We must not let ourselves be swept aside by personal prejudice; we must not be swayed by sentimentality on the one side nor by passion on the other, but we must try to see what is really happening, and therefore what is the duty and what should be the attitude of one who wishes to help intelligently.

We know that there are forces which work against evolution as well as those which work in favour of it. We know that there is frequently a small, even a personal struggle, taking place between these forces over individuals, and sometimes over what seem quite small things. But we know also that now and then great world crises arise, where good and evil set themselves against one another in serried array, and humanity is influenced by these powers and driven into taking part on one side or another. The last occasion on which so great a world-struggle took place was in Atlantis some twelve thousand years ago—rather longer perhaps, nearly thirteen thousand years ago. There was a great fight then between those who were on the side of good and those who were on the side of selfishness.

We may read something of the action of the Lords of the Dark Face in Atlantis in *The Secret Doctrine*. Madame Blavatsky devotes much time and energy to expounding their line of work. We must try to understand that there may be people who are doing what to us seems absolutely evil, and yet they may think themselves justified in their action. They may think that the line which they are taking is not evil, but in the long run, good. It is true that when they say “in

the long run, good," I think they generally mean good for themselves; but these Lords of the Dark Face had their own view of evolution, and to themselves they justified it, much along the line in which many people in these days try to justify the action of Judas Iscariot on the ground that he was more anxious than the rest that the Master's glory should be shown forth to the world, and so he put his Master in a position where he thought that He *must* show forth His glory. However incredible it may seem, that view is gravely put forward by some writers.

The Lords of the Dark Face in Atlantis were intensifying themselves as separated beings against the stream of evolution. We hold (and because our Masters hold it, we think we are right in holding it) that the LOGOS intends us to work with Him towards the production of greater unity. The black magician would tell us that the LOGOS sets up this current in order that we may strengthen ourselves by fighting against it; and although we do not believe that, we can see that it is a possible view, and that the man who takes it will not live at all as we do. We think that he is vitally in error, that he is allowing himself to be clouded by the lower self; still you see he tries to justify his position by a certain line of argument. It is not necessary to suppose that those Lords of the Dark Face were doing evil for evil's sake; but they held what we consider a wrong and selfish view as to the final ideas of the LOGOS. I have myself heard some of their successors of the present day say: "You people think you know what GOD means; your Masters hold these views, and of course you follow Them. But we have a different view; we are following the traditions of a

very ancient school and we contrive to hold our own fairly well.”

In Atlantis this attitude led, among the ordinary and commonplace followers, to extreme selfishness and sensuality, to general unscrupulousness and irresponsibility. So it came about that there was a vast revolution against the Ruler of the Golden Gate, and practically the good and evil forces which are always seeking to influence the world found physical expression in that great series of battles in Atlantis. In that case the majority of the population was distinctly on the side of evil, and the evil won. Because the evil won, it was necessary, more than one thousand years afterwards, to overwhelm that great island of Poseidonis beneath the waters of the Atlantic; and sixty-five million people died within twenty-four hours in that great cataclysm.

This time once more the forces of good and evil have materialised themselves here on the physical plane, and the mighty contest has come down again to this level. Remember, we are the same people who were in Atlantis, and it is probable that we took our part in the struggle—with the minority, let us hope—yet perhaps some of us with the majority; it is a long time ago, and we cannot be certain.

I remember reading a terrible story (fiction only, I hope, for it could hardly have been actual fact) of the recovered memory of a past incarnation. There was once a man, an earnest and devout Christian, who through the accident of subjecting himself to mesmeric treatment, found that in a trance condition he was able to gain glimpses of what he felt to be past lives of his own. Incredulous at first, the strength and vividness of his experiences soon forced him to admit that they

must be real reminiscences ; and in this way he acquired much interesting information about mediæval periods. Then arose in his mind a wild but fervent hope that if he could press his memory further he might discover that he had been on earth during the lifetime of Jesus ; he yearned inexpressibly for a glimpse of that Divine Presence ; he imagined himself following and ecstatically worshipping the Lord whom he so loved ; he even dared to hope that perhaps he might have had the supreme honour of martyrdom for his faith. Further and further in successive trances he pushed back his recollection, until at last with inexpressible thankfulness and awe he realised that he *had* trodden the sacred soil of Palestine at the very same time as that majestic Figure. And then, with a shock so terrible that it left him a dying man, he knew the appalling truth that in that life of long ago he had been a rabid unit in an angry crowd yelling wildly : “Crucify Him ! crucify Him ! ”

I trust devoutly that we were all on the right side in that stupendous struggle in Atlantis ; but, however that may have been, at least the very same people are having their chance again now, but this time the majority, thank Heaven, is on the side of the good, and the good will win. Therefore we may hope to avoid for some thousands of years to come a cataclysm on the tremendous scale that sank Poseidonis. But *if* the evil won, the cataclysm would follow ; it *must* follow, for the Deity intends that humanity shall evolve, and if part of humanity deliberately casts itself out of the line of evolution, that particular set of bodies and minds must be wiped out, and must begin again under other conditions.

We must not think, if we can help it (I know how hard it is to help it) that all the people who fight on the side of the evil are necessarily wicked people. They are not so in the least; they are victims of a mighty obsession—an obsession so tremendous in its power that if you and I had been subjected to it we too might not have seen our way clear through it and come out of it unstained; who can tell? Thousands and thousands of people, as good as we, have not come through it satisfactorily. The power behind which is contrary to evolution can and does seize upon a whole nation and obsess it and influence it. It is true that it cannot do that (just as is the case with individual obsession) unless there is in the obsessed something or other which responds. But if there be in any nation a majority, or even a powerful minority, which—perhaps through pride, perhaps through grossness and coarseness, through not having opened up sufficiently the love side of the nature, through having given themselves too entirely, too unscrupulously to developing intellect—is already in that condition of ready response to evil, then the rest of the nation, the weaker people, are simply swept along with them, and they cannot see straight for the time. We must try to realise that.

It was hoped that the Fifth Root-Race would stand as a whole, or at any rate that the Fifth Sub-Race would stand as a whole. And the hope was nearly realised. The Powers that stand behind human evolution worked long through Their pupils to prevent this catastrophe. Whether those Powers knew all the time that the labour would not achieve its end, I cannot tell. We sometimes think of Them as knowing beforehand all that will happen; whether They do or not, I know not,

but at least it is certain that in many cases They work most earnestly to produce certain results, and to give to men certain opportunities. Through the failure of humanity to take the chances offered, the results may not then be attained. They are always *eventually* attained, but often they are postponed for what to us seems an enormous time. The Great Deity of the solar system, the LOGOS Himself, knows perfectly all that will happen, and knows who will take his chances and who will not. That we must believe; whether all who work under Him also know that, we cannot tell. Certainly I know that a great conflict between good and evil forces has been long impending over us. I know also that it need not have taken precisely the form it has taken, if only some of those to whom great opportunities were offered had risen to the level of those opportunities and had taken them.

Some *have* taken them. This mighty British Empire has been formed and has been welded together by bonds of close affection in a way in which no Empire has ever been united before. There was a huge Roman Empire; but it was self-interest, the Roman peace, and the power of Rome which held that together. It was not the love for Rome of those subject races at all. There have been other vast Empires in the past, but they were held together by force, not by love. But what else than love holds *this* Empire together? England, the little Mother State, has no wish to coerce it. Once she did, under utterly mistaken direction by an obstinate King and a foolish Minister, try to coerce the American colonies. The only result of that was that nearly half of what should have been the Empire is not part of it now, though it is being bound closely to it by

other ties. It should have been all within this one great Empire; that was the plan, but the stupidity of man overthrew that part of it. England has made no later effort to coerce the far mightier Dominions attached to her. She has left them perfectly free; yet they are bound to her more closely now than they ever were before.

It was hoped that the other nations which belong to our sub-race would join in a great confederation. America and England have been drawn closely together, so that war between them is now scarcely thinkable; and the hope was that Scandinavia and Germany would have come into a similar friendship; but Germany would not come in. There has been for many years a curious and undesirable form of national spirit arising in that country. There is plenty of literature on the subject. Read the German literature, and you will see perfectly well the direction in which for forty years and more its people have been going. Because of their intense pride, because of the teaching of brutality and of force, of blood and iron instead of the law of love, they have laid themselves open to this dreadful obsession, and some of the great Lords of the Dark Face have again taken their place among them.

Prince Bismarck was such an one, as Madame Blavatsky told us long ago. While he was still alive he laid his plans for the subjugation of Europe. You may be thankful he has not survived till the present, for his plans were far wiser than those of the men who have followed him. Long ago Madame Blavatsky explained to us that he had considerable occult knowledge, and that before the war with France in 1870 he had travelled physically to certain points to the north, the south, the east and the

west of France, and had there cast spells of some sort, or made magnetic centres, with the object of preventing effective resistance to the German armies. Undoubtedly the French collapse at the time was so complete and unexpected that it seemed to need some unusual explanation.

In the course of the work of the invisible helpers on the battle-field I have several times encountered and spoken to the Prince, who naturally watches with the keenest interest all that happens ; and some months ago I had an interesting conversation with him. Speaking of the War, he said that if we were servants of the Hierarchy and students of Occultism we must know that Germany was in the right. One of our party, becoming somewhat indignant, replied that all the rest of the world was willing to be at peace, that Germany had made an unprovoked attack, and had caused all this awful carnage, and was therefore entirely in the wrong. But the Prince said :

“No no ; you do not understand. This is a struggle which had to come—a struggle between the forces of law and order, science and culture on the one hand, and on the other those of disorder and licence, and the degrading tendencies of democracy.”

We maintained that *we* also loved law and order, science and culture, but we wished along with them to have liberty and progress. The Prince would have none of such ideas ; he declared that democracy cared nothing for culture, but wished to drag everybody down to a common level, and that the lowest ; that it desired law to rob and restrain the rich, but itself would obey no law ; that it had no conception of liberty under law (which is the only true liberty) but desired a triumph

of utter lawlessness, in which selfish might should rule, and only those should be restrained who wished to live and work as free men. Further, he said that if we ourselves served the true inner Government of the world we must know that it is the very opposite of all democratic theories, and that therefore it is Germany, and not England, who is fighting for the ideals of the hierarchical Government.

“Which,” he asked, “is nearer to the true ideal of a King—our Kaiser, who holds his power from GOD alone, or your King George, who can strike out no line of his own, whose every action is limited by his ministers and his parliament, so that he can do no real good? And the French President, what is he but the scum momentarily thrown to the top of a boiling mass of corruption?”

We were most indignant at such an insult to our brave Allies, but we could not but admit that there was a modicum of truth in some of his remarks. We tried to tell him that, though we shared his utter disbelief in the methods of democracy, we thought it a necessary intermediate stage through which the world had to pass on its way to a nobler freedom, because a scheme (however good) which was *forced* upon a people could never lead to its ultimate evolution; but that men must learn to choose the good for themselves with open eyes, to renounce their brutal selfishness, not because they were driven to do so at the point of the sword, but because they themselves had learnt to see the higher way and the necessity that each should control himself for the good of all.

The Prince was absolutely unconvinced; he said that our plan was Utopian, and that we could never

bring the *canaille* to understand such considerations—that the only way to deal with them was the method of blood and iron, forcing them for their own ultimate good (and meantime for our convenience) into the life which we who were wiser saw to be best for them.

When some of this was later reported to the King of England, he smiled, and said quietly :

“I believe that GOD has called me to the position which I hold, just as much as He has called my imperial cousin the Kaiser ; I rule not by force, but because my people love me, and I want no higher title than that.”

I fear we must admit the Prince's claim that man as a whole is not yet fit for freedom ; but he can never become fit unless he is allowed to try the experiment. Of course at first he will go wrong just as often as he will go right. We shall have an intermediate period when things are not at all as they should be, when they are not by any means as well managed as they would be under a benevolent despotism. Nevertheless we shall never get men to advance unless we leave them a certain amount of freedom. We must pass through this unlovely stage of democratic mismanagement, in order to get a time when the government of the people will be the government of the best. At present frankly it is not that. Aristocracy means government by the best ; democracy means government by the people. We hope for a time when democracy and aristocracy will be one. We expect to reach that by our system ; we should never get there along the line of military despotism. That is the real fundamental point at issue ; so we see that this War is essentially one of principles.

If any should be inclined to doubt that a whole nation could be so obsessed from behind, a nation which has a great deal that is beautiful in its past history, which has produced some very fine people—if any should be disposed to doubt that, let him take the official German statements, and read the proclamations of His Imperial Majesty the Kaiser ; the proclamations in which he speaks of himself (and probably he believes it) as commissioned by God to govern the world ; in which he says : “ On me the spirit of God has descended. I regard my whole task as appointed by heaven. Who opposes me I shall crush to pieces. Nothing must be settled in this world without the intervention of the German Emperor.” See the insane pride of this, and realise that the whole nation, so far as we know, applauds and approves. Read Mr. Owen Wister’s “ embodiment or composite statement of Prussianism, compiled sentence by sentence from the utterances of Prussians, the Kaiser and his generals, professors, editors and Nietzsche ; part of it said in cold blood, years before this war, and all of it a declaration of faith now being ratified by action ”. Read the calm statement : “ Weak nations have not the same right to live as powerful nations. The world has no longer need of little nationalities.” “ The Belgians should not be shot *dead* ; they should be so left as to make impossible all hope of recovery. The troops are to treat the Belgian civil population with unrelenting severity and frightfulness.” Remember all the horrors of the sinking of the *Lusitania* and remember how that great German nation went mad with joy over the slaughter of non-combatants, of helpless women and children. Except by that theory of obsession how can

we account for it? Many of us have known people of that nation. Were they such people as would have agreed to anything of that kind? Of course they were not; no more than you or I. Unquestionably it is true that the powers from behind are working through these people now.

If this had not been; if the Fifth Sub-Race had all combined together to present a perfect front, we should still have had a conflict, but it would have been with some tremendous uprising of the much less developed races—perhaps another attempt such as Attila made to overrun Europe. The evil would have expressed itself, but it would have been among the backward nations. It is a great victory for the powers that stand for darkness that they could take a nation supposed to be in the forefront of civilisation, and twist that to their ends.

We must not think that all the members of that nation are wicked people. We must not let ourselves be brought down to their level. They have made it their special boast to set up a stream of hatred towards us, to compose hymns of hate and teach them to the innocent school children. We must not be led away into such foolishness as that. We must have no single thought of hatred. We shall hear of the most terrible things being done, of incredible brutality and horror on their part; but if we wish to take the occult point of view we must have no shadow of hatred in our hearts for all this, but only pity.

The tragedy of Belgium has horrified the world. It has been one of the most terrible things that the world has ever known; but the tragedy of the moral downfall of Germany is greater even than that—that

such a great nation, with such possibilities, should sink to this. That is, in truth, a more awful thing to see than all the pain and misery of countless ruined homes. That a race which produced Goethe and Schiller should so fall as to become a byword among the nations, so that for centuries to come all decent men will be ashamed of any connection with it, and none shall speak its name without a shudder of horror—surely that is a tragedy unequalled since the world began.

Therefore not hatred, but pity should fill our minds. But on no account and under no circumstances must our pity be allowed to degenerate into weakness, or to interfere with our absolute firmness. We stand for liberty, for right, for honour, and for the keeping of the pledged word of the nation, and that work which has come into our hands must be done, and it must be done thoroughly. But we must do it because we stand on the side of the Deity, because we are very truly the Sword of the Lord. Let us take care that we do not spoil our work and our attitude by such an unworthy passion as hatred. We do not hate the wild beast that is attacking our children, but we suppress it. We do not hate a mad dog, but for the sake of humanity we shoot it. We do not hate the scorpion we tread under foot, but we tread on it effectively. There must be no thought of hatred, but there must be no weakness. There must be no sickly sentimentality or wavering. There are those who clamour that the mad dog is our brother, and that it is unfraternal to shoot him. They forget that the men whom his bite would doom to an awful death are also our brothers, and that they have the first claim on our consideration. Germany is the mad dog of Europe, and must be suppressed at all

costs. "Therefore fight, O Arjuna." Remember, we are fighting for the liberty of the world; Germany itself is a part of that world, and we are fighting to free Germany from its obsession.

Let us have that well in our minds, and we shall begin to see what is the attitude we must take with regard to this terrible war; and if we do our duty unflinchingly in maintaining that attitude we shall make the final settlement infinitely easier. When this is over, as it will be over presently, when the struggle is of the past, there will still remain the aftermath. Those among the Allies who have hated will find their hatred turning into fiendish glee in their victory; but, having allowed themselves to be turned aside from the true view of the struggle, those people will be in no condition to understand calmly and rationally what is to be done. It is only those who have kept their heads, who have shown themselves philosophers, but nevertheless puissant soldiers to stand and strike for the right—it is only they who will be able to judge what can be done, and what is best for the world.

So we who are Theosophists should hold a firm and steady attitude, and not allow ourselves to be misled. The path of wisdom is, as usual, a razor edge. We must not fall over on one side or the other; we must have neither weakness nor vindictiveness, but a grasp of the real reasons for it all, and of what it is that is really happening.

The egos that have been swept into this vortex of hate on the wrong side of the fight will come back again; they will recover. It is indeed a terrible thing to throw oneself open to such an obsession. They will have a long way to climb, just as had those who went

wrong in Atlantis; but thousands of those who were on the wrong side in Atlantis are on the right side now, and surely that is an omen of great hope for us. The world has advanced, otherwise the evil would win again; and this time it will not win.

So our attitude must be one of unselfishness and of firm attention to duty. But we must do our duty *because* it is our duty, and not because of any personal feeling of hatred, or even of horror. We cannot but feel horror at the awful things that have been done, at the deliberate way they have been justified, at the terrible things that have been said. We cannot help feeling horror, but nevertheless we must try to hold ourselves steady, with iron determination as to what is to be done, but yet with readiness when all this is over to take once more the philosophical point of view.

The Lord who is to come—although when He came last time He said to His people “I come not to bring peace but a sword,” is nevertheless the Prince of Peace, the Lord of Love and the Lord of Life; and when love and life and peace *can* be for the people, He will lead them into love and life and peace. But when the people have made that impossible for themselves for this incarnation, when these things cannot be for them, then will the other side of the prophecy come true, that those who draw the sword will perish by the sword.

In the midst of raging selfishness let us try to live in utter unselfishness, let us be full of trust, because we know; however dark and difficult things may be, we cling to the certainty that evolution is working. We went down in that great conflict in Atlantis, and yet we never lost our faith in the final triumph of good.

This time good will triumph even in the outer world; but remember, victory will be achieved only by the greatest effort, by the most utter determination, and the most thorough federation and trust among the people who are chosen to rule the world and to do the work. To Germany also a great opportunity was offered. To the egos incarnated there an opportunity is offered even now of protest and of martyrdom. They have not taken it so far, but there may yet be those among them who will take it. I trust and hope that it may be so; that there will be those who will shake off the nightmare of obsession, who will say: "Kill us if you will, but we will not share in these horrors; we will denounce them." Those people will earn a better fate than their fellow-countrymen.

Let us take it all as part of the development of the great world. That war is an awful thing, wrong and wicked in itself, none can doubt; also that it is an utterly irrational way of deciding a disputed point. The karma of the man who provokes a war is more appalling than the human mind can conceive. But for those upon whom it is forced, as it has in this case been forced upon us, it may be the lesser of two evils. Since it had to be, Those who stand behind and direct the evolution of the world are unquestionably utilising it for great and high purposes, and thus wringing good out of the very heart of ill. Horrific as it is, it has yet lifted thousands upon thousands of people clear out of themselves, out of their petty parochialism into a world-wide sympathy, out of selfishness into the loftiest altruism—lifted them into the region of the ideal. It has raised them at one stroke more than many lives under ordinary conditions would raise a man.

Remember that unselfish and awakened egos are needed at this very moment for the Sixth Sub-Race, which is beginning in America and Australasia. Perhaps there was no other way to get them in sufficient numbers and in a sufficiently short time, except through some great world-conflict. Be thankful that we, at least, are on the right side in this. Be thankful, you who send to this great War those whom you love, that the opportunity has come to them thus to advance themselves in one incarnation more than otherwise they could have done in a score of lives. You have sorrow and suffering and pain as your share ; but you are offering that suffering for the freedom of the world ; and remember that you who send the soldier are thereby also taking your part in the fight, and that the very sorrow and pain through which you pass is lifting you, just as his devotion to duty has lifted him. Many of those who die will be worthy of birth in the new Sub-Race, but so also will be many of the women who have bravely sent forth their nearest and dearest to answer to their country's call.

We are all trying, so far as may be, to prepare for the coming of the Great Teacher. Realise that this great War is part of the world-preparation, and that, however terrible it may be, there is yet the other side—the enormous good that is being done to individuals. Perhaps in the distant future when we come to look back upon it all with greater knowledge and with wider purview, we shall see that the good has outweighed all the frightful evil, and that though the old order changeth, giving place to new, it is only that God may fulfil Himself in many ways.

C. W. Leadbeater

CÆSAR: A STUDY

By FRITZ KUNZ, B.A.

CÆIUS JULIUS CÆSAR is a figure of perennial interest; but interest in him is now exceptionally great because the present juncture in the world's affairs brings him forcibly to our minds, and may indeed soon bring him into our very midst; for Cæsar alone has had in past lives the necessary experience of world-politics, and full understanding of Gaul, Germany and Europe generally—alone, I mean, of mere men. He has himself fought over all the great battle-fields of the present War in the western theatre: and he planned a campaign that would have carried him over the eastern theatre. It will be of interest therefore to see what understanding we can gain of Cæsar, from the historical as well as from the occult point of view.

He was a singular embodiment of Roman ideals. He was born into a family of the senatorial party (*optimates*) but he was himself a *popularis*. The reason for his attitude has sometimes been ascribed to the influence of his famous uncle, C. Marius, the husband of his aunt Julia. But I suspect that the truer cause is discoverable in the person of his mother, Aurelia, whom Tacitus describes as a woman of great heart, a woman like Cornelia, the mother of the

Gracchi.¹ Whatever the cause and occasion outwardly, there is not the least question that this aristocrat by birth adhered unwaveringly to the cause of the commonalty.

As a man Cæsar likewise commands interest and admiration. His great charm of person, especially his disarming kindness and approachability, are best seen in the conduct toward him of the cantankerous Cicero; and he possessed those minor facilities of expression and conduct which endeared him to his family and made him the idol of his worn legions. In this latter respect he surpassed his later imitator, Napoleon. He was an orator of the schools of Rhodes, and all authorities agree upon his skill and clarity in expression in the Senate and Forum. He had that strange attribute which we say clings to a man of destiny, apparent immunity from natural accidents. His renown as a warrior is commonly known; as a world-statesman he might easily have been the first had he lived longer; and as a mysterious and romantic figure he would certainly have embodied a legend more wonderful than that of Alexander—in the Middle Ages, for despite the constant study of Lucian at that time the usual fabulous tales arose about him.²

A contemporary of our own, an American, Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, seems to be built upon the Julian model in many ways, and this is no doubt the natural result of association in many past lives with Cæsar. For we find Mr. Roosevelt an embodiment of that resource and boundless energy that is generally

¹ *Dial de Orat*, xxviii.

² There is a curious period from 68 to 62 B.C. that does not fit in with our general conception of the ego.

accredited to Cæsar; and in Plutarch I find a vivid passage which reveals similar traits in these men :

His contempt of danger was not so much wondered at by his soldiers because they knew how much he coveted honour. But his enduring so much hardship, which he did to all appearances beyond his natural strength, very much astonished them. For he was a spare man, had a soft and white skin, was distempered in the head and subject to an epilepsy which, it is said, first seized him at Corduba. But he did not make the weakness of his constitution a pretext for his ease, but rather used war as the best physic against his indispositions; whilst by indefatigable journeys, coarse diet, frequent lodging in the field, and continual laborious exercise, he struggled with his diseases, and fortified his body against all attacks. He slept generally in his chariots or litters, employing even his rest in pursuit of action. In the day he was thus carried to the forts, garrisons, and camps; one servant, sitting with him, used to write down what he dictated as he went, and a soldier attending behind him with his sword drawn. He drove so rapidly, that when he first left Rome, he arrived at the river Rhone within eight days. He had been an expert rider from his childhood; for it was usual for him to sit with his hands joined together behind his back, and so to put his horse to its full speed. And in this war he disciplined himself so far as to be able to dictate letters from on horseback, and to give directions to two who took notes at the same time, or, as Oppius says, to more. And it is thought that he was the first who contrived means for communicating with friends by cipher, when either press of business, or the large extent of the city, left him no time for personal conference about matters that required despatch. How little nice he was in his diet, may be seen in the following instance. When at the table of Valerius Leo, who entertained him at supper in Milan, a dish of asparagus was put before him, on which his host, instead of oil, had poured sweet ointment. Cæsar partook of it without any disgust, and reprimanded his friends for finding fault with it. "For it was enough," said he, "not to eat what you did not like; but he who reflects on another man's breeding, shows he wants it as much himself." Another time upon the road he was driven by a storm into a poor man's cottage, where he found but one room, and that such as would afford but a mean reception to a single person, and therefore told his companions, places of honour should be given up to the greater men, and necessary accommodations to the weaker, and accordingly he ordered that Oppius, who was in bad health, should lodge within, whilst he and the rest slept under a shed at the door.¹

¹ Direct quotations are from Dryden's *Plutarch*.

The relation which Cæsar bears to the present times that try our souls is very close indeed. I have mentioned his experience in the present scenes of war in western Europe. It is noteworthy to find him marching and fighting throughout Flanders, the north of France, crossing the Rhine and the Channel each twice, and manœuvring incessantly against his inveterate foe, the Teuton. We find him fighting at modern Besançon, at Belfort, and the plain of Alsace, at Reims and along the Aisne, at Namur, and indeed, throughout the present arena. This is in itself a sufficient warrant for our general interest in him, but this is greatly amplified when we scrutinise his life in other ways. We find him to be what might be called a kârmic curiosity, not so much on account of his many near approaches to violent death, but because his final end he met at the hands, not of enemies, but of friends.¹ He was, furthermore, the embodiment of the highest point of Rome's development; and his kârmic links with his people, and therefore with the British,² were multitudinous.

Cæsar was born as a contemporary of Jesus, according to occult tradition. He played, then, the part of an agent of the Manu in the crystallisation of the Roman Empire's affairs, and so made the establishment of Christianity possible. His work was to make the domination of the Keltic tribes complete and to stop the unruly German tribes at their natural frontier; to organise an Empire from Asia Minor to England, so that the Christ-tradition might find its way toward its future abiding place.

¹ First commented upon by Seneca.

² Many modern British are old Romans returned.

We should not think that in all this Cæsar was a blind and ignorant agent. The modern attitude is insufferably self-satisfied in respect to those old days ; and it is correspondingly in error. Even Cæsar's legions knew of the Mysteries, and his officers were frequently men of much insight. The great Iranian Mystery-faith, Mithraism, had saturated the Roman Empire, and it found special favour in the eyes of the legions, with its ideas of essential justice in the ruling of the present and the future world. Cæsar cannot have been ignorant of all this, and as we shall see, it is probable that he was very well informed indeed, both intellectually and intuitionally, of the trend of affairs.

In order to understand this more fully we should consider certain events in his career, the phases of his character that bear upon his work most nearly, the occult side of his life, the unfinished plans and magnificent dreams that he carried away into the heaven-world with him, the opportunity that the present day offers to his unique genius, the method of his work and the present ways of Europe.

Cæsar was born on 12th July, 102 B.C. Little is known of his boyhood, but it appears that his tutor was a Gaul. His father died when he was sixteen, and he then became the head of his house and was made a *flamen Dialis*, a priest of Jupiter. He visited Lesbos¹ in 81 B.C., and returned to Rome upon the death of Sulla. He fought civic corruption, but his time was not yet come for success, and he therefore went back to the East, this time to Rhodes. Upon his return he espoused the cause of Pompey, and thereby won his place in public life ; whereupon follows the conquest of Spain,

¹ Lesbos is not far from Samos, the home of Pythagoras at about 500 B. C.

his battles and labours in Gaul, and all the great political events which we know so well, up to the break with Pompey and the crossing of the Rubicon in 49 B.C.; and finally the battles at Durazzo and Pharsalus in 49. Then followed swiftly the war with Scipio in Africa, in 46, the defeat of Pompey's sons in Spain in 45, and, on 15th March, 44 B.C., the murder of Cæsar at the foot of Pompey's statue.

This skeleton of outward events is filled out by an understanding of the man himself. For the true greatness of Cæsar could not be revealed by such transient glory as the battle-field and the Senate chamber provided. He was a man of the finest principles. Thus, in his first marriage, he refused the offer of the hand of a daughter of one of Rome's richest men, despite the need he had for money, and married instead Cornelia, the daughter of Cinna. Moreover, upon the return of Sulla in 82 B.C., he declined flatly to divorce Cornelia; he suffered thereby the loss of such property as remained to him, and underwent removal from his priestly office. His extraordinary courage is seen in the narrative of Plutarch of his captivity amongst the pirates:

When these men first demanded of him twenty talents for his ransom, he laughed at them for not understanding the value of their prisoner, and voluntarily engaged to give them fifty. He presently dispatched those about him to several places to raise the money, till at last he was left among a set of the most bloodthirsty people in the world, the Sicilians, only with one friend and two attendants. Yet he made so little of them, that when he had a mind to sleep, he would send to them, and order them to make no noise. For thirty-eight days, with all the freedom in the world, he amused himself with joining in their exercises and games, as if they had not been his keepers, but his guards. He wrote verse and speeches, and made them his auditors, and those who did not admire them, he called to their faces illiterate and barbarous,

and would often, in raillery, threaten to hang them. They were greatly taken with this, and attributed his free talking to a kind of simplicity and playfulness. As soon as his ransom was come from Miletus, he paid it, and was discharged, and proceeded at once to man some ships at the port of Miletus, and went in pursuit of the pirates, whom he surprised with their ships still stationed at the island, and took most of them.

It is sometimes said, and Cicero himself held, that Cæsar was a rank opportunist. But this is a common charge against great men of action. One does not fight the devil with rose petals. Cæsar's object was to get things done, not to suffer an ineffective martyrdom. The times he lived in were politically corrupt beyond belief. This may be seen vividly in the episode of the trial of Clodius for profanation of the holy rites, wherein Cæsar declined to appear against Clodius, and is therefore said to have played for the adherence of the populace, who admired Clodius. Whatever may be the truth with regard to Cæsar's actions, which after all were his domestic affairs in this instance, the truth with regard to his contemporaries is disgraceful, for the judges, many of them, gave their decisions in writing so illegible that no judgment whatever was possible.

Again, in his contest with Catulus and Isauricus for the High-priesthood, the former offered to buy him off. Now Cæsar's flat refusal is creditable to him not alone on the score of honour but on that of courage, for the contest was so bitter that to lose might easily have meant exile. This colder courage in political battles had its counterpart in the field of arms; numerous stories we have of his personal bravery and fortitude and the inspiration he was to his men.

Unfortunately his comparatively early death disables our full understanding of Cæsar's practical

dreaminess—for such it was, however paradoxical this phrase may seem. But an aspect of it is to be seen toward the close of his life, when he colonised Corinth and Carthage anew at the same time; for they were cities that had been laid waste at the same time. It is significant with regard to the man that he should undertake so dramatic and yet so eminently wise a course. And then there is the charming incident of his supposed personal defeat in battle:

The Edui, who hitherto had styled themselves brethren to the Romans, and had been much honoured by them, declared against him, and joined the rebels, to the great discouragement of his army. Accordingly he removed thence, and passed the country of the Ligones, desiring to reach the territories of the Sequani, who were his friends, and who lay like a bulwark in front of Italy against the other tribes of Gaul. There the enemy came upon him, and surrounded him with many myriads, whom he also was eager to engage; and at last, after some time and with much slaughter, gained on the whole a complete victory; though at first he appears to have met with some reverse, and the Aruveni show you a small sword hanging up in a temple, which they say was taken from Cæsar. Cæsar saw this afterwards himself, and smiled, and when his friends advised it should be taken down, would not permit it, because he looked upon it as consecrated.

Plutarch would have us believe this theory of consecration, but we can readily understand the mixture of sentiment and policy which would direct Cæsar in this incident.

But of course the climax of appeal in the character and life of the man appears in those chapters we call occult; that is, when he touched the living tradition of the Masters.

Of the great Adepts, Cæsar seems to be nearest to that one who was last known to men as Sir Thomas More. Throughout his lives, but especially in the work of empire and nation building, he follows closely the guidance and the ways of this

Brother. In the Julian life the intimate spiritual relation has continued; Cæsar, the man of destiny, was unquestionably, the agent of the Masters. His assurance arose from the knowledge of their protection; the strength which enabled him to surmount his natural physical weakness—and even the epilepsy which seized him at Cordova—was Their strength; the turning points in his life were at Their direction.

He seems to have come into touch with the Essenes at Lesbos, probably during his visit to Mytilene in 81 B.C. But his earliest touch with the fringe of the Mysteries seems to have been as a mere boy when he was captured by the pirates. For these pirates were not precisely Captain Kidds or John Silvers; it is they who brought from the eastern Mediterranean the Mithras cult. At any rate it is clear that the communities which were the vehicle of the Christ-teaching were scattered all over Asia Minor; that members of these societies lived in Lesbos is fairly sure. They were men of austere life. They would lend aid to one another but it was against their rules to receive interest for such help. Sometimes they held goods in common. They observed the vow of what we might call taciturnity; that is, they spoke only the things that were necessary. Their lives were lives of labour and reflection, of austere simplicity, of great strength and kindness. To such men, so different from the riotous livers of Rome, the young Cæsar, but turned twenty-one, would look with admiration. For he seems to have imitated their righteousness in his own life for more than a decade. He studied for a time at Rhodes as well, another centre of the minor Mysteries.

These physical touches, and the more direct inspiration, built up within Cæsar magnificent plans for the good of men. His methods were in part the methods of his time; we must quarrel with the age, not with him, as to the weakness of these. The conquests were but a small element in his scheme. At his death he stood upon the threshold of great works and of grand benefits for the world. His death has been uselessly deplored; for it was only the far-off, but inevitable result of the stoning to death of the body of the Christ. With His work interrupted, what need for the agent of the Manu to continue? There was no need for Cæsar to create a vehicle with no life to inform it; and so he was withdrawn from the stage.

The dreams he had within him were singularly broad in scope and strikingly modern in nature and conception. "Cæsar was born to do great things," Plutarch says truly enough; but he was born to dream far greater things. For the meagre list known to us can be only a fragment of schemes that he kept to himself. We know that he

resolved to make war upon the Parthians, and when he had subdued them, to pass through Hyrcania; thence to march along by the Caspian Sea to Mount Caucasus, and so on about Pontus, till he came into Scythia; then to overrun all the countries bordering upon Germany, and Germany itself; and so to return through Gaul into Italy, after completing the whole circle of his empire, and bounding it on every side by the ocean. While preparations were making for this expedition, he proposed to dig through the isthmus on which Corinth stands; and appointed Anienus to superintend the work. He had also a design of diverting the Tiber, and carrying it by deep channel directly from Rome to Circeii, and so into the sea near Tarrachina, that there might be a safe and easy passage for all merchants who traded to Rome. Besides this, he intended to drain all the marshes by Pomentium and Setia, and gain ground enough from the water to employ many thousands of men in tillage. He proposed further to make great mounds on the shore nearest Rome, to hinder the sea from

breaking in on the land, to clear the coast at Ostia of all the hidden rocks and shoals that made it unsafe for shipping, and to form ports and harbours fit to receive the large number of vessels that would frequent them.

These things were designed without being carried into effect; but his reformation of the calendar, in order to rectify the irregularity of time, was not only projected with great scientific ingenuity, but was brought to its completion, and proved of very great use. Cæsar called in the best philosophers and mathematicians of his time to settle the point, and out of the systems he had before him, formed a new and more exact method of correcting the calendar, which the Romans use to this day, and seem to succeed better than any nation in avoiding the errors occasioned by the inequality of the cycles. Yet even this gave offence to those who looked with an evil eye upon his position, and felt oppressed by his power. Cicero, the orator, when some one in his company chanced to say, the next morning Lyra would rise, replied, "Yes, in accordance with the edict," as if even this were a matter of compulsion.

He had extended the franchise to the Transpadane Italians, he had reformed the police and sanitation of Rome, he had taken up cudgels against immoral traders, he arranged an orderly census; he planned and in part carried out great colonies; and he held ever before him the ideal of true government.

He was in all this essentially modern: indeed, he was far before his time. For, as I mentioned above, his was the instinct of democracy, and the day of democracy had not then come. It has come now, and Cæsar, despite his long absence from the world's work, will fit smoothly into modern times, whether he takes his incarnation in the normal way, or whether he steps into a fully matured physical vehicle. His modernity was extraordinary; I cannot too much emphasise this. He was in the habit of bringing bills into the Senate that might be expected from the most audacious and presumptuous of Tribunes, and this when he was Consul. Of course he was accused of currying popular favour;

the true reason lay in his love of men and his desire to help them.

Cæsar was slain nearly two thousand years ago. He has been in incarnation subsequently, in fairly recent times, living only long enough to give him opportunity to understand modern methods of locomotion, communication, and so on ; and to enable him to create sufficient kârmic force to tide over to the incarnation which is now near at hand. This enormous interval of time in the heaven world is significant ; its length was unusual indeed, since Cæsar died at the age of but 58. He belongs to the short-interval type of ego, properly speaking, although it should be understood that in a case such as this fixed rules are not of the usual utility. His case, in this respect, is comparable to that of Alcyone in the life where he came into touch with the Lord Buddha and renounced the world ; but this was an earth life of seventy years. There is another case known to us of an ego (of the long-interval type, however) who was out of incarnation for nearly two thousand and three hundred years, undergoing special instruction and development under the immediate direction of a great Deva. By these examples we can conceive the nature of the heaven life Cæsar carried on : a wonderful glorification of his unfinished plans, a working of them out into splendid and logical coherence : a coming into touch with the greater plans of his Master ; the awakening of a nearer acquaintance with those persons and peoples with whom he will work. Then came the brief incarnation that brought him into touch with the physical world again. And now a short span of invisible work, immediate preparation for the great future that lies directly before him.

It is held that Cæsar was killed because he desired to be king. It is curious that another Leader was killed not long before for claiming to be a King, the Son of the King of Kings. Such is the way of our blind old world! But we must not forget that Europe¹ is the land of Zeus, that even those Plutonic forces are now liberated there at His command. The old Orphic hymn saith, "Zeus is the beginning, Zeus is the middle, upon Zeus all is founded." Europe is His land; and when He has rooted out of it the weeds that have grown too rank, He will send a great Builder to build and a far greater Sower to sow. Men have rotted and poisoned his earth with ignorance and folly; and the cleansing seems to us an awful blood-atonement, the ploughing and trenching a nightmare of lost labour and life. But whatever betide we may be sure that the resurrected land will be given for reconstruction to capable hands; and the Far-eyed Sky Himself will watch the rebuilding of His home.

Fritz Kunz

¹ "Europa" means "the far-eyed sky," a name of Zeus.

T. S. CONVENTION, 1915, BOMBAY

By D. M. CODD

HELD in the open arms of Mother Sea, like a child with English toys and Indian jewels, we see the great City of Bombay, almost encircled by her blue harbour waters, with her little grey boats musing in the sun, western houses alternating with Indian houses, a western street running perhaps into an Indian street, and above, at her highest point, the black vultures circling around her towers of silence, those round towers standing high among beautiful gardens, whereto the Pārsi consigns his cast off garment of flesh. There is all the whirl of western activity in the streets, and as you sit watching the waters from beautiful Queen's Road, over-arched by trees, by you will pass the Pārsi, with his sombre coat and shining black headgear, perhaps with his dame in bright be-flowered sari, or a Hindū with white turban and dhoti, or a motor car will whirl past with a vision of a Paris hat or an English deer-stalker. Our own particular T. S. throng was not less variegated, as it would pick its way of a morning from the large pavilion for four thousand listeners, put up for our President's public lectures, to an E. S. meeting at China Baug, Mr. Ratansi's beautiful Theosophical Guest House, where many of our Adyar folk, including Mr. Jinarajadasa, made their temporary nest. And every day as

one drove along to the lectures one would pass other pavilions in different quarters, each with its particular inscription hinting to passers-by that by entering in only you might happen to light upon the truth about everything. But, of course, *we* all knew where was the best place to find it, and that was under our own pavilion at 8.30 a.m. every morning, when it did not rain. When it rained, of course, all the pavilions got wet, and the chairs and the carpets too, and so the cause of Truth suffered greatly, but it is not supposed to rain at Convention and Conference times, and as Bombay was rife with such things, including such important things as Congress, the Home Rule League, the All-India, Hindū and Muslim Leagues, the Ārya Samāj, and so on, it is difficult to account for the fact that it rained on Tuesday morning, the 26th December, and the remaining lectures had consequently to be moved forward one day. It was piteous to see that disappointed crowd of spiritual beggars, how they dallied hungrily round the spot as though they expected to wake and find it all a dream, or that our President would suddenly appear in her māyāvi rūpa and deliver her lecture as usual.

However, four mornings and two evenings that week we gathered in our own pavilion to hear "the true facts of the case about everything," that is to say *Theosophy*, under the headings *God, Man, Right and Wrong*, and *Brotherhood*, and in the evening lectures Mr. Jinarajadasa took up the theme of *The World's Reconstruction*, first dealing with the *National and International* side, and secondly with the *Intellectual and Spiritual*.

It was an interesting study, one over which to ponder for days and months and years, the combination of lofty spiritual insight with intense human feeling displayed by our President in her course of lectures, and some of us thought this had never been so marked, that she had never spoken quite so touchingly and so winningly as in her second lecture on *Man*. It was as though, as some master-player, she held the strings of our consciousness in her fingers, playing now upon this, now upon that, much as the fingers of the sitar-player will wander lovingly over his instrument to bring forth from it the melody throbbing in his own soul. It seemed as we listened to her lecture on *God* that we knew for a brief moment as she knew the all-pervading presence of Him who is in the desert, in the depth of the sea, and on the mountain-top, who is in hell as well as in heaven, in the evil as well as in the good, and in the depth of our being, comforted, we murmured: "None can pluck me from Thy Hand." Then *Man*. Enamoured first with this object and then that, first this ideal and then another, he is seeking and loving only One, and that is God Himself who, as a great Mother, dangles His gifts before His children, calling out their strength and their faculties, but then removes them "lest man should love My treasures more than Me". And so it is the things we desire will turn away from us because we do not need them longer. Speaking of the relativity of *Right and Wrong*, according to individual development, our President showed us how the conscience does not respond where experience is lacking, and a very fine chord was struck in the hearts of her listeners when she said: "If, when you have warned your son of evil, he does not listen to you,

but still persists in his wrong-doing, then let him learn from experience what he would not learn from precept; let him go down into hell and meet God there." The lecture on *Brotherhood* showed how intermingled is the destiny of poor and rich, of weak and strong. The caste system of India was originally a system of brotherhood and that was why India had stood while Babylon had fallen, and other civilisations had passed out of existence, but in that India had failed in the realisation of the ideal and had oppressed and neglected her serving classes, she had had to suffer the loss of her freedom and herself to suffer oppression, for "the tears of the weak undermine the thrones of kings".

Mr. Jinarajadasa followed a more intellectual vein than the President. He spoke of the sense of nationality which is so strongly characteristic of the Englishman, and yet, curiously, the English nation seems to have no appreciation of the same sense in other nations; it has never been England who has held out her hand to help a nation struggling to realise itself and win its freedom, such as Greece, Italy, and others. It remains to be seen, he said, if she will do her duty in this respect by India. He showed how the national sense is followed by the international sense, and people are now thinking and speaking of a Federation of the countries of Europe, and even of the whole world. Every time they entered and every time they departed our revered President and Mr. Jinarajadasa were escorted by the school corps of the Cawnpore Theosophical College, headed by their Principal, Mr. Paranjpye. A very effective and artistic note was struck by the pretty white uniform with blue and yellow sash and turban. The corps also had the

honour of escorting one morning the Mahārājā of Indore to his seat, and another morning the Mahārāṇī to hers.

The actual Convention was held in the China Baug pavilion, situated behind the house. It was a nice cool place decorated prettily with big palms. Convention opened as usual with an inspiring address by the President, which I recommend every Theosophist to read for himself in our later pages. The usual business followed, and then the meeting adjourned for tea. It reassembled at 5 p.m. and was addressed by five speakers in succession, notably by two Indian ladies, Mrs. Sadasivier and Mrs. Chandrasekharier, whose speeches formed a novel and interesting feature in an assembly where there were mostly Hindū men who had left their wives (one generally says their "families") at home. The other speakers were Mr. Narain Gurtu, General Secretary for India, Mr. T. L. Crombie and myself; Mr. Jinarajadasa presided.

A very beautiful meeting of the Order of the Star in the East was held at China Baug on Tuesday morning, December 28th, when Mrs. Besant and Mr. Jinarajadasa both spoke, and which was attended by several pigeons who each spoke a few words.

Two important features of this Convention were the formation of a League of parents and school-teachers against corporal punishment in schools, also the starting of a branch of the Theosophical Publishing House in Bombay, for which purpose Miss de Leeuw went down to Bombay to work hard a week or two before everybody else. Adyar workers were ever prominent, lending a strong arm of support to the burden of organisation, and bringing with them the blessed touch of

“home”. Not that the Bombay workers were not as enthusiastic and strenuous, they were in no way behind, and they excelled in kindness and attentiveness to their guests and visitors.

Many will have noticed a certain subtle difference in the spirit of the Convention of 1915 compared with others. It seemed as though on the heart of our movement, that heart of great bliss, of peace, of security in our brotherhood, there had settled a deep purposefulness. Rather than gaiety and enthusiasm, a quiet harmony prevailed, as though a silent determination underlay our activities, and workers were busy all the time without excitement. It was as though we had said within ourselves: “We are not playing now, we mean business.” There was this year a certain feeling of our growing up. The members felt it was time to stand on their own feet and take their share in giving, that they must give up looking for anything for themselves and set to work to do as much as each one could, regardless of what might come. “Freely ye have received, freely give”—that seemed to be the underlying message of Convention to its members. We had our example in Mr. Jinarajadasa, for one could not help speculating on the pleasure it must give him to find how large a share of the work he now takes off our President’s shoulders.

One interesting element of Convention was the number of nameless brothers who seemed to spring up around one. Unnamed and unplaced, they were just brothers, Theosophy their sole introduction; like ships, they spoke in passing and were gone again. One such nameless brother brought me a rose at the end of an E. S. meeting. It was, as it were, a pledge-rose, for

although no conversation passed between us, I think we both knew that we should stand side by side, though hundreds of miles apart, in the struggles to come. Probably we shall never know each other as more than Theosophists. And so it is, I think, a beautiful thing that so many of us all the world over are bound to each other in just this one way, otherwise unnamed, unplaced, unknown. I hope that we all may stand thus together very true and firm beside our President, as nameless brothers, with Theosophy for our common bond.

D. M. Codd

HERO AND NURSE

THE picture of two Indians who have done credit to their Motherland will give pleasure to our readers. The seated man is Sepoy Khodadad of the 129th Beluchis, the first Indian to win the V. C. It may be seen on his left breast, the simple bronze sign of heroic daring. The standing youth was his nurse, our young Tarini, who nursed the wounded man back to health. He is wearing civilian clothes, but was made a Lieutenant in the Medical corps. He is an old C. H. C. boy, who caught his spirit of service and devotion from Mr. Arundale, and he is also a Fellow of the Theosophical Society.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESS

BRETHREN,

I give you welcome to our Fortieth Anniversary, and I invoke on our gathering the blessing of our Leaders, the Guardians of Humanity, to whom we turn our eyes amid the storm-clouds that obscure our human sky. May They, in the future as in the past, preserve and protect the Society they founded through Their faithful servants Helena Petrovna Blavatsky and Henry Steele Olcott; may They guard it by Their Power, guide it by Their wisdom, inspire it by Their activity.

Peace and harmony have reigned throughout the year in almost every part of the Society which we can reach; but we are cut off from our brethren in Central Europe, and we know not if we shall clasp hands with them again in outward greeting, so deeply flow between us the rivers of blood which have been shed in the tremendous War which is shaking the very foundations of civilisation in the West. Were the War an ordinary one, it would not rend us apart, but in this War are in conflict not men, but principles, Principles of Good and Evil, in which a spiritual Society cannot remain in the safe and pleasant fields of neutrality, without being false to its fundamental verities.

THE WORLD-STRUGGLE

As in the great myths of ancient days, myths which embody eternal truths, we see before us the recurring conflict which marks the parting points on the road of evolution, where a civilisation must choose between Good and Evil, and survive or perish by its choice. Hindūism speaks of Rāma and Rāvaṇa; Zoroastrianism of Ahura Mazdāh and Ahriman; Hebraism and Christianity of God and Satan; Muhammadanism of Allah and Eblis. These names are symbols whereby, in every age, man has recognised the great evolutionary force of Life, or Spirit, ever unfolding its powers, and the retarding resistance of Form, or Matter, obstructing the further growth of the embodied life, when the limit of expansion and adaptability of the form had been reached. Then is the outworn garment struck away, and the Spirit takes to himself a garment which is new. In its earlier days the form subserved evolution and for the time was good; when it has served its purpose and obstructs evolution it becomes evil. So even militarism and autocracy were useful and therefore good in their day; the savage needed sharp discipline that he might evolve, and militarism gave it: the ignorant needed

knowledge to guide them, and autocracy gave it; western civilisation had to be built up out of barbarism, and the work was done by the sceptre of iron and the sword of steel. State and Church were alike hard and unrelenting, and they built up the foundations of modern Europe.

Then came the wind of the Spirit, which is Freedom, sweeping over the countries of Europe, and the garments of mediævalism became too small for the growing Life, and cramped the development of the Nations, the resistance of the forms threatening the dwarfing and distortion of the Life, and a great breaking up of the Old was needed for the expanding of the New.

Occultism, which is the study of the Divine Mind in Nature, teaches that behind all force there is Will, and that while Nature, which is Divine Matter, provides all the mechanism for activity, it is Life, which is Divine Spirit, that sets going and directs the mechanism. The Life may be embodied in animal, man, deva, angel, the Lord of Universe—it is all the same, save in degree of manifestation, but that Life causes activity by Will, and wherever there is activity there is Will behind it. So in evolution there is the Will to Progress, and in resistance to evolution there is the Will to Inertia, and these Wills are embodied both in men and in super-men, who strive against each other for the mastery at the critical stages of evolution, when a civilisation is to choose between the downward grade that ends in disappearance, and the upward grade which begins a New Era. The men fight desperately, visible on the earth; the super-men fight in the world invisible to mortal eyes. There is ever War in Heaven as well as on earth in these struggles that decide the fate of the world for thousands of years.

We call the super-men who fight for the victory of the Divine Will in evolution and are Themselves the embodiment of a portion of that Will—the Occult Hierarchy, the Guardians of our world. And we call the super-men who fight against it, who would preserve the old outworn ways that have become poisonous, the Dark Forces, in the poetical eastern nomenclature, the "Lords of the Dark Face". Both sides work through men, and through men their triumphs and defeats are wrought out, the shadow here on earth of the events above. For it is the fate of Humanity which is in the balance; it is the Judgment Day of a race.

It is because the present War is the shadow of such a struggle in the higher worlds, that no Occultist can remain neutral, but must throw every power that he possesses on one side or the other. To be a neutral is to be a traitor. Now the Central Powers, in this great struggle, are the pawns played by the super-men who follow the Lords of the Dark

Face. They embody autocracy, militarism, the anachronistic forms which are ready to perish, for which there is no place in the coming New Age. "By their fruits ye shall know them." Not by the isolated acts of a few soldiers, mad with blood-lust and sex-lust; but by their official policy of "frightfulness," deliberately adopted and ruthlessly carried out, by a style of warfare renounced by all civilised Nations, belonging to a far-off past, a revival of cruelties long ago outgrown. By these we know them as the tools of the super-men of the Night, and the Occultists of the Darkness are fighting on their side. They have raised Hate into a National Virtue, and the Lords of Hate are with them.

We, who are servants of the White Brotherhood, who regard Love as the supreme Virtue, and who seek to enter into the Coming Age of Brotherhood and Co-operation, we can but follow the Guardians of Humanity, and work for the triumph of the Allied Powers who represent Right as against Might, and Humanity as against Savagery. The Theosophical Society, the Society of the Divine Wisdom, founded by Members of the White Brotherhood and their Messenger in the world, must throw itself on the side which embodies the Divine Will for evolution, the side on which are fighting the super-men of the Day.

If by this we lose the members we had in the Central Empires, after the War is over and the madness of it is over-past, it must be so. Better to lose our members than to lose the blessing of the Brotherhood; better to perish, faithful to the Right, than to become a fellowship of Evil.

THE GROWTH OF THE SOCIETY

Let us now turn to the work within the Society. Thirty-one new Lodges only have been chartered; it has not been a year of large increase.

REVISED LIST OF CHARTERS ISSUED TO THE CLOSE OF 1915

1878	1	1891	271	1904	800
1879	2	1892	298	1905	860
1880	11	1893	344	1906	900
1881	19	1894	382	1907	958
1882	42	1895	401	1908	1,032
1883	88	1896	425	1909	1,125
1884	99	1897	487	1910	1,223
1885	117	1898	526	1911	1,329
1886	128	1899	558	1912	1,405
1887	156	1900	595	1913	1,483
1888	169	1901	647	1914	1,547
1889	199	1902	704	1915	1,578
1890	234	1903	750		

We have no reports from Germany, Hungary, Finland, Russia, Bohemia, Belgium and Austria. We have left the number of Lodges and of members as they were, but the membership is problematical.

National Society	No. of Lodges	No. of Active Members	No. of New Members admitted during the year	Remarks
T.S. in America ...	157	5,332 ¹	919	
„ England and Wales ...	88	2,636	311	
„ India ...	348	5,936	617	
„ Australia ...	24	1,474	206	
„ Scandinavia ...	29	787	79	
„ New Zealand ...	18	1,024	101	
„ The Netherlands ...	21	1,304	165	
„ France ...	43	1,100	74	Total number could not be ascertained
„ Italy ...	22	300	24	
„ Germany ...	25	380		No report
„ Cuba ...	42	867	150	
„ Hungary ...	11	204		No report
„ Finland ...	22	523		No report
„ Russia ...	6 ²	357		
„ Bohemia ...	7	152		No report
„ South Africa ...	10	254	47	
„ Scotland ...	15	452	36	
„ Switzerland ...	12	265	56	
„ Belgium ...	10	183		No report
„ Nether Indies ...	10	782	162	
„ Burma ...	10	239	41	
„ Austria ...	8	160		No report
„ Norway ...	12	274	29	
Non-Sectionalised Countries ...	41	711	82	
Grand Total ...	991	25,696	3,099	

NATIONAL SOCIETIES

In all the countries in the War-Zone, most of our ordinary Theosophical activities have been almost submerged under those connected with the War. Our people, naturally and rightly, threw themselves into the work needed to supply comforts to the soldiers, nursing to the sick, shelter to refugees, to say nothing of the numbers who volunteered and after

¹ Of these 755 had not paid their fees for the current year, so are classed as "inactive," but some have since paid.

² Russia, this year, reckons all groups in one town as one Lodge, so the decrease is only apparent.

passing through the necessary training have gone to the front. Dr. Haden Guest, the English General Secretary, distinguished himself by his great services in organising hospitals; Miss Green worked with remarkable zeal and success in Southampton, and others, all over the country, laboured nobly, Folkestone Lodge distinguishing itself in welcoming Belgian refugees, and Brighton Lodge in caring for wounded Indian soldiers. Dr. Haden Guest finally resigned to give himself wholly to his military and philanthropic work, after a deputy, Mr. Baillie-Weaver, had taken most of the work on his shoulders, and finally Mr. G. S. Arundale was elected, a most happy selection. The Society, despite all other work, maintained its propagandist activity, the Leeds Lodge especially distinguishing itself, bringing to the town as lecturers such distinguished writers and speakers as Miss Marie Corelli and Mr. Edward Carpenter.

Some Sunday morning meetings have been held at Headquarters, consisting of a reading, an address, an invocation and music, the latter directed by Mrs. Maud Mann.

The Headquarters Building has gone on slowly and steadily, being carried out by direct labour, as arranged. The roof is being put on the North Wing, and the building should be opened towards the end of next year.

A subsidiary activity is the Letchworth Theosophical School, an educational adventure of great importance, and full of promise. Dr. Armstrong Smith is enthusiastic in his work, and believes in its future.

In India, we regret to notice a decrease in the number of Lodges, though there is an increase in the number of members. Some of the weaker Lodges have dropped out. An interesting addition is one at Basra, Persian Gulf; the Secretary sends the following:

At a meeting of the members of the "Dar-El-Salam" Theosophical Lodge, Basra, (Persian Gulf), it was unanimously resolved to convey the best wishes of the Lodge for the success of the Theosophical Convention to be held at Bombay.

The Lodge regrets its inability to send a delegate to attend such an auspicious occasion.

Australia has had a good year of work, in which Mr. Leadbeater's inspiring presence has given help gratefully acknowledged. The Society is building a large Headquarters, eight stories high, with residential flats, a large hall and offices, and it is expected to be ready by Easter, 1916.

Scandinavia had a heavy loss in the passing away of Mr. Arvid Knos, the faithful and untiring worker, who was its main pillar of strength. Things have gone on quietly with few changes.

New Zealand also has made a little quiet progress, its most marked feature being the growth of young people's movements. It seems as though there would be about ten or fifteen years hence an immense expansion of Theosophy in Australasia.

The Netherlands have been quietly busy, and the new Quarters at The Hague are rising. The Section Library is one of the great means of propaganda in Holland, and some 400 people from different parts of the country make use of it. No better and sounder method of propaganda exists than reading, and it is peculiarly suitable to the steady and thoughtful Dutch character.

France, despite all her sufferings, and the need that her children should serve her by providing for her desperate needs, has made her Theosophical possessions useful, by putting the Headquarters at the disposal of French and Belgian refugees.

Italy has managed to do some translation work, despite the War preoccupations; and Cuba suffers much from the devastating Mexican War and financial difficulties due to that in Europe, but our members never bate a jot of heart or courage, remaining ever brave, loyal and trustworthy.

In South Africa, naturally, little has been done, but a new Lodge has been started in Port Elizabeth. Scotland has given her much loved Secretary to the War, and the Headquarters suffered a grievous loss in the passing away of Mrs. Brown, the Warden. Switzerland has tried to work to help refugees, its position in the middle of the War-Zone giving it many opportunities in this direction; it is one of the two countries in which there have been little ripples of discord, of no great importance, and chiefly due to the War atmosphere and the over-tension of nerves.

The Netherlands-Indies has been busy building, as well as spreading Theosophical ideas. Burma is working well, and the tour of Brother C. Jinarajadasa proved most helpful and inspiring. The Burma Educational Trust, under the presidency of Mr. Cowasji, is doing good work.

Norway is very quiet, but the General Secretary made a useful tour in Iceland. South America reports but little activity.

It will be seen that the War has practically absorbed most of the energy of our members, and we can but be grateful that they are allowed to serve so usefully the countries of their birth.

SUBSIDIARY ACTIVITIES

These, as usual, are largely educational. The Theosophical Educational Trust has eighteen educational institutions under its care, and is doing admirable work. It is happy in its untiring and devoted Secretary, Mr. Ernest Wood. Mr. Kirk is distinguishing himself as a most efficient collector of revenue.

The Buddhist Theosophical Society has 237 schools and 2 Colleges, and has managed to pull through the terrible difficulties of the martial law period. Mr. Mirando, our old and faithful friend, was shot by the police by accident when he was trying to check a riot. The Ananda College is doing admirably under Mr. Fritz Kunz, and that at Kandy flourishes under Mr. Bilimoria. The Galle College, under Mr. Woodward, has not sent in its Report.

The Musæus Girls' School continues its splendid work under Mrs. Higgins, and has just celebrated its 24th anniversary.

The Olcott Pañchama Free Schools, under their devoted Superintendent, Miss Kofel, show the usual record of first-rate work; a girl pupil, helped on to the Teachers Training School, has come out 2nd in a class of 25 students.

The Round Table in Australia sends in an exceptionally interesting report, which we commend to our members as an example of what young people can do.

The Order of the Star in the East has spread far and wide, and has many thousands of members, scattered all over the world. In India alone it has between 5,000 and 6,000 members.

The Sons and Daughters of India are working in many places, and in Adyar have a Lodge of varied activities, educational, temperance, hospital visiting, etc. It is a good training ground for public life, the close contact with the poor giving a sound foundation of knowledge for the future.

An Arts League has just been founded at Adyar, and hopes gradually to be of some use in helping in the revival of indigenous industries, and to come into relations with the important Brotherhood of Arts in England, under the Presidency of Mrs. Maud Mann.

LECTURERS AND WORKERS

The only changes in the General Secretaries are in Sweden and England. Mr. Arvid Knos, who has passed away, has been replaced by Erik Crouvall, and Dr. Haden Guest by Mr. George S. Arundale. We have temporarily lost the valuable services as lecturer of Mr. Sidney Ransom, who has enlisted in England. Miss Codd is doing excellent work there, and is very popular. Our Vice-President, Mr. A. P. Sinnett, has been constantly at work, lecturing and teaching, and two valuable articles of his have appeared in the *Nineteenth Century and After*. Mr. C. W. Leadbeater has been working all the year in Australia and New Zealand, and has brought the whole Society there to a higher level of public usefulness and respect.

HEADQUARTERS

At Headquarters all goes very well, and the staff of workers has only lost Mr. and Mrs. Kirk who have returned to England. The rest work on well and steadily, giving their invaluable services with cheerful devotion. There are no additions to the building this year, save a shop and storehouse for the Co-operative Stores. A Bank has also been opened, and is housed in the T. P. H.

THE LIBRARY

Mr. Van Manen has continued his valuable services as Assistant Director, and Mr. Cates is a most efficient helper. Naturally, the loss of Dr. Schrader is keenly felt, but he is working on at his standard edition of the *Minor Upanishats*, and we trust he may be allowed to see the next volume through the press, during the coming spring.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE

The publishing business has suffered to some extent during the War, but some useful publications have been issued. Mr. C. Jinarajadasa has published his valuable *Convention Lectures*, and a charming series of talks to young people, *I Promise*. My own chief book is the story of the Congress, *How India Wrought for Freedom*. The Vasantā Press continues its admirable work.

CONCLUSION

As a Society, we find ourselves viewed from a better "angle of vision," and we are being recognised as a body of useful workers in the many countries over which our activities

extend. The definite recognition of Mysticism as the scientific side of religion, on one side, and the advance of science into the Borderland on the other, have changed our position in the religious and intellectual worlds ; with this added power comes a heavy increase of responsibility, to equip ourselves more efficiently—religiously, morally and intellectually—for our work. Superficial and slovenly work becomes criminal when put out by members of the T. S., and they must remember, as public judgment becomes less harsh, that they must themselves become more severe judges of themselves. Pledged to Service, as is every true Theosophist, let him take care of what sort is the offering he places upon the altar, for “the fire shall try every man’s work,” and only the pure gold can come out unchanged from the burning.

Brethren, great is your privilege, to have been the heralds of the coming Age, ere the world had perceived its coming, for you proclaimed it in the night, ere yet the first faint light of the Dawning touched the eastern horizon. Many of you believe in the coming of the World-Teacher, who alone can bring to us the New Age, and outline the fashion of its growth. Sore and bitter is the travail of the Nations ere that New Age can be born ; the earth shivers and writhes in the agony of her birth-pangs, but the fair Man-Child of the coming time shall ere long cause her to forget the anguish of her throes. Not without great agony may any high work be wrought, and we are in the ante-chamber, preparing for the birth of a new and nobler Age. As part of the earth, as part of humanity, we must share in the agony, but sure is the joy that cometh in the morning, sure the coming of the Lord of Love, with the Babe of the Future in his arms. Fear not then, nor be troubled, for none may stay His Coming, nor frustrate His great work of Love and Peace. Storms may rage, tempests may roar, the very foundations of the earth may rock ; but the storm will pass, and clear skies again will arch over an earth at peace. Have you ever watched in the darkness of the night, when storm-clouds veiled the heavens, and the distant thunder rolled around through the heavy air ; and as you watched, seeing no sky, no stars, suddenly the clouds were rent asunder, and in the violet depths there shone out the Star of Love, shining undimmed and lustrous beyond the earth-born veil which had hidden it from earth’s sad peoples ? So, to those who know, shines in mid-heaven the Star which is the sign of the ever-presence of the King, and tells the earth that it is lying safely in the bosom of His Power, cradled in His Love. Lift up your eyes, Brothers, now when clouds hang thick, and see His Star.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE T. S. AND THE WAR

TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

MADAM,

I have followed with considerable interest and care your utterances about the European War as published in Theosophical Magazines and even in official documents of the Theosophical Society. They have often filled me with dismay and provoked my utter indignation. I hold that in the spirit of the great world-scriptures, of the enlightened conscience, and of common sense they have often been neither wise, nor noble, nor occult, nor true; and are, furthermore, above all things completely self-contradictory as well as strongly tinged with fanaticism. I may, of course, be mistaken in this my opinion and am, therefore, as willing to be convinced in the matter as I am to give a reasoned exposition of my view and the arguments on which it is based. Besides, I acknowledge to the full your right to your own personal opinions and to the expression of them, a right only equal to mine in the same respect.

Latterly, however, it seems to me that you have, in at least two specific utterances, not only put forward a view to which any member may be personally opposed, but—what is more important—by which you have definitely and undeniably transgressed a principle of conduct laid down in two resolutions of the General Council and binding on you as President. At the same time these your declarations may involve parts of our Society in unlawful behaviour with regard to their respective national laws, and constitute a deplorable breach of tact—yes, might even be so construed as to signify an insult—with regard to a proportion of at least 10,000 of the members of the Theosophical Society, or about one-third of its total membership.

The following are the facts :

First :

In the meeting of the General Council of the T. S. held at Adyar on December 27th, 1912, a resolution (No. 2) was unanimously passed, part of which reads as follows :

The General Council re-affirms the principle that the T. S. must not be committed to any religious belief. . .

In the meeting of the General Council of the T. S. held at Adyar on December 26th, 1908, a similar resolution (No. 6) had been passed, with 1 vote against, of which part runs :

The Society as a body remains neutral as to the authenticity or non-authenticity of any statements issued as from the Mahātmās. It further declares that every member is equally free to assert or to deny the authenticity of any such statements and that no member can be bound to accept or to reject, on any authority outside himself, the genuineness of any such statement.

Yet you wrote in *The Adyar Bulletin* for July, 1915, p. 235, as follows :

We, as President and Vice-President of the Theosophical Society, cannot remain neutral in such a battle. *The Theosophical Society* is the body chosen by the Hierarchy to proclaim to the world the message of the Divine Wisdom, and that it should stand neutral in such a War for Right and Honour, stand neutral when the future of the world is put in peril, stand neutral when the Lords of Light are on one side and the Lords of the Dark Face over against them, battling for the possession of the earth, that shall never be. We, its two chief Officers, declare before the world that the Society which has placed us at its head stands loyally for Good against the embattled hosts of Evil, and that it had better perish with Honour than seek a shameful peace by the denial of its Lord.

And now, Madam, you add, in your Official Annual Report as President of the Theosophical Society (printed in *New India*, December 25th, 1915), after having classified, as in the above quotation, on the same theological and "occult" grounds, the Allies as instruments of the White Masters and the Central Powers as instruments of the Black Masters—you add :

The Theosophical Society, the Society of the Divine Wisdom, founded by Members of the White Brotherhood and their messengers in the world, must throw itself on the side which embodies the Divine Will for evolution, the side on which are fighting the supermen of the Day.

If words have any meaning, these two utterances completely violate the principle embodied in the resolutions quoted above.

Second :

If the Society had to take sides in the struggle, its parts in neutral countries, on acting on the new principle,

would come into direct conflict with their national laws. Any Dutch citizen, for example, is *by law* compelled to remain absolutely neutral, and it might be that mere *membership* in an avowedly *unneutral* body within or without Dutch territory would render such a member liable to prosecution. The same would hold good—with national variations in detail—for all members of our Society in the 7 neutral Sections, totalling over 10,000.

A Society—pretending to be international, and of an alleged spiritual nature—deliberately adopting a policy leading one-third of its members to illegal action, on the basis of occult, unprovable, revelation, in flat contradiction to two recent and carefully worded resolutions on principle enounced by its Governing Body; a policy which is in no way deducible from or connected with its declared and constitutional objects, can hardly be regarded as wisely inspired, nor can it expect to see the change adopted without vigorous protest from within its own ranks.

So far the constitutional argument, with which the formal side of the question is exhausted. The spiritual side is one which is of equal importance, but can only be a matter of personal appreciation, and has no place in an official discussion. I beg leave, however, to use the present occasion to add something on that matter also, as an informal, unofficial commentary to the foregoing. These are the considerations I would add.

A most unfortunate and slipshod phrase in the same Annual Report says (between two full stops!): "*To be a neutral is to be a traitor.*" As the phrase stands, taken in isolation from its context, it seems an incredible insult to the Sovereigns and Rulers, as well as to the nations of all neutral countries—including again those 10,000 odd members of our Society. We, therefore, prefer to read this objectionable sentence in connection with the preceding clause and connect it only with "occultists". But pray, if this be so, how many such occultists are there in the Theosophical Society? Ten or twenty or a hundred? Or does the word occultist here mean every student of occultism in general, so as to be practically equivalent to membership in the T. S.? In the first case the argument would become meaningless as applied to the 30,000 members of the T. S. And in the latter case the phrase would not only become mere insult to all neutral members—either neutral in feeling or neutral in conduct; neutral by choice or neutral by legal compulsion—but might, if any Neutral Consul or Diplomatist deigned to take notice of it, or attach value to it, lead our Society into trouble and produce unexpected and disastrous results.

For the above reasons, Madam, I believe that you, as President of our Society, are leading us—on *this point* of the European War—into a most regrettable quandary, and I beg to submit that the statements quoted should be entirely repudiated and withdrawn, or lead to unmistakable and not-to-be-ignored protest, not only on the part of neutral members of the Society but also on the part of those others, belonging to the belligerent nations, who can dive behind national glamour and passions, and who have truth, tolerance, love and freedom of spirit within them.

In the above, Madam, once more, I do not refer to your personal opinions or their utterance—they are of no importance whatever for the point at issue. It is the President of the T. S. to whom I am addressing myself, who has no right to involve the Society in taking sides in this war and to commit it to action on the basis of the alleged existence of Mahātmās and of their cosmic battles.

Do not conclude, Madam, from the above, that I do not fully recognise and appreciate—even admire—the many expressions of what seems to me your better insight into the issues at stake in this War. If I believe that you have said, during the last year and a half, many things not quite worthy of yourself, and many untrue things, on the subject, I equally believe that you have said many things which *are* wise, noble, true and occult. Somehow or other, in the little compilation of your *War Articles and Notes* which Dr. Roche has collected, the majority of your darker sayings have been left out. It seems then that even some of your entire followers in matters of belief have, in all reverence, felt something akin to what I feel on this subject.

The fact seems to me to be, Madam—and it is at the root of all misunderstanding in the matter—that your writings and utterances are always and consistently cast in a prophetic, sacerdotal, vaticinatic mould. Their form obscures the evident fact that in this present world *no one*, however highly evolved, and yourself as much included as anyone else, can be *all* occultist. In your utterances three different elements, at least, are alternately predominant: first that of the sage, occult prophet and revealer; second that which might perhaps be classed as that of the demagogue, propagandist, fanatic, zealot, agitator or extreme partisan—in short, where your personal *temperament* comes to the front; third—where India is not played off against Great Britain—that of the Britisher *contra mundum*—in short, the nationalist.

(Is it necessary to specially repudiate in advance any accusation which might be levelled against me that the second paragraph denotes sneering and contempt? It denotes nothing

more than vigorous intellectual disagreement concerning methods. Furthermore, the zealot and fanatic do not lack very able apologists, and many of the great figures of the world have undeniably belonged to the type.)

It is the second and third elements that to me seem to inspire these unacceptable utterances, taken by an indiscriminating crowd to be the expression of your highest self. That is why they are so dangerous; that is why they must be combated. You have always in your methods been an agitator, hammering down your points, driving and forcing, exaggerating, one-sided, rhetorical, speaking in strident tones, in superb tension of conviction and energy. Mostly you have supported noble causes, often wise ones, sometimes such as have justified difference of opinion. Equally in demonstrating why you "did *not* believe in God," or later why you "*did* believe"; why politics should be left aside by Theosophists and occultists; or later why they should *not* be left aside by them; why Neo-Malthusianism should be practised or later why it should *not* be practised—your manner has always been fierce, tense, passionate, hyperbolic. It is the *manner* that marks you for the potent character you are, far more than the subject of your advocacy: that has changed too often and too radically to make us ever feel sure that we can depend upon it for more than a few years at a time.

I can easily, by quotation from your own works, support this view, but for that it is not now the occasion. I only draw your attention to the initial paragraph of your own Watch-Tower notes in the October THEOSOPHIST of 1915? There you say:

For us, who are Theosophists, the War is but the inevitable forerunner of a great change in civilisation, the dying throes of a civilisation based on conflict, on competition, of which War is the supreme embodiment, the birth-throes of a new civilisation, based on peace, on co-operation, of which Brotherhood is the informing spirit. The old civilisation is going down in blood, as is fitting; for has it not been based on the oppression of the weak by the strong, the exploitation of the coloured races by the white? Has it not had its base washed by the waves of poverty, of misery, of starvation, and has not every civilised country had its submerged classes? Older civilisations perished by the practical denial of the Law of Brotherhood, and this is going the same way. But we can look beyond it to a fairer future; the western sky is red with the setting sun of a dying civilisation; the eastern sky is beginning to redden with the dawn of a New Day.

Now this paragraph, Madam, is your own recent utterance, and a noble one at that—do you not see that it utterly invalidates the spirit of the two extracts I have quoted from you before?

In this last statement we have an intelligent and tolerant appreciation of the nature of the present world-conflict: competition, *all round*; human imperfection, *all round*;

oppression, *all round* ; lack of love, *all round* ; poverty, misery, *all round* ; a civilisation sick and fouled, breaking out in a violent spasm of disease—natural, inevitable, fatal. There is no place here for violent denunciation and haughty divisions into black and white ; each may put his hand into his own bosom and find out in how far he is or has been guilty himself. There is no place for theological damnation and religious fanaticism, especially if these are coupled with the dangerous doctrine of “striking down with love,” a principle applied as a fine art and with singular consistency in the later middle ages by the Inquisition. At all events if a true message—or even a true statement—is embodied in the paragraph, I feel justified in interpreting it, as I do, as entirely contradictory to your other recent utterance in your Presidential Address.

Believe me, Madam, that the question here raised seems to me one of great importance to the Theosophical Society and of considerable public interest. It is not a personal matter, though—as without the breaking of eggs no omelette can be made—so the President of the T. S. cannot be discussed without referring to the present incumbent of the Presidential chair. Nor is this letter in the slightest way indicative of pro-German or pro-other tendencies or advocacy. It is only the outcome of my complete inability to form any possible conception of Masters and similar exalted beings who judge human beings by uniforms and national boundaries instead of by hearts and soul value ; who do not encourage the good in all men ; whose love does not shine out over the wicked and the good ; who do not utilise and accept every act of heroism, devotion, valour, duty, enthusiasm and honest conviction—in *whatever* cause ; or who do not apply the old *Giṭā* lesson that the Master of Masters accepts all men from whatever road they travel to Him, even if blind, even if deluded, even if helpless pawns in an unknown, ghastly, perfectly hidden and hideous cosmic game. You yourself, Madam, have taught us as much, often and eloquently. The greater part of yourself is a witness on my side. You may object that my quotations do not imply the meanings I read into them, but that is where I feel compelled to differ from you. I hold your statements—in *the form you make them*—to be wrong, whatever esoteric right there may be hidden in them. They confuse ideals because exoterically inadmissible. We have been taught that esoteric teaching should *not* be published indiscriminately. You break that rule. Here I am, of course, not referring to any legal or constitutional question but to the deeper spiritual one. The national in us may, for duty, for instinct, for imperfect but potent manhood, fight to vanquish nation by nation. The Theosophist in us (or if you like it, the *occultist*) does not fight at all to vanquish but is only concerned with

the regeneration of the heart, the conversion of soul, and the transformation of a world of strife into a world of peace, goodwill, co-operation and sweet wisdom. The national strives to subdue an outer form without; the Theosophist strives to transmute outer antagonism into the harmony of understanding by lifting it out of the national level altogether. That, Madam, is why I consider that an international Theosophical Society can only be neutral, notwithstanding whatsoever theology and doctrine any of its members may choose to follow or to accept with respect to Masters, Black and White Magic, and any and every appeal to Occultism and hidden wisdom. The Middle Ages, out of Christian loyalty, fought the Turk and the Infidel; in later ages sects, out of sectarian loyalty, fought other religious wars. Let us not, for heaven's sake, out of occult loyalty, make the same mistake, but rise above such levels. Fight by all means, let any one fight because he thinks it right or duty according to the facts he *knows* on this physical plane, but keep the Gods out of it. We do not want our Divinities to be degraded into mere Elementals; our Hierarchy into a political Institution; our Lord into a tribal God; our religion into a motive for killing and destruction; our spirituality into a charter of division between the Chosen and the Black.

No, Madam, I cannot help feeling that your latest message does not ring true, and that in delivering it you do not do justice to yourself, and lead us astray. As firmly convinced as you may be that, as an occultist, "to be a neutral is to be a traitor," so firmly am I convinced that, as mere Theosophists—occultists or non-occultists—all such as I, in not being neutral, would be traitors to all the sublime teachings and ideals of Theosophy, for your great share in the statement of which, I, amongst so many others, have the very fullest recognition.

JOHAN VAN MANEN, F. T. S.

[I print this, as I have before printed Mr. Van Manen's views, for he has exactly the same right to expound his views as I have. I make only two comments on the spirit he shews. (1) He chooses what he calls an "unfortunate and slipshod phrase"—how slipshod?—"To be a neutral is to be a traitor," and draws conclusions therefrom, alluding to, but not quoting the preceding sentence: "It is because the present War is the shadow of such a struggle in the higher worlds, that *no Occultist can remain neutral* (italicised now), but must throw every power he possesses on one side or the other. To

be a neutral is to be a traitor." Anyone, unblinded by prejudice, must see that the phrase applies to Occultists, and to Occultists alone, and cannot be read in any other way. Of these there are very few, in or out of the T. S., and to draw Sovereigns and Rulers and Nations of all neutral countries, and Theosophists in general, under it, is a clever device for arousing hostile feeling, but can hardly command respect for Mr. Van Manen's arguments. (2) He tries to raise prejudice by the taunt of my changing opinions; the change from scientific atheism to Theosophy was truly a great change, but to hold to the first against new evidence would have been blind obstinacy not rationality. Other changes logically accompanied the change of basis. I have never said that Theosophists should leave aside politics; I have said, and say, that the T. S. should not take part in them as a body, and I have given my reasons for regarding this War not as a question of politics, but of Good and Evil. Mr. Van Manen may disagree with this view, but a fair controversialist should not ignore it.]

ANNIE BESANT

CONFIRMATION WANTED

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

On page 174 of THE THEOSOPHIST for November, 1912, occurs the following statement among the Watch-Tower notes:

Reincarnation does not imply a number of lives in which Gods, men, animals and plants are jumbled up indiscriminately. Shri Shaṅkarāchārya was careful to explain that when a man, from evil deeds, was for a time attached to an animal, he did not become an animal, but was only "co-tenant" with the animal soul; when the soul reaches the human stage it cannot again lose humanity, even if tied for a while to an animal.

Can you or any of your readers cite the passage or passages in Shaṅkarā's works in support of the above statement?

A STUDENT

THE BROTHERHOOD OF ARTS

FORMATION OF THE LONDON LODGE

The inaugural meeting for the formation of the London Lodge of the Brotherhood of Arts was held at the Paddington Technical Institute on 4th December 1915, with Mrs. Maud Mann in the chair. 21 were present.

Mr. H. Wooller, as host, said he was glad to see so many present in response to the invitation which had been sent out. He took that as a confirmation that the time was now ripe for starting a London Lodge of the Brotherhood of Arts. They were there this afternoon as a group of men and women who wish to bear witness to a belief in the Arts; not as something interesting or entertaining, but as realities having purpose and value in the social and national life.

In beginning their work as a Lodge, they would be able to utilise the interest which had been aroused in various parts of London in the Brotherhood of Arts as a body of definite social significance, by the War Service activities which had been initiated by the President during the past winter. Some of them would remember that after the outbreak of War the National Executive of the Society in England & Wales had decided that ordinary propaganda for the Brotherhood of Arts, in view of the fact that members were, for the most part, fully occupied with emergency duties, should for the time being be abandoned. In order, however, that the distinctive work of the Brotherhood of Arts should not entirely cease, the President had undertaken, personally, the organisation, as a personal service to the cause, of a Brotherhood of Arts scheme of "War Relief". As a result of her efforts 63 concerts and entertainments in all were given in London under the auspices of the Brotherhood of Arts War Service Committee. Those had provided paid work for artists and in many cases excellent entertainments to East End audiences. 29 of the entertainments were given in the East End, and 34 to West End audiences: 3 plays, 57 concerts and 1 small Crafts Show in Canning Town for three nights. The number of paid engagements of artists had totalled 239. Those practical demonstrations of the Brotherhood of Arts had made a number of quite

live small centres in different parts of London, which should be ready, under the influence and organisation of this Lodge, to take up Brotherhood of Arts activities. He would like to take this opportunity of expressing to Mrs. Mann their very best thanks for thus preparing the way for the Lodge's work.

Mrs. Maud Mann then addressed the Meeting on

THE AIMS AND OPPORTUNITIES OF THE LONDON LODGE OF THE B.A.

Looking at the smallness of our numbers, she said, we should see that it was impossible for us to start at once upon any vast propaganda towards the realisation of our dreams of actual artistic organisation, such as that concerned, for instance, with the formation of Guilds; but what we could do was each one of us, singly and together, to begin to think out the immediate steps necessary and possible in preparation of such organisation now.

Before we could enter upon the culture of Beauty in the life of the nation in any large sense, we must begin *the education* of public opinion, and that was a definite way in which we could work in this Lodge, to make of it a centre from which public opinion in London might begin to be educated on the tremendous subjects involved in any fundamental consideration of the arts and crafts.

HOW COULD WE EDUCATE ?

(1) *We must try to bring into our Lodge "live people"*. For that, each one of us must try to become an attractive personality, a magnetic centre to draw people in. We must look upon ourselves as potential leaders. If we were to bring in "live people" we must be very much alive ourselves: the idea of bringing beauty into the lives of the poor and reviving the arts and crafts must burn within us as a great ideal worth making sacrifices for. Thus we should gradually attract to the Lodge men and women who would help us to make it easier to educate public opinion in wider ways and bring nearer the realisation of our ideals.

(2) *What was meant by bringing in "live people"?* We wanted to bring in (a) artists, (b) social workers, people who looked upon the problems connected with the revival of the arts and crafts from an economic point of view, and (c) we wanted to bring in working people with the arts and crafts. We wanted to hear what all these had to say; and we wanted them to hear what we had to say.

(3) *We wanted to send out from the Lodge members who would be acceptable to other bodies in setting forth our ideas.* The Adult Schools, the Labour Churches, the Brotherhoods and

similar Movements offered excellent opportunity for this kind of effort. The Birmingham Lodge of the Brotherhood of Arts had already done some fine work in this direction in association with the Workers' Educational Association, and the Birmingham University, where for the second time an opportunity was being made for her, as President, to address a public meeting on the aims and ideals of the Brotherhood of Arts. We would be able to send out to other bodies in this way members specially qualified to deal with various aspects of our work, if we would only brace ourselves a little to take our part as "pioneers". Our message would be welcome.

(4) Those who were not yet ready to come forward in this way as propagandists, could yet *help in the general work of the Lodge, by attending to the extremely important small pieces of work that so many shirked*. If we wanted to have a really live Lodge, drawing in and sending out live people, it would be necessary that none of us should shirk some of the drudgery essential to the success of the work. It was impossible to get any real success without steadfast attention to the details which effective organisation on any scale entailed.

To this end, it would be helpful if members would send in to the Lodge President a statement as to what they could do for the Brotherhood of Arts, and say when and how they were willing to give a little time regularly to help the Officers of the Lodge in some of the details, and thus set them free for the ever-developing planning of the larger work.

(5) Some might think, and some had actually said, that now was not the time for pioneer work. On the contrary, this above all, she thought, was the time for sowing the seed, and strengthening our work within, so that, although we might not now hope for the realisation of our ideals, yet later on, when the time came for an attempt at the solution of the great industrial problems with which we were faced, there should be a body of men and women who might be able to help in producing order where chaos might be threatened. We had to remember that great psychological changes were going on in people at the present time. Already there was beginning a revolution of thought, and hundreds of thousands were having their conceptions of labour and industry turned inside out by War conditions in such a way that they must afterwards be ready for a much finer message than was possible at the moment.

(6) *As to our immediate programme of work as a Lodge*, her personal view was—but she hoped they would each put forward ideas on the matter from their point of view too—that, say from January on, when they would begin their meetings, they might devote themselves to *study in preparation*

for the forward movement which would be possible in the future. By study she did not mean just hearing lectures, or talking and hearing others talk; but *sharing with one another our practical results in definite work and experiment along Brotherhood of Arts lines*. We artists were primarily doers, and we should strive to show one another something of our dreams and our ideals, and to foster together a deeper faith in dreams than many of us were able to hold in the hurlyburly of the workaday world. In the Lodge we should try to throw off as much as possible of the ugliness and un-ideality that prevailed outside, and to live for the hour of our meeting in the greater world of realities within.

In our meetings also we should strive to help the humbler and younger artists among our members, and help them to realise more of that dream of beauty which we know in the inner world of our visions. So might we, in various ways, bring something of a realisation of that time when again perhaps, as of old, the Gods might walk among men.

(7) To some this might appear as being fine in theory but too much in the clouds for practice. Already, however, we had among us some who were able and ready to share with us their dreams of the world which was one day going to be :

NATIONAL ORGANISER OF THE B. A.

Mr. R. C. Price, a craftsman who had for years past been labouring to collect examples of work showing what craft really was. He had a series of most interesting and beautiful slides which would provide matter for most valuable study by members.

Mr. A. J. Penty, who had joined the Brotherhood of Arts "for active service" a year ago, a writer about Guilds who was exercising a profound influence among progressive thinkers in this country. He was writing a book which he was giving to the Brotherhood of Arts, and was preparing a series of lectures on our work from an economic and industrial point of view.

Mr. J. H. Foulds, an eminent composer, also a member, would be able to tell them of the possibilities and significance of the Brotherhood of Arts message in music.

Mr. H. Wooller, who had given them that afternoon the hospitality of his studio, was ready to share with them the results of some interesting experiments along Brotherhood of Arts lines in painting.

And she herself might perhaps be able to bring before them something of the work and message of the Artist as Mystic, of the possibilities of co-operation with the deva-world, and methods of inner research.

They would see, therefore, that there was no lack of material for immediate Lodge work of a practical kind. But to make our meetings a power and a success, it would be necessary for every member to do his or her utmost to see that they were well attended by making them known among their artist friends, crafts friends, industrial and social friends. It was not fair to expect fine workers to come among us and give the benefit of their experience if we were not prepared ourselves to do our utmost to secure for them adequate audiences. Also, we had to see our Lodge rules in a "living way". No Lodge could be run unless subscriptions were paid, for instance. Some had asked, "Why did not the Brotherhood of Arts do so and so?" Simply because to do certain things, to issue educative pamphlets and propaganda leaflets, to bring out books and magazines, cost a lot of money. If members would try keenly to remedy present financial disabilities, then much could be done in the way of effective use of fine material which they already had among their members. Those who were not able to give in kind, whether in ideas or financial help, could give help in service, and in making the Lodge and its work known, and thus support in an equally practical way their Officers in carrying on its organisation. To the realisation of our greater dreams this recognition of the importance of personal service in details, as a sort of "technique" of our devotion, was one of the first essential steps.

FOUNDATION OF THE LODGE

The Chairman formally put it to the meeting, whether a London Lodge of the Brotherhood of Arts should now be constituted, and asked all present who were desirous of becoming its members to raise a hand. All present did so, and the Lodge was thus definitely established with a membership of twenty-one of the persons present.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS

The following Officers were then elected :

Hon. President: Mrs. Maud Mann.

President: Mr. H. Wooller.

Hon. Secretary: Mrs. M. Callender.

Hon. Treasurer: Miss Dora Lyon.

Committee: Miss L. Edmonds, Mr. J. H. Foulds, Miss Holding, Mr. W. Mann, Miss Eva Martin, Mr. A. J. Penty, Miss Violet Pike.

REVIEWS

Mind in Animals, by E. M. Smith. (Cambridge University Press. Price 3s. net.)

In this volume we have an interesting and useful contribution to one of the youngest branches of science—Animal Psychology. The author disclaims any pretension to having given a complete presentation of even the most important facts which have been discovered in this field of investigation; but he hopes to arouse sufficient interest in his readers to stimulate their study of many original articles on the subject which are mentioned in the Bibliography at the end of his book.

Beyond a brief reference to the basal question as to whether mind is co-extensive with living protoplasm or is a development peculiar to the human stage of evolution, in his first chapter, Mr. Smith raises no points for discussion. He merely describes and illustrates experiments made upon various animals beginning with Protozoa and ending with the equine prodigies Berto and Muhamed. He points out the almost insuperable difficulties confronting the investigator, and while recording the results of experiments, leaves the fact of mind in animals still an open question. Even with regard to the wonderful performances of the Elberfeld horses he says that, although they suggest possibilities not dreamed of before, they do not provide satisfactory enough evidence to warrant a "definite pronouncement as to their real significance".

It is impossible to estimate the value of such fruits of patient and painstaking effort as those collected in this unpretentious book; for, although the facts recorded are, in themselves, very simple indeed, they provide a key to fields of thought of the greatest importance to scientific progress. The experiments were made in order to test the nature of

response to stimuli on the part of an organism; the nature and degree of retentiveness and its relation to habit formation; the meaning of associative memory in the animal and the extent of its sensory discrimination. Special chapters are devoted to the phenomena of "Instinct," "Homing," "Imitation" and "The evidence for intelligence and for ideas". Several pen drawings illustrate the text, and the name of the publishers is sufficient guarantee for the "externals". All students of psychology will welcome this book and lovers of animals will profit by the careful study of many of the experiments. For though it may be a disappointment to find that the intellectual gifts of our pets are not as great as we would desire, yet many useful hints may be gleaned as to right methods of fanning the tiny spark of intelligent response into the flame of ideational power.

A. E. A.

Pacifist Illusions: A Criticism of the Union of Democratic Control, by G. G. Coulton, M.A. (Bowes & Bowes, Cambridge. Price 6d.)

This booklet, a copy of which has been kindly sent us by a friend in London—by way of comment on an article in the November THEOSOPHIST on the Union of Democratic Control, presents the case for the militarist against the U. D. C. It is therefore useful as enabling people to hear both sides of the questions which this organisation has brought into prominence. Very little is said of the stated objects of the U. D. C. that does not amount to indirect approval; the main shafts of Mr. Coulton's criticism are directed against the personal opinions of a few of its members, for which of course the U. D. C. as a body is not responsible, except as publishers of pamphlets containing them.

Apparently the author has no fault to find with democracy *per se*, provided that it does not interfere with established institutions like armies; its only weakness lies in the inveterate ignorance and pugnacity of the people. In proof of popular ignorance, the U. D. C. is condemned for not having started its propaganda long before the War, instead of waiting until its principles, hitherto accepted, came to be regarded as

dangerous. But if it is the people who are generally kept in ignorance of "acute situations" in diplomatic circles, until it is time that their pugnacity should be aroused, the remedy is simple. In proof of this popular pugnacity the French Revolution is quoted—as an example of democracy! But if the author is correct in regarding war as an essentially democratic form of indulgence, and if, as he tries to show, war is the only safeguard against decadence, then what objection can he have to the U. D. C. claim that the people should know what promises are made in their name?

Fortunately his criticism is not all destructive, for he concludes with a recommendation of the murdered M. Jaures' proposal for a citizen army. Possibly the late editor of *L'Humanite* knew that no further reduction of military power could be expected from a conscriptionist Government, but as used here, the word "militia" may be, like "national service," a blind for conscription. Of course this "nation in arms" would never be so wicked as to fire a shot until its territory was actually invaded, but would Mr. Coulton be content if his peaceful soldiers were sworn in for home service only?

However, this little publication provides some serious reading, and its language is singularly moderate. It should be welcomed as a contribution to the study of international relations.

W. D. S. B.

Medieval Studies (First Series) and *French Monasticism in 1503* (No. XI), by G. G. Coulton, M.A. (Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co., Ltd., London.)

These two books comprise a series of essays on the condition of the monasteries in France and England from the thirteenth to the sixteenth centuries; and have reference chiefly to the works of Messrs. Benson and Vaughan, and more particularly to those of Cardinal Gasquet on the subject, in their attempt to disguise the somewhat worldly lives, to put it mildly, of the "religious" of the period.

There are in all twelve essays in the two volumes, and of these the most striking are in criticism of Cardinal Gasquet's book, which devotes itself to a defence of the monasteries and in which, it must be admitted, its author is convicted of using methods that are not very scrupulous in support of his object. There appear what may be classed as apparently premeditated misquotations of various monastic records, such for instance as accounts of the visitations which were supposed to take place in monasteries every three years; the real state of affairs is revealed by a more careful study of these same records and among some of the more prominent crimes recorded against the monks of the time were murder and embezzlement, drunkenness, unchastity, etc. It is interesting to note in this particular essay the author has recorded his offer to Cardinal Gasquet, or any other Roman Catholic apologist, to print with his own pamphlet eight pages in reply to the evidence of monastic degeneracy he brings forward. No reply, however, appears, so it may be inferred that the author of these essays has made good his statements.

Later articles in this collection give very interesting accounts of the attitude of the people in those days towards the various religions of the period; only a small portion of the masses could be said to take any interest in their religious observances, and the following quotation from *A Revivalist of Six Centuries Ago* illustrates the attitude of the laity towards the clergy and their religions. The extract is taken from the writings of a German missionary preacher, Berthold of Ratisbon, the revivalist referred to:

Men talk nowadays in church as if they were at market, each calling across to the other and boasting and telling what he has seen in foreign lands; so that one may easily trouble six or ten who would gladly be silent.
And ye women! ye never let your mouths rest from unprofitable babble. One complains to another of her maidservant, how greedy she is of sleep and how loth to work; another tells of her husband; a third of her children, how this one is a weariness, and that other thriveth not. To what devil art thou complaining thus in church?

The churchyard was used for fairs and markets with all their attendant disorders, and for indecent pagan dances that were practised in the middle ages on Christian festivals; in England at a somewhat later period it was recorded of a Devonshire parson that he used his church for the purpose of brewing ale. Many such acts of barbarity were rife among

the clergy at this time and the abuses were only abolished with considerable difficulty.

Revivals were frequent and short-lived, being pursued with the utmost ardour for a few weeks, then suddenly dying out and giving place to former conditions. The whole state of religious life in those times was a chaotic medley of extremes, and bore no resemblance to the orderliness of the present day.

I. ST. C. S.

THOUGHT CAMPAIGN

FOR THE HOUSEHOLDERS OF THE EMPIRE

Every Householder in the Empire is invited to gather together the inmates of his house, for a few minutes daily, for silent concentrated thought directed to the helping of the Powers of Good, each one throwing all his thought and energy on the side of Right and using his will-power to strengthen endurance in the hearts of the Allied Nations that they cease not till their task be accomplished.

Where desired, the silent 5 or 10 minutes could open with these words :

“We ask that the Divine Will shall find in us clean and deep channels through which It may deign to flow.”

If the hundreds of thousands who are unable to be at the Front would join in a Thought Campaign, either as households or singly, an effective force would be created to reinforce those who are struggling on land, sea and air for the triumph of the Right and the upward progress of humanity.

There are many who think that there is a possibility of bringing this struggle to an end during the next few months, but that if the War does not end then it may go on till the the world is entirely exhausted and the civilisations of Europe die out. It is on the balance. The mighty power of Thought if widely used could turn the scale. Those who use it must be pure in motive, with no hatred in their heart, or they will do more harm than good.

All who join should begin the practice forthwith and publish it to others far and wide. There is nothing to sign or to receive, no one to notify. Only the practice to be steadfastly kept and the thought borne constantly in mind.

January 1916.

*Hon. Secretary,
Thought Campaign*

LEAGUE OF PARENTS AND TEACHERS

THIS League was founded in Bombay on December 28th 1915, during the gatherings of the Annual T. S. Convention. Membership is open to all, whether they are members of the Society or not. The inception of the League is due to a suggestion of Mrs. Besant that something should be done in India to change the conditions for boys and girls in homes and in schools.

C. J.

Objects.—1. To bring about the abolition of corporal punishment both in homes and in schools. 2. To spread among parents and teachers a knowledge of the latest ideas in educational science which affect the training of children.

Officers: President.—Dewan Bahadur T. Sadasiva Aiyar, Justice, High Court of Madras.

Vice-Presidents.—P. K. Telang, M.A. LL.B., Head Master, Theosophical Collegiate School, Benares; C. S. Trilokekar, M.A., Principal, Madanapalle Theosophical College, Madanapalle; N. G. Paranjpe, B. Sc. Head Master, Theosophical School, Cawnpore; Fritz Kunz, B.A. (Wisconsin), Principal, Ananda College, Colombo; F. L. Woodward, M.A. (Cantab.), Principal, Mahinda College, Galle, Ceylon; C. Jinarajadasa, M.A. (Cantab.), Adyar, Madras; T. R. Pandya, Ph.D. (Columbia), Principal, Male Training College, Palan, Baroda State; Mrs. Kamalabai Gajanan, Principal, Girls' High School, Thakurdwar Road, Bombay; Rai Bahadur Pandit Pran Nath, Deputy Inspector-General of Education, Gwalior State; and Miss Mary K. Neff, Head Mistress, Municipal Middle School for Girls, Lucknow. (And others whose names will be added later).

Secretary.—R. K. Kulkarni, M.A., LL.B., Professor of History, Victoria College, Gwalior, C. I.

Assistant Secretary.—S. V. Khandekar, Adyar, Madras.

Membership in the League is open to all, and is not limited only to parents and teachers. It will, however, be understood that whoever joins not only sympathises with the objects of the League, but will personally refrain from inflicting corporal punishment on children in the home and in the school.

There are no fees or dues, but the Secretary of the League will gladly receive donations to cover expenses of publication of leaflets and pamphlets to further the objects of the League.

For further particulars apply to the Secretary, Professor R. K. Kulkarni, Victoria College, Gwalior, C. I.

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Sarojini Naidu. 1916.

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

IN the world-struggle now raging and growing ever more bitter, it is natural that all should be more or less affected, according to their temperaments, and that they should criticise, with some virulence, the views with which they disagree. As President of the Theosophical Society, I, quite justifiably, it seems to me, come in for a good deal of the criticism, and the fact that it comes from a small minority of members and that the overwhelming majority agree with me makes it the more imperative that the criticism should be heard. I have never hesitated to open any columns I controlled to the bitterest attacks on myself, for I believe fully in the statement: "Truth alone conquers, not falsehood." I have, however, received one article from a member which attacks my Indian work in a way which would very much increase my difficulties here, where the Press Acts are a continuous menace to all who write on behalf of Indian Self-Government. While, as my readers know, I have printed attacks on myself to their displeasure, I draw

the line where work, carried on under the gravest conditions of risk to personal liberty and property, would be still further endangered by printing attacks which show an entire ignorance of the environment under which that work is carried on, and in which a distorted and short-sighted "patriotism" misrepresents the struggle against autocracy here, while in England it is claimed—and rightly—that the Allies are fighting for freedom.

* * *

The question is again raised as to the "neutrality" of the Society in politics, and I am asked for a "ruling". It is contended that my own political work compromises the neutrality of the Theosophical Society—as it was contended some time ago that my assertion of the coming of the World-Teacher compromised its religious neutrality—and that my dear friend George Arundale was also compromising its neutrality by carrying on "Indian political propaganda" in T. S. Lodges.

* * *

For the "ruling," for what it may be worth—seeing that no member of the Society need accept it—I think that the T. S. as a body has no right to declare itself on one side or another in any political, social, educational, or doctrinal question; that it must not collectively declare itself monarchical, republican, autocratic, anarchic, absolutist or democratic, nor carry on any propaganda on behalf of any of these views. That it must not declare itself Individualist, Socialist or Communist, in favour of or against child-marriage, in favour of or against perpetual widowhood, woman suffrage, vivisection or anti-vivisection, vaccination or anti-vaccination, and so on. That, educationally, it must not declare itself for or against religious and moral education, for or against free and compulsory education. That, religiously,

it must not declare itself Hindū, Pārsī, Buddhist, Christian, Muhammadan, nor must it even make the doctrines it exists to proclaim—such as the possibility of the knowledge of God, re-incarnation, karma, etc.—binding on its members. Its collective attitude is that of study, not of belief, and believers and unbelievers of every kind are admitted, without challenge, on an equal footing. Even a unanimous vote could not make belief in re-incarnation a condition of admission. As a Society, in its collective capacity, it is bound by its Memorandum of Association, laying down its objects, and by that Memorandum only, with the Bye-laws as passed in 1905, and amended since from time to time. As regards Lodges, they have somewhat greater freedom, since any seven members may make a Lodge with its bye-laws, and may restrict the membership of their Lodge; we have Buddhist and Musalmān Lodges, Ladies' Lodges, and so on. I have no power to refuse to charter them, because they choose to limit their membership. I trust that opinion is plain.

* * *

But if I am asked, ought a President, or a General Secretary, or a Lodge Secretary, or a Fellow, to carry on a vigorous propaganda for or against any of the above views, or any others, my answer is equally clear. That no man loses his liberty as a man and a citizen by becoming a Fellow of the Theosophical Society, and that if he be elected to any office therein, his liberty is not curtailed, unless he accepts restrictions laid down in the bye-laws regulating the conduct of the holder of the office, or any special conditions agreed to before his election. It is of the essence of the Society to have men and women of all opinions in it, working together for the objects of the Society, and free to work against each other on anything

outside those objects. Colonel Olcott and Madame H. P. Blavatsky took Pansil and became Buddhists, joining a particular religion, and the Colonel carried on an active Buddhist Propaganda and organised Buddhist Schools. He was accused of "compromising the neutrality of the Society," but he claimed his right to his views and his practice as a free man, although he was President, and firmly maintained his individual liberty. He was, I think, perfectly right, and I hold, further, that Lodges are entirely free to discuss any subject they please, to invite any lecturer, to study and debate any question.

* * *

A dictum of Colonel Olcott and Madame Blavatsky has been quoted in this controversy, which runs :

So convinced am I that the perpetuity of our Society—at least in countries under despotic or to any degree arbitrary Governments—depends upon our keeping closely to our legitimate province and leaving "politics severely alone," that I shall use the full power of President-Founder to suspend or expel every member, or even discipline or discharter any Branch, which shall by offending in this respect, imperil the work now so prosperously going on in various parts of the world.

(Signed) H. S. Olcott, P. T. S.

H. P. Blavatsky, Corr. Sec., Theosophical Society,
Official Headquarters, Adyar, 27-6-1883.

The statement was very natural at the time, the two Founders being constantly worried by the spies of the police. None the less in another well-known passage he asserted the right of each member to throw himself into any work he pleased, provided he did not commit the Society to it. I grant that this was inconsistent with the above "expel every member". But Hume was a member, and certainly would not have submitted to any control of his political activities; and he was a Fellow of the T. S. and the Secretary of the National Congress at the same time. It is probable that before the Society was

registered and before there was any definite general Council, the President-Founder had practically unlimited authority and could do as he liked. But he never did expel any member for political activity, although the leading members of the T. S. were active members of the National Congress, and although two leading Calcutta members conducted most outspoken newspapers on political lines. In fact the two "violent" newspapers were edited by two Fellows of the T. S.

* * *

But on this arises a far-reaching question. Has any President authority to forbid members to do anything not forbidden by the Memorandum of Association and the Rules, and to make such a forbiddal valid for all time? I deny it. If he had such power, Fellowship in the Society would be a slavery, intolerable to all self-respecting men and women, and it would not even be a calculable slavery, since the President may change every seven years. We should shut out of the Society all who prize liberty, and have only puppets in it. It is curious how those who wish to impose his presidential "rulings" as authority to which I must bow forget that I hold his position, and hold the authority he possessed. It is curious also how those who wish to deprive others of their liberty and to shape the Society after their own likeness, demand the fullest liberty for themselves. A small minority would force the huge majority to keep silence while they claim to declare their own views. Colonel Olcott's dicta are interesting, but they have no authority. If he, as President, could expel a member for taking part in politics, I could expel a member for taking part in a vaccination propaganda. The authority of all Presidents is equal. He cannot bind me any more than I can bind my successors. So far as I can, I protect

the equal liberty of all, but I admit that this is limited here by the Indian Press Acts and the War regulations. I was unable to print Dr. Kapff's attack on my views as to Germany, defending his own country, and even Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden's gentler defence; the latter was confiscated by the Censor as an "objectionable pamphlet," and had I printed either of these, THE THEOSOPHIST would have been confiscated. This I cannot help. Apart from these matters of Imperial and Indian questions which would lead to legal action against me, confiscating literature and press and thus stopping all our literary propaganda, I will give a fair field and no favour, as I have always done. Some day members will learn true toleration, which does not permit even the wish to stop the expression of a view alien from that held by oneself.

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The Toronto Theosophical Society is doing very good work, in this its twenty-fifth year. It has issued a little pamphlet, showing its activities which include a

Series of Sunday Evening Lectures on religion, ethics, philosophy, science, mysticism, occultism and theosophy, by speakers both inside and outside the Society.

The Strangers' Class is designed to provide elementary instruction in the teachings underlying all the great world religions, with special emphasis upon those doctrines which have been the outstanding contributions of the theosophical movement to western thought—reincarnation, karma, the seven-fold nature of man and the processes of spiritual unfolding.

The Intermediate Class offers more advanced study to those who have taken a year's work in the Strangers' Class or who come with a previous knowledge of theosophy.

The series of lectures on Christian mysticism is commended to those who have a special interest in the application of the theosophical method to Christian Scripture.

The Tuesday Lectures on Mystical Literature deal with those difficult and cryptic writings, ancient and modern, which do not yield readily to interpretation without a knowledge of the bases of symbolism and the phenomena of inspiration.

The Research Department Papers replace the Short Study Courses of former years and represent the work of the members of the Toronto Society in bringing theosophic thought to bear upon the elucidation of problems in the fields of archæology, history, philosophy, science and literature.

The Secret Doctrine Class is a group for the study of Mme. Blavatsky's monumental work of that name and is intended for the more advanced students.

In addition to all these, it has a large free lending library, and all its meetings are open to the public and there are no fees or charges of any kind. This last point arouses my special sympathy, and I am delighted to find a Society which has lived, and lives so actively, without any fees.

* * *

The Brotherhood of Arts in Great Britain will be interested in hearing that, thanks to the interposition of *New India* and especially of Mr. James Cousins, an Exhibition of Indian Paintings was opened on February 19th by H. E. the Governor of Madras at the rooms of the Young Men's Indian Association. It is an exhibition of the works of the remarkable group of Indians who have gathered round Abanindranath Tagore, the nephew of the poet. He is the head of the Vichitra School; and the Indian Society of Oriental Art—which lately held its eighth Annual Exhibition in Calcutta, and which showed works of the School in Paris and London in 1914—kindly allowed the Exhibition to come to Madras, the first of its kind in India, outside Calcutta. As was said in Paris, we have here a veritable Renaissance of Indian Art; it is in fact the blossoming of the Art side of the great Indian Resurrection, of which the political side is the demand for Home Rule. It is interesting to note in this connexion the Gaelic revival, which preceded and accompanied the Home Rule movement in Ireland.

ECSTASY

CRUSH me, O Love, betwixt thy radiant fingers
Like a frail lemon-leaf or basil-bloom,
Till aught of me that lives for thee or lingers
Be but the breath of Memory's perfume,
And every sunset wind that wandereth
Grow sweeter for my death.

Burn me, O Love ! As in a glowing censer
Dies the rich substance of a sandal-grain,
Let my soul die till nought but an intenser
Fragrance of my deep worship doth remain.
And every twilight star shall hold its breath
And praise thee for my death.

SAROJINI NAIDU



ADVICE TO NEW MEMBERS

By C. W. LEADBEATER

YOU who are joining the Theosophical Society should, I think, understand that you do so not for yourselves, but for others. There have been members who have joined the Theosophical Society with the idea of gaining from it much additional teaching. Many members (I myself for example) undoubtedly *have* gained a great deal from their membership in the Society; but all the Theosophical teaching is given in the Theosophical books, and anyone, member or not, can buy those books and learn most of what we have to tell. There is a vast amount of information available in the Theosophical books, more

especially in Madame Blavatsky's *Secret Doctrine*; I suppose there is little we can teach you which is not either directly stated or inferred in its pages. But the state of mind which I like to see in those who join us is not only the desire for further information, but still more the desire to help to give to others the information which they already have.

I think a member ought to feel something like this: "Here is a body of teaching which has done me a great deal of good, which has solved for me various problems the answer to which I did not previously see. I have found it most useful to me in many ways; therefore I desire to share it with other people. I should like to spread these ideas; how can I most effectively do so?"

No doubt every one in his private sphere has his own way of influencing his friends, and through those friends others may be reached by drawing-room meetings, by lending books and so on. But here is a Society which is working before the world for the special object of spreading the knowledge of the truth. A body of men and women thus banded together can achieve much more than the same people could do by working singly, therefore obviously if a man feels that Theosophy has done him good, if he feels grateful, the thing for him to do is to join the Society which exists for the very object of proclaiming it to the world.

You help even by paying your subscription to the Society; but that is a very small part of the work; it is your aid, your brains that are wanted. We want our new members to suggest ideas to us, to help us in the work of promulgating this teaching. Our Society exists to try to spread it as

widely as possible, but not at all from the point of view of the Christian missionary. I have been in many lands and I know a good many varieties of the missionary. Some of them are fine and noble men, but I have not always approved of their methods. They start on the theory that they are going to save the world, and that the people who refuse to be saved by them will have an unpleasant time hereafter. We are under no such delusion as that; we know perfectly well that all mankind is progressing towards a definite end, and that everybody, whether he believes as we do or not, will finally reach the goal. So we put it differently: "Theosophy has done us a great deal of good; we have learnt more from it than from any other system of teaching, therefore we offer it to you. If you do not like to take it, that is your affair. Our duty is done when we have put it before you and tried to explain it."

I should like to see such a state of affairs that in all this great country there should not be one person who does not know what Theosophy means. You have no idea how many people there are who have not the least idea of what Theosophy really is. They perhaps have a vague idea that it is something connected with Spiritualism or New Thought, but no more than that. That is a condition of affairs which we ought to try to alter. We do not want to force our ideas upon people, but we do want every one to know what they are, so that when they want solutions of difficulties, when they want information about the states after death, they will come to us. With that object we deliver public lectures and we try to circulate books, in order to get the teaching before people.

That is one thing you ought to have in your minds when you join us—that you will try to spread the ideas, cautiously and tactfully. We do not want the methods of the Salvation Army, or of those people who come up to you in the street and want to know whether you are saved, and if you have found Jesus. That seems to me to savour of impertinence. We have a very definite gospel to give to anybody who is willing to take it; but we must be wise and gentlemanly in our presentation of it.

I have already mentioned that you should put your knowledge and your intellect at the disposal of your Lodge, in order to think of better ways in which people can be informed of Theosophical truth. Anything that you can suggest or that you yourself can do in the way of popularising the ideas, in the way of making them more readily acceptable, will be acceptable; come and give us your advice and help.

Remember that each Theosophist *represents Theosophy* to a certain circle of people. He has some friends and relations who know that he has joined the Society. All these people will watch to see what effect it has upon him. If he continues to behave just as before, they will say: "Well, I don't see that Theosophy makes much difference to a man; I am not interested in it." But if they see that he is calmer and more philosophical, if he meets difficulties better than he did before, his friends will say: "Well, this Theosophy certainly does make a difference; I should like to know a little more about it." The honour of the Theosophical Society is to a certain extent in the hands of each of [its members; so you ought to try to live up to the ideal which Theosophy puts before you.

There is another side to this Theosophical Society besides its outer manifestation. You know that the true Heads of the Society are Those whom we call the Masters; it was They who taught us the sacred lore, who put before us the knowledge which we have. They know infinitely more than as yet They have been able to tell us; much more can be learnt from Them, but it can be learnt only by those who qualify themselves to come into closer touch with Them. These great Teachers are quite willing to draw men into personal relations with Them, but They will only draw those who make themselves suitable. The one and only passport to Their Presence and Their closer interest is to be good workers—channels for the force from on high; because Those whom we call Adepts are absolutely devoted to the work of evolution. They are helping in the unfolding of humanity, and that is to Them the one great ideal round which everything else turns. Anyone who is willing to work with Them in helping forward evolution They will assist and teach and train. It has been said that They take pupils whom They teach; I think we should get nearer to the truth if we put it that They take apprentices whom They train. They do not teach, as a schoolmaster does, merely in order to impart knowledge; They take people who are willing to do the work which They are doing, and train them so that they may be efficient, and can give really useful help in what has to be done.

The only passport to Their Presence is devotion to work, and it must be unselfish work. The man who is thinking of himself and of what he can gain is little likely to find himself in closer touch with these Masters; but he who is willing to devote all his strength

to working for others is a man who is likely to attract Their attention, because through him They can work.

There is an Inner School in connection with the Theosophical Society which those who have been members of the Society for a certain time are allowed to enter if they wish. The difference between that School and the outer Society is this. Anybody in the outer Society is absolutely free to go his own way, to read or not to read, to study or not to study; but those who want to enter the Inner School, in order to be prepared to come into the Presence of the Masters, are asked to subject themselves to a certain regular discipline—to read through certain books, to set themselves to attempt a little meditation each day, and to try definitely to live up to the Theosophical ideals. If they wish, after they have been in the Society for a certain time, they have the right to apply to enter this Inner School. That is a matter entirely for themselves; no one will ever *ask* them to take upon themselves these additional obligations.

Even to those who enter that School we can hold out no promises, but we can tell you this; from the higher degrees of that School the great Adepts have taken some whom They have drawn into closer relation with Themselves. They are taking them all the time—some from one country, some from another. Nationality is nothing to them. They take the capable man anywhere and everywhere, not caring whether his skin is white or brown, nor what his religion is. They take promising children too. Some who have become Their pupils, some who have made magnificent progress, are what you would call mere children. Especially is that the case just now, when we are approaching the time of

the Coming of the World-Teacher. For you in Australasia it is in another and an additional way a special time, in that the Sixth Sub-Race is just beginning among you; so that young people have a most unusually good chance just now. Not a chance of getting anything without deserving it; that never happens; you can receive only what you deserve to receive, for that is the inviolable law; but they have an opportunity of pushing forward rapidly, if they choose to take advantage of the special opportunities, and do the additional work.

That to me, and to a great many of our members, is much the most important side of the Theosophical Society—the fact that its real Founders are these Great Teachers, and that (by working up through it) it is possible to reach these Great Ones, and thereby to become capable of far better work than we can do in any other way. Remember, the power that they can pour through you is a thousand times greater than any strength of your own.

So to come near to Them and to be used by Them—to be Their helpers and fellow-workers—is regarded by us as the greatest possible privilege. It has come to a number of us already. It will come to more of us as time goes on. I hope that some of you who are new members may be among those who will thus be drawn closer to the great Reality—closer to the heart of things.

C. W. Leadbeater

THE SPIRITUAL ASPECT OF ANTI-VIVISECTION

*An Address at the Panama-Pacific International
Exposition.¹*

By ERNEST E. POWER

OF all the problems confronting the human race, surely that pertaining to the nature of life and its origin, its functions and its preservation, receives the greatest attention of the thinkers among mankind. In fact it may be said that all other problems can be boiled down to this one.

Quite naturally we of the human kingdom, by virtue of the nature of our intelligence, look upon the entire universe from an anthropocentric point of view. The world of nature is there for our purpose and for our purpose alone. In some way we have obtained life, and now at all hazards and by all means, fair or foul, we are intent upon guarding this precious possession. We may be compared to a boy who having come to a fruit tree, takes possession of it and henceforth regards it as his peculiar property, exercising jurisdiction over the manner in which its fruit shall be

¹ An address delivered before the Convention of the State Humane Association at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, on October 26, 1915, by Ernest E. Power, representing the California Anti-Vivisection Society.

disposed of, and never losing sight of his own requirements as he conceives them to be.

And so humanity, having come into possession, by some means as yet unexplained, of the remarkable fruit-bearing tree of intelligent life, considers this condition as its own peculiar property and makes all other beings in nature subservient to what it considers its needs and privileges. Man alone conceives himself to be the arbiter of who shall rest in the shade of this tree, who shall partake of its fruit, who shall be permitted to have a sniff at the flowers, and who is to be kept looking on at a distance.

The natural kingdom most nearly allied to the human is of course the animal, and it depends upon the nature of this relationship to what extent man may wield his sceptre of ascendancy over the brute. If we look through human history—and by history I mean the spiritual advancement of mankind along the lines of recognition of the rights of others—which indeed alone constitutes true civilisation, we shall find that not a single religious teacher has advocated less than kindness to animals. In going back to the very dawn of civilisation we shall find the Vedas, those marvellous and strong pillars in the spiritual temple of humanity, referring to animals as follows: “Oh, Lord Almighty, let all creatures look upon me with the eye of a friend, and so may I ever regard them, nay, may we all treat one another as brothers.” (*Yajur Veda* Chapter 36.) All the religious teachers of ancient India frankly prohibited the use of meat, even as a food. Manu, the greatest lawgiver of remote Indian antiquity, states of man that “he acquires pleasure and beatitude by self-denial and beneficence who is persevering, polite,

dispassionate, no companion of the cruel, and free from killing any sentient being". The very first verse of the *Yajur Veda* exhorts the great Āryan race as follows: "Thou shalt not kill, but protect the animals." Besides the Hindū writings referred to above, the Buddhist scriptures simply teem with references to animals as "our younger brethren," belonging to the same family as ourselves, and we gather from that the distinct impression that in the household of nature the human race is to deal with the animal kingdom as an elder brother should deal with a younger brother, for one day in the future the younger brother will advance to where the elder brother is now. Moreover, the Buddhist enjoinder "thou shalt not kill" is understood as referring to the taking of all sentient life for any purpose whatever, including that of food.

The doctrines of the Jains distinctly require "that we scrupulously respect the life of every creature; that every man religiously respect the life of living things. They who have not the pain of others, and who destroy the life of others to support their own, surely even in this world will their lives be shortened; while in other states they will be born maimed and lame, blind and stunted, deformed and misbegotten."

In the Zend-Avesta, the scriptures of the Pārsis, the followers of Zoroaster, the prophet of ancient Iran or Persia, special mention is made of an Angel guarding the animal creation and looking after its welfare. Their kindness to animals, and to dogs in particular, is well exemplified by Saddar 31, where it is said: "Whenever one eats bread one must set aside three mouthfuls and give them to the dog, for among all

the poor there is none poorer than the dog." And the tenderness with which animals are treated in India by the Pārsis and the Hindūs contrasts vividly with their treatment in many other countries, especially considering their houses for the keeping and feeding of aged, overworked and unclaimed animals by public charity; and their animal hospitals where, it is said, even wild animals venture in order to have a thorn extracted or some other surgical operation performed, after which they return to their haunts in the jungle.

Kindness and tenderness towards animals is enjoined in *Deuteronomy* (xxv, 4) where it is forbidden to "muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn," while in *Matthew* (v, 21) we find the following verse: "Thou shalt not kill; and whosoever shall kill shall be in danger of the judgment." The exemption of domestic animals from labour equally with man on the Sabbath day in *Exodus* 15, shows a very tender regard for animal welfare.

Now I have not quoted these sources of spiritual inspiration to the millions of human beings constituting the majority of the human race for the sake of convincing you of anything but that the attitude of these religious teachers towards animals was an exceedingly considerate one. Our modern moralist, who regards the animal creation as utterly subservient to the human, may be almost heard to say that the view of the men mentioned above may have held good at a time when human knowledge was in its infancy; when the relation between man and animals was not so well understood; when there was no experimental science; and when the present commercial, telegraphic and telephonic communication between the nations on the face of the earth

was not dreamt of. Let us grant for a moment that in these assumptions he is correct, although even on this score I would like to join issue with him, if only time permitted. But even assuming this to be the case, his argument is as irrelevant as it would be to say that a road had changed its windings because the sun was now shining and no longer the moon. Our natural relation to the animal world does not change, whatever progress may be made in the enlightenment of the world.

It is a significant fact, however, that even in the most ancient scriptures this relationship between man and animal is thus closely defined; and we may for a moment endeavour to inquire into the nature of this relationship. Perhaps the teaching of reincarnation, or its popular corruption into metempsychosis, had something to do with making people in general assume an attitude of benevolence towards animals. The popular misinterpretation of the reincarnation theory, known as metempsychosis, made a man feel that, any time after casting off his physical body, he might enter the body of an animal, and be given just such treatment as he was meting out to animals now. It would therefore be better for him to be courteous and kind to the animals under his jurisdiction so that, should at any time the rôles be reversed—the animal in human shape and he in the animal body, the former might not take its revenge. But a purer understanding of the principle underlying the doctrine of reincarnation bases the relationship between man and the animal on a somewhat higher argument. It says: "Once I was an animal, and climbing in the course of evolution through the animal kingdom, I finally reached the human. Then from

the lower stages of the human kingdom I have reached my present position, and who shall say to what heights man may not rise in the course of the ages? Also the animal is now where I once was, and will be sometime where I am now. He is therefore in truth my younger brother and I will treat him with the kindness and tenderness with which I would treat my mother's younger child; and though in my younger human brother the difference in age is perhaps merely physical, whilst in the animal it is a matter of spiritual and evolutionary age, essentially the same principle holds good." This, then, was the ancient Indian and Pythagorean argument establishing a certain kindly relationship between ourselves and the animal world.

The Humanitarian philosophers, especially those of the Roman Empire, among whom Seneca, Plutarch and Porphyry were the most conspicuous, based the same idea on the broadest principle of universal benevolence. Says Porphyry: "Since justice is due to rational beings, how is it possible to evade the admission that we are bound to act justly towards the races below us." From the time of Porphyry, however, to that of Montaigne, but little or no attention was paid in Europe to the rights and wrongs of the lower races. With the Reformation and revival of learning came the revival also of humanitarian feeling, as is evidenced from many passages in Erasmus, More, Shakespeare and Bacon. Towards the end of the eighteenth century, when the rights of men claimed serious attention at the hands of Thomas Paine, and those of women at the hands of Mary Wollstonecraft, a work was published, in 1792, attributed to Thomas Taylor, the Platonist, entitled *A Vindication of the Rights of Brutes*,

written, as the author informs us, "to convince by demonstrative arguments the perfect equality of what is called the irrational species with the human". Although the author would have his contemporaries understand that his book is supposed to be a humorous treatise, the *reductio ad absurdum* of Mary Wollstonecraft's essay *A Vindication of the Rights of Women*, there is good reason to believe that, in spite of its apparently humorous intent, the book was seriously meant. However, Jeremy Bentham, the famous jurist, in his *Principles of Penal Law*, published as early as 1780, is the first to assert the rights of animals with authority and persistence. He writes: "The legislator ought to interdict everything which may serve to lead to cruelty . . . Why should the law refuse its protection to any sentient being? The time will come when humanity will extend its mantle over everything which breathes."

In the foregoing I have said enough to show that the best thinkers the world has ever produced have always refused to admit that there existed a gulf between animals and mankind, and have always recognised the common bond uniting all living beings in one universal brotherhood. Moreover when we turn to such a famous scientist as, for instance, Darwin (*Descent of Man*, Chapter 3), we find on this score: "We have seen that the senses and intuitions, the various emotions and faculties, such as love, memory, attention, curiosity, imitation, reason, etc., of which man boasts, may be found in an incipient and even sometimes in a well-developed condition, in the lower animals." Later scientific writers have even given up the distinction so long maintained between human

reason and animal instinct. Dr. Wesley Mills in his work on *The Nature and Development of Animal Intelligence* (1874), for example, states that "the trend of investigation thus far goes to show that at least the germ of every human faculty does exist in some species of animal. . . . It was said that the brutes cannot reason. Only persons who do not themselves reason about the subject with the facts before them, can any longer occupy such a position. The evidence of reasoning power is overwhelming for the upper ranks of animals and yearly the downward limits are being extended. . ." Again E. P. Evans in his *Evolutional Ethics and Animal Psychology* points out that we have to get rid of those anthropocentric delusions which "treat man as being essentially different and inseparably set apart from all other sentient creatures to which he is bound by no ties of mental affinity or moral obligation. Man is as truly a part and product of nature as any other animal, and this attempt to set him up as an isolated point outside of it is philosophically false and morally pernicious."

We see then that responsible scientists agree with the religious teachers I have ventured to quote, in the conception that no human being is justified in regarding the animal as a meaningless automaton to be worked, or tortured, or eaten, as the case may be, for the mere object of satisfying his whims or supposed wants. All oppression and cruelty towards animals is universally founded on a lack of imaginative sympathy. The tyrant or the tormentor can have no true sense of his kinship with the victim of his injustice, as insisted upon by our religious and scientific authorities; but when once this sense of affinity be awakened, then his

tyranny will cease and the concession of rights to animals will be merely a matter of time and adjustment.

The problem, then, becomes a purely sentimental one. How can we awaken this sense of affinity? How can we make people realise that we and our younger spiritual brethren belong to one family and are dependent upon each other for our mutual well-being? That this is so was already realised by Montaigne when he said that "there is a natural commerce and mutual obligation betwixt them and us". An English author, Sir Arthur Helps, in a little booklet entitled *Animals and their Masters*, answers the problem in question in the nearest possible way by defining our duty as "using courtesy to animals".

Now if this sentiment of using courtesy towards animals could be inculcated into the mind of every child, the greatest and most important step would have been taken towards bringing about a better understanding between the animal kingdom and ourselves. Those who have observed child nature find that instinctively this sentiment is present, and only becomes inverted in imitation of older and less sensitive human beings, as is well known to child psychologists. The oriental races—whom I frankly consider to have not only an older but a far higher civilisation than can be found in our mechanically efficient but, humanely speaking, semi-barbarous western countries—certainly live up to this principle to a far greater extent than we do here.

Says our scientifically educated critic: "Surely our modern science indicates an advancement of civilisation not equalled at any previous period in history, or at any portion of the habitable globe." Such an opinion is due to crass ignorance on the part of our

scientific researchers. That for a few hundred years in any part of the world there may have reigned a period of human misery due to not understanding natural laws may be true enough. But it is unfair to history to lay stress on the darkness of Europe during the Middle Ages without also calling attention to the happiness and contentment prevailing at the same time in other countries, such as Japan, China, the Americas, away from the influence of the superstitions that gave rise to this deplorable spiritual condition. Also in such a case due allowance must be made for periods of transition between one kind of civilisation and another. But it is hardly wise to construct a theory of human progress by merely considering a condition lasting for a few hundred years on some particular continent. The world has existed for millions of years, and there is no evidence to show that humanity has not existed with it ever since it became habitable. Again, where the line of habitableness is to be drawn is a matter for speculation only. May it not be likely that the human organism was adjusted to conditions of atmosphere and temperature which would be fatal to us now? The very creatures of the sea show the marvellous adjustment of anatomical construction to external physical conditions.

Nor is it necessary to assume that the earth as a whole carried at any time a human population less numerous than it does at present. Nature, which works with an average too large to be recognised as such by the human mind, keeps things more or less at sea level, and wherever a wave rises at any particular historical period which we would interpret as progress and advancement, a corresponding depression goes side

by side with it in order to maintain the average level. May this not also be true for scientific advancement? If disease has been as rampant among the human race as our modern pathologists like to have us believe—incidentally emphasising their own services to humanity in the matter of research into the nature of life and the cause, prevention and cure of disease—man as a race would have ceased to exist millions of years ago. Considering that it is only during the last few decades that we have a pathology, due, I venture to assert, to a faulty scientific outlook in that direction; that we have a medication based upon a *mis*understanding, and not an understanding, of the nature of human and animal life; that even our very relationship to nature in all its phases is misunderstood; considering this to be the case, the remedy lies in the statement of the case, as the solution of a mathematical problem lies in the correct propounding of such problem. Here also lies our argument disproving the necessity of vivisection. It does not matter one iota whether vivisection has ever done any good to humanity. Is there a single human being with a normal conscience who, when suffering from some disease, would wish to be relieved of it at the expense of the torture of an animal? I have seriously put this question to all sorts of people and I almost invariably get the same generous reply, that they certainly would not! Surely all human sickness must have its cause in the misunderstanding and the consequent disregard of the laws of nature to which the organism has become adjusted; and if all the energy expended on counteracting results—that is curing diseases—had been directed towards the correct understanding of natural laws—that is preventing diseases—we would not

now be in a position where science, like the stupid farmer, cuts off the heads of weeds, without uprooting them and making it impossible for abnormal growths to appear where they do not belong.

Every pathologist, by the very nature of his profession, is partially blind mentally, and furiously hacks at the pathological weeds under the curious delusion that, if he can only hack off a little more, his efforts will be more effective and will not have been in vain. If modern civilisation does not tend towards the prevention of disease, the cure lies not in treating poisons with counter-poisons, whether they be economical, physiological, mental, moral or spiritual, but by merely changing civilisation so as to comply with the laws of nature as they are—not as we would wish them to be. Even as it is foolish to imagine that the last eighty years or so are responsible for the fact that the human race is still in existence, that serum therapy and modern pathology, antiseptics and bacteriology are doing for mankind what never has been done for it before; so is it unwise to divorce nature physical from nature spiritual, and for man to adopt a lower principle when he is able to appreciate a higher. If our sense of pity is outraged by animal torture, we should live up to this our sense of pity and refuse to benefit by whatever apparently beneficial results are the outcome of such torture.

Therein lies the spiritual aspect of anti-vivisection. It is utterly immaterial what showing is made in the reduction of diphtheria or typhoid, malaria or tuberculosis. I venture to maintain that where, say, diphtheria and typhoid are repressed with animal virus or by some other unnatural method, other diseases or

ailments will take their place. Where the death-rate on one score has been reduced through means not in consonance with our highest spiritual understanding, there, upon close investigation, it will be found to have increased through other reasons. Save your population in this manner from disease, and you will have famine, or war, or decrease of births, or infant mortality, undoing in human life what had been protected by means that were not natural. A curious example of this may be found in the statistic that 300,000 children are attacked with diphtheria in France every year. Professor Charles Richet, perhaps the most eminent physiologist and vivisectionist living at the present time, claims "that the number of children who have been saved in France alone by serum therapy in fifteen years (from 1892 to 1907) is 1,350,000". Many of these children are now grown up and are serving in the War as French soldiers, and are being rapidly killed off in a much more cruel and inconsiderate manner. Such seems to be nature's way of maintaining an average under certain conditions.

Now I do not contend that under all conditions that average would have to be maintained. But I do frankly believe that, given conditions in France as they have been for the past forty or fifty years; given the extent to which the laws of nature have been disregarded by the civilisation prevailing in that country during that period; given the extent to which the highest spiritual principles of the French (or for that matter of any other) nation as a whole have been violated; nature *could* only permit of a certain average, and unless any of these factors materially changed, the average population could not have materially increased.

There is no reason to think that the earth could not support one hundred times the number of people it is supporting. But there is every reason to believe that if people desire to live under the present ways of civilised existence, nature will refuse to admit any additions to the human family, in fact that mankind might have to be considerably reduced numerically in order to prevent interference with nature's plans concerning the other evolutions which it is carrying on beside the human. Nature's plans are to some extent thrown out of gear by our misunderstanding the relation of the human race to the other races of living beings co-existing with us, and will only permit of a certain amount of interference. Then nature puts a stop to it by disease, or by war, or by a decrease in the birth-rate, or by an epidemic, or by the increase of vice, or by famine, or by floods, or by fires, or by destruction of one sort or another; just as a man, irritated by vermin, will stand a certain amount of such irritation but not an excess of it, and will take the means available to rid himself of his unwelcome visitors.

For the happiness of humanity, therefore, it is necessary for it to establish as approximate as possible an understanding of its relationship to the other kingdoms of nature, and not regard all its interests merely from an anthropocentric point of view. Therein lies our salvation; therein the spiritual argument for the absolute cessation of the abuse of the animal, either for food, sport, fashion, or the curing of disease. There is very little doubt in my mind but that the eating of animal food gives rise to the greater number of diseases which we endeavour to cure by the results of animal

torture. Truly an outrage on Hahnemann's *similia similibus curantur*.

I therefore make a plea for a deeper study and a better comprehension of the laws of nature governing the mutual relationship not only between man and man, but between the human and the other natural kingdoms, We are all in the same boat, we are all carried on the bosom of nature together. We cannot be separated, for we draw our spiritual sustenance from identically the same source ; and if we insist upon pitting ourselves against each other, of claiming superiority where none can be shown, of claiming privileges where none can be granted, of claiming wisdom where only folly exists, then we have to be brought to our senses, first patiently and then more urgently. Our vaunted civilisation has resulted in the greatest destruction to human life the world has ever witnessed. It would seem as if the preservation of life, claimed by science to have been due to scientific methods, was nothing but a temporary preservation for more horrible and wholesale destruction. Surely a civilisation based upon such principles has no right to call itself by that name.

Are we then to be thrown back into the arms of mere faith, of mere religion without scientific corroboration? This would be going to the other extreme, as dangerous perhaps to the physical condition of humanity as our present methods are proving to our spiritual welfare. There is a middle way, so ably and aptly described by the Buddha Gautama, the greatest of all religious and scientific teachers the world has ever known. Faith alone leads to darkness; knowledge alone into infinite analysis, without the proper synthetic principle. But just as light and shade must come

together in order to make an impression upon our sense of sight, so spirituality and knowledge must be recognised as part and parcel of each other. To the extent that spiritual principles appeal to our higher nature, to that extent and in that direction our knowledge should be applied in order that the light of wisdom may stimulate our sense of understanding as the light of day preserves our sense of sight.

From this point of view all arguments brought forward in favour of vivisection are mere quibbles.

Ernest E. Power

THEOSOPHY IN ENGLISH POETRY

By JAMES H. COUSINS

WHILE, at the present stage of the world's evolution we may not advance the extreme claim for the complete fusion of Theosophy and Poetry, we can at least profitably study some considerations that may lead to a *rapprochement* of both, and the enrichment of each. As a preliminary, we shall recall a couple of expressions of Theosophical teaching that we find embedded in classical English literature. There is no reason why we should not take for example some such teaching as the Omnipotence of Deity, since Theosophy, being a synthesis of verities common to all the major religions, includes (and also illuminates and vivifies) their diverse presentations in the creeds; but it will save us from the superficial charge of claiming too much, if we renounce our demonstrable right to choose any of the great generalisations of spiritual truth that come within the Theosophical purview, and look instead for the distinctive teaching of reincarnation which, as a law of life, and a part of the fundamental Wisdom-Religion, should assert itself through the more inspirational of the poets. I have not made an exhaustive study of the whole range of English poetry with this end in view. I simply recall a couple of outstanding examples which

only disclosed their full significance to me on re-reading them years after I had strenuously combated and been defeated by the teaching.

The first is from *An Hymn in Honour of Beauty* by the immortal Elizabethan, Edmund Spenser.

The poet has been showing the origin of life in the solar centre, and the refining influence of the spirit upon the body: he has likewise given his ideas as to the ideal Beauty, in which he follows Plato and anticipates Emerson in making a distinction between Beauty itself, and beautiful things. He then proceeds:

But that fair lamp, from whose celestial ray
That light proceeds which kindleth lovers' fire,
Shall never be extinguished nor decay,
But when the vital spirits do expire,
Unto her native planet shall retire ;
For it is heavenly born, and cannot die,
Being a parcel of the purest sky.

For when the soul, the which derived was
At first, out of that great immortal Sprite
By whom all live to love, whilom did pass
Down from the top of purest heaven's height
To be embodied here, it then took light
And lively spirits from that fairest star
Which lights the world forth from his fiery car.

Which power retaining still or more or less,
When she in fleshly seed is oft enrac'd,¹
Through every part she doth the same impress,
According as the heavens have her graced,
And frames her house, in which she will be placed,
Fit for herself, adorning it with spoil
Of th' heavenly riches, which she robbed erewhile.

* * * * *

So every spirit, as it is most pure,
And hath in it the more of heavenly light,
So it the fairer body doth procure
To habit in, and it more fairly dight
With cheerful grace and amiable sight ;
For of the soul the body form doth take :
For soul is form, and doth the body make.

¹ *Implanted*

Then follows a consideration of the anomalies of obviously beautiful souls in unbeautiful bodies, and the reverse; regarding which he concludes :

Natheless the soul is fair and beauteous still,
 However flesh's fault it filthy make ;
 For things immortal no corruption take.

The next extract is from the lyric, *Ariel to Miranda, with a Guitar*, by Percy Bysshe Shelley, the early nineteenth century culmination of English poetry.

Ariel to Miranda ;—Take
 This slave of music, for the sake
 Of him who is the slave of thee,
 And teach it all the harmony
 In which thou canst, and only thou,
 Make the delighted spirit glow,
 Till joy denies itself again,
 And, too intense, is turned to pain ;
 For by permission and command
 Of thine own Prince Ferdinand,
 Poor Ariel sends this silent token
 Of more than ever can be spoken ;
 Your guardian spirit, Ariel, who,
 From life to life, must still pursue
 Your happiness ;—for thus alone
 Can Ariel ever find his own.
 From Prospero's enchanted cell,
 As the mighty verses tell,
 To the throne of Naples, he
 Lit you o'er the trackless sea ;
 Flitting on, your prow before,
 Like a living meteor.
 When you die, the silent Moon,
 In her interlunar swoon,
 Is not sadder in her cell
 Than deserted Ariel.
 When you live again on earth,
 Like an unseen star of birth,
 Ariel guides you o'er the sea
 Of life from your nativity.
 Many changes have been run
 Since Ferdinand and you begun
 Your course of love, and Ariel still
 Has tracked your steps, and served your will.
 Now, in humbler, happier lot,
 This is all remembered not.

We now take two short poems by A.E., a living poet.

TRANSFORMATION

In other climes as the times may fleet,
You yet may the hero be,
And a woman's heart may beat, my sweet,
In a woman's breast for thee.

Your flight may be on the height above,
My wings droop low on the lea ;
For the eagle must grow a dove, my love,
And the dove an eagle be.

THE FACES OF MEMORY

Dream faces bloom around your face
Like flowers upon one stem ;
The heart of many a vanished race
Sighs as I look on them.

Your tree of life put forth these flowers
In ages past away :
They had the love in other hours
I give to you to-day.

One light their eyes have, as may shine
One star on many a sea.
They look that tender love on mine
That lights your glance on me.

They fade in you ; their lips are fain
To meet the old caress :
And all their love is mine again
As lip to lip we press.

We might also quote Wordsworth's *Ode on Recollection of the Intimations of Immortality*, with its oft-quoted opening—"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting"; but these four lesser known utterances, which embody the idea of rebirth through three thoroughly differentiate temperaments, provide us with a threefold view of a single subject from the artistic standpoint.

In the extract from Spenser, we have the graceful imagination of the poet working round the idea of rebirth as an "idea," a speculation hallowed by classical antiquity, and sweetened by some stirring of an inner witness to its truth. As such, it stands in the body of Spenser's poetry with perfect fitness; the metaphysical statement softened by the melodious verse, and given body by the simple symbolism of a house and its occupant.

With Shelley the matter is somewhat different. His amazing combination as scholar, revolutionary and consummate artist, invests every line he wrote with a peculiar distinction and significance. His music carries with it, so to speak, a wide range of harmonics—over-tones and undertones that call the imagination through and beyond speech. His deep immersion in Greek mythology is obvious; but it is not so obvious, except to those in whom the esoteric sense is awake, that his interest went deeper than the mere personalities of the Pantheon and their doings. His widow, in her complete edition of his works, tells us that only a mind as highly metaphysical as Shelley's own could grasp the full meaning of that colossal work of the imagination, *Prometheus Unbound*: every paragraph of it is pervaded by spiritual illumination. Yet, with true art, the thought, emotion, architecture and expression are so integral, so mutually interfused, that its appeal is all-compelling from whichever of the quaternary of qualities we regard it. And so, when, in the course of time, the giant brain wishes to play gently and simply around the single fact of reincarnation, it puts it in the mouth of Ariel; thus, as it were, delegating the artistic offence of direct statement to Shakespeare

and his immortal sprite, and in that delegation actually destroying the offence by transforming it into an artistic virtue of extraordinary sweetness and poignancy. This is not the only reference of Shelley to reincarnation. We find it in this passage from *Hellas* :

But they are still immortal
 Who, through birth's orient portal
 And death's dark chasm hurrying to and fro,
 Clothe their unceasing flight
 In the brief dust and light
 Gathered around their chariots as they go.
 New shapes they still may weave,
 New Gods, new laws receive.
 Bright or dim are they as the robes they last
 On death's bare ribs had cast.

And there may be other passages of similar import which I do not recall.

A.E. takes us a stage further, and not far removed from that realm of the psychological universe "where maybe," as Yeats puts it :

In Truth's consuming ecstasy
 No room for love or hope at all,
 For God goes by with white foot-fall.

He is a greater *knower* than Shelley, but a lesser artist. His work, being of to-day, is eligible for none of the mental reservation whereby, to enjoy the out-of-date, we stop down the focal apparatus of the mind to the exclusion of disturbing elements. He is "the heir of all the ages," not merely in the insular Tennysonian sense, but in a full possession of the deepest knowledge of West and East, and the ratification of that knowledge in the arcana of his own nature. Whether or not such knowledge must needs result in frugality of expression remains for literary history to show in the future. Láo-tze declared some thousands

of years ago that they who babbled of the Way of the Spirit did not know it, and that they who knew the Way did not babble of it. A.E. knows the Way as few Europeans, or indeed as few Orientals know it; and it is perhaps the simplicity of ultimate Truth that is most expressed in his poetry. He does not babble. His vision is clear, and clarity does not make for magnificence. In the unity of the Absolute is repose, and the end (as also the beginning) of the Arts. Their fullest literary expression is in that fusion of the three great qualities of Saṭ, Rajas and Ṭamas (spirit, mind, and body) whereby the image is made not merely intelligible to the mind but evocative to the inner realms. The pure sāṭṭvic quality in the arts is as impossible as the music of silence, or colour in midnight. The pure rājasic quality would be a gorgeous vacuity. Ṭamas pure and simple, would be as brimful of ideas and utterance as an elephant at a *salon*. Each, in the Arts, requires the others, and the preponderance of either is the master key to the work. Curiously enough, the individual here spoken of has found a way to the full expression of the three qualities just mentioned, but each through a different medium. George Russell, editor of *The Irish Homestead*, has done more than perhaps any other man in Ireland to rebuild the body politic by preaching agricultural co-operation in season—and out of season, which is the true period of the true propagandist; and he does so as artist and poet. A.E. the painter (who occupies the same physical and mental organism as George Russell) appears to have reserved for his use all the rājasic (the splendid) elements in the total nature. You search his poetry in vain for anything approaching a beginning of

adequate expression of his intimacy with the Gods and their Kingdoms; but his paintings are crowded with presentations of Divinities, angels, and elementals. His poetry leans all to the sãttvic side. It overleaps the gorgeous middle world in which Blake lost himself, and sings (or rather whispers, or makes signals in a kind of deaf and dumb alphabet of poetry) of simple truth or of simple experience, both in the deepest sense of the terms.

The two poems quoted present the idea of reincarnation in this dual aspect, as intellectual concept, and as experience. The failure of the first and the success of the second are full of instruction. The bald expression, the cheap rhyming of *Transformation* can in these days claim no reflected justification from novelty of subject. Indeed, had the idea been a novel one to the poet, its tremendous import would have stirred him to infinitely greater utterance. But A.E. has lived with reincarnation for thirty years: it is, to him, a plain fact of nature; and it is only when it emerges, as in *Faces of Memory*, through the lights and shadows of feeling, that the plain fact, like the rising of the sun, becomes the hushed and palpitating ritual of Sunrise.

In a subsequent article we shall see in what respect these considerations will aid us in finding a way to the mutual enrichment of Theosophy and Poetry.

James H. Cousins

DESERT LOVE

AN ARAB'S SWAN-SONG

Dost thou hear them O my brother? Dost thou hear them?
Speak to me!

The camel-bells that come from realms of sunset to the sea!
Thro' the pass of El-Cantara o'er the burning brown Sahara;
Dost thou hear them O my brother? Dost thou hear them?
Speak to me!

Dost thou see them O my brother? Dost thou see them?
Speak to me!

The trailing caravan that's led by Mahmoud-ben-Ali!
The palfreys that are prancing, and the Ouled-Nails¹ dancing!
Dost thou see them O my brother? Dost thou see them?
Speak to me!

Ah thou seest not, nor hearest? O my brother speak to me!
Say it is no idle fancy—what I hear and dimly see!
For I feel her sweet lips burning, and her eyes with passion
yearning
For her lord and lover dying! O my brother speak to me!

I am passing O my brother! O my brother speak to me!
In my soul there is a rushing like the breakers on the sea!
Ah the sands around are glowing; to the Great Unknown
I'm going—
To the Gardens of Oblivion! O my brother speak to me!

KAI KUSHROU ARDESCHER

¹ Ouled-Nails—the dancing-girls of North Africa.



THE POSSIBILITY OF A HINDU HISTORY AND OF A HINDU NATION

By P. R. SINGARACHARI

IN this paper an attempt has been made to answer the rather discouraging question that is gaining ground in the minds of some western as well as some eastern people. The question referred to is the stigma that is attached to the Indians in general, and the

Hindūs in particular, that, as a whole, they are destitute of such qualities as will render them a united people. They are being talked of as persons wanting in ideals, and the absence of any complete history recording their past is made a ground for asserting that they have no history at all.

Expressions of such opinions are in themselves harmless, especially when they are stray and unendorsed; but when mixed up, as they are likely to be, with the burning questions of the day, it is to be apprehended that they *may* do some mischief, innocently though it be, to the progress of the people against whom they are directed.

It is herein attempted to show the falsity of such opinions, and to point out, by recording facts and reasons for and against, that a past history of the people and their union into a single nation is both possible and practicable. Reference has been made to almost all the facts that may *make* or *mar* the object of this paper, and everything has been stated in as frank a manner as possible. The subject, though referring to the Indians in general, has been discussed from the point of view of Hindūs, as it is *they* who are greatly subjected to such criticism.

HINDU ANTIQUITY

In those periods of antiquity when the ancestors of the present civilised nations of the world were leading a semi-barbarous life, when the fathers of these people were wandering over mountains and valleys without any fixed abode of their own, when most of the lands now filled with teeming millions, happy villages and

large cities, were the homes of denizens of forests, when the roots of the gigantic and majestic trees studding the dangerous woods had not come into contact with the first axe of man, then the Āryans who immigrated into India from the central Asiatic plains were founding many beneficial institutions, which, in these days of pushful character and materialistic tendency, have not been able to maintain the same high level of those earlier ages. The whirl and rapidity of modern life, the marvellous inventions of science, rendering man more and more mechanical, the resultant spirit of individualism prevailing all over the world, with exceptions here and there, have no doubt served partially to blind the eyes of most men to the aforesaid fact. Setting apart the people of western countries who have no direct contact with oriental concerns, it is indeed humiliating to note that some people of *our* day and of *our* country, having been westernised to a certain extent by education or imitation, show a superior indifference whenever the topic of ancient Indian history is brought forward. Such men by their indifference of spirit do much harm to the progress of India's cause. True, indeed, is the remark of such, that India has no history of her own, recording the great events of those past ages; but an impartial judge requires much caution in accepting the opinion of a minor section of people. If anyone carefully examines the question, it will be found that the remark mentioned above is not the whole truth, but a partial truth. There *is* a history of India, recording all the important and stirring events of past ages, but to the misfortune of all honest and hard-working students, it is not a connected one.

THE REASONS FOR NEGLECT

(i) *Internal*.—The historical Muse of India, or rather of the Hindū people, has not endowed her votaries with a tenor of mind to attend to her feats on earth alone, and in a chronological order. Poetical imaginations and exaggerations, imitative interpolations of unknown authors, the distortions of the comments of generations of interpreters, the extraordinary number of figures of speech brought in for ornamentation and illustration, and above all, the æsthetic and religious tendencies of the Hindū people, have to a great extent lent colour to straightforward occurrences and, while making them appear magnificent and attractive, have overlooked the fact that chronology was being pushed into a corner. Thus various causes, operating in an innocent but adverse path, have wrought much harm to ancient India's glory, and the result is the regrettable neglect of attention to her past, which instead of appearing in plain simplicity and attractive grandeur, assumes, to the contempt of all, the monstrously grotesque form of an image reflected in a mirror with a rugged surface.

(ii) *External*.—In addition to such an unthought-of mischief wrought to her by her own sons, India had to experience a severe convulsion which shook her to her very foundations. Tide after tide of foreign invasions, which the disunion then prevailing among the native Aryan kings rendered easy, brought into the country a horde of semi-civilised aggressive rulers, who for nearly a thousand years oppressed their subject race. The tyrannical rule which prevailed in the country, the cruelty meted out to her people, and the many oppressive measures passed by the rulers—the mind, even

at this distant date, shudders to think of, and the pen trembles to delineate the facts on paper. The tyranny of those rulers, with one noble exception, whose name will ever be remembered as an everlasting monument of tender mercy and able statesmanship combined, was a menacing blow to the peaceful progress of the native mind in its genuine simplicity. In the villages and towns pillaged, in the temples of architectural splendour and beautifully laid out gardens destroyed, in the libraries overstocked with books and the miles of smiling fields with waving golden corn burnt down to ashes, and worst of all, in the horrible and cruel treatment mercilessly meted out to the ruled—in all these, those despotic holders of iron sceptres have wrought serious harm, calculated to stunt the mental growth of their Hindū subjects.

Thus whatever was valuable to the Hindū people, and whatever would have borne testimony to their past glory was lost to them, and the inevitable result is the prevailing sorry figure of the country. Until recently the whole country was in a state of panic, and in the confusion of the land then prevailing, resulting from bloody wars and their attendant devastations, the leech-like enactions of the administrative officers, the roaming over the villages of ravenous marauders, the murder, arson, and rape which were of daily and even hourly occurrence, it is no wonder that the people, in their anxiety to preserve their lives and property, did not attend to the preservation of their historical data. Hence it is that the country now offers a spectacle of ignominy, and all around us we see superstition and ignorance holding sway over the minds of most of the Hindū people. Illiteracy reigns supreme over the country;

dominated by a semi-autocratic class of priests, who, in their desire to better their own miserably impoverished condition, impose upon their followers certain religious rites and rules, the meaning of which is a sealed book to themselves, it is no wonder that the people are placed in a hopeless position. The inner meaning of the mystic languages employed in their sacred books is misunderstood by them, and the ludicrous and the ugly have usurped the place of the Real and the True.

THE POSSIBILITIES

But this disrepute must not be taken to apply to all the people of the land without exception. The land was the birthplace of many geniuses, whose masterly productions have added to various departments of the world's knowledge. Philosophy, Medicine, Astronomy, Poetry, Music, and such sciences and fine arts, all had their representatives in ancient days, and there are literary indications of the fact that there were in those days educational institutions and academies where learning was imparted on different lines from those existing in modern times. Even to-day the whole Hindū Nation has not sunk to a position from which it is difficult to rise. The existence of many authors such as Sir Rabindra Nath Tagore, whose works have been appreciated both in the West and in the East, and many others following different avocations where their genius shines forth, the occupation of many high and responsible posts by Indian gentlemen in the administration of their country, the inculcation by them of many salutary reforms calculated to better the nation

on different lines—all these go to demonstrate the fact that there are potentialities in the Indian mind which, if allowed a proper scope, would surely produce great and valuable results.

So much concerning the historical Muse of India. Truly it requires a Herculean strength to extricate her from the mire in which she is submerged, and to place her once more on a lofty pinnacle of fame.

THE MATERIALS AVAILABLE

(i) *Unwritten records*.—True facts are available, but they are hopelessly mixed up with impossible feats and incredible stories, and the task of the student of Hindū history consists in extricating the real facts from the false ones by which they are surrounded. The ruined temple and the dilapidated fortress, the rising gopuram and the magnificent palace, the shining orchards and the blue-watered tanks—each has a tale to tell. The distant temple on a rising hill with the forest country round it, the throng of pilgrims who wend their way to a holy shrine, the daily and the monthly festivals in temples, with all the magnificent paraphernalia attached to them, the dancing girls, the modes of dancing, the history of music and the instruments of music, will each reveal a secret. The glistening jewellery of gold and silver, studded with gems of all the nine kinds, the temple Nandī, Garuda, Hanumanṭa and other vāhanams will each tell at what date its donor lived, who he was and what was his greatness. The stray stone pillar at a distance from the village, the towering banyan tree on the way-side, the intertwining growth of the neam and the arasu

on the village common, stand as permanent representations of some local potentate's heroic deeds. Whole tracts of wild forests and great stretches of sandy desert, once the site of teeming villages and silvery brooks, the haunted inn and the stories of Rākṣhasas, bring to light some usurper's tyranny and the dread of him even after his death. The stirring songs of different itinerant bards throughout the country will afford a useful mine of information wherefrom the missing links in the chain of historical facts can be procured. The inscriptions on stone pillars and the undeciphered writings on metal plates, religiously guarded in temples or extricated from the bosom of mother earth, serve as records of battles won by great kings of the past. The stories told in family circles, the proverbs uttered by old and young, many a custom prevailing among the people, their religious rites, their festivals, their sports and their songs all bear a silent testimony to the historical glory of past days.

(ii) *Written records.*—Above all, there is the whole mass of books written by ancient learned men, who discoursed on all subjects, great and small, necessary for the welfare and progress of a nation—the Vedas, the Iṭhihāsas, the Purāṇas, the Hindū Jurisprudence, Economy, Warfare, and others.

THE DIFFICULTY OF ACCESS

(i) *Unwritten records.*—Despite the many sources of information enumerated above, the goal to be reached is not easily attained, and the path leading to it is an uphill and a stony one with many pitfalls. The student of Hindū history has to experience many difficulties, and patience and perseverance are the qualities

required of him in the face of most trying and discouraging circumstances. He has to wander over hill and dale, cross many mighty rivers and small brooks, visit many places of interest, and be present at many a religious ceremony of the various classes of people. He needs to make personal enquiries, converse with many a peasant, old dame, and orange-robed sannyāsin, make a note of the various things observed, and then arrange them in accordance with a certain chronology. Thus the difficulties inherent in the above method of collecting information are too many to enumerate, especially as they are not of one place or of one province—and India is equivalent in extent to the whole of Europe with the exception of Russia. Differences in language and customs and habits prevailing among the various classes of people offer a stumbling-block to the acquirement of historical knowledge; while the rigid conservatism observable among the Hindū races does not allow them to impart readily any news of educative value. The majority of the Hindū classes among whom illiteracy prevails are so tenaciously religious that they would rather allow their palm leaf books or metal plates of inscriptions, which they inherited from their fathers, to be destroyed by white ants, to rust or decay in the hands of time, than allow them to pass into any intelligent hands for better utilisation; for to do so would be to them a violation of religious rules, and their removal from the *sanctum sanctorum* in their houses, where they are preserved and worshipped, is believed to forebode a terrible disaster to the family concerned.

(ii) *Written records*.—The trouble is much enhanced when the books that are available are found

to be written in dead languages—Samskr̥ṭ and Pāli. To obtain mastery of these languages is a difficult affair; but even that appears simple when compared with the difficulty of getting at the true and direct meanings concealed in those ponderous books of great value. In addition to the varying comments which have disfigured the original writings, for which the mystic language is partly responsible, considerable difficulty will present itself to the student, as matters of different kinds are indifferently mingled together. Discussions of abstract metaphysical questions together with laws of social life and rules for the individual's daily conduct find place side by side with the romantic and soul-stirring deeds of a hero or a heroine, whereas a religious interpretation is attempted for every minute detail, thereby spoiling the whole beauty. Literary and philological adaptations are useful so far as beauty is added from an æsthetic point of view; but being in certain places far-fetched, they produce a sense of unnaturalness. Mythological persons and events are allowed to figure most, while the language employed for the whole is mystical and allegorical.

MODERN DAYS—BRITISH RULE

(i) *Facilities*.—Under the suzerainty of the British Rāj in India, much of the above mentioned difficulty is destined to disappear. The introduction of steam and electricity, annihilating time and space, renders traveling and communication easy and quick. The establishment of Post Offices in every part of the country, and the protection afforded by the British Rāj, extending even to distant parts, keep one's life and property safe,

while a feeling of close contact with one's friends and relatives at a distance can be maintained. The peace prevailing in the country has been the cause of the establishment of many useful institutions and agencies working for the betterment of the country in various directions; and by the aid of educational centres, museums, religious and social bodies, and literary productions of various types, the means of acquiring materials for a historical record is easier.

(ii) *One more facility required.*—But the greater portion of the people of the country, from whom much of the information is to be had, serve as an insurmountable obstacle in the way of a student of history, as the religious tenacity and rank superstition of such people will not permit them to answer readily the questions of an eager enquirer. Deep-rooted ignorance is at the bottom of this stumbling-block, and if the proposal now prevalent in the whole country for the introduction of compulsory primary education for the whole population meets with approval, the British Government will have done a service to India, the far-reaching and beneficial consequences of which it is not difficult to foresee.

(iii) *Contact of the East and the West.*—It is a matter for congratulation for Hindūs that the greatness of their hoary antiquity has received proper recognition at the hands of many learned men of the West. The just appreciation accorded by American audiences to the lectures on music by the Bengali lady, Sathya Bala Devi, the conversion of an influential minority of American people to Hindūism as a consequence of the missionary lectures of the veteran preacher Swami Vivekananda, the introduction of

Sanskṛt and Dravidian languages into the German and English Universities, the recognition of Buddhism as the best religion by an influential class of Germans and Scotsmen, go to authenticate the fact that India is not a despicable factor to be left alone to her fate. This fact receives further confirmation by a numerous class of Orientalists in the West, whose knowledge and learning cannot be ignored.

(iv) *The Hope*.—It is a matter for recognition that, with the exception of the educational policy of this Presidency with regard to vernacular languages, there are, in other directions, indications of a time when the greatness of Ancient India will once again return. In the general contact of the West with the East, India has not failed to cull her share of the benefits, and it is a matter for content that such auspicious conditions now prevail in the country as promise a happy future. It is for the benefit of both England and India, and ultimately for the benefit of the whole world, that the contact now existing should become closer. It is a result very easy to bring about, provided the advice of “sympathetic rule in India,” given by His Imperial Majesty as Prince of Wales, receives greater attention, and a deeper study of Indian literature is made by a greater number of western people. Thus with the materials available, the means accessible, and the recognition accorded, there is every reason to state the fact that a connected and complete history of the Hindū people is possible and practicable. Raw materials are available close at hand in abundance, and it only requires patience and perseverance to manufacture them into articles of universal utility. It cannot therefore be said that Indians, or rather the Hindūs,

have no history at all recording their past events and glories.

THE HINDŪ NATION

(i) *The objection to such a term.*—Perhaps objection might be taken to the phrases “Hindū Nation,” “National Mind,” “National Growth,” “Hindū People,” and similar ones that have been made use of in the foregoing paragraphs. It has been alleged by some persons that the aforesaid phrases are futile, inasmuch as they have no proper significance with regard to the people to whom they are intended to apply. Diversity of languages, differences in faith and religious belief, in temperament and character, have been their grounds of argument; while their objection receives further confirmation from the existence of the rigid caste system, its deviations into innumerable sub-sections, and the obstacles which they present to the free intercourse of different members. The fair-skinned Bengali, the sturdy Panjabi and the keen Madrasi cannot travel together without a common tongue, while a Guzerati and a Uria Brāhmana have objections to dining together, and intermarriage between a Vadagalai and a Thengalai Vaiṣṇavite is an unknown thing. To a follower of Viṣṇu, a temple of Shiva is an objectionable sight, whereas a pariah is allowed into neither’s place of worship. No common ground thus exists between one class and another; and the conditions prevailing in the country being of a separative tendency, to speak of a national unit in connection with a heterogeneous mass of people who are thrown together, is only a chimera.

(ii) *Its true significance and where it lies.*—True indeed is the above conclusion, but it has been woefully forgotten that the arguments supporting it are one-sided, and the truth is only partial. In the midst of the prevailing diversity, uniformity is obvious throughout, and it requires only a closer personal study to reveal the truth of the statement. What is found on the borders of the Himālayan regions is also found in countries about Cape Comorin; and in sentiments and habits a Panjab Hindū is not different from one of Nepal. Brāhmana is Brāhmana everywhere and the Kṣhaṭṭriyas of all parts follow the same habits and are not different with regard to their social and religious relations. No Shūdra can go away without performing his religious ceremony, and it is always the Brāhmana that is wanted for the purpose. A Vaishya's avocation is ever trade, and he shares with his brethren elsewhere his castes, habits and customs. The same feeling for religion prevails in every mind, and no person is different from his neighbour in his theories of life, man and God. Belief in Karma is supreme, and Fate shares the same portion in every person's thought. In his early rising, in his ablutions, in his pūjās, in his taking of meals, in his relations with his friends and relatives, in his evening prayers, one person is the same as another. He is the same with regard to his marriage laws, religious rites and funeral ceremonies. In his reverence for deities, in his desires to visit places of pilgrimage, in his regard for rivers, in his modes of bath and dress, and in his observance of festivals, a South Indian man of any caste is identical with any other man of the same or a different caste in Northern India. The same simplicity of life,

the same imaginative temperament, the same contemplative mood, and the same disgust of this world and its affairs, are to be found in every one's thoughts, words and deeds. No man will start his business without consulting the auspicious moments, every man has his fears and hopes in omens and dreams, and every heart shares the same filial respect. Thus socially and religiously all are one, and these are elements not to be lost sight of. These are bonds much stronger than any others, inasmuch as they pertain to the heart and arise from within. The Hindūs are a sentimental people, and it is in mind they are all united. Any other bond is regarded by them as external, and consequently futile. They are thus already one, and the heart of a Bengali throbs unconsciously at the sufferings of a Guzerati. Hence the significance of the phrase "Hindū Nation".

THE PARADOX EXPLAINED

(i) *Appeal to History.*—This may appear paradoxical, and how to reconcile the two foregoing paragraphs may appear to some to be a great problem. Recourse is to be had here to past history, and the spectacle which England presented two centuries ago, India presents to-day. The irreconcilable divisions between the different sections of the Christian faith, the ill-treatment accorded to one by another, the haughty behaviour of an aristocrat to a plebeian, and the very disreputable state of affairs prevailing in those days, are even to this day in every one's memory. History records it and popular conversation confirms it. Exception cannot be taken to this, and things are to-day what they are because favourable agencies have been at work. Education has

been spread abroad, and with this increased knowledge and wisdom a spirit of cosmopolitanism has taken hold of the people's heart, and philanthropy is now a marked trait in their character.

(ii) *Internally one; externally many. Stimulus needed.* Human nature is the same throughout, and doubtless Hindūs ought to reach the same level as their occidental friends, provided their conditions are slightly altered. The National Unit being already in potential existence, it will be no miracle if it also begins to operate externally, as only an inducement is required for the purpose. No better illustration is needed than the united front offered in a common cause by the Hindūs of different castes in South Africa, and there is a valuable lesson to be learnt from the behaviour of those of our men who have gone to America for study or other purposes.

CONCLUSION

It is well for the Hindūs that a kind Providence has selected for them the British as rulers, and with the cements of a common Government, a common tongue and such other favourable agencies, Hindūs, who are *already* a nation, will become *known* to the world as such. The British will have done a service to the world if they only bring this about, and with the past history of India re-written from the materials pointed out above, India with England will offer a peaceful front, under the fostering light of which humanity will march quicker towards its perfection.

P. R. Singarachari

ANGELS IN THE HEBREW AND CHRISTIAN SCRIPTURES

By C. V. MADDOCKS

ONE of the earliest Christian Fathers, Ignatius, Bishop of Antioch (said to be a disciple of S. John), when writing to the Ephesians, speaks of himself as a disciple "initiated into the mysteries of the Gospel," and tells of some of the things he has learned. "I am able," he says, "to understand heavenly things, the angelic orders, and the different sorts of angels and hosts, the distinction between powers and dominions, and the diversities between thrones and authorities, the mightiness of the æons, and the pre-eminence of the cherubim and seraphim," etc. This passage is quoted in *Esoteric Christianity*, and the comment is added:

This passage is interesting, as indicating that the organisation of the celestial hierarchies was one of the subjects in which instruction was given in the Mysteries.

This being the case, any light which can be thrown on this subject must be welcome. The Hebrew scriptures give many hints on the subject, and there are others to be found in the New Testament also. Philo Judæus speaks of angels as the Words (the Logoi)

of God, that is, the expression of His power or energy. He says :

The man who follows God does of necessity enjoy, as the companions of his way, the Words (Logoi) which are His attendants, whom we are wont to call angels.—*Migr. Abr.*, 31.

That these great messengers are regarded as gods by the less instructed is also recognised by him. "Those who are unable to bear the sight of God regard His image, His messenger Word (Logos) as Himself" (Philo, *De Somn.*, 41). Again: "Angels are the servants of God, and are considered actual gods by those who are in toils and slaveries" (*De Profugis*, 38). He speaks of the greatest angels as being "viceroys of the All-Sovereign, as it were eyes and ears of a great king, having all things in their view and hearing" (*De Somn.*, i, 22, 23).

In the "Celestial Hierarchy" of Dionysius the Areopagite, nine orders of angelic beings are given as mentioned in the Old and New Testaments. They are placed in the following order :

- (1) Seraphim, Cherubim, Thrones.
- (2) Dominations, Virtues, Powers.
- (3) Principalities, Archangels, Angels.

Although apparently not included in this list, the highest members of the Celestial Hierarchy mentioned in the Bible appear to be those great Beings who are known as the Seven Great Spirits before the Throne (*Rev.*, i, 4). These Great Ones are known in Theosophical writings as the great Planetary Logoi, centres of energy in the Logos Himself, and yet glorious living Spirits. They are spoken of several times in the Bible: they appear as "seven lamps of fire burning before the Throne, which are the Seven Spirits of God"

(*Rev.*, iv, 5), they are "sent forth into all the earth" (*Rev.*, v, 6), they "present the prayers of the saints and go in and out before the glory of the Holy One" (*Tobit.*, xii, 15).

The names of these seven great Archangels are said to be Michael, Gabriel, Raphael, Uriel, Chamuel, Jophiel and Zadkiel. Of these, the last three are not mentioned in the commonly accepted scriptures, and have never been generally recognised in the Christian Churches of either East or West.

Michael, or "Who is like God?" is called "one of the chief princes" (*Daniel*, x, 13) and "Michael the Archangel" (*Jude*, 9). In the *Pistis Sophia*, Michael and Gabriel are called the Receivers of Light, who take back the souls to the Light. They "lead the Light-stream into chaos, and bring it forth again".

Gabriel, or "Man of God," is said to "stand in the Presence of God" (*Luke* i, 19). He is mentioned as a divine messenger twice in the Old Testament and twice in the New. It is he who foretells the birth of John the Baptist, and later, the birth of Jesus.

Uriel, or "Flame of God," is described in the *Book of Enoch* as he "whom the eternal Lord of glory sets over all the luminaries of heaven" (*Enoch*, xxi, 72). He is mentioned in *2 Esdras*, x, 28, where he is represented as a giver and interpreter of visions.

Raphael, or "God has healed," called in *Enoch* (xx, 3) "one of the watchers, the angel of the spirits of men," is said to be the angel of Mercury. He appears as the angelic guide and friend of Tobias in the *Book of Tobit*, and says of himself: "I am

Raphael, one of the Seven Holy Angels which present the prayers of the saints, and go in and out before the glory of the Holy One" (*Tobit*, xii, 15).

As we have seen, S. Ignatius speaks of the "pre-eminence of the Cherubim and Seraphim". These mysterious Beings seem to be, in a peculiar way, angels of the Presence. Philo speaks of them as representing two supreme attributes of God, His Authority and His Goodness. The Cherubim are represented in the Hebrew scriptures as winged creatures with human countenances, living *bearers* of God when He manifests Himself in His glory on the earth. A writer in *Chambers' Encyclopædia* says:

While they are always conceived as living creatures, their perfectly free power of movement seems to suggest a connection with the thunderclouds which reveal to the world the majesty of God. In Psalm xviii, it is said that Jehovah "rode upon a *cherub* and did fly; yea he flew swiftly on the *wings of the wind*," and elsewhere the clouds are called the chariot of Jehovah. To the Hebrew idea of the cherub (in this subject of it) is allied the Indian conception of the bird Garuda, the swift bearer of Viṣṇu, and the swift-winged four-footed bird which in Æschylus carries Oceanus through the ether.

In the Bible literature, cherubim are represented as guardians of sacred things. Cherubim are said to "keep the way of the tree of life" at the entrance to Eden (*Gen.*, iii, 24). There are figures of cherubim placed upon the Ark to guard its sanctity (*Exodus*, xxv, 18), and also at the doors of the temple of Ezekiel's vision (*Ezek.*, xli, 25). Philo says:

The images of the creative power and of the kingly power are the winged cherubim which are placed upon the ark (*De Prof.*, 19).

The seraphim are celestial Beings that are said to surround the Presence.

I saw also the Lord sitting upon a throne . . . Above Him stood the seraphim . . . and one cried to another and said, Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts ; the whole earth is full of His glory.—*Isaiah*, vi, 1-3.

The word seraph means “fiery serpent” and is used in that sense in several places, such as *Numbers*, xxi, 6, where the Israelites were bitten by fiery serpents and many died. “And the Lord said unto Moses, make thee a fiery serpent (Sārāph) and set it upon a pole” (*Num.*, xxi, 8). It is suggested by Driver and others that the popular mythical seraphim were personifications of the serpent-like flashes of lightning which shine around the thunderclouds, the throne of the Almighty.

Philo, however, sees in them the personified Goodness of God, and perhaps, the serpent being a symbol of wisdom, they may represent the light of Divine Wisdom.

Little is said in the Bible about the other ranks of the celestial hierarchy mentioned by Dionysius, except the Archangels and angels. Angels of many degrees and with many different offices appear, from the guardian angels of men to the rulers of nations and the angels of the cosmic forces. Angels of the four quarters of the heavens are mentioned under the guise of chariots (vehicles) drawn by red, black, white and bay horses.

The angel said unto me: “These are the four winds [marginal note, “or spirits”] of heaven, which go forth from standing before the Lord of all the earth.”—*Zechariah*, vi, 5.

These angels of the four quarters are also referred to in *Revelation*, vii, 1 :

I saw four angels standing at the four corners of the earth, holding the four winds of the earth.

In the same book an angel is spoken of which had power over fire (xiv, 18), also "the angel of the waters" (vi, 5). In *Ephesians*, ii, 2, we have "the prince of the power of the air".

Origen, writing against Celsus, speaks of the "distribution of the various quarters of the earth among different superintending Spirits". And quotes from the septuagint version of *Deuteronomy*:

When the Most High divided the nations, when he dispersed the sons of Adam, He set the bounds of the people according to the number of the angels of God; and the Lord's portion was his people Jacob.—xxxii, 8-9.

These passages are quoted in *Esoteric Christianity*, and the comment is added:

This is very suggestive of the title the "Lord" being regarded as that of the Ruling Angel of the Jews only, and not of the "Most High," i.e., God.

A similar idea is found in the *Book of Ecclesiasticus*, xvii, 17: "For every nation He appointed a Ruler, and Israel is the Lord's portion."

The ruling angel of the Jews is referred to several times in the Old Testament. When the Israelites are beginning their journey from Egypt, they are thus admonished:

Behold, I send an angel before thee, to keep thee by the way, and to bring thee into the place which I have prepared. Take ye heed of him, and hearken unto his voice, be not rebellious against him. . . for my name is in him.—*Exodus*, xxiii, 20.

This angel appeared to Joshua in the form of "a man with his sword drawn in his hand" (*Joshua*, v, 13), and spoke thus:

As captain [marginal note, "Prince"] of the host of the Lord am I now come. . . Put off thy shoe from off thy foot, for the place whereon thou standest is holy. . . . And the Lord said, "See, I have given into thine hand Jericho, and the king thereof, and the mighty men of valour."

In the *Book of Daniel* are several references to the angels of the nations. Daniel sees "a man clothed in linen . . . his face as the appearance of lightning, and his eyes as lamps of fire" (x, 6). We learn that his name is Gabriel (viii, 16), and he has come to console Daniel, and to tell him of his conferences with the other national angels.

Fear not, Daniel. . . The Prince of the kingdom of Persia withstood me one-and-twenty days, but lo, Michael, one of the chief princes, came to help me . . . Now will I return to fight with the Prince of Persia, and when I go forth, lo the Prince of Greece shall come. . . There is none that holdeth with me against these but Michael your Prince.

Here we see that "Michael" is given as the name of the Lord of the Jewish nation. Again (in chapter xii, 1) it is said :

At that time shall Michael stand up, the great Prince which standeth for the children of thy people.

According to W. Oesterly (*Hastings' Bible Dictionary*) Jehovah or Jahweh was at first regarded as merely one of the angelic host. By degrees he assumed a more and more exalted position, and was regarded as in some sense the guardian angel of the nation. Gradually his superiority to the angels was recognised, and then his messenger or angel appeared in his stead, and became his representative in all his dealings with men. Thus we have the Lord "walking in the garden" and visiting Abraham, in the earlier books; later on it is the "angel of the Lord" who appears to men.

Perhaps the most impressive figures in the Celestial Hierarchy, according to the Bible, are the angels of Destiny described in *Revelation*. These mighty Beings are represented as working out the divine Will with regard to the nations of the world,

bringing about calamities or bestowing blessings. One such angel is spoken of as "having great authority, and the earth was lightened with his glory" (*Rev.*, xviii, 1).

The wonderful music of the angels is suggested in many places. "And I heard the voice of many angels round about the Throne" (*Rev.*, v, 11). And their voice is "as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of a great thunder, and . . . the voice of harpers harping with their harps" (*Rev.*, xiv, 2).

Angels are represented as guiding and protecting mankind: "He shall give His angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways" (Ps. xci, 11); they watch over and govern the nations under the name of "watchers and holy ones" (*Dan.*, iv, 14-17); under the name of angels or messengers they carry out the commands of God, and do His will whether on earth or in the higher worlds.

And always they lead a life of reverent and joyous worship and praise, rejoicing, as glorious Sons of God, in all the Divine manifestation—from the beginning of the creation "when all the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy" (*Job.*, xxxviii), to the vision of the final Consummation, when at the end of the world the angel-reapers gather in the harvest of perfected men, "a great multitude, which no man can number, of all nations, and kindreds, and peoples and tongues" (*Rev.*, vii, 11, 12). Then "all the angels fell before the Throne . . . and worshipped God, saying, 'Amen; Blessing, and glory, and . . . thanksgiving and honour and power and might, be unto our God for ever and ever. Amen'."

C. V. Maddocks



INTUITION, MENTAL AND SUPER-MENTAL

By ANNIE BESANT

LEIBNITZ, in defining perfect knowledge spoke of “intuitive” as one of its characteristics. Intuitive—seeing. There is a world of thought in which ideas are “seen,” are “objects” to the vision of the Intellect. A truth is not reached by reason in that world, but by “sight”. It is not argued about, but beheld. A sense in the physical world is an extension and specialisation of touch; there is contact, direct or

indirect, with the object. In touch the contact is said to be direct, although there be no such thing as real contact; every atom lives in its own world, floating in space and surrounded by its own "Ring Pass-not," through which nought can break without disintegration of the atom. Even in touch, the contact is therefore indirect, through a medium—the ether. Sight is obviously indirect, but the medium is the same. Hearing is regarded as the result of vibrations of air, but the ether is the true medium. So with taste and smell, though liquid and solid are regarded as the media. It is this contact which lends to the senses their feeling of reality, of certainty, and though we usually say that we correct the reports of the senses by the reason—as in the rising and setting of the sun, which neither rises nor sets—it is not really the sense-report which is corrected, but the erroneous induction based thereon by the reason. The record imprinted on the senses remains accurate so far as the sense-impression is concerned.

When we consider the hidden God in man, the "portion of myself, a living Self, thrown down into the world of matter," we find that he reproduces the divine image, and is a three-aspected unity, the three-faced Monad. These three aspects, Power, Wisdom, Activity, are individualised in the Spirit—God made flesh—no longer the Hidden but the Manifested God, not the Father in heaven, but the incarnate Son. In the Spirit Power is individualised as Will, Wisdom as Intuition, and Activity as Intellect, the creative power in man. These we must recognise if we would study mental and super-mental Intuition aright. For there is an Intuition of the Intellect, as there is an Intuition of the

Wisdom, the wisdom which is Self-Realisation, or the Realisation of the Self.

Of the Intellect it is written: "His nature is knowledge"; he is the knower. But as a Knower implies a Known, the Intellect looks outwards, and beholds its object, in idea in the mental world. It shapes itself, as it were, to the object, the "modification of the thinking principle" of Paṭaṅjali. The idea is intuited, not reached by any reasoning process, and it is known as true or false by the assonance or discord of the vibrations of the matter clothing it with the vibrations of the causal body. A musician does not reach the fact of a discord by a process of reasoning; he hears it. The Spirit as Intellect does not reach the fact of a falsehood by a process of reasoning; he intuits it. Tuned into perfect harmony with Brahman who is Truth, a lie is a discord, recognised as such at once, a false note, a dissonant vibration. The mind, which is a part of the Intellect, working in denser matter—often called the lower mind, to distinguish it from the higher mind or Intellect—has not this direct perception of Truth, but reaches Truth laboriously by a process of reasoning, of moving from point to point in a definite succession, not seeing Truth by an eagle-glance of direct vision.

The difference between reasoning and intuition may be grasped to some extent, if you think of a philosophic naturalist, or scientist of any department of investigation into Nature. He has accumulated many facts; he has arranged them in classes side by side; he seeks by inductive reasoning to find a synthesis, a principle underlying all; and in that tension of the mind, that meditation, seeking the unseen

unity in the seen diversity, the Intellect illumines the field of discourse and intuits the underlying Truth. Thus Newton saw in a flash of intuition the idea of gravitation: thus Darwin saw the idea of evolution. It was the vision of the Spirit, the intuition of the Intellect, the "divine eye": "The man who sees the One in the Many," said Plato, "that man I esteem as a God." So also in the practice of meditation, when the reasoning mind is wholly stilled, and alert, tense, concentrated, the attention is fixed on the Self, there comes the illuminating flash of the Spirit as Intellect, the "third eye" opens, and Truth is seen.

But let it not be forgotten that Intellect contacts, it does not absorb. There is no identification of Knower and Known, no interpenetration of seer and object seen. Intellect does not include but sees. Its vision is clear-cut, definite, sharply defined. Ever outward-turned is the Intellect, reflecting not embracing.

Super-mental Intuition, the Intuition of Wisdom, is the vision of the Spirit through his second aspect, and that vision is not an outward-looking into the world of matter, the "Knowable," but is an inward-looking into the depths of the Spirit, into the illimitable spaces of the Within, "deep answering to deep" in the infinite profundities of the Self. Hence its whole character is different; its nature is not knowledge but love, knowledge by love, by self-identification with the consciousness not with the encasement of Known. Paṭañjali speaks of the meditator as seeing the universe *within himself*. Since there is but one Self, the Realisation of the Self places the realiser within all forms, not outside them. This, which is the Wisdom-consciousness, called by us Buḍḍhi, extends

itself, as it were, to include all other consciousnesses, and becomes one with them in realised unity as it has ever been one with them in reality. It does not lose its own centre, but is one with all others; as Plotinus admirably says, each star is itself and all other stars as well. This Self-realising aspect of the Spirit should be thought of as a radiating Star, not as a circumference. When the Spirit is working in his second aspect, the enclosing causal body disintegrates, and its particles recombine with the radiating Buddhic Star, and its rays mingle with all other similar Stars, interweaving, interpenetrating with no sense of difference. This is the Christ-consciousness, and from this, vaguely sensed but ill-understood, all theories of substitutionary atonement have been woven. Substitution is the thought of the non-realising mind, which sees all as external to itself, and cannot understand an identity of nature which transcends all differences, in which the "Saviour" and the "saved" are one, "as Thou, Father, art in me, and I in Thee, so they also may be one in us". This unity of the divine nature, in which all are partakers, has been legalised and carnalised into the terrible triplicity of an angry God, and an atoning God, and an atoned-for sinner. Far removed is this from the "Christ born in you," from "the Christ in us, the hope of glory". Thus do the unspiritual debase spiritual truths.

Bergson, among modern philosophers, has seen the coming evolution of man into the Self-Realising consciousness, the consciousness, as we say, of the sixth race, and very imperfectly of the sixth sub-race. He sees it rightly as more cognate to feeling than to intellect, as growing out of instinct rather than out of mind. He

sees that while the intelligence, looking on the material world, multiplies and perfects its instruments for the investigation thereof, extending the senses, "with mind as the sixth," instinct, the formative self-preserving power, must work from within, fashioning the organs through which life functions, in ever-increasing perfection, and giving birth to Intuition, a faculty higher than the reason.

This Intuition knows by an entering into any form, identifying consciousness with the consciousness abiding in that form, feeling as it feels, thinking as it thinks, seeing as it sees, one with it, and thus gaining an intimacy of knowledge beyond aught that the Intellect can reach. Bringing the memories of that Self-identity "out of the everywhere into the here," the indwelling Spirit accomplishes an exquisiteness of sympathy which no lower experience can evoke. A perfect comprehension is the result, and hence an enduring power to help. "Tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner"—if the word "pardon" can be used where there exists a unity of nature.

Annie Besant

THE NATURE OF MYSTICISM

By C. JINARĀJADĀSA, M.A.

(Continued from p. 421)

PANTHEISM

“**G**OD is All.” This is Pantheism. In one form or in another the teachings of Pantheism are found in most of the religions. The Substratum of all things, when conceived of as a Personal God, and not as a super-personal Absolute, is thought of in religion in two manifestations, as either the Transcendence or the Immanence.

In the former, the Creator is distinct and apart from His creation; however much His craftsmanship is evident in the “design” in nature, that nature is not He; to the devotee who worships the Transcendent Godhead, to think of any pantheistic unity between God and nature “subverts the personality of God and man, renders free will impossible and destroys all real moral responsibility”. In the latter, however, nature could not exist but for God’s eternal and inseparable unity with it; it is only because He is immanent in the atom that the atom has energy and substance; it is only the Immanence of God in nature that makes evolution possible; and the final victory of man over evil is

achieved only because man is himself a manifestation of the Immanent Godhead.

Pantheism is seen in its clearest presentation in Hinduism. These verses from the Shvetāshvatara Upanishad alone will show well the Hindu doctrine of Immanence; it will be seen that the Hindu Pantheistic Divinity is not a vague impersonal abstraction—"the night in which all cows are black"—but the splendid Reality of a Personal God.

This God, in sooth, in all the quarters is; long, long ago indeed, he had his birth, he verily is now within the germ. He has been born, he will be born; behind all who have birth he stands, with face on every side.

Whose faces, heads and necks, are those of all, who lieth in the secret place of every soul, spread o'er the universe is He, the Lord. Therefore as all-pervader, He's benign.

That sure is fire; That sun; That air; That surely moon; That verily the bright; That Brahm; the waters That; That the creator.

Thou woman dost become, and man, and youth, maid too in sooth; when old with staff thy steps thou dost support; thou takest birth with face on every side.

Blue fly, green bird, and red-eyed beast, the cloud that bears the lightning in its womb, the seasons, and the seas, beginningless art thou. In omnipresent power thou hast thy home, whence all the worlds are born.

It is in the same Upanishad we have the following verses, which show how the Hindu mind has united the Transcendent and Immanent Godhead, so that from the soul of man rises utmost devotion to one theistic God. He is called "The Man".

I know this mighty Man, sun-like, beyond the darkness; Him and Him only knowing one crosseth over death; no other path at all is there to go.

Than whom naught is greater or less, than whom none more subtle or vast; like as a tree, he silent stands in shining space, in solitude. By Him, the Man, this all is filled.

Him know I, old, without decay, the Self of all, gone forth into all the worlds with omnipresent power; about whose birth and death fools only speak; they who of Brahman tell, Him everlasting call.

Him, nor from above, nor from below, nor midmost, can one grasp; no equal to be found is there of Him, whose name is glory great.

His form stands not within the vision's field, with eye no man beholds Him. Him standing in the heart, by heart, by mind; thus they who know immortal they become.

Alone within this universe He comes and goes; 'tis He who is the fire, the water He pervadeth. Him and Him only knowing one crosseth over death; no other path at all is there to go.¹

In popular Buddhism, since Buddhism is a non-theistic religion, there is no Pantheism of the ordinary kind. Nevertheless the Buddha recognised the Substratum of all things; He called it Nirvana, which is thus described:

There is, O Brethren, that Abode, where there is indeed no earth nor water nor air; nor the world of the Infinity-of-Space, nor the world of the Infinity-of-Intelligence, nor the world of No-Thing-Whatsoever, nor the world of Neither-Cognition-nor-Non-Cognition; nor this world, nor the world yonder, and neither the sun nor the moon. That I call, O Brethren, neither coming nor going nor standing, nor birth nor death. Without foundation, without origination, beyond thought is That. The destruction of sorrow verily is That.

There is, O Brethren, that which is unborn, unmanifested, uncreate and unconditioned. Unless, O Brethren, it were not unborn, unmanifested, uncreate and unconditioned, there could not be cognised in this world the coming forth of what is born, manifested, created and conditioned.²

In Christianity, Pantheism has not been an orthodox doctrine; and this is natural, for in all religions where emphasis is laid upon the Godhead

¹ Mead and Chatterji's translation.

² Udānam. Section VIII.

as Transcendent, there is often a repugnance to thinking of Him as Immanent. Nevertheless in Christianity many mystics have been pantheists; and it is striking to note from the newly discovered Logia of Jesus that in early Christian days a lofty Pantheism was not incompatible with true faith. In one Logion, Jesus says,

Raise the stone and there thou shalt find Me, cleave the wood and there am I.

Yet in another Logion, fragmentary though it is, we have the pantheistic conception of one chain of ascending life.

Jesus saith, Ye ask, Who are those that draw us to the kingdom, if the kingdom is in Heaven? . . . the fowls of the air, and all the beasts that are under the earth or upon the earth, and the fishes of the sea, they are they which draw you, and the kingdom of Heaven is within you; and whosoever shall know himself shall find it. Strive therefore to know yourselves, and ye shall be aware that ye are the sons of the Father.

This is of course Pantheism of a lofty kind; and we have the paraphrase of the Logion by Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt, who discovered the fragment, in these words: "The idea seems to be that the divine element in the world begins in the lower stages of animal creation, and rises to a higher stage in man, who has within him the kingdom of heaven. . . . The transition from the inward character of the kingdom to the necessity of self-knowledge is natural. Since the kingdom is not an external manifestation but an inward principle, men must know themselves in order to attain to its realisation."

An interesting form of Pantheism is that which appears in Sufism. Orthodox Mohammedanism, with

its high conception of God as Transcendent, leaves no place for Pantheism; but in Persia the teachings of Mohammed underwent a mystical transformation, which has given such a beautiful pantheistic conception of God as this, from the Persian mystic-poet Jāmī:

Each speck of matter did He constitute
 A mirror, causing each one to reflect
 The Beauty of His visage. From the rose
 Flashed forth His Beauty, and the nightingale
 Beholding it, loved madly. From that fire
 The candle drew the lustre which beguiles
 The moth to immolation. On the sun
 His beauty shone, and straightway from the wave
 The lotus reared its head. Each shining lock
 Of Leyli's hair attracted Majnun's heart
 Because some ray divine reflected shone
 In her fair face. 'Twas He to Shirin's lips
 Who lent that sweetness which had power to steal
 The heart from Parviz, and from Farhad life.
 His beauty everywhere doth show itself,
 And through the forms of earthly beauties shines
 Obscured as through a veil. He did reveal
 His face through Joseph's coat, and so destroyed
 Zuleykha's peace. Where'er thou seest a veil,
 Beneath that veil He hides. Whatever heart
 Doth yield to love, He charms it. In His love
 The heart hath life. Longing for Him, the soul
 Hath victory. That heart which seems to love
 The fair ones of this world loves Him alone.
 Beware! say not, "He is All-Beautiful,
 And we His lovers!" Thou art but the glass,
 And He the face confronting it, which casts
 Its image in the mirror. He alone
 Is manifest, and Thou in truth art hid.
 Pure love, like beauty, coming but from Him
 Reveals itself in thee. If steadfastly
 Thou canst regard, thou wilt at length perceive
 He is the mirror also; He alike
 The Treasure and the Casket. "I" and "Thou"
 Have here no place, and are but phantasies
 Vain and unreal. Silence! For this tale
 Is endless, and no eloquence hath power
 To speak of Him. 'Tis best for us to love
 And suffer silently, being as nought.¹

¹ Translation of E. G. Browne.

In modern days, we have a revival of pantheistic teaching in Emerson. He amplifies the ancient teachings of Plato and the Stoics of a universal Divine Mind. It is this Divine Mind, the "Over-Soul,"

within which every man's particular being is contained and made one with all other; that common heart, of which all sincere conversation is the worship, to which all right action is submission; that overpowering reality which confutes our tricks and talents, and constrains every one to pass for what he is, and to speak from his character, and not from his tongue, and which evermore tends to pass into our thought and hand, and become wisdom, and virtue, and power, and beauty. We live in succession, in division, in parts, in particles. Meantime within man is the soul of the whole; the wise silence; the universal beauty, to which every part and particle is equally related; the eternal ONE. And this deep power in which we exist, and whose beatitude is all accessible to us, is not only self-sufficing and perfect in every hour, but the act of seeing and the thing seen, the seer and the spectacle, the subject and the object, are one. We see the world piece by piece, as the sun, the moon, the animal, the tree; but the whole, of which these are the shining parts, is the soul.¹

This general survey of Pantheism gives us its main elements. They are:

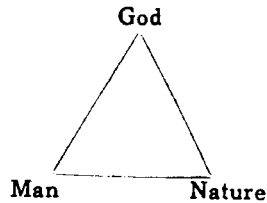
1. God is All, and all is God. All life and force and matter are modes of His existence. He is Immanent in the world He has created; but He is at the same time Transcendent, and exists in a mode which can never be realised through His creation.

2. The Divine Nature expresses Itself in creation in ascending grades of life and form; It is the Divine Mind which is manifest in the law, beauty and harmony in the universe.

3. Individual man is one with God—of His very nature in essence and in existence.

¹ Essays, "The Over-Soul".

We have thus a trinity of God and man and nature. If we symbolise this trinity in the form of a triangle,



we shall find that two main types of mysticism appear, one that emphasises the relation between man and God, and the other that between nature and God. These two types we shall call respectively Pantheistic Mysticism and Nature Mysticism.

PANTHEISTIC MYSTICISM

The Theme.—This is to emphasise in all possible ways that God and man are one. No religion has proclaimed this unity so clearly or so boldly as Hinduism; it is the great “Secret” that could be expounded only to “twice-born” men; it rings out throughout the centuries, from age to age. The father Uddālaka teaches it to his son Shvetaketu:

All this universe has the Supreme Deity for its life. That Deity is Truth. He is the Universal Soul. *Thou art He, O Shevataketu.*¹

If a man thinks he is a mortal, governed by time and tide, he knows not the facts of his own existence. The great Self and man’s self are one, and not twain.

As oil in seeds, butter in cream, water in springs, and in the firesticks fire, so is that Self found in the self, by him who seeks for Him with truth and meditation.²

¹ Chhāndogya Upanishad.

² Shvetāshvatara Upanishad

This same unity is hinted at in Christianity, though not worked out to a logical conclusion, as in Hinduism.

I am the vine, ye are the branches.¹

In him we live, and move, and have our being . . . for we are also his offspring.²

In modern days, the unity of God and man is the fundamental basis of Christian Science and New Thought. In both we have a revival of Pantheistic Mysticism, as we shall see clearly when we come to analyse "the method" and "the obstacle".

What is the Ego, whence its origin and what its destiny? The Ego-man is the reflection of the Ego-God ; the Ego-man is the image and likeness of perfect Mind, Spirit, divine Principle.

The one Ego, the one Mind or Spirit called God, is infinite individuality, which supplies all form and comeliness and which reflects reality and divinity in individual spiritual man and things.³

In Christian Science the unity of man with God or Good or Mind is so complete that a Personal God or Creator almost disappears. On the other hand, New Thought would seem still to retain the Personality of God, while proclaiming man's oneness with Him.

God, then, is this Infinite Spirit which fills all the universe with Himself alone, so that all is from Him and in Him, and there is nothing that is outside. . . . We are partakers of the life of God ; and though we differ from Him in that we are individualised spirits, while He is the Infinite Spirit including us as well as all else beside, yet in essence the life of God and the life of man are identically the same, and so are one. They differ not in essence, in quality ; they differ in degree.⁴

¹ St. John, 15, 5.

² St. Paul, Acts, 17, 28.

³ Mary Baker G. Eddy, founder of Christian Science, in *Science and Health*, chap. 10.

⁴ R. W. Trine, *In Tune with the Infinite*, chap. 2.

The Obstacle.—If according to Pantheistic Mysticism, man and God are one, why then should man not be able to realise that unity and so be free from life's evils? Because man is hindered by one obstacle, and that is Matter. This is the great doctrine of *Māyā*, or Illusion, of Hindu philosophy. Purusha and Prakriti, Spirit and Matter, God and His creation, seem to our senses to be a duality. However much man may believe he is Brahman, Absolute Deity, his senses impress continually upon his consciousness that he is a mortal and suffers mortality's limitations. Hindu philosophy gets round this obstacle in two ways. The method of the Sāṅkhya philosophy admits an eternal duality of Spirit and Matter, but holds that Spirit shows the attributes of mortality—life and death, Reincarnation and Karma and evolution—only so long as it lets itself be hypnotised by matter; the moment Spirit knows its true nature, the delusion of matter, with all its concomitants, vanishes. The method of the Vedānta admits no duality; Prakriti or matter has no fundamental reality whatsoever. If matter seems to our senses real, it is because we have succumbed to *Māyā*. Just as a man at dusk may be frightened by seeing a snake, which on closer examination he finds only to be a piece of rope, so we superimpose on the reality of the Spirit the unreality of a material universe. So long as we as Spirit continue to superimpose the illusion on the reality, so long are we subject to all the powers of that illusion.

Both the Sāṅkhya and the Vedānta admit that to our deluded consciousness Brahman, the Over-Soul, is separated from man by the intervening barrier of the *Māyā* of matter; the denial of any reality in matter

does not mean the denial of the testimony of our senses. Matter and the universe are real to us, so long as we permit ourselves to be immanent in them; it is our voluntary immanency in matter that causes the illusion. But we can transcend our immanency, and live in a realm where there is only the reality of Spirit. This transcending the illusion is proclaimed in both philosophies as achievable only by an arduous course of purification and mental and spiritual development.

Now it is interesting to note that New Thought and Christian Science follow these two ancient philosophies. New Thought, like the Sāṅkhya, recognises the real existence of matter, but proclaims man's complete freedom from its limitations by the realisation that matter is after all a mode of Mind, and so can be modified by man's Mind. On the other hand Christian Science, like the Vedānta, totally denies the existence of matter. Thus we have in Mrs. Eddy's book:

The verity of mind shows conclusively how it is that matter seems to be, but is not.

Spirit and its formations are the only realities of being. Matter disappears under the microscope of Spirit.

Matter and mind are opposites. One is contrary to the other in its very nature and essence; hence both cannot be real. If one is real, the other must be unreal.

There is no life, truth, intelligence, nor substance in matter. All is infinite Mind and its infinite manifestation, for God is All-in-all. Spirit is immortal Truth; matter is mortal error. Spirit is the real and eternal; matter is the unreal and temporal.

The Method.—In this Pantheistic Mysticism, which proclaims the unity of God and man, and which considers matter an illusion and hence the great obstacle to

spiritual realisation, the method or mode of magic is Affirmation. There is no need to pray; to whom shall a man pray, if man is himself God? There is no need to aspire to Unity; the Unity is a Fact. But man must put aside all the illusions that bar the way to the realisation of that great Fact; and man achieves it through Affirmation.

In the Vedānta the affirmations are first of what man is not, and then of what he is. "Aham etat na"—*I am not This*, this material universe of cause and effect, birth and death, joy and sorrow; follow then the later affirmations, "So 'ham"—*I am He*, the Universal Spirit, the Over-Soul, and "Aham ātmā," *I am the Self*.

Affirmations are the most characteristic features of New Thought and Christian Science; that their affirmations are of practical efficacy up to a certain point none can doubt who have heard the testimony of believers in these creeds. Typical New Thought affirmations are the following:

I come face to face with the great Fatherly Presence.

My life is a part of the Universal Life, and not an isolated unit.

The heart-throbs of the Eternal Spirit pulsate through me.

I assert my freedom from the rule of the seen and temporary.

I am at one with the Universal Good.

I deny the slavery of sense. I repudiate the bondage of matter. It is well in its place, but I renounce its supremacy.

I have growth, energy, vitality, and power. I have love, light, harmony, and courage. I am wise, strong, and free.¹

¹ Henry Wood, *The New Thought Simplified*.

The following four affirmations are well known in Christian Science. According to Mrs. Eddy: "Even if reversed, these propositions will be found to agree in statement and proof, showing mathematically their exact relation to Truth."

1. God is All-in-all.
2. God is good. Good is Mind.
3. God, spirit, being all, nothing is matter.
4. Life, God, omnipotent good, deny death, evil, sin, disease.—Disease, sin, evil, death, deny good, omnipotent God, Life.

There is one important point in which the affirmations of the Hindu philosophies differ from their modern examples. While the Vedānta denies the fundamental reality or permanence of matter, it is so far in touch with actuality as to admit that, while we are wrapt in Māyā, that illusion has a reality. Immersed then in the Māyā, we must follow the laws of the illusion. There is heat and cold, injury and disease and pain, sowing and reaping and the eternal righteous Law of Karma, and Reincarnation, and the slow casting off of the power of Māyā by purification through successive births. The present embodiment in matter of a given individual is regarded as the result of his past lives; everything is just, and it is foolish to deny pain and misery, and unspiritual to hope to obtain benefits which one has not earned by actions in the past. The affirmations of the Hindu philosophies are never turned towards material gain, nor to make life more full of health or wealth. There is nothing in them akin to the following from New Thought literature:

Affirm that you will be in a prosperous condition. Affirm it calmly and quietly, but strongly and confidently. Believe it, believe it absolutely. Expect it—keep it continually

watered with expectation. You thus make yourself a magnet to attract the things that you desire.¹

I want work that will bring me money. I want money to be free. Money means freedom. Money comes to me freely. I can use money freely. Gold wants me, gold loves me, gold needs me. I am drawing money.²

Nor are such exaggerations as these possible in India from anyone who understands the great Way to Liberation described in Hindu philosophies :

What is desire? Desire in the heart is always God tapping at the door of your consciousness with His infinite supply—a supply which is for ever useless unless there be demand for it.

Remember this: Desire in the heart for anything is God's sure promise sent beforehand to indicate that it is yours already in the limitless realm of supply ; and whatever you want, you can have for the taking.³

New Thought also parts company with the Affirmations of Hinduism when it changes an affirmation into a demand. An affirmation is the statement of a fact ; the power of the fact is absent when the mind merely demands. And moreover whatever spirituality is achieved by affirmations of the right kind is replaced by a refined selfishness having at its command a strong will.

I demand of the Supreme Power good for myself. I demand of it greater health of body. I demand more clearness of mind. I demand power to rid myself of hatred, envy and jealousy and ill will towards others, for I know such thoughts or forces hurt me. I demand wisdom so that ways and means may come to me to get health of body, clearness of mind, and freedom from the bondage of evil thought towards others.⁴

It has already been pointed out that Christian Science in its essence is the Vedānta of India in a less

¹ Trine, *In Tune with the Infinite*, chap. IX.

² K. T. Anderson, *I Wants and Wants Me*.

³ H. Emilie Cady, *Lessons in Truth*.

⁴ Prentice Mulford.

rational garb; the lack of clear philosophic thought in Christian Science confuses the boundaries between true spirituality and a refined selfishness. While high spirituality can result in Christian Science from its general standpoint of affirmation, it is equally true that a self-centred and a hard nature often results from its "demonstrations". Though both Christian Science and New Thought have done much to relieve the sufferings of many, and to lift the load of depression from thousands, it is quite a question whether that result has not been achieved at the cost of true spirituality. However, it is interesting to study these new phases of old, old teachings; and Schopenhauer was right when in 1851 he prophesied: "In most of the pagan philosophical writers of the first century we see the Jewish theism, which, as Christianity, was soon to become the faith of the people, shining through, much as at present we may perceive shining through in the writings of the learned the native pantheism of India, which is destined sooner or later to become the faith of the people. Ex oriente lux."

The Ideal.—The ideal of Pantheistic Mysticism is quite clear in India. It is the Yogi, the "unifier". He seeks the high path of oneness with Brahman. Life after life, stage by stage, he has paid his debt to Māyā by the performance of duties imposed upon him by the laws of that illusion. He is now free to renounce the Immanence and seek the Transcendence. He is therefore the homeless wanderer, the sannyāsi, the "renouncer". When he attains, he is Mukta, the "liberated," and Paramahansa, "who comes not nor goes," beyond birth and death and rebirth, a "pillar" in the temple of God who "shall go no more out".

This ideal has not yet been worked out clearly in either Christian Science or New Thought. In both, emphasis has so far been laid on the negative phase, that of freedom from the pain aspect of evolution ; there yet awaits for them the discovery of the positive phase, when men through affirmation shall realise Brahman, the One without a second.

Of him who thus discovers, it shall be asked, as of old: "Your face shines like one who knows Brahman. Who has taught you?" And the reply shall be, as of old: "So 'ham. I am He."

C. Jinarājadasa

(To be continued)

THE WOOING

THE chains of love are jewels,
Its glances the depths of deepest waters,
Captive, looking back on thy freedom,
Thou shalt love thy captivity.

Envyng, thou followest the bird's flight,
Yearningly hearest the wind go by,
Yearn to thy fetters, captive,
Yearn to the prison of my heart,
For love will not loose thee for years as many
As the tears of thy humility.

The chains of love are jewels,
Its glances the depths of deepest waters,
Captive, looking back on thy freedom,
Thou shalt love thy captivity.

C.

OTHERS ON THE WAY

By M. R. ST. JOHN

IN *Man: Whence, How and Whither* we find the following :

When the Human Kingdom is traversed and Man stands on the threshold of His super-human life, a liberated Spirit, seven paths open before Him for His choosing.

Now while to many students this statement must be of absorbing interest, especially as the author gives an indication of the nature of these different paths of future Monadic evolution, some would be of the opinion that information such as this, although of much interest from an academical point of view, is of no value ; since it does not at present concern the majority of us who are endeavouring to fit ourselves for the probationary stage which leads to the portal of the Path proper through the first of the Great Initiations.

Yet there are not a few earnest Theosophists who feel that all teachings dealing with future evolution are not solely intended to be studied and laid down ; that Theosophy, far from being a purely mental conception, formulates a rule of life of such magnificent scope that all temperaments may find in its teachings inspiration for development along those evolutionary lines to which they believe they are drawn by natural affinity.

Here we see the extreme significance of this teaching, for it is not so much a case for individual selection, as of suitability for certain kinds of activity, purely cosmic or otherwise, for which our present individual training along certain lines is intended to fit us.

In *The Voice of the Silence* we read :

Fix thy soul's gaze upon the Star whose ray thou art,
the flaming star that shines within the lightless depths of
ever-being, the boundless fields of the unknown.

We may be told in respect to this greater evolution, which is also referred to in *Light on the Path*, that we have not yet evolved sufficiently to be able to conceive of possibilities so remote, and that all we are concerned with now is the struggle which prepares us eventually for the first great Initiation, the entrance to the Path proper, the old and narrow way; but if that is so, references to this further and greater evolution would not be made unless these were intended to inspire and help us in our present progress, which, while being a preparatory stage for the Path itself, is at the same time an initial stage of the greater possibilities that lie far ahead of us and beyond the level at present reached by the great Masters of Wisdom Themselves.

Now it is possible that some fellow students may have lured themselves into a belief that to become a Master of Compassion and remain on earth to help humanity is the one and only goal for all orthodox members of the Theosophical Society (it must be admitted that the trend of much of our teaching and recent literature does seem to point in that particular direction), and that, while there may be other paths to

choose when a certain stage has been reached, we are only concerned with service for that human evolution of which we at present consider ourselves a small but not altogether unworthy fragment.

Let it be stated at once that if this were so, Theosophy would not, as it professes, be all-embracing; and, moreover, it would be *ipso facto* a creed. At the same time, we all are servers now, and will all be servers hereafter, and it surely cannot in the least matter whether or not our eventual service is connected either specifically or directly with human evolution; for this latter must be only a subsidiary part of the mighty conception, and some among us may hereafter be found of greater use in other departments of the Divine scheme which have no connection whatever with humanity. The question that naturally arises is this: If some of us were not meant eventually to be of service to the race, why should we be undergoing human evolution at all? The only answer is that we do not know any more than that the choice of seven different paths in the great future that lies ahead of each one of us would not have been mentioned, unless a certain section of what are now human beings would be likely to proceed along one or other of them; and this is very clearly and concisely stated in that illuminating book from which the extract which commences this article was taken.

Now the greatest and most important of our faculties is that which is termed the Creative, and it is by this faculty that we know ourselves to be by nature Divine. It is found in a greater or less degree in every adult human being, and even in children, when not temporarily obscured by the tendency to destroy, and if we consider for a moment what it would mean to be

deprived of the ability to create (the term is used in its widest and most comprehensive sense), a feeling akin to hopeless despair will be evoked. The composer, the artist, the writer, the engineer, the mechanic, the carpenter, would cease to be; and the humblest workers and sons of toil would be mere machines. Do we not see to-day the baneful result of the replacement of individual labour by the machine, the psychological cause underlying all the great unrest? So those earnest and not very far-seeing souls, who are endeavouring by legislation and other methods to ameliorate the lot of the great mass of our population, will find their efforts futile, unless the improvement in the environment and scale of living is accompanied by the destruction of much that has stultified this faculty of creation, which is inherent in every human being. Better, far better, to be poor and free than to have every worldly comfort with the will, but without the power, to create.

Now this faculty is not the same in every individual, for although we are all divine sparks from one great parent Flame, we were originally meant to evolve in different ways and along different lines; for, if the Divinity within us was undifferentiated, we should be of no more use and interest to our heavenly Father than a flock of sheep, and the process of individualisation would have been a failure. Imagine the feelings of a father or mother of a large family if each member of it was an exact counterpart or replica of the other—truly an appalling conception! Since the Theosophical Society is world-wide, and the broadest “wisdom school” in the world, there are to be found among its members students of the

most diverse characteristics, and of very different temperaments and potentialities ; for while they are all united in a common search for Truth, they do not always seek it by the same road.

The writer was reminded very forcibly of this by a letter received from a friend who was living in a quiet place in a very lovely part of the country. In the letter it was stated that the friend felt much nearer to God living in such surroundings, far away from the busy haunts of men, but it was feared that such a statement might be considered as very un-theosophic and un-brotherly. Instead of sending a reply that in this "nearness to God" one scented a contravention of the first object of the Theosophical Society, of its one and only imposition, the writer pondered over this faith, and also over many other things ; of a past "lonely" life in a great Indian forest ; of the unbearable tension of life in cities and towns ; of the seeming impossibility of escape from the ceaseless, tearing rush ; of the haven of rest to be found in the sea, in the mountains, in the silent woods. After a while, what had been only a vague idea seemed to become a conviction, a conviction that there must be many beings now masquerading in human bodies who rightly or wrongly have no other feeling for humanity as a whole than that inspired by a sense of duty and responsibility towards other wayfarers, toiling along a different and more difficult road.

In this type of entity we find characteristics which, although regarded by most humans as eminently desirable, do not, so to speak, form the basic principles of the civilisation of the West ; for whereas art and beauty, harmony and order, are considered as not only desirable but necessary for human progress, they are

nevertheless regarded more as attributes of that progress, arising out of the same, towards the perfecting of which present progress is supposed to be a step. But to the "alien" soul they are all in all, and this being so, he sees in the democratic tendencies of the age, with its utilitarianism, its *vox populi vox Dei*, its grotesque travesty of what is noblest in art, its prostitution of harmony in sound, its defacement of the beautiful work of the great Deva kingdom, its defilement of nature for economic and commercial purposes, a force diametrically opposed to his highest ideals, antagonistic to spiritual evolution, and therefore evil. For this point of view much can be said, for "As above so below"; and if we truly believe that the world is ruled by a Hierarchy, why do we not endeavour to evolve on similar lines? "Towards Democracy" sounds like "Away from God"; and although our limited means of expression should make us beware of taking mere words in their most literal sense, yet the worship of Demos may, if carried to extremes, lead to conditions the very reverse of what was intended in the original inception of the Democratic idea.

Lastly, we humans have long considered ourselves as the salt of an earth which was originally created for our special benefit, and "it is because we are human that we regard the world as so specially our own"; but "perchance it may be a field primarily for the great Angel kingdom and only secondarily for humanity". That beautiful invocation to the Great Teacher of the World concludes with the words: "O Thou who art the Teacher of Angels and of men"; and may we not infer from this that the former is the more important of the two?

M. R. St. John, F. T. S.

AH MED'S CRUTCHES

By A. W. G.

"Heaven Bless Ah Med and His Crutches"

AH MED was once Grand Vizier of Dilrusha in Trebizond, and was acknowledged by the Easterns themselves, who have ever been reckoned subtle in intrigues and machinations, to have been an exceedingly astute and clever man. And this for two outstanding reasons: One was that, though born a slave, he had yet by sheer ability, pluck, and perseverance succeeded in breaking the oldest and most sacred of traditions in that land where traditions are as eternal laws, and had risen from serfdom to the most exalted rank, next to the Sultan himself. Indeed in the game of life and in the race for power he had at every turn out-manceuvred the quick-witted Dilrushans and had outdone in dark and devious ways the adepts with the poison-cup and the dealers in swift and silent death. So that it came about that, in early middle life, as Grand Vizier, he not only kept princely state, but further, lorded it over the freeborn with a haughtiness and intolerance which slave ne'er yet endured from master. Without doubt, Ah Med had established his reputation as an astute man.

The second reason—to the Persians the greater of

the two, but to the people of the West the lesser—was that he had invented a pair of crutches.

To have been sired by a slave and in addition to have aspired to political power was ever in the East a passport sure through the portals of Death by an untimely end. But also to have been an innovator in a land where customs have existed from time immemorial was to court the disfavour of the gods. Ah Med, however, feared neither gods nor man. So frequently had he escaped the hands of the Terrible Assassins in his adventurous career that the Grand Vizier came to believe he bore a charmed life, and openly sneered at the common enemy of mortals—at Death himself. Yet Death, the All-Conquering, met him in time and in His own way, for it is an immutable law of Death that every man by his own thoughts, desires, and acts, determines the time and manner of his departure from this sublunary sphere ; it comes as the just retribution and inevitable consequence of his acts. And Ah Med had decreed the time and manner of *his* end by the crutches he had invented, the traditions he had violated, the people he had done to death, the enemies he had raised. Certainly Ah Med was a clever man, but Death proved himself a better tactician. The Grand Vizier's end came about in this way :

In the Sultan's torquoise mines, the source of fabulous wealth, it was the work of slaves to bear on their shoulders heavy loads from the Ahriman blackness of night to the Ormuzd light of day, in order that the precious greenish pebbles might be sorted from their base matrix of earth to enrich the treasury of their royal master. The incline was steep and arduous ; the way long, tortuous and narrow. Of rest there

could be none. To drop the load meant the blocking of the passage, loss of revenue to the Sultan and to the luckless or weary toiler it inevitably brought the punishment of death. Ah Med, as Grand Vizier, was charged to see that the work at the mines ceased not day nor night, holy day nor fast day, summer nor winter. Remembering most clearly, having stamped on the tablets of his memory most indelibly his own wearisome and depressing labours at the mine in the time of his youth and slavery, yet animated by the most benevolent intentions towards those less fortunate than himself, with a sincere and laudable desire to reduce somewhat the risks of their arduous work, and profiting from his experience in the past, Ah Med set himself the task of alleviating the distress of the slaves, and succeeded in inventing the first pair of crutches this world has ever known. He offered to supply, at his own expense, a pair of his newly-devised crutches to each of his master's slaves.

This proved the undoing of Ah Med and started in motion those forces which finally brought about his doom. His kindness was spurned; his crutches being new were looked upon as things accursed and as the suggestion of the Evil One.

"Shoulders," said the workers, "were made to bear burdens."

And "It is the will of God that slaves should meet with condign punishment for their offences."

And once more, "Who is he who dares to interfere with the workings of an inscrutable Providence? God is good."

To the kindest intentions on the part of the Grand Vizier were thus imputed by the slaves the basest of

motives. He, once a slave, was now considered the most tyrannical of taskmasters. He sought, so they said, to stifle the rumour that he himself once had worked under the same conditions as themselves; he desired, so it was openly averred, greater and still greater yield from the mines for his master, the Sultan; and, it was imputed, his action was dominated entirely by selfish motives—his own glory.

The Grand Vizier was furious. The insult and contumely gnawed at his very vitals, yet the acutest observer could hardly have caught a hint of his feelings from his face or demeanour. He swiftly arrived at his decision. Grimly he determined that what had been refused as a gift should be made compulsory by the Sultan's irade. Approaching his royal master, he was at pains to delineate in strong, firm outline the drudgery of the lives of his slaves; in lurid colours he painted the condign punishment meted out to those who, through no fault of their own, might stumble in the passages of the mine; he drew out calculations of the loss of revenue resulting from the frequent stoppage of the work, and playing upon the cupidity of the Sultan while concealing all mention of his previous dealings with the "unthankful wretches of the mines," he attained the end he so much desired, and earned the increased regard and support of his master. *Accordingly, every slave was commanded, on pain of death in case of neglect, to make use of a pair of Ah Med's crutches.* And so it came about that each slave bore with him every journey from darkness to light a pair of Ah Med's crutches.

It is certainly true that as a first result there accrued an immediate increase of revenue to the Sultan,

who now was charmed both with the Grand Vizier and his invention. Stoppage of work did not occur, for, leaning on the hated crutches, a slave could nevertheless regain breath in the midst of a steep bit of incline, and having rested, could proceed once more on his heavy journey.

Five years; ten passed. Changes came about. The mines became much less profitable. But a still more marked alteration was in the slaves themselves. Once a powerful, muscular caste, they in those few years so degenerated that half of them were decrepit and abortions. Their former active, well-balanced and perfectly proportioned frames had given place in many cases to abnormal bulging shoulders along with body and limbs that, in descending order, grew weaker and flabbier as they neared the earth. Many hobbled along by means of the crutches alone, their legs quite useless as aids to progression. But not all were thus. The older and wiser, having made but a semblance of using the crutches provided, and having succeeded in hoodwinking their overseers, preserved their vigour of body and of mind, and though on occasion one might stumble and fall, these had come to be regarded as too stalwart to be released from the necessity of further living and working. It was the young, those new to the toils of the mines, who, adopting in guileless simplicity the adventitious aid of Ah Med's crutches, suffered in physique and intellect.

These facts were patent to the men themselves and, harangued by one Fereez, they determined to save their race from extinction by the bold policy of petitioning the Sultan in person to abolish the use of the execrated crutches.

Accordingly at the time of vernal equinox, secretly leaving the mine before sunrise, the slaves made towards Dilrusha to state their case. Surely never was seen so strange a sight in the history of this changing world. Cripples by hundreds, yea thousands, advancing to storm a city! Armed with crutches and a good case they stumped and thumped along the high road.

Thud, thud,
 Bumpety, thumpety ;
 Left crutch, right crutch,
 Legs wagging helplessly ;
 Right crutch, left crutch,
 Feet shuffling helpingly ;
 Right shoulder up,
 Left shoulder down,
 Boomp, boomp, into the town.
 Young men snail-like,
 Old men firm as a pike ;
 Young men wavering,
 Old men threatening ;
 Young men fainting,
 Older ones helping ;
 Age walking springily,
 Youth creeping wearily ;
 Fathers supporting
 Sons, weak and broken ;
 Youth on the decline,
 Age in its prime ;
 Never again to repine,
 So many young men of the mine.

The town reached at length, the portent sprung up that Ah Med's day was over. From street to street the unspoken whisper travelled. The morning air, light and springy as on the hills, seemed yet charged with a dark, heavy vapour, tangible yet unseen, that weighted the thoughts of the citizens. Gazed they stolidly on the worn faces of the wearied travellers of the three enormously lengthened out miles. The very curs ceased to snarl and with moderated step kept even pace with the caricatures of humanity whose cause

they seemed to have espoused. Leaden were the hearts, heavy the sighs, moist the eyes of maiden and matron behind lattice windows, as the cripples crept along the streets below. Slowly advanced the procession and as surely neared they the goal of their Herculean endeavours. But this was no triumphal entry: the future was dark and all unknown. A weighty Silence came down on the throng as it neared the end of its journey. Speech there was none. Alone the *shu-shuf*, *shuffle* of feet, and the *doom, doom, doom* of the crutches. The Silence travelled ahead, and was followed by the faint, mingled sound of *shu-shuf*, *shuffle* of the weary feet, and the *doom, doom, doom* of wood on the street. The Court was appalled, and even the resilient heart of Ah Med felt an unnatural compression.

The Sultan rose and went forth to meet the Silence; his Court followed to solve the *shu-shuffle*, Ah Med to read the meaning of the *doom, doom, doom* from the alley ways. His Majesty appeared at the door of the palace as the procession on crutches commenced to file into his Courtyard. Hurriedly his gorgeous throne of torquoise, pearls and rubies was borne into the open and placed where its lustrous, shimmering stones were thrown into prominence by the admirable foil of the dull, white marble of the palace walls. Above, the reticulated marble windows of the queen's apartments looked down on as varied a display of colours as on types of men—on strength and weakness, on wisdom and folly, on rich and poor.

The Sultan seated himself, supported right and left by his twelve advisers among whom stood Ah Med. Nubians occupied themselves in the duties of the fan. Stalwart Persians in full blaze of armour

formed an impressive body-guard. On the foot of the throne the Sultan's heir, accompanied by his tame lion-cub, reclined, a more than awe-struck spectator of the strange petitioners. These—some standing, others reclining—dishevelled and bedraggled, uncomely and decrepit, servile and defiant, fearful and resigned, faced the others.

Speechless, the Sultan gazed at the motley throng before him. The wistful, resigned, bewildered, calm, unsteady and fierce eyes steadfastly looked into his. These, along with the deformed figures before him, drove vaguely, massively, into the Sultan's consciousness that a Neglected Duty had met him face to face in the way. As for Ah Med, he was as bewildered at the spectacle as at an apparition, and at a loss to understand what had raised the uncanny feeling within him.

The world seemed to halt for a few brief minutes in its course; movement there was none save the splash of the fountain, the harsh rustle of palm-leaves, and the occasional *doom, doom* from the moved crutches. The very dogs, calmed by the unusual Silence, crouched viewing all, awaiting the end of the strange proceedings thus strangely begun under the azure canopy of heaven.

Then reared himself the Sultan, and stretching his arms East and West, chanted the Zoroastrian liturgy, while all, even cripples, faced round to the glorious Orb of Day, the emblem of the Divine:

I announce and complete my worship to Ahura Mazda, the Creator, the radiant and glorious, the greatest and the best, the most sublime to our conceptions, the most firm, the wisest, and the one of all whose Body is most perfect, who attains His ends the most infallibly because of His righteous

order, to Him who disposes our minds aright, who sends His joy-creating grace afar, who made us and has fashioned us, and who has nourished and protected us, who is the most bounteous Spirit.

Rang out then from the assembled multitude the vibrant *Amen, Amen*.

The Sultan having again seated himself and having called for the statement of the plea, up spoke Fereez. Now Fereez it was upon whom Ah Med in the olden days had tried his prentice hand and whose fall had enabled Ah Med to tread the first rung of the ladder of worldly success which led finally to his present exalted rank as Grand Vizier. Fereez was of a noble type, forgiving and merciful, leaving Fate to rule the destinies of man, regarding himself not as an actor but rather as an agent of Ahura Mazda. Calmly then, and fearlessly, he stated the case of his fellow slaves.

“Oh Mighty Sultan, may the Eye of Heaven look favourably down on thee and grant thee peace of mind and long life. We, your humble and faithful slaves, all unworthy one brief moment of your attention, yet supplicate that you will of your clemency take into favourable consideration our miserable plight which day by day grows sadder and more pitiable. As bearers in your mines, your slaves carry earth from bowels of darkness to the fields of sunshine, and we crave that from the bowels of your compassion you will turn a kindly eye on the men broken on the wheel of fortune that you may be enriched thereby. Some years ago, you commanded that each worker should make use in his labours of a pair of crutches of which you then approved. See for yourself, your Majesty, now confronting you, the deplorable results of that command. Look on the youths blighted by this cursed invention.

Unworthy are we to be seen of men; unworthy to lift up love-lit eyes to womankind; unfit to live and yet forbidden to cut short the life pent in such withered and blasted frames. We are unworthy to bear the name of men."

"May it then please your August Majesty of your clemency to forgive the effrontery of this petition and grant the small favour your faithful servants crave at your hands: *May the use of crutches in future be optional.* And may the Great God most radiant, glorious and sublime have you in His eternal keeping."

Slowly the Sultan moved, and uneasily, on his throne; slowly turned he his eye from cripple to Ah Med—the maker of cripples; slowly lowered he his eyes to the child and the cub at his feet; slowly traced the free flight of birds through ambient air from tree to tree, and slowly, and with agitated breast, raised he himself to his feet to pronounce judgment:

"Your petition is granted."

Then swiftly turning to Ah Med and transfixing him with his piercing glance, he threw out the words:

"As for you, sir, I now dispense with your services," and wheeling round to his petitioners, added,

"Possibly you, gentlemen, may find a use for his talents."

At once the Silence gave place to Sound and Movement. The Sultan in sullen mood retired to his rooms, the Court following him into the palace. Simultaneously the guards, nothing loth, blocked Ah Med's retreat and hustled him backwards towards the crowd. The cripples on their part slit, slashed and stabbed the inoffensive air with epithets, execrations and oaths tipped with the venom harvested in years of

embittered existence, while they initiated a slow surging movement in the direction of Ah Med. Here and there a crutch was lifted as evidence of the vengeance they would wreak and of the weapons with which they meant to expend their fury on the defenceless body of the deposed Vizier. Their prospective victim would certainly have been pounded to death had not Fereez and some of his stout supporters surrounded and defended the unhappy man. These, ranging themselves on each side, with one in front, one behind, made a covered archway for the hated inventor with one crutch and, warding off all attempts to break through their defence with the other, escorted the fallen and broken autocrat out of the riotous Courtyard into the street beyond. This undignified escape proved, however, more fateful to the cripples than to their intended victim. Many, in their eagerness to strike a blow to celebrate their victory, fell and were trampled by those no less eager behind who, themselves tripped up by sprawling legs and unattached crutches, pressed on by weight of numbers in the rear, in turn were borne to earth. The shrieks of the falling, the groans of the injured, mingled with the derisive cries of the mob and the yelp and yap of the dogs, assaulted the ears of the late Vizier as he disappeared through the doorway. Through the streets proceeded the strange guard with their enclosed prisoner, right up to the entrance of his own palace and home, and there left him to the Solitude and the gathering Gloom that surrounds the hopelessly disgraced Courtier. So Fereez saved the life of his enemy.

But as for Ah Med, cast in one brief moment from the most exalted rank and from envied power to

that of the most despised even by the most servile of men in Trebizond, the public contumely heaped upon him hammered on his heart and turned it to water. Death alone kept the dispirited, forsaken man invisible and patient company. *The doom had come.* Crushed in spirit, Ah Med lived but one day, and Death, though he had had to wait long, yet claimed the victory.

As for the slaves, they returned to their toils at the mines, parted with their crutches, and once more became a powerful race of men.

* * * * *

The memory of Ah Med has been preserved by his invention, and "Ah Med's crutches" is a catch-phrase in Dilrusha to this day. If a man in times of adversity sponges on his friends instead of rousing himself to independent action, men gibe at him and say— "*Leaning on Ah Med's crutches!*" Does a person seek counsel of one and all in the problems of life, people incline their heads and whisper of him to each other— "*Using Ah Med's crutches.*"

But these cases are rare. In fact, it has come about that no more able, honest, independent or prosperous people are to be found to-day in all the East than in Trebizond, and sages there attribute this to the memory of Ah Med's crutches keeping fresh in the minds of the people the value of individual effort and the dignity of responsibility. Thus the curse of the past is the blessing of the present. So

"May the blessing of heaven rest on Ah Med and his crutches."

* * * * *

A. W. G.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE T. S. AND THE WAR

I

I hope you will be able to spare me space to correct Mr. Van Manen's mistake in his letter of last month, where he suggests that his views and mine are akin. They are not akin, but as the poles apart. Had he judged me by *Brothers of the Star*, instead of by the compilation *War Articles*, he would have known this. But I do not wonder the book misled him, for it was very different to the one I had planned, when it emerged from the Theosophical Publishing Society, London, clipped to conventional pattern and saying hardly more than every one else was by then repeating.

Mr. Van Manen's unfortunate letter needs no reply; it is its own best antidote. I would only suggest that none of us can expect to keep pace with our President, who seems to live through a multiple of lives while we stroll through our one. If we choose to "hitch our waggon to a star" it is not for us to complain when we are jolted. No one asked us either to hitch ourselves or to remain hitched. And if the pace becomes unbearable it is useless to revile the star. True, the waggon's little rumblings and grumblings cannot touch the star, though they may hurt other waggons and bring disaster to itself. But the waggon has to become a star itself some day, and to busy itself over that would seem a better use of time than this unseemly apostrophising of the star which shows the way. For as well might Canute try in vain to move the waves from their obedience to the moon as anyone attempt to sway by one hair's breadth our President's obedience to her orders. And therein lies the secret of our utter trust.

MARY E. ROCKE

II

Mr. Van Manen's letter which appears on pp. 558—564 of THE THEOSOPHIST for February has been perused by me with a feeling of pained surprise: it is in my opinion a most ill-conceived and savage, and wholly unjustifiable, attack on the President of our Society. Mr. Van Manen claims a right to his personal opinions, and nobody inside the Society denies this right; but what I, for one, do deny is the right of any member of the Society to hold up to public obloquy our esteemed President. Rightly or wrongly, Mrs. Besant enjoys the unlimited confidence, amounting in some cases to veneration, of an overwhelming majority of the members of the Society, and Mr. Van Manen must be greatly wanting in imagination if he cannot realise that a public attack, clothed in the injurious terms which he has employed in the letter under notice, must be exceedingly painful to this large and overwhelming majority. Mr. Van Manen may possibly be so callous as to disregard this feeling of his fellow-members; if so, his mental attitude is not an enviable one. It is not to be supposed that Mr. Van Manen has no other means of expressing his dissent from the views of the President, if this be his desire. It is open to him to bring before the General Council, the representative body, any matter which he may consider to affect the Constitution and interests of the Society, and this in my humble opinion is the course which he should have adopted in the present case. He would there be confronted with constituted authority, would hear opposing views, and would, it is permissible to hope, have suffered his asperities to be toned down: he would certainly not have had the opportunity of coming, with *ex cathedra* pose, before the whole Society as the accredited exponent of the 10,000 members of the "seven neutral Sections".

And what, after all, is the gravamen of the charge which he launches against the President? In order to give point to his controversial prepossessions, he wrenches from the context a remark which appears in a public utterance of the President, *viz.*, "To be neutral is to be a traitor." The point is met and explained by the Editorial note on Mr. Van Manen's present letter, and I need not dwell further on the aspect there presented. I may, however, add that I also read a meaning in the remark, apart from Occultists or Occultism. In its exoteric or plain significance the remark refers to the attitude of mind which should be taken by members of the Society in view of the diabolical atrocities committed by order or direction of the Central Powers in the course of this awful War. If any person—a belligerent or neutral, a member of the Society or otherwise—can calmly view these features of the campaign

and still adopt an attitude of strict mental neutrality, then all I can say is that I certainly am unable to understand his mental constitution. There is no question of giving a political significance to the matter : it is merely one of eternal verities, in regard to which every right-minded individual can have but one attitude, and that is of uncompromising condemnation; and in this sense to be "neutral" is most certainly to be "a traitor".

Ootacamund

R. PARSONS

III

I have read Mr. Van Manen's letter to the President of the Theosophical Society in the February THEOSOPHIST. I am Swiss by birth and am a naturalised Dutch subject, and therefore may be rightly considered as belonging to neutral countries. Now I wish to state that I do not in the least agree with the statements made therein, rude in form and shallow in contents, which express wholesale misrepresentation of the attitude of the great majority of the neutrals in whose name it might be inferred that Mr. Van Manen is speaking.

It appears to me that the writer finds it necessary to give a slap in the face to all those electors who voted for Mrs. Besant, belligerents and neutrals, but then perhaps he is very anxious for the salvation of their souls. In my opinion the attack is not important enough to attach any value to it, for we are already acquainted with malignant criticisms of this nature (good criticism is beneficent, bad criticism is malicious) against our President. It is, however, useful to point out that Dutch citizens like myself are misrepresented by the writer, who has so much at heart the "neutrality of the Society". The question of neutrality of individuals has been discussed at length in some newspapers in the Dutch East Indies, and the conclusion arrived at is that Governments can be, or at least try to be, neutral, but that no individual can in reality be neutral in a life-and-death struggle between the ideals of democratic liberty and human freedom on the one hand and the ideal that might is right on the other. And confirming that view, the telegrams informed us some weeks ago that the Editor of the newspaper *Telegraaf*, who had been prosecuted because of his writing in the newspaper that this war was brought about by a band of German scoundrels, has been acquitted in Holland. "And the same decision about neutrality will, I suppose, also hold good in other neutral countries."

Concluding, I cannot but emphasise that to be neutral in this war is to be a traitor to the ideals we stand for, for this is

not a fight between some countries and nations, but a strife of life and death, a struggle for sheer existence between two sets of ideals. There are naturally some unfortunate people who have no ideals at all, and they probably would be indifferent to the happenings of to-day. But I feel (and I believe there are thousands who do the same) that, being a Theosophist first and Swiss or Dutch next, it is certainly true that "to be a neutral is to be a traitor".

H. CHRISTOFFEL

P. S.—It occurs to me that perhaps the Editor might make a bolder use of her blue pencil and save useful space of THE THEOSOPHIST which as a rule produces interesting reading matter, and respectfully I would suggest to the Editor to make note of this for future reference.

SUGGESTIONS FOR TRAVELLERS

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

Keep on the look out for Theosophists, you will find them in unexpected places. A member recently spent several weeks on a steamer, but did not learn till the day after leaving it that the captain was a student, and that he carried some twenty or thirty Theosophical books in his private library.

Just now there are many members travelling as enlisted men and especially in the hospital corps. It would be wise if, before leaving home, they would look up the addresses of the Lodges in the towns where they are to stop. "Before leaving home," we say, because in the home Lodge there is, or ought to be, a copy of the annual report and Lodge directory, and because (put this down to the conceit of the writer please) outside of the United States good city directories are hard to find; also because even there the Theosophical Lodges are frequently omitted from the published lists of societies.

What has become of the T. S. in Japan? Colonel Olcott started a Lodge in Kyoto when he was there some twenty-five years ago. It appeared in the annual report for several years, and the name of the abbot of one of the Honganji temples was given as its secretary, or perhaps its president. A few months ago a member who was passing through the city tried to find whatever might be left of the Society, so he went to the Higashi temple—that means Western, but from there you must go west to reach the Nishi or Eastern temple—but as it was Sunday there was only a single priest

to be found, and he said that he had only been there twenty years and did not know what might have gone on before that ! Our member had to take the next train, so he learned nothing more at the time, but now reports that he has met a Japanese Theosophical student, not a member of the Society, who says that he knows hardly any other Japanese who are Theosophically inclined ?

Japan has been Theosophically neglected for many years. Will not all members who pass through the country do what they can in the way of propaganda ?

H. G.

CONFIRMATION WANTED

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

With reference to the "Confirmation Wanted" by "A Student" in THE THEOSOPHIST for February 1916, I beg to refer him to Shri Shankaracharya's Bhashya on *Shariraka Sutras*, Adhyaya III, Pada I, Adhikarana.

"A Student" is also requested to read answer to question No. LX on page 161 of the *Prashnottara* for June 1902 on the subject.

P. J. P.

REVIEWS

How India Wrought for Freedom, by Annie Besant.
(T. P. H., Adyar, Madras. Price Rs. 3 or 4s. or \$1. 25)

“Greater than the Theosophical Society is the Theosophical movement,” is a teaching whose inwardness once grasped enables us to fathom the mysterious depths of the process of civilisation. What seems chance, coincidence, favourable environment, suitable opportunities, all these assume their true proportion; world movements of international importance as well as the functions of Nations and States, big and small, fall in their proper places. As with institutions so with individuals, we begin to assign real valuations. Our Theosophical teachings about the work of Manus and Bodhisattvas, National Guardians and Devas and Rishis, and their “interference” in human affairs throw light on the obscure problems of National Evolution and National Karma. The dharma of each Nation and its fulfilment under the overshadowing influence of these Men of Perfection is a fascinating study. Now and then we contact happenings in history, made or in the making, which become illuminated when we see the invisible Hand at work, when we perceive how “the moving finger writes and having writ moves on”.

The book under review provides such a fascinating study. It is the history, which reads like a romance, of one of the world’s great movements—the struggle of a people, of ancient culture and hoary tradition, to break the fetters of political bondage which Nemesis presented to them, Nemesis which “knows not wrath nor pardon”. In the majestic sweep of Karma, the time at length came for that ancient Indian people when they realised that “Stronger than woe is will” and began the worship of Liberty, and they are still engaged in that holy work. For thirty years that sacred mission has been kept up, and the Indian Nation

is still persevering; and—the goal is at length in sight. Who would not like to read the story of this long penance and tapas, though in these prosaic days of ours we have not pauranic poets who can chronicle as no historian since their time has done? And yet what the English language can do, and what ordinary prose made musical can achieve; what honest and accurate chronicling has in its favour, and what a careful reference-index can provide—are all marshalled in the service of the reader.

The volume is the story of the National Congress of India and is “told from official records”. The Congress makes articulate the voice of the Nation and is recognised as such. The Theosophical Society has played a significant part at its inception, and that we should note here. Mr. A. O. Hume, “the father of the National Congress,” was one of the fortunate few who, in the early days of the Society, received answers to his enquiries from the great Masters behind our Society. In the company of Mr. Sinnett he learnt and worked for the Society for some years. His great love for India and Indians had naturally evoked, we presume, gratefulness in Them, one of whom, the Master K. H., once wrote :

I confess that I individually am not yet exempt from some of the terrestrial attachments. I am still attracted towards some men more than towards others, and philanthropy as preached by our Great Patron :

. . . . the Saviour of the World,
The teacher of Nirvana and the Law—

has never killed in me either individual preferences of friendship, love for my next of kin, or the ardent feeling of patriotism for the country in which I was last materially individualised.

How far consciously and directly A. O. Hume was influenced in his work for India we can gauge a little by glancing through some of the unpublished letters; how much indirectly and unconsciously to himself the influences in the inner worlds helped him to work in the outer in the cause of the Motherland, of which H. P. B. spoke as “the Land of my Master,” is for an Occultist to say. In the volume under review the preliminary work of Mr. Hume does not find adequate place, for it begins at the start of the Congress, and much spade work done by him prior to 1885 goes unchronicled. That spade work is not in any way less important or less interesting than the regular routine drudgery that this Englishman went through for many years after the birth of the

Congress, whose General Secretary he was from 1885 to 1904, work which also does not leap to the eye—no fault of the book. In the magnificent Historical Introduction, replete with carefully collected and collated facts, a section on the work of the Pre-Congress days, including the labours of Hume, would have improved the book as a history.

Next, the Theosophical Society has contributed something more in bringing the Congress into existence. In 1884 at Adyar was held the Ninth Convention of the Society. One of the delegates, Mr. Norendra Nath Sen, Editor of *The Indian Mirror*, wrote some five years after thus :

We have no wish to dispute the claims of any individual who may aspire to the honour of being called the originator of the Congress. But we believe the time is now come when the real truth of the matter should no longer be kept private or concealed from public knowledge. One of the most successful of the Annual Conventions of the Theosophical Society was held at Adyar, Madras, during the Christmas week of the year 1884. The delegates who attended the Convention were most of them men who, socially and intellectually are the leaders of the society in which they move in the different parts of the country. When the Convention closed, and the delegates broke up to return to their homes and to every day work, a dozen or so of their number, as well as a few Madras Hindu gentlemen, met by private arrangement at the house of one of the best known and most esteemed citizens of Madras.

Commenting on the above in the Supplement to THE THEOSOPHIST, Col. Olcott says :

It should be stated, however, that the T. S. cannot be credited or debited with any action in the matter. The President refused to take any part in the proceedings, and would not allow any political meetings by Fellows at Headquarters to compromise his policy of strict neutrality in all such questions. Having awakened the sleeping sons of India, he continued to address the activities of our Society to promote religious and moral reformation among her people.

The Provisional Committee appointed for the Congress work bears at the top the name—"Hon. S. Subramania Iyer," our present Sir S. Subramania K. C. I. E.—for a few years the Vice-President of the T. S., and now, as in 1884, an ardent Congressman, as also a very staunch and devoted Theosophist. Commenting on the above, another paper of the day wrote the following :

Those who study the signs of the times will not fail to confirm the theory of the *Mirror* that the Theosophical movement in India was the forerunner of the more recent political movement symbolised in the National Congress. There can be no doubt that Theosophy first sowed the seeds of a rapid nationalisation, if not of an unqualified unification of the different races inhabiting India. Whenever there is revulsion of feeling—from a blind admiration of foreign ideals to enlightened appreciation of indigenous ones—the loosened chords of national fellow-feeling are once more tightly drawn and men are apt to look upon the foreigner's methods with contempt and suspicion. The present writer

never joined the ranks of the Theosophists; but from what he saw of the movement from a distance, he can positively testify to the wonderfully binding force of the "creed". The *Mirror*, therefore, is not far wrong when it ascribes the birth of the National Congress to the tender influences of Theosophy. There cannot be any doubt, we believe, that it had in a great measure prepared the way for the advent of the all-absorbing National Congress.

But let us pass on from the origin of the Congress to its work. The report of these labours of thirty years forms the bulk of the book, and is very carefully compiled and put together. Thirty sessions of the Congress, one each year, passed resolutions, petitioning for or demanding one or other boon or right. For each session the number of delegates and visitors is given, summarised reports of important speeches and often long quotations are published, and the full text of all resolutions, well classified, is printed. Comments and views of the author are very sparingly offered. The reading of these reports, one after another, produces a magical effect. The persistence, the confidence in the British sense of justice, the uttermost belief that the cause is righteous and holy, the spirit of sacrifice, full knowledge of facts, etc., displayed by the Congressmen will evoke praise from every impartial reader—brown or white, yellow or black. Also comes to the reader in a convincing way the callousness, the disregard, the apathy, the spirit of vested interests manifesting as the greed and selfishness of the Indian Civil Service. We have had exceptional men like Hume, Sir William Wedderburn, and Sir Henry Cotton, but the majority of the Indian Government are adverse to the idea of India becoming a self-governing part of the Empire. In this opposition they find support from Anglo-Indian traders and "Christian" missionaries. These three classes would be losers both in money and power if Indians became managers in their own household, and like shrewd business people they resent, as is natural, any effort towards Home Rule for India. All this becomes apparent as we read the volume and ponder over the nature of the Congress demands, most of which, especially the more important ones, remain "not granted yet". The subjects of these demands are of Indian political interest only, and so we need not dwell on them, but recommend every one interested in India to study them in this magnificent book. Six hundred and ten pages of reading, heart-rending and yet inspiring, convince one that these champions of liberty, these fighters for freedom are

standing up for a just and righteous cause which cannot but bring complete success to them. The remaining hundred pages are devoted to an admirable Index, which could hardly be improved on ; and the chart giving the main data of the Congress labours will be found most useful. Without the index and the chart the book would be valuable, with them it is indispensable. Every Indian politician, old and young, will use it as a book of reference. Theosophists, all of whom have some attachment for India, the land of the Rishis, will greatly increase their fund of knowledge by perusing this volume, and also get an idea of the most recent activities of their great and unfiring President.

B. P. W.

War, Religion and Science, by J. B. Hunt, M.A., B.D.
(Andrew Melrose, Ltd., London. Price 2s. net.)

This little book makes an honest attempt to define the bearing of Christianity and modern science on the problem of war, though the result, as might be expected, is far from conclusive. The first part treats of war as a cataclysmic occurrence beyond human control, to be accepted as inevitable, and met by extensive military preparations—as urged by the National Service League. The policy of imperialism is defended at some length, on moral grounds and naturally from the British standpoint. The second part, on Religion, is the weakest. Glaring atrocities are quoted from the Old Testament to show Jehovah's approval of "frightfulness". The teaching of the New Testament is admitted to be more pacific, but the usual distinction between individual and national morality leads to the usual conclusion that individual morality should give way to national morality—at least in the case of war and preparations for war. The author essays as a Christian to expound the doctrine of Jesus, but does not venture to speculate on what Jesus would have done had he lived in a conscript country at war.

The third part, on Science, is the redeeming feature of the book, and presents the ideal of science as affording some hope of international understanding for the future. The author rightly points out the error of assuming that the evolutionary process of "natural selection" is the last word

in ethics, but while he emphasises the duty of man to rise above "nature," he leaves the impression that religion is something apart from nature. Mr. Hunt is also to be congratulated on his frank exposure of some of the nonsense now talked about Nietzsche.

It is interesting to find a reference to the probability of further discoveries of enormous destructive power, but strangely enough the author's inference is not that these forces will make war too terrible to be entertained, but that simpler methods of warfare will come into fashion again. For all that, it is good to read of probable advances of science in the realm of psychology, as tending to bridge the gulf between criminal and genius, foreigner and fellow-countryman. These latter pages will receive the support of all who hold that man controls his own destiny—even war. They are enough to make the book worth reading.

W. D. S. B.

The Still, Small Voice, by Charles Stuart Welles. (L. N. Fowler & Co. Price 1s. 3d.)

The title of this spiritualistic booklet of fifty pages sounded promising, but we are sorry to say that it proved disappointing in reading. The first chapter is a biography of the central figure of those which follow. These latter consist mainly of records of spiritualistic communications tacked on to a mild and very commonplace plot. The manifesting entities in most cases adopt the usual style of inflated and empty, or nonsensical, language prevalent at ordinary spiritualistic seances.

This book advocates the belief in reincarnation and in the near coming of the Christ. It purports to be a message from the spirit world to our materialists, with a view to weaning them from their materialism and bringing them to the realisation of the existence of higher and wider states of being beyond those of our physical world. We, from our Theosophical point of view, cannot be too grateful for any such endeavours; but we are afraid that this volume will not fulfil its self-advertised task, unless in the case of those who do not object to presentations such as the "spirits" of

Charles the First, John the Baptist, and Mary Queen of Scots, manifesting with their heads on their arms—even though they seem to have enough sense of the fitness of things to wish to apologise by saying: “I am aware, dear Charles, of the grotesque appearance which we make, coming to you with our heads upon our arms” It may do some good to those who can swallow and digest things like the spirit of King Charles advising our hero to “keep your head under all circumstances, and you will attain the highest pinnacle of fame. You are honest, generous and brave, and these are great attributes.” Thus Charles talked with God [*sic*], as the prophets of old. We are afraid that books like these do spiritism and kindred subjects more harm than good.

J. A. M.

Wireless Messages from Other Worlds, by Eva Harrison.
(L. N. Fowler & Co. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

This is a spiritualistic book of much higher quality than the one mentioned above. The standard, too, of what the manifesting entities say is very much better than in the other book. It has been written with serious intention, by a seriously-minded investigator who really wishes to help humanity. Whether we can agree with all its theories, or whether we think it probable that the communications from inhabitants of other planets, and the manifesting entities themselves, are what they purport to be, is another matter. However, the aim is high, and the ideas above the average as regards broad-mindedness and the wish to help. It takes up the same fight against materialism, it gives the same message to the world that there is no death, as does Theosophy, and we are therefore glad to welcome it as a co-worker, although we may not agree with its ideas on all points.

The first chapters are on “The Method of Transmission” of communications, on “Sleep-Life,” etc., and are more or less theoretical in their texture, interspersed with, and based on, communications from the “Guides” or “Angel Teachers” of the particular group of investigators to which our author belongs. The other chapters deal with communications from Mars, Neptune and other planets, in accordance with what the title of the book would cause us to expect.

It again struck us how the teachings in spiritualistic books, in the course of years, have gradually and steadily converged towards many of the Theosophical tenets. It is true that some of the great pioneers of spiritualism and spiritism, like Allán Kardec who was convinced of the truth of reincarnation from the very beginning, came very close to Theosophy in the things they taught, but it is only during the latter years that the Theosophical presentment has become more general in non-Theosophical literature dealing with matters superphysical. We sincerely hope that this book may become a stepping-stone for many to the higher knowledge.

J. A. M.

Great Men and How They are Produced, by Casper L. Redfield. (Chicago. Price 15c.)

This curious but remarkable pamphlet advances a theory on the subject of heredity which, if substantiated by further evidence, may lead to important conclusions. The writer disagrees with an article in the *Journal of Heredity* (the official publication of the American Genetic Association) which urges that the higher types of humanity should marry early, since the offspring of early marriages is more numerous than that of late marriages. He contends that this policy would not result in a greater number of higher types as assumed, but in a deterioration—at least as regards intellectual capacity—in proportion to the increase in numbers. He maintains that no case is known of an intellectually eminent man having an immediate ancestry of four generations to the century, or of any really great character in history in whose case there have been three generations to the century. In support of this statement he appends a list of 571 eminent men (including a few women), giving the difference in age between father and child. This figure is 71 for both Confucius and Lao-tze, at the one end of the scale, and 25 for Muhammad and 23 for Napoleon at the other. The latter figures do not necessarily disprove the theory, as it depends on an average of several generations—a figure that is absent in most cases. We cannot, therefore, say more than that most of the celebrities chosen were born at a fairly advanced age of the father; the mother's age is

apparently ignored. The list contains a strange variety of names, e.g., Krupp of Essen! It would be interesting to hear how far any gain in intellect appears to be obtained from late marriages at the expense of physical strength, as the latter benefit is usually associated with fairly early marriages. Mr. Redfield explains this theory in his book *Dynamic Evolution* (P. G. Putnam's Sons, New York). The question should be one of particular interest in connection with the law of reincarnation, especially in view of expected racial developments.

W. D. S. B.

Human Animals, by Frank Hamel. (William Rider & Son, Ltd., London. Price 6s. net.)

This is very entertaining reading, full of an assortment of werwolf stories and stories of men and women transformations into animals of all degrees. Practically every conceivable kind of animal has figured at one time or another in transformation records and folk-lore, each country favouring the particular species which is commonest to it and weaving stories round the exploits of their more distinguished exponents of the art. There are many quaint tales in the present volume, probably for the most part having little foundation in fact, but there are also particulars of werwolf trials taking place in France as recently as the seventeenth century, concerning which it is more difficult to venture an opinion. One presumes that the learned judges of that time had emerged from the superstitious trammels of earlier mediæval days, and required strong evidence before passing the drastic sentences which were meted out to practisers of lycanthropy. The trials were frequent and executions numerous, the sentence usually consisting of burning at the stake. In France the offence of lycanthropy seems to have appeared only in certain defined districts, and the first case was usually followed by quite an epidemic. A remarkable feature common to all the trials was the fact that the werwolf was never able to keep his secret on returning to human shape, and discovery was always brought about by his boasting of the adventures he had had in wolf shape. This, one imagines, was due to a degeneracy of will power, pointing

perhaps to the presence of an external entity participating in his wolfish functions.

Serpents, foxes, birds, cocks and cats, all have their parts in these stories, and many curious tales are told of them. India provides a wealth of anecdote concerning serpent princes and fair maidens, and many relics of these romances are found dotted about the country in stone carvings commemorating the tales. Japanese folk-lore abounds in stories of wer-foxes, ingeniously worked out with characteristic minuteness and sensationally horrible.

In the last few chapters we find quotations from well-known Theosophical literature bearing on the subject, though the author has abstained from any very precise expression of his own opinion about it all.

As a collection of animal transformation phenomena the book is valuable, and should find a place in all good reference libraries.

I. ST. C. S.

Theosophy for Beginners, by Catherine W. Christie. (T. P. H., Adyar, Madras. Price Re. 1 or 1s. 6d. or 40c.)

The writer for the young, like the proverbial poet, is born and not made, and Miss Christie is one of those rare benefactors. Though this her chief contribution to the juvenile side of Theosophical literature has already made its name, its reappearance in a third edition warrants a brief supplementary notice. The general scheme of the book is arranged to lead the pupil in easy stages from the simplest teachings to those of greater difficulty, and the chapters are purposely made short to avoid the common error of trying to give a child too much at one time. The writer's manner is direct and confident—just what youngsters understand and respect, and is relieved by happy imagery. Nor should "grown-ups" be content merely to hand the book on to the rising generation without themselves first profiting by its clear explanations. It gives us much pleasure to speed this little book on its further career of usefulness.

W. D. S. B.

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The Theosophical Society was formed at New York, November 17, 1875, and incorporated at Madras, April 3, 1905. It is an absolutely unsectarian body of seekers after Truth, striving to serve humanity on spiritual lines, and therefore endeavouring to check materialism and revive religious tendency. Its three declared objects are:

FIRST.—To form a nucleus of the Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour.

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THEOSOPHY is the body of truths which forms the basis of all religions, and which cannot be claimed as the exclusive possession of any. It offers a philosophy which renders life intelligible, and which demonstrates the justice and the love which guide its evolution. It puts death in its rightful place, as a recurring incident in an endless life, opening the gateway of a fuller and more radiant existence. It restores to the world the Science of the Spirit, teaching man to know the Spirit as himself, and the mind and body as his servants. It illuminates the scriptures and doctrines of religions by unveiling their hidden meanings, and thus justifying them at the bar of intelligence, as they are ever justified in the eyes of intuition.

Members of the Theosophical Society study these truths, and Theosophists endeavour to live them. Every one willing to study, to be tolerant, to aim high, and to work perseveringly, is welcomed as a member, and it rests with the member to become a true Theosophist.

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THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

“WATCHMAN, what of the Night?” is the cry that is heard from many and many a breaking heart. For the Night is long and weary, and thick clouds lower over the war-pierced Nations. Not yet has the answer rung forth from the hills whence cometh our help: “The Night is far spent; the Day is at hand.” For though we know that in the higher worlds the battle is won, that the forces of evil are driven back, and that their strength is broken, yet the enemy, though flung downwards, is yet raging upon the earth: “knowing that his time is short”. Truly was it said, “Woe unto the inhabitants of earth,” for great and terrible has been the havoc wrought, and sore the grief of the martyred Nations; Belgium and Poland, Serbia and Montenegro, have been trampled into bloody mire under the hoofs of evil. And yet to those who know, it is ever true that in the fair White Island, “the Lord sitteth above the water-floods, the Lord remaineth a King for ever”. And as we lift up our eyes to the great Temple, fairy-like in pure white radiance against the sapphire sky, we see

the STAR we love shining ever as the Jewel in the Lotus, and we murmur low, with the old Hebrew singer : " The Lord shall give strength unto His people. The Lord shall give His people the blessing of Peace." How the riven Nations shall feel the joy of that blessing, feel it as they have never felt it before—" the blessing of Peace ".

* * *

Yet even as we long for that blessing to descend upon our bleeding earth, we know and realise that no Peace can be a blessing which might come until the forces of evil are broken upon earth, as they are broken in the higher worlds. There is no peace while the Jezebel of Nations still sits upon her blood-soaked throne ; no peace while her sword is yet unbroken ; no peace while on earth, and in sea, and in air she yet sends out her messengers of murder, slaying harmless men, with gentle women and little children. Never, since the days of old Atlantis, had science been the handmaid of slaughter as it has been made on the battle-fields of Europe to-day. Never, since the Dark Emperor ruled in the City of the Golden Gate, has intellect been so yoked to vilest uses. Well indeed might the Masters refuse to give any knowledge of the forces of subtle destruction to the Nations who have not yet learned the first letter of Brotherhood ; for imagine, ye students of the Sacred Science, what would have been the torrent of destruction launched from Berlin, had the German chemists learned to loose the force that disintegrates the atom, and leaves but a whirlpool of astral dust where men and cities had been.

* * *

And when Peace returns, how mighty will be the task of reconstruction set before the Nations of the earth. Freed Womanhood will never again put on the

chains which the sore need of the Nations has riven from her limbs. She has shown herself to be in every necessity of man his comrade and his helper; she can never again sink into his toy or his drudge. I do not mean by "toy" that she is his toy when man and woman play together, the difference of sex adding sweetness to friendship and passion to love; I do not mean by "drudge" the doing of household tasks, the sweet ministry of home, as dignified and needing more intelligence than the soul-less labour of the tender of a machine. The "toy" is the woman who is the mere slave of sex passion unsanctified by love, or the amusement of an idle moment, tossed aside when the graver claims of life are on the man; the "drudge" is the dull toiler through thankless tasks, the maid-of-all-work minus wages, less respected than the servant whose work is paid for. When the War is over, the relation of Man to Woman will become either infinitely nobler, or ruinous to both. For after the War, Man will return home to find Woman occupying all his seats of labour, save the heaviest and roughest; he will see her in the tram, at the railway gate, in the van, in the motor-car, in the office, behind the counter, in the factory—everywhere, even at the plough. There must either be a terrible sex-war for the means of livelihood, such as the world has never seen, utterly destroying human society, or else an equal comradeship, dearer and sweeter than any, save the elect souls, have hitherto known; that friendship, which, between a man and a woman, is the surest, sweetest thing which this world has to offer, the relation into which husband and wife sometimes pass when married lovers become married friends, and which is sometimes, but rarely, found outside marriage, which has all the strength, and trust, and sweetness

of love perfected by the sex-difference, but utterly free from passion.

* * *

In discussing the scope of woman's work in the old days before the War—as one might say, “before the flood”—I had often urged that no artificial restrictions should be placed on woman's labour, manual or intellectual, but that her capacity, her ability, should be left to find its own level. She must always be handicapped by child-bearing, but that is a handicap imposed by Nature, to be cheerfully and reverently accepted in obedience to the law of Nature, which is the will of God. But of artificial restraints and disabilities there should be none. Motherhood is, in itself, one of the highest offices in the Nation, since to bring forth noble boy and girl children, and to train and cherish them through helpless infancy and developing childhood, is a service to the Nation that cannot be over-valued. In a well-ordered State, such as is dawning on the horizon, children will be born only of healthy, strong, vigorous fathers and mothers, and the child-bearing age will begin with full physiological maturity, and end ere the woman begins to weaken, losing the energy of youth.

* * *

The question raised by Mr. Ernest Kirk in one of our articles this month is one in which many are inclined to agree with him, but one which, I hope, will be decided in the negative. It is true that a “creed” gives vigour and cohesion to an organisation and makes a more vigorous propaganda possible, but it also cramps and finally fossilises. The Christian regards his dogmas as “facts in Nature,” as the Theosophist considers re-incarnation, karma and the existence of the Masters to be facts. So is the indestructibility of matter a fact in Nature, but the scientific statement of the

indestructibility of the atom has been shown by further researches to be false. The facts of Nature remain, but man's vision of a fact is ever imperfect, partial, and it is only his vision of a fact that he can formulate in words. A doctrine, a dogma, is a formal statement of a fact; no dogma, widely accepted, is wholly false. Science is sure that the planets of our solar system are globes hurtling through space in a regular and balanced order; yet are they nothing of the kind, but are sections of a continuous structure uniting them with the Sun, as leaves on their respective stalks. Any of our imperfect visions of facts stated as a creed for the Theosophical Society would check and dwarf its free development. Let us leave the intellect of every member free to range the mental world at will, to affirm or to deny what we call facts. The statement of a fact is a husk containing a kernel of truth. Can we not trust to the truth for the stability and strength of our Society, and hold the husks loosely, ready to let them go when we find or create a larger, fuller statement of the fact? The truth gives strength to the dogma, the dogma does not give strength to the truth. Let us trust to the source of strength, which is truth, and let the dogmas go. They are crutches for the weak, and must not be turned into shackles for the strong. All Churches have made that blunder, and hence "heresies" have arisen and have torn them, and given rise to sects. A heresy is, for the most part, a vision of a part of a fact concealed by the statement of the fact, and should be an addition to previous knowledge and not the foundation of a new creed. There are members who want to turn any statement of Colonel Olcott's—that chances to agree with their own momentary views—into a law of the Society. There are members who, because they have stood still themselves, think that the

Society must remain exactly what it was when they entered it. The Society, we hope, may go on for centuries. Are our successors, are we ourselves, returning, to be bound down centuries hence by the skimpy views of to-day? Nay, let us trust Truth; let us leave the future to mould itself by its future vision; enough for us, if we can live up to the truths we glimpse, and so help others hereafter to start on a higher level. The open mind has before it infinite possibilities; let us not block the untrodden road with the barrier of some of our "facts".

*
* *
*

Here, in India, the movement for Freedom is going forward very rapidly, and to borrow Mr. A. P. Sinnett's happy nomenclature, we have passed through the Pooh-Pooh stage with quite unexpected speed, and find ourselves suddenly in the Bow-wow period, surrounded by a quite furious pack, giving forth loud-voiced and brazen-throated clamour. There are two special danger-signs in India: the growing poverty of the masses of the labourers, and the growing and spirited independence of the school and college youths. The separation of the Education Department into two sections, deplored and condemned even by a man like Sir Valentine Chirol, has changed the whole educational atmosphere, pushing the English and Indian members of the Service apart, and making two distinct castes. The very ablest Indian cannot pass into the higher Service, and a young and quite undistinguished Englishman is made Professor over the head of the most capable Indian. Hence we find, as Sir Rabindranath Tagore points out in a valuable article in the April number of the *Modern Review*, that the students just now are in a state of unrest; he says:

If the students' own race or religion is insulted by the teacher, if the students know that for themselves there is no

chance of justice, and for professors of their own Nationality no fair treatment, then they are bound to break out into impatience, and, indeed, it would be a thousand pities if they did not.

In earlier days, before the Partition of Bengal had stirred all the best Bengalis into violent unrest, lads would have been told by their elders to submit humbly to their teachers. But it was the lads of Bengal who were the chief agents in annulling the Partition of Bengal, and the new life of the Indian Nation throbs in their hearts. And so now an elder—and an elder who impressed Europe with his genius—turns to them and tells them, that when they and their race and their religion and their own teachers are unfairly used and they show impatience, “it would be a thousand pities if you did not”. That is the new spirit, resistant, no longer submissive, the spirit of the New India that demands Home Rule.

* * *

The great change is being hastened among the young by the type of Professor and Master who now come to the Missionary Schools and Colleges from England, and who are planted on us by our officialised Universities, wherein 80 per cent. of the Fellows are, since Lord Curzon's ruinous Education Act of 1904, nominated by the Chancellor, *i.e.*, by the English Governor—or Lieutenant Governor, if the University be not in one of the three Presidencies. The Missionaries in the Madras Senate back up the Missionaries in the Schools and Colleges, and permit Missionary Colleges to work with a far worse equipment than that which they exact from Colleges under Indian control, as we found at Madanapalle.

* * *

One finds the Indians of 40 or 50 years of age looking back to their English Professors and Masters

with much respect and affection, and deploring the kind of men who have replaced them. Some of the old missionary educationists, again, were men of erudition, sincere Christians who devoted themselves to spread English Education, believing that its spread would inevitably Christianise India. The Church of England Missionaries, usually Oxford or Cambridge men, have at least the advantage of the training of the great Universities, where "the humanities" give culture, and the social surroundings good manners. But the Nonconformist ministers who usually come over here are not men like Clifford or Campbell. They are, for the most part, men who neither impress by their learning nor win by their urbanity. They are of the ordinary dissenting type of the smaller provincial towns, and as members of "the ruling race" they lord it over their pupils, mistaking arrogance for dignity. The Roman Catholics are of a finer type, cultivated gentlemen for the most part, and often much beloved for their kindly ways, as well as respected for their simple and ascetic lives.

* * *

It is the Nonconformist ministers who cause most of the troubles here, and who, in England and Scotland, spread abominable stories about the "heathen," misrepresenting them to the gullible religious public, and so causing much of the misapprehension and misconception which blind the British Nation to the real state of things over here.

* * *

It may be asked: "Why do you regard this resistance among the students as a danger-sign?" Because these lads are the men of to-morrow, and unless Britain has by that time given to India the Home Rule on which their hearts are set, many difficulties will arise.



THE VALUE OF PEACE

By WILLIAM H. KIRBY, M.A.

WHEN a New Year is about to dawn, all men's thoughts turn naturally to ideas of Peace and Goodwill. It is the message of close upon two thousand years ago, that we have all learnt at our mother's knee and that we pass on to younger generations. Yet perhaps never since the message was given us by our great Teacher, has it had more meaning for all of us, or been less practised, than at the beginning of this year of our Lord 1916.

It would be folly to prophesy that what we call peace will come to men in 1916. But since we are in the midst of war and have had a year and a half in

which to realise the full meaning of its consequences, we can all the better measure wherein lie the benefits and the value of the peace that sooner or later must again be established amongst men.

Peace is so big a word that it is not possible to attempt to define it. It is, like all great truths appertaining to the Spirit, capable of only relative definition. In the abstract it involves an ideal and not an actual state of things, as long as men and nations are at different and imperfect degrees of evolution. The diversity of their aims and characteristics precludes the possibility of that absence of tension, of that state of equilibrium which peace, as an ideal, involves. But when we, mere finite beings undergoing, and in the midst of, processes of development, speak of peace, we mean simply an absence of war, a state of agreement with regard to differences between men and nations, a compact, for the time being, not to fight.

History shows that such compacts, however, are but temporary matters, depending either upon a state of equilibrium, or "balance of power," or upon the distinct inferiority or exhaustion of one or other of the contracting parties. And the period of peace will vary in duration in accordance with the continuation of the state of equilibrium, or with the recovery and growth in national aspirations and ambitions of that side which was exhausted or in a state of inferiority. Once the "balance of power" is upset and conflicting interests come into play, inevitably the Dove of Peace takes flight while a new equilibrium is being fought for and a new set of conditions is introduced for men to digest during future years.

The alternations, then, of peace and war appear so far to be inevitable and in the order of things according to man's origin, composition and present place in evolution. As always, it is the animal in man that fights, and the Spirit that rebels. The passions in man conflict, and the mind, becoming the "slayer of the real," is used to devise the methods of offence and defence. But as man evolves, just as his mind is capable of greater ingenuity in inventions and in methods of protection or destruction, so his Spirit is more alive to the assimilation of results, and to a more adequate valuation of causes and effects.

All that European science and industry have evolved in past decades has been brought to bear in the present World-War. Yet, on all sides, from the humblest soldier to the highest statesman, there is not a man who does not deplore the waste and the wreckage caused by the conflict. Yet it goes on, and must inevitably go on to a finish. One side or the other, one group of powers or another, must come out undisputedly the conqueror, before any peace can be established that shall render impossible any such repetition of world-wide suffering and *lèse-humanité* for a long, long time to come. And that peace may grow fruitfully henceforth and spread far and wide over European countries, that group of Powers must fight to the uttermost, and must win, who stand for those attributes of the Spirit, namely, Freedom, Honour and Justice, and who abominate all material ends involving ideas of persecution, oppression and domination by blood and iron.

This is what the amiably-minded importunate pacifist fails to see. He cannot, apparently, realise that peace has no value where it is merely in the nature of

a truce, a patching-up of differences at a given moment, a mere temporary defining of geographical areas of influence, and of economical and commercial relations, *before the time is ripe*. These are all palliatives—cog-wheels in the machinery of peace when the end of war has come; but they do not create peace when the tension that caused war has not been settled and the motives that led to war have not either finally triumphed or been defeated and overthrown on one side or the other.

These pacifists, well-meaning no doubt, but fully deserving the condemnatory character of that faint praise, seem to think that they alone see the value of peace, that they are the God-sent part of the community, endowed with a mission to put salt on the elusory tail of the dove of peace. Fortunately, no serious attention is paid to their misguided and frequently puerile efforts. For combatants know that peace is won by fighting, not by looking on and talking; and that the value of peace lies in the sacrifices made to obtain it, in the valour of men's actions, and in the virtue of their motives.

In this coming year 1916 it is certain we shall hear much about peace. The War is now at, or near, its highest point. Both sides are realising to the full what humanity is in for at the present. The longer-sighted, indeed, are beginning to foresee what the consequences in the near future are likely to be and for how long, how very long, a time they are likely to last. Is it any wonder then that old men and wives and mothers, and even the weary combatants themselves, should at times look back to the days of the peace that was, and sigh for the days of the peace that is as yet not in sight?

Is it only the self-constituted pacifist, the theory-monger, who is to have the presumption to imagine that he alone sees the benefits of peace, that he alone is designated to be an artificer of and a factor for peace? No! In these times of hard facts, arm-chair theorists are merely a nuisance. In the breast of every true man or woman, in the heart of the wife and the mother who have parted with all that is near and dear to them for the sake of their country, in the soul of every human being who is giving up his all in sacrifices of every kind, yes, even of life itself, for the sake of the ideal he or she is standing for in this common struggle, there is implanted deep and firmly the hope of peace as a precious heritage, bought by sacrifice and suffering, that they would hand over to be enjoyed by their children and children's children for the lasting honour of their name and their country.

The irresponsible individual who would prematurely urge and contrive at peace, merely for the purpose of stopping a state of war, is not only short-sighted and unable to appreciate the proportion of things as they are, and to realise that great world-happenings have behind them great designs beyond our comprehension, but he is also unconsciously a source of weakness to his country and a traitor to his fellow-men who are fighting for him too, and giving of their all to obtain a peace that shall have some sure foundation.

Once war is declared, in a just cause, the individual and his theories disappear. No one is any longer a separate unit, free to stand aside and air theories. Each is a cell in the organism that is about to act; and he shares for good or ill the destinies of that organism and its actions; of the country, in a word, to

which he belongs. Such an one is not free by any means, as he thinks, to settle whether he shall fight or not, whether peace or war is best for his country. He is gratuitously assuming that he is wiser than the rest of his nation or than his fellows; he is not content to fall in with the plans of the Powers-that-be in that nation to which he belongs, nor in that organism of which he is a part; his own views, his own ideas, his own aspect of things in general and in particular are, in his own estimation, of far more importance. Let the whole world fight, let men work for their souls, and women weep out their hearts, and children and homes be destroyed, justly or unjustly: "There should be no war," proclaims this prig. "Let us talk it out at a table and settle the affairs of the universe!"

Or again: "What blockheads men are to resort to the methods of the savage primitive races! Won't they see the pity and the waste of it all? Are we not all brothers of one great human family? Have not all Teachers of men enjoined love, not hate? Let us, Oh, let us put an end to these methods of barbarism, and settle our differences by representative conferences, and cease from strife!" So say the more thoughtful and amiable variety of pacifists. But, bless their kindly hearts, so say all of us! So say all who can feel and think and reason. It is no new thought. We all said so ages ago, and also before the War, when that monument to futile and academic attempts at caging the Bird of Peace was erected at The Hague. No doubt we shall all say so again after the War, when, forgetting the flimsy value of scraps of paper embodying the results of these round-the-table Conferences, we invite our friends the neutrals to join us in our happy

discourses and entertain us with regard to what they thought, and especially what they did, while we were busy fighting! But in that certain barbarians, in their lust and greed for power and domination, let loose on Europe at large the sterner methods of "blood and iron," with all the accompanying terrors of murder, arson, pillage and treachery,—“blood and iron” they must taste to their fill at the hands of those they have assaulted, until they cry “Enough!” and henceforward so utterly loathe and detest its nauseating stench that they too learn the lesson and the value of peace so long ago understood by older and civilised nations.

Of what use, then, before the time and in the face of facts as they are, designed by an inscrutable Destiny that guides men and things, for the mere individual to prate of peace? Let him rather join those of his country in working and fighting actively for peace, and he will at least have done something entitling him to enjoy its benefits when it is re-established. For the value of peace lies in the right we have stood for, in the sacrifices we have made, in the services we have individually rendered to make it ours. If our country has been in the wrong and has succumbed in the fight, it will avail us nothing—nay, we will be all the more odious—that we stood aside, out of the conflict, and said: “I told you so!” Similarly if, on the other hand, our country has been in the right and wins an honourable peace, it will be an endless reproach to us and ours that we selfishly held aloof, indulging in our own crabbed opinions, and had no share in the attainment of our country’s ends.

There is no place for the peace-monger to-day. All who are fighting or helping the fighters are working

more effectively for an ultimate and a decisive place than he who talks and agitates, and is all the time impotent to do anything that serves in the present phase of his country's activities. Peace will come surely and automatically when all is fulfilled as designed, and when responsible rulers or leaders on both sides, with the knowledge of all the facts before them, realise that there is nothing else in honour to be done.

But the agitation for peace, it may be urged, can begin from below as well as from above, and it must have a beginning, therefore why not admit the value of the humble pacifist, as leaven in the mass? True, but the motive behind the pacifist in this case is different. He is no longer a theorist, a meddler, a talker, an individual crank airing his theories to the detriment of his country's cause. The peace-agitator in such cases is rarely found singly, but in ever-increasing numbers of tired, over-wrought, hard-used men or women who, having done their full duty by the War, having espoused to the utmost their country's cause, and sacrificed their all for its ends, even against their will or their better judgment, see the futility and uselessness of it all, realise the wanton use that has been made of their willingness to trust and serve those above them, and in the name of humanity demand that a false road shall no longer be pursued. No one will confuse the pacifist who is a theorist, with the peace-lover who has suffered unselfishly and sustained his burden with the rest. For he feels that not only is his further help useless, but that he has been deceived, or that mistakes have been made in the purposes for which he was fighting, or that his country has been forced into war by the senseless

ambition of rulers. Even so, it is only the responsible representative authorities who can usefully take action. For in the first of the above two cases, to speak of peace in time of war implies either lack of proportion and comprehension or merely effrontery; and in the second case, instead, it denotes a certain degree of moral courage.

One cannot certainly imagine a less peaceful or more topsy-turvy system of conducting foreign politics than that alluded to in a recent number of *THE THEOSOPHIST* as embodying the ideas of a league in England called the "Union of Democratic Control"—whatever that may precisely mean! Here, indeed, is theory run riot. It is the tail that is to govern the head, or as if it were suggested that the crew, and not the captain and officers, should navigate a ship! Thus as far as one can make out, it is the idea that the limitations and ignorance of the masses are to supplant the wise concern and experienced training of those carefully selected and eminent statesmen whose special gifts and attributes have peculiarly fitted them to deal with and decide on questions of State in regard to Foreign Affairs, and whose name and position carry weight in International Councils. A country can decide for war or peace by the current of public opinion, or by some great wave of national feeling, but this feeling is guided not by a body of worthy persons who constitute themselves into a league of this or that, but by the national spirit and sentiment that is in them, and that as a rule the highest and best in the land, *not* generally the democrats, control, mould and guide. At any rate, in regard to foreign policy, it is the few, who have knowledge

and experience of other lands and peoples, who count; and not the many whose mediocre acquaintance with matters outside their own run in life produces inevitably a quantity of errors and misjudgments which, as we have seen only too recently, may lead to incalculable consequences and costly sacrifices.

Service, now as ever, must be the watchword of all. Most of all has it a special meaning for us Theosophists. There is certainly no lack of opportunities in any and every direction just now to serve, to prove our belief in the value of that brotherhood that spells love and unselfish devotion to duty all round. It is this that will be the prime factor for consolidating peace when the time comes, and it is this that proves the good Theosophist now in his duty as a belligerent.

It is indeed good to see how on all sides in various countries Theosophists have come forward readily to serve their country in a hundred ways, including, when of age, that of military service. But there is a further feature which shows the value of the character training among Theosophists. Often nowadays, and practically in all countries, there is a tendency to magnify one's individual importance in connection with services rendered, whether they be in the form of leagues or organisations or committees or any other initiative undertaken or volunteered. One has witnessed all sorts of petty competition and mild self-advertisement in good works and beneficent organisations.

Yet in general, the teaching that one does not do anything for the "fruits of action" seems to have especially distinguished the Theosophist in many an undertaking, where he has shone by the quantity and quality of quiet good work done unobtrusively, and by

the modesty and unselfishness with which he has kept in the background and allowed others to figure and to take the praise or the rewards of the "outer" world.

Those who work for good ends, for the right, in service of their country and of their fellows, dispassionately, in the sphere of action to which they properly belong, speaking little and doing much, recognising in their proper proportions men and things as they are and making the best of them, eschewing evil and doing good, reckoning themselves no wiser and no better than their fellows, ready ever to take and to share burdens, endeavouring to understand and to pour out sympathy and tender help, such as these are the really valiant and valuable workers for peace, since they instil into the hearts of men those precious seeds of love—the root of peace—which bear fruit a hundredfold from generation to generation. Whereas the peace of the pacifist is but a barren intellectual growth founded on sand and as shallow as it is Utopian and ineffectual.

The true value of peace lies not in the consensus of heads but in the close ties of the heart. The mind is the instrument that can only devise the means that will make peace durable when the hearts of men are charged with that fulness of comprehension that is born of Goodwill and Love. Dreams of power, designs for conquest, lust for material gains, these spring from a lower degree of evolution, that which is based on obtaining for itself, on taking from others for its own enjoyment. This leads to "envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness," and when put into effect, as in the case of the provokers of the present War, to the uprooting of all the foundations of civilisation and all accepted principles of human intercourse.

The pacifist who would interfere at such a time, merely because people are fighting, is morally responsible for trying to prevent another section of the world standing for those higher principles that are founded on a sense of Freedom, of Justice and of Equity, and who are fighting in order that Liberty shall prevail over Domination, and Right over Might.

From so great a catastrophe the world will emerge chastened and also purified. Far into future generations, and long after peace has been signed, will the barriers set up by the present War continue and the effects be felt. Plans to "kiss and be friends" sound pretty, but are merely Utopian dreams of optimists. Too much there is to remember, too much to forget. Too many standing monuments and memories are there that will relentlessly bear witness to the wanton handiwork of cruelty and barbarity let loose.

But Time, the great Healer, will "like an ever-rolling stream" bear all away on its broad bosom. In the far future, when succeeding generations have lost the sting of the first-hand touch with present-day miseries, foulnesses, and sufferings, and veiling what is ugly and repulsive, memory can only look back with pride at noble traditions of honour and duty done by their families and forebears in the great crisis,—then perhaps will descend the Dove of Peace upon Earth, in a new Springtime of Hope and Endeavour, bearing with outspread wings seeds of Love that shall penetrate and grow fruitfully in the hearts of men and produce a new era of kindness and true brotherhood.

William H. Kirby

WHAT DOES THE T. S. AS SUCH STAND FOR?

By ERNEST KIRK

AT what point, if any, in the evolution of the Theosophical Society must the unanimous statements of our leaders concerning certain Theosophical truths, as Reincarnation and Karma, be accepted by the Society, as a Society, not as tenets or dogmas but as facts, realities? Members of the T. S. are obliged, before becoming members, to recognise the idea of Brotherhood as a fact; why, in its constitution, should the Society stop there? Surely in these matters it has not reached finality! We have probably less proof for the existence of Brotherhood as a law than we have for the existence, say, of the Law of Karma, or for the existence of the Masters; why then should one be included and the others left out? We do not, strangely enough, think of Brotherhood as a dogma; for what reason then do we fight shy of placing other equally significant truths in the same category? As a matter of fact a certain body of truths *are* held by the Society, or at least by the majority of its members, and not to include them in some way in an official document and proclaim them openly and frankly—not as dogmas, but as facts in nature—seems to me scarcely like playing the game. If the Society does

really accept and commit itself to these truths, why keep that fact in the background? Why not give prominence to it, for instance, on the application form for membership? Not that any applicant would be required to accept, as a condition of membership, any of the teachings suggested, but he would at least know what to expect.

It may be argued that all this is clearly set forth in Theosophical books, and that therefore anything further would be superfluous. But frankly, that seems to me a very strong reason why the fundamentals of the teachings given out to us by our leaders, fundamentals, be it remembered, already accepted by the majority of Theosophists, should be codified and presented in some such way as I have suggested.

The Society, like everything else, is evolving; many things taught only in the E. S. T. ten years ago are now common property. This progress is bound to show itself, as indeed it is showing itself, in a more pronounced and definite attitude towards the problems of life, and in greater daring and doing regarding the truths for which we stand.

In this connection it is interesting to recall a pronouncement made by that sturdy Theosophist, Mr. T. Subbarao Garu, in one of his lectures delivered at the Annual Convention, Adyar, over twenty years ago. Said Mr. Subbarao, evidently anticipating the question now under review:

All of you know that our Society is established upon a cosmopolitan basis. We are not wedded to any particular creed or to any particular system of religious philosophy. We consider ourselves as mere enquirers. Every great system of philosophy is brought before us for the purpose of investigation. At the present time we are not at all agreed upon any particular philosophy which could be preached as

the philosophy of our Society. *This is no doubt a very safe position to take at the commencement. But from all this it does not follow that we are to be enquirers and enquirers only. We shall, no doubt, be able to find out the fundamental principles of all philosophy and base upon them a system which is likely to satisfy our wants and aspirations.* (The italics are mine.)

At what point then, to hark back to my first question, do the statements made by our leaders concerning the facts of Reincarnation, Karma, the underlying unity of Religions, the existence of the Masters, etc.—statements that only gradually come to be accepted by us as true—at what point, so far as the Society goes, do these statements pass into, stand for, and become accepted as truths, realities? What makes a law a law, and a truth a truth? Not, of course, our acceptance or our rejection of it, our knowledge or our ignorance. A law takes no account of a majority nor of a minority, neither is it influenced by threats or bribes. The point at issue, however, is not what makes a truth a truth in the abstract sense, but what makes a truth a truth to the T. S., that is, I repeat, to the majority of its members.

Now there are probably many contributory factors, prominent among which are the following: (1) The united evidence of Great Teachers and Sages, as reflected in the Scriptures of the world; (2) the corroborative testimony of recognised living Occultists, those amongst us who have won our confidence and who declare that as a result of definite training and definite research they have first-hand knowledge; (3) the history of, and discovered causes of, any given phenomenon; (4) one's own experience, intuition and inward verification; and (5) the acceptance of any given truth by the majority of us. Take for example, under these headings, the question

of the underlying unity of all religions. One does not require to be a very deep student of Comparative Religion to know that the main spiritual verities in one religion are found, under varying names, in all the other religions. The evidence in the various World-Scriptures on this point, both objective and subjective, is enormous. Some fragments of this evidence have been tabulated in very handy form in *The Universal Textbook of Religion and Morals*, and in the introduction to *The Ancient Wisdom*. Add to the above the testimony of our leaders and those who have made a thorough study of the subject, and the testimony of Theosophists who belong to one or other of the world's religions, and you have a most convincing pile of evidence, amounting to proof. Some such method applied to an inquiry into the subject of Karma or Reincarnation, would yield similar results. Of course in the case, say, of Reincarnation, direct proof lies in the hands of a very few, but as those few are agreed on essentials and, as between them, command the love and confidence of the great majority of T. S. members, the ground for the acceptance of the truth of their statements is fairly solid and sure. What they say about occult matters and the workings of hidden laws in nature can be put to the test by any one who is able and willing to go to the trouble of making the experiment. If the experiment is a failure, it does not disprove the truths and laws about which the experiment centres, but only that the experimenter is deficient in knowledge and skill. A negation of a fact or statement, it should be remembered, is in itself an affirmation, and of necessity the man who denies must know more than the man who affirms.

After all is not this line of arriving at truth very much akin to that adopted by students of science in relation to the study of the laws and facts of physics and chemistry? As every one knows, the real investigators and seers in the realm of science are few, and yet these are the men who, by their courage, patience and perseverance, discover and make possible the acceptance and application of certain laws. The ordinary student of science, respecting the findings and statements of those sturdy fathers and pioneers, findings usually endorsed by the Royal Society or the British Association, takes the instruction of his teachers for granted and goes to work accordingly. He is told, for instance, that a certain result will follow the union of hydrogen and oxygen, and providing the instructions are obeyed and the necessary conditions established, he may safely put the matter to the test without fear or failure. On the other hand, if he ignores the instructions, preferring in his experiments to "keep an open mind" and an agnostic attitude, he is as likely as not to come to grief.

What I would therefore venture to suggest is that a commission of leading Theosophists, suited for their task, be appointed by the Society to collect, tabulate and put into textbook form, all the present available evidence for those great truths for which one intuitively realises that the Society stands. A textbook of any one subject, as Reincarnation or Karma, might possibly run into two or more volumes. It would be solely a student's book, and should of course be the standard work of the world on that subject. If thought desirable, abridged popular editions could be published. It is scarcely necessary to add that such a series of works would, as new or additional evidence came to

hand, require periodical revision. That revision work should be done by a central authority.

The mention, in this connection, of a central authority raises the question of the advisability of the formation of some select body within the T. S., a body presided over by Mrs. Annie Besant, and consisting of one or more of the best informed and best known Theosophists from each country or section. In its own realm this body should be as important and useful in the world as, in matters of science, are the Royal Society and the British Association. Its annual gatherings and deliberations would act, among other things, as a sort of world sounding-board for the results of the latest investigations and discoveries.

Further, I would suggest that in connection with this body, a College or University for the study of the Science of the Self be established at Adyar, that a regular course of instruction be given both on the spot and—in the case of those students unable to travel to India—by correspondence, that passes and diplomas be granted, and that no one not holding some such diploma be recognised as a regular Theosophical lecturer. Schools or branches of the College could be opened in such centres as London, Paris, Berlin, New York, etc., but the curricula should be uniform, and—a point which seems to me of immense importance—the teachers and examiners, so far as this is possible, should be Initiates and accepted pupils of the Masters.

It may be, in much that I have said, that “the wish is father to the thought,” and others reading what has been written may be reminded of the words “fools rush in where angels fear to tread,” but honesty must run to a conviction that the time is near at hand,

if indeed it is not already here, when the Society, as such, should take a bolder and braver stand for the truths which have so long been proclaimed by its leaders and by individual members. A perusal of *The Vahan* for January (just to hand) gives the impression that some such forward move as is here indicated is already afoot.

Ernest Kirk

FROM "THE KEY TO THEOSOPHY"

Every such attempt as the Theosophical Society has hitherto ended in failure, because, sooner or later, it has degenerated into a sect, set up hard-and-fast dogmas of its own, and so lost by imperceptible degrees that vitality which living truth alone can impart. You must remember that all our members have been bred and born in some creed or religion, that all are more or less of their generation both physically and mentally, and consequently that their judgment is but too likely to be warped and unconsciously biased by some or all of these influences. If, then, they cannot be freed from such inherent bias, or at least taught to recognise it instantly and so avoid being led away by it, the result can only be that the Society will drift off on to some sandbank of thought or another, and there remain a stranded carcass to moulder and die.

H. P. B.

THE BIGGER ISSUES OF WAR

By H. P. RAY CHOWDHURY, M.A.

AT a weekly meeting of the Arundale Lodge we were talking about the causes of the downfall of various old nations, and we were trying to gather some lessons out of them. I decided, then, to put down my thoughts about the present conflict in Europe, taking lessons from the past and trying to deduce, as far as my ability would permit, some conclusions which might be of some use to others.

As we turn over the pages of history, we see generally that they are replete with incidents connected with the rise and decline of nations. Nations rise, nations decay. Do they not leave behind them something which makes the world richer and wiser than it was before their rise? Do they not play a distinct part in the evolution of the world, as every age helps the evolution of mankind to a definite goal? I believe they do. Many illustrations can be taken from history, and it is easy to show what particular part in the world-evolution a nation arises to play, and how, when its part has been played, it withdraws behind the scene. The world is not poorer for its decay; on the contrary, it is richer than it has been. The nation which arises to perform a particular task accomplishes it before it decays; so we can see, through the rise and

fall of a nation, an invisible Hand guiding the nation to a definite goal, moulding it exactly in the shape and form which are necessary for its task.

So much is true for nations with regard to the world of which they are parts; the same is true for wars and conflicts, for social, political, economic, industrial and other movements, for the rise of certain cults and agitations within a particular nation. Wars and conflicts, social, political and other disturbances have certain well defined parts to play within a nation, in order that the nation may be prepared for the greater task for which it has been born in the world-plan of evolution. They do not take place at random, without any meaning, disjoined and purposeless. It is my belief that even a trivial event—trivial it may be from the individual point of view—has big potentialities, which we, with our imperfect knowledge and incapacity for broad historical generalisations, may not see. The very fact that such events do take place, goes to prove that they have a purpose behind them.

To make my point sufficiently clear, I shall set forth some historical illustrations. Being more familiar with Indian history, I shall take my illustrations from it. Every thoughtful person will support me when I say that India has something to do in the world, has something to give, together with other countries, to complete the purpose for which the world was created. Everybody believes that the world exists for a certain purpose; what that purpose is, we do not yet see, as our knowledge is limited. It necessarily follows, therefore, that as India has something to give to the world-purpose, she must have been preparing herself for the great sacrifice, and already have been contributing

her share in all these ages to make that purpose possible; therefore that preparation has to be seen from the events that have taken place within her physical boundary.

Let us see, very generally, whether we can deduce, out of the innumerable changes that have happened in India, some definite purpose. From the very beginning, India has been invaded by different tribes and nations. Why is it, one naturally asks, that India only has been subjected to such invasions and convulsions? Why is it that India has had to suffer such a terrible loss? It is extremely difficult to answer such questions, though historical causes may be cited for every invasion; but we are trying to find out something beyond these apparent causes, something more real, something which satisfies our minds. Beyond all these physical metamorphoses there is a truth, there is a lesson which India has had to learn after these terrible sacrifices, a lesson which India, as a part of the world, has to give to the world. It is the lesson of perfect tolerance, religious or otherwise. Different tribes and nations invaded India only to teach this supreme truth, and India has had to learn this after years of suffering. We see that aliens who have invaded India, have after a time been recognised by the Indians as their own countrymen; their lineage has been invented and traced to Gods by the custodians of the Hindū religion, to show that they were parts of the original Āryans. We see the followers of religions other than Hindūism receiving the same cordiality as the followers of Hindūism. The Hindūs are not inimical to other religions, they allow them to go on side by side with their own. They invite followers of a different

religion to discussions in perfect equanimity and without the least scruple. One foreign dominion goes, and is replaced by another, but the people of India stretch out the same cordial hands as they did towards the one which has been supplanted. This perfect tolerance has been learnt after many centuries of sacrifice and endeavour; and I think that the sacrifice to learn this great truth must have been great, because nations or individuals learn truths, great or small, according to the sacrifice they are ready to make, and India has made an immense sacrifice to realise the significance of this great truth. She has given up everything—men, wealth and even independence, to learn this truth—the truth of Universal Brotherhood.

We have seen that India has a definite message to give to the world; so also has the West something to give. That something must be a truth which forms a part of the all-pervading truth towards which "the whole creation moves," or as we should say, is moving; therefore this particular truth must be strengthened by combining itself with the larger whole. If this is true, then we should find, at all events in European history, a preparation intended to mould it to the realisation of the part which it has to play in the future. What do these material facts signify? Have they got in them the germ of truth to which the West has been endeavouring to attain? I believe they have. Methods there, are different from those of India. If we learn the histories of the different nations of Europe, we shall see that from the beginning of any nation's history, an endeavour has been going on to shake off a certain narrowness of ideas and conditions, to adapt itself to broader and more liberal views and principles. To show this

movement in every country in Europe would occupy considerable space, but to make my proposition sufficiently clear, I shall take one country and show the way to proceed.

For the sake of convenience we shall take England. From the beginning of English history to the Norman Conquest, we see the people trying to attain political freedom. But what is political freedom after all? It is the shaking off of certain old and narrow scruples, to give place to newer and more liberal principles. Let us take stock, so to say, of the achievements of the English people up to the battle of Senlac, in 1066. The Witenagemot had been formed, the power of kings had been restricted, and a great commercial and industrial impetus had moved the young nation. This movement was stopped, for the time being, by the Norman Conquest, to teach a valuable lesson—the lesson of making room for foreigners and tolerating them, so that this young and rising nation might not forget, in its own great endeavours, that it was not a separate entity, but a part of the whole, and that it should learn selflessness. The same movement has gone on till now, and the nation has received from time to time severe shakings in order that it might give up the idea of exclusiveness and learn the meaning of Universal Freedom. The wars and conflicts, both from outside and from inside, which England has had to fight in the endeavour to attain freedom, have a great significance, and have taught her to respect the freedom of other people, while they have given a certain wide catholicity of temperament, which will bear fruit in the realisation of the supreme truth of Universal Brotherhood. The Catholic Emancipation Act and the Abolition of Slavery have been proofs in

the past, and the part which England is taking in the present War is a proof in the present, of the universal character of freedom and tolerance which she has learnt during so many centuries.

With this idea let us turn to the great War that is going on in Europe. Why is it that this War is taking place? Apart from all the historical causes which have been pointed out in so many volumes, we can see the work of the unseen Hand beyond this conflict. It is not a conflict of mere rights and the saving of them, but a conflict which may help the people of the West to realise the significance of Universal Brotherhood a little more fully. Germany has not been shaken sufficiently by the many wars in her past, to learn the truths that other nations have learnt. She has organised herself in an exclusive way, and wants to intrude on the freedom of other people, neglecting and obstructing the truth of Universal Brotherhood. She must learn the lesson; and she will in this conflict, because the Invisible Powers, which guide the destinies of the world, will that nations should realise the truth by their own experience. To gain a glimpse of truth a great sacrifice must be made, and as the sacrifice Germany is making now is a big one, the truth that she will learn will also be considerable. The world is approaching the realisation of the truth I have mentioned, and this War will bring the world a step nearer to that truth.

H. P. Ray Chowdhury



FATE AND FREEWILL

By WALTER H. SAMPSON

ONE hears the following questions so often that it seems worth while to consider them carefully :

Can people control their destiny ?

If I see disaster approaching, can I avoid it ?

Are you a Fatalist ?

Now in order to approach this very difficult and intricate subject in the proper way, for it involves the

whole question of Fate and Freewill, it will be necessary to begin by noting that in the case where knowledge foresees certain limitations or conditions, defines certain laws, or pretends to understand anything whatever of the nature of the individual, just to that extent must what is called "Fatalism" step in. In this connection, one's "freewill" is in inverse proportion to one's knowledge—that is, by being utterly ignorant of your tendencies, and therefore of the particular path you are following and the things to which it must inevitably lead, you remain "free"; the moment you become aware of yourself and in any degree conscious of the laws under which you live, you cannot be said to be free.

Does freedom, then, imply ignorance and depend for its existence upon an undisturbed state of ingenuousness? That is to say, yesterday I knew nothing whatever of the laws of my being, my tendencies, and the road upon which I was and am travelling. My curiosity being aroused, I visited some—let us say—astrologer who tells me that I have a certain tendency or group of tendencies which will influence my life at such a time, working out in the form of events, which he says are practically unavoidable. The causes, said this very unpleasant person, had been set in motion, and the effects had to follow. If, then, I am to believe what he says, I am no longer free, but under certain restrictions and limitations; while yesterday, not being aware of these, I was therefore "free". I destroyed my freedom when I increased my knowledge. That is, assuming that the astrologer is right, which might happen to be the case. Please note here that the condition of "freedom" depends entirely upon the fact

of knowing or not knowing, for if I had never gone to the astrologer, I should have passed the rest of my life thinking I was "free". In this case, and all similar ones, therefore, "freedom" seems to have been purely a mental state, and if freewill is an illusion, the sooner it is cleared out of the way, the better for all. But does this settle the case? The laws he mentions and under which he says I am bound—either they exist, or they do not. Is this a Universe of law, or one of chance? Of anarchy?

Every step that science takes seems to proclaim the reign of law—law everywhere, in the heavens, upon the earth, in the waters that are beneath the earth, throughout the whole creation—law upon law, law within law, order, system, form, intelligence everywhere existent. I do not think that anyone will have the hardihood to deny that law is the rule of the Universe, in so far as we are able to judge. Can there be such a thing as law in and about a Universe of "free" creatures?

We shall have to summon the term "free" to the bar, and see what it may have to say for itself.

Freedom implies the absence of restriction, limitation or hindrance; absence of duty, conscience and all connection with one's fellow man; it signifies independence, separateness, anarchy, rebellion against all authority, guidance and control; disregard of the rights, wishes, comforts and necessities of others; complete gratification of the self and of its every wish and ambition. To allow others to interfere with me will not be freedom; to allow others to persuade me will not be freedom; I am independent, capable of doing what I will and with the perfect right to do so. I shall, then,

go my way, do what I wish, when I wish, and act in all things in the manner best pleasing to me.

Well then, say I; you won't go very far, my fine fellow. If you claim the right of liberty for yourself, you must concede it to others. Here is barrier number one. Others are as free as you, surely, and if your interests conflict with theirs, and they are able to overcome your opposition or objections, whether by force, persuasion, or in any other manner, you are then restricted by the wishes and wills of others. If you claim freedom for the human race, the human race has also to concede it to others. If the interests of the human race conflict with those of the remainder of the Universe, it is for the destruction, or at least for the limitation of the human race that they do so. You are restricted by the Will of the Universe. This is barrier number two. If you think you need barrier number three, you have it in your own limitations, weaknesses, errors, inability, ignorance, inefficiency, and all the rest of it. Not only do others prevent me, not only does the Universe thwart me, but I myself persistently defeat mine own ends.

Is this "freewill"? Is this "freedom"? You will observe that here I am only dealing with the most material aspect of the case. And it may be well to inquire at this point whether freedom be really a blessing or a curse to mankind, and in the course of that inquiry we shall have to ask ourselves whence it derived its reputation, which is an honourable one. It is a name of power, a mighty word, a magical formula; one which has been the means of progress and enlightenment, of inspiration and encouragement, a threat to tyrants and a promise to the weak. It has been the

guiding star of this great American nation, and must therefore be not only a good thing but a very good thing.

It is right here that we shall have to make a very sharp distinction—one that I fear is seldom made, and yet one which will have to be made before we can rightly understand the matter. The freedom spoken of here, the freedom lauded and praised, and upon which our national foundations rest, is not personal freedom at all, but political freedom. Political freedom means freedom from oppression, from tyranny, from the domination of a class by an individual, from injustice of creed or caste, from unfair taxation, from any and all indignities, wrongs and deprivations that man can, in his moment of selfish power, inflict upon his fellow man. *Freedom, then, exists through and by reason of the injustice of man, and it is man's injustice that brings it into being. That is political freedom.*

Not so personal freedom. Political freedom being freedom from the injustice of man, personal freedom, of course, is freedom from the injustice of Heaven. Do we need that? The plea for personal freedom means, among other things, the arraignment of the high Powers of Heaven to answer to man why they have inflicted upon him ills and trials. It is man's demand for the separation of effect and cause, the attempt to win from Heaven a licence that will quit us of all responsibility and of the necessary results in our lives of the state of our development. Political freedom is a necessity, since it is ranged against man's injustices; which are many and sempiternal. Freedom in the personal sense is an impossibility, and if not, would be a curse and a calamity.

For what do we wish freedom? At every turn of the road, every step of the way of life, we are faced with the necessity of making a wise decision, of choosing between this and that. We stand at the cross roads—which way are we to take? There are no guide-posts, so we have free choice in the matter. Now the truth, and the truth which none of us dare deny, is that one of these roads leads to ruin and the other to progress, one to evil and the other to good, one to right and the other to wrong. Do we, then, desire the “free” choice or the right choice? If we are fools and madmen, we might desire the free choice, along with such sentiments as “My life’s my own”; “I can do as I like”; “I’m my own master”; etc. If we are sane and wise, we shall desire with all our hearts to make the wise choice, the right choice, and we even pray for enlightenment that we may do so. If, perchance, it were revealed to us at that moment which was the right choice, would there be any shadow of doubt as to our taking that? It would be an act of deliberate insanity to take the wrong road. True, we do not always know, and therefore may often choose wrongly. Not from “freewill” but from ignorance. Well, they are sometimes the same.

It may be said that life is a constant succession of such choices, with their consequences. In all cases one choice is right, and the other wrong. Which, then, do you deem it the more noble to do, to choose as you will, to show your independence and take the path you know to be wrong, or take the way you must, the way you eventually will in any case, the Way that leads through the Straight Gate? Will there be any desire for freedom here? The desire for freedom, here

as elsewhere, will be the desire to set at naught all right, wisdom and law, to take things into our own hands, to run away from realities, to refuse to face life as it is, and, in a word, to play the howling idiot, blind, foolish, and rushing headlong to destruction.

You may ask: "Can I always be sure of knowing the right choice?" No, you cannot. But if you always choose with the best of your being, *your* choice will be right, even if *the* choice is not right. If it is the best you can do, it is, to you, to all intents and purposes right.

It is not the noble, the unselfish, the inspired in us that demands freedom, but our rebellious passion, our cheated desire, our unsatisfied emotion, our thwarted ambition, our greed, our pride, our intense hunger for happiness, but most of all, and above all, our impenetrable ignorance.

We will try to conceive however that you are really free. Think what that means, even for an instant. It means to be abandoned of God and man alike; to be alone, an enemy to the Universe, an outcast, a contemptible renegade. Whilst others are toiling under their bonds, you lie in the sun. While others are fulfilling their duties and responsibilities, you fulfil no duty and acknowledge no responsibility. They are both incompatible with your freedom. While others are held by ties, you alone have no ties. The servile crowd yonder are not free; no, but they are loved—their mothers and sisters await them at the gates with refreshment and comfort. You, being free, have no mother and no sisters—mothers are limiting things, involving unpleasant duties, obligations and the like, all quite unworthy of the free. The slaves have wives

and children—more limitations, qualifications, obstructions to their freedom. You will none of these, for you are free. Do you therefore rejoice, and does the fierce fire of independence leap in your veins, and the ecstasy of the infinite glow in your countenance? No, you are abandoned, desolate, unloved, uncared for; and to your utter surprise, when you cast off your shackles and limitations you found yourself not free, but tied hand and foot. Your coveted freedom is as nothing to you, for what can you do without human ties, without proceeding according to the laws you detest, without co-operation, effort, dependency—which are all limitations?

Let us leave, therefore, the ideal of material freedom for its further consideration and enjoyment at the hands of the thoughtless, and turn to the ideal of inner or spiritual freedom, and try to see in what that may consist, and whether it be a possibility, or the reverse—a desirable condition or not. “Well,” you will say, “I may not be able to control outer conditions, and really, I didn’t mean that, but at least I am free to progress and evolve.” Friend, you are *bound* to do so—the Universe is ordained in no other way. “Nay,” you say, “but many are not progressing, they are retrograding; see yonder man staggering out of the saloon! He has taken his choice; his course is plainly downward; he wills to set at naught his opportunities and make of himself a beast. He has the perfect right to do with himself as he wills, and he interferes with no one, but simply takes his destiny in his hands and does with it what he will.”

Is that strictly true? Let us look into that case a little more carefully. If we cannot state that what we call

misfortune is a means of attainment, and that mistakes are but steps on the path, we shall then have to admit that there is such a thing in the Universe as deliberate and purposeless evil. That, again, arraigns Heaven of folly, and is not a possible standpoint for any but the ignorant or the blasphemous. If we cannot firmly believe that what we call sin, error, immorality, are the chaotic out of which virtue is the orderly; the elementary out of which virtue is the advanced; the indirected out of which virtue is the directed; the passion out of which virtue is gained by transmutation, then of course we can perceive no purpose in sin but the attempt on the part of Heaven to destroy its creatures. Nay, we know that mistakes, error, ignorance, crime, violence, and all the rest of the rubble are our broken attempts to express our better selves. Under the law, our mistakes cost us dear, for the law permits no infraction without its consequences. As Theosophists, we believe that the law pursues us in this life, but not only here—it follows us through many lives, lest justice be mocked, and that the balance may hang true. We are free, do you think, to destroy ourselves? We are never free to do that. We are, rather, bound and compelled to save ourselves. Some of us may remember Thompson's wonderful poem *The Hound of Heaven*, which shows how the Spirit of good pursues the sinner through the ages, never letting him rest a moment, permitting him no respite until he understands, turns and embraces the God he vainly tried to escape in flight. It is even so—the God, whether we believe He is in us, out of us, around, about, above, below, is insistent; His purposes must be obeyed, and there is no possible rest or peace for us until we submit to

His law. We are not free, but blessedly bound to fulfil our high destiny.

Let us try to see that freedom does not consist in separateness, selfishness, and the working of our own wills, in independence or rebelliousness; but in naught else than submitting ourselves to the Divine Will. Let us recall that phrase out of the English Common Prayer Book, which speaks of the service of Christ in these words: "Whose service is perfect freedom." As this is a paradox, it might be well to consider it carefully.

Let us suppose that we live in a walled city, broad, bright, expansive, beautiful, well ordered, well watered, strongly fortified; just like some old Chinese walled city such as one can still see, with broad stretches of meadow within the fortifications. Our life takes its course within those walls, and we take our airings inside them; our friends and relatives are all within these protecting defences, and all is well. One night, sleepless and restless, it may be, and perhaps moved by some spirit of adventure, we bethink ourselves: "How splendid to creep down through the silent city, along the streets across the moonlit meadows, threading the darkness of the narrow gate, and so into the open country." No sooner said than done. We sally forth, make our way to the gate, and to our amazement find it closed, locked, guarded, and no exit permitted. We are told that we are not permitted to go outside; "outside" in our imagination seemed so beautiful, too. We had always thought ourselves perfectly free—we are not free, but limited. Just slaves! Suppose we allow the idea to recur, to rankle. Suppose we make a fetish of our "freedom," become unhappy about it, and finally make our escape.

The first thing that happens is that we are set upon by a band of robbers just outside the gate, beaten, stripped and left for dead. We painfully crawl home, sore, but enlightened. OUR LIMITATION WAS OUR DEFENCE. Our limitations are always our defences. The four walls that enclosed us last night are not there for the destruction of our liberties, but for our protection. The laws under which we live from day to day, peaceably and contentedly enough for the most part, are not thrown about us for our limitation, but for our defence. Without them life would be impossible, and every moment a fresh danger and menace. The wise citizen of our little city lives from day to day within the walls, care-free, contented and prosperous. He understands well enough that the laws of the city exist and are binding, but not being of the nature that must run counter to them, he does not for an instant feel their restraint, but rather rejoices in their protection. *Their* service is perfect freedom.

Then, according to our line of argument, there is no freedom and no freewill? Are we under an irresistible destiny?

If, friends, there is one single event of life that can be demonstrated to be inevitable, not only for one but for all, we shall have great difficulty in upholding the argument that we are not under rigid laws, the operation of which we call Fate. The idea of Fate is that of superior powers which govern us with laws from which there is no escape and no appeal, and which in their operation are perfectly indifferent to the individual. Is there one single law, the operation of which no man can escape, or has ever escaped, and which can with certainty be predicted for all? There *is*

that one. Death is to all of us inevitable. It matters not at all what we may individually conceive death to be in its nature—whether we regard it as the close of an individual existence, or whether we consider it the entrance into another state of being. Here is an event against the consummation of which the whole human race can exert their will and hurl their determination without the least effect. There is evidently something in this idea of Fate. It is fairly just to presume that if one law is so indifferent to the individual, all law is so indifferent—that is to the wishes of the individual.

I am afraid we shall have to take refuge in the idea that as humanity has always misunderstood Death, so we may misunderstand Fate.

What, then, if the things we wish to avoid are the things we not only have to face, but would willingly face if we knew the whole truth? What if it is only the depth of our ignorance and the density of the majority that dims our eyes, that conceals from us the “Hound of Heaven”? We surely believe in the law of Karma, but not as a recompense—rather as a cure, and the only one, for our mistakes and misfortunes. If we fail to learn the lesson in school to-day, shall we know it any better by playing truant? Or by returning to school, in shame and confusion if need be, but determined to go over that hateful lesson again and again until we have mastered it? Suppose life be similarly constituted. Suppose the fate we wish to avoid, which we defy with our every thought, and against the threat of which we claim freedom, independence, the right to choose, and what not—what if this very Fate is what we are seeking and striving for; what if Doom be Janus-faced, throwing out before his path the awful lightnings and

thunders of Jove, and in his rear, the desert blossoming as the rose.

The man who howls dismally over his Fate and who denies his responsibilities in his claims for freedom is like one who locks himself in a prison, throws the keys out of the casement and shrieks to Heaven for help. I am afraid the truth is that when we ask for freedom we ask to be released from our task, to arrest the development which must include some unpleasant growing pains, to be allowed to put aside the nauseous mixture that will make us well; or we complain of the sharpness of the knife that is to sever the afflicted member. It is natural to do this, and human and inevitable that we should do this, but in the name of Heaven, let us at least face the truth, and not beatify the one thing that, given into our hands, would not only wreck us, but the entire race, for all time and eternity. Being human, we must err, but do not let us glorify our mistakes. Glorify the effort, but not the error.

Within our city, then, there is perfect freedom, and within the law there is perfect freedom too. When we are living in accord with Universal Law, and in harmony with the best of our being, we do not even crave freedom, for we have it, and for the precise reason that we have turned our backs upon it. The freedom we once sought, we now know to be absolute slavery, and the servitude we once fled from, we now know to be perfect freedom.

Wherein does the truth of this paradox lie? It is again just at this point that one may be tempted to say: "Well, that's all very nice about freedom being slavery and slavery freedom, but what does it really mean, and how does it really work out?"

To become free, in this sense, is to free yourself from desire—to reach the point where one is so completely unified with Universal Law that there is little personal will remaining. One becomes a channel for Divine Force. This does not mean the loss of the individuality, which is too great a question to go into at the present time, but it does mean the receiving of inspiration, and the taking on of office as a Divine Executor. It becomes a matter of indifference whether things are thus or so, or whether this or that eventuates. Here, then, is the kernel of the whole matter—indifference to circumstance. You may not control events, but you can become indifferent to them. You may refuse any longer to believe in their power and their significance, or their importance. In so far as you can do this, you are really free. It is your business to act—God's is the issue. It is your business to work—God's the harvest. Only, you are to work, and to keep at it. It is nothing to you that you may never eat of the fruit of your planting; there are other harvests toward which you have never scattered seed—these shall feed you. It is your business to speak—no man may heed. It is your business to heal—what if the patient die? It is your business to love, whether you are loved in return or not. It is your business to live—even into the shadow of Death's approach—the event is not yours; all you can do is your part, and beyond that, all is presumption and all is vain. Less than that is unworthy.

Your freedom, then, lies not in the freedom of choice—there is no such thing possible. Not in freedom of action—that is anarchy, and will involve the Universe in ruin. Not in anything other than the freeing of yourself

from the illusion of self, its importance, its desires, its folly, self-will, ambition, blindness, arrogance, greed ; its childish cry for unlimited power and happiness, its childish abuse of whatever little happiness it can attain, and whatever power it can wield. Not in anything other than in understanding of and subjection to the law, in working through the law, and in trusting the Universe and its great Intelligence to know better what you want than you do yourself, and to be ten thousand times more efficient in obtaining it for you. It never makes mistakes. You seldom do otherwise.

We now arrive very near our starting point, and the conclusion of the whole matter is going to be : “ Well, things are inevitable after all, are they ? ”

In a sense, they are.

What then ? What’s the use of trying ?

O my dear sir or madam, the grand comfort in all this is that you just can’t help trying. The glorious consolation is that you will go on trying, and keep on trying, and end by succeeding. You are human, and as such you will rejoice in your happiness and rail at your despair ; you will rebel against the law, and the law will revenge itself upon you ; you will, in the face of your superior knowledge, deny your divinity and forfeit your birthright, again and again, and you will, in spite of your wisdom, cry for your freedom, and strain at your bonds, since you are but human. You will not transcend your humanity either, because it is divine ; and you will not fall below your divinity, because it is human. Your struggles and your successes, your agonies and your ecstasies will naturally proceed from the strange fact that you are human-divine. But

above all things you are alive, and whatever your belief, your convictions, your knowledge, you are gathering experience ; it is your great teacher, and you will not be denied it.

Let us consider briefly whether it be desirable for people to believe that they are free, or not. It may not be best for the majority of people to believe otherwise than they do. The conception of freedom within the law is a paradox which needs the philosophic mind to understand and appreciate, and we are not all philosophic. The very young and inexperienced, whether in point of years or incarnations, rebel furiously against the idea of being limited, because they have not yet reached their limitations ; and not having reached them, they are not yet aware of them. They are hopeful, buoyant, sanguine ; and do not want to be told that their hopes are to be checked, their confidence destroyed, and their ambitions unrealised. One does not realise one's limitations until one comes in contact with them, and that takes time. We do not truly begin to develop either, until we reach them. Let us note also that our limitations are not fixed. This is a very important point ; for most of us seem to think that they are like a stone wall—impassable and impenetrable. Let us make a comparison. Physically, the skin is our limitation. When we grow, does it burst ? No, it expands. When the character develops, it forces the "limitations" to do the same, and one's limitations keep pace with one's growth. Do we ever wish to escape from the physical boundary, and literally "jump out of our skins" ? No, we realise that without it we would be defenceless and helpless. The case is exactly so, and you can fitly compare our

limitations in life with our skin, and you will find that the parallel holds good in every way.

The belief in freedom, then, is the belief of the young, the inexperienced, and the thoughtless; as well as of the rebellious, the insane and the criminal; and it is the acme of sanity and maturity to condemn it unreservedly. It may be necessary for the young to believe it, just in order that they may not be deterred from making the gross mistakes that will finally set their feet on the path. You cannot teach it to them—they will neither understand nor heed.

It is only when we reach that point of development where we see that *our* claims are not to be realised, *our* wishes not to be gratified, and that *our* purposes mean so little to the Universe, or are so contrary to its greater purposes that they cannot be entertained—it is only when we reach that point where we understand that life, looked on from the personal side, is disappointing and treacherous, as it was indeed meant to be, that we can willingly embrace this philosophy and give up for ever our beloved freedom. No really sane thinker believes in personal freedom, just because no sane thinker dare give to the individual the power to control others. It is, moreover, only in the knowledge that we are Theosophists, and able to face the truth, that I have dared to speak so of this matter. In other places, and among other people, it would be sheer madness to express such sentiments, but if the Theosophist, with his wide acquaintance with law, his day-to-day consciousness of the order and harmony of the Universe, and his disbelief in the permanency and value of the mere personality, does not really believe so of this matter, then Theosophy seems but a vain thing, and has taught

him little. Freedom has never been preached by any great teacher, or upheld by any great philosophy.

The real difficulty of the situation is the fact that the denial of freedom seems to give the check to action. Life convicts intellect of stupidity, and intellect convicts life of folly. Which are we to believe ?

We must believe intellect, and we must follow life. It is impossible to live in accord with intellect, or believe in accord with desire, for of all things the most deceptive, desire is the worst. I may know that sin and misery are the paths to peace, and the only road to heaven. Shall I, therefore, refuse aid to the afflicted or comfort to the suffering? Shall I withhold my hands because, forsooth, humanity is sickening unto salvation? A thousand times no! Let us live true to our common humanity. Because I feel with the wretched, sympathise with the unfortunate, shall I stultify my intellect and say that misery and wretchedness are wrongs and injustices, and that there is no purpose in their wanton cruelty on the part of Heaven? I shall know that they are the necessary and salutary steps on the path, but none the less shall I do what I can to assuage them, because I am human.

Humanity is a paradox, a mingling of opposites, a confederation of states, an intermingling of planes ; and while *they* must *war* one against the other, let us see that *we* preserve our *neutrality*, and give precedence to none. If my intellect enables me to sight Heaven, shall I refuse to live on earth any longer? If I live on earth, shall I then refuse to sight the Promised Land?

It is Man's divine privilege to apprehend the Divine in the Universe, and the most perfect man is he who manifests his humanity and divinity side by side,

the one reinforcing the other, and not warring on the other. The recognition of Law is the recognition of the Divine.

For all beings there is but one law—immutable and divine; the law by which the lowest must rise to the place of the highest—the law by which the worst must become the best—the law by which the vilest must become a Buddha. (*Gleanings from Buddha Fields*, by Lafcadio Hearn.)

I place the emphasis on the word “ must ”.

Walter H. Sampson

THE METAPHYSIC AND PSYCHOLOGY OF THEOSOPHY¹

By BHAGAVĀN ḌĀS

1. THE EVOLUTION THEORY AS HELD IN THE WEST TO-DAY

AS a single tree with its endlessly diverse parts, root and trunk and branch and leaf, core and layer and fibre and bark, grows up out of a single simple-looking seed, and grows up by successive small steps; even so has everything in the world which can be at all looked upon as a system, a unified aggregate, an organism, a diversity dominated by a unity, grown up by infinitesimal successive steps out of a nebulous plasm by continual differentiation and integration. Such is the evolution theory, which has been gradually coming more and more to the front amongst thinkers since the middle of the nineteenth century, and which has transformed science and literature in the modern West as completely as a turn of the kaleidoscope transforms the arrangement of the coloured pieces of glass and produces an entirely new figure. Star-systems, solar systems, planets; the mineral, the vegetable, the animal and the human kingdoms existing on one of these planets, *i.e.*, our earth; the individual organisms

¹ A Paper Contributed to the Philosophical Congress of Bologna, in 1911.

composing these kingdoms; the individual mind of the animal and the human; and finally, the groupings of men in societies, and in the domestic, ecclesiastical, political, professional, industrial and other institutions which constitute the organs of the social whole—are all seen to have gradually and slowly developed out of small beginnings.

Extremely valuable work has been done along these lines, most admirable collections of facts made, luminous inductions generalised out of them, the law of analogy justified more and more, and the growth of all and each seen to be as the growth of one.

2. ITS INCOMPLETENESS

But obviously something more—perhaps the most important thing—remains to be done. What is the good of building up the finest palace if no one can be found to live in it? The material coefficient has been prepared with much labour; the spiritual coefficient has to be joined to it. To *know* that the growth of all is as the growth of one is not enough. It is only the beginning, the preparation, the pioneer work, the strong and indispensable foundation, if we would have it so, for the *feeling of a common life* running through all, and then for the *deliberate living* of such a common life; the realisation in thought has to be followed up by the realisation in emotion and then in conduct, of the solidarity, first of the human race, and then of all living beings whatsoever; and as it is rapidly becoming clear that all matter is living, that there is *no* dead matter, “all living beings” will soon be seen to mean the whole universe.

3. THE SUPPLEMENT REQUIRED

For this auspicious completion of the labour, a further step has to be taken. As the textbooks of science stand to-day, revised in the light of this great theory, they are *descriptions* of the *how* of things, they are not *explanations* of the *why* of the process; they set forth the *effects*, they do not really touch *causes*. The *why* is the purpose, the end and aim, the *final cause*, as rightly named by Plato; and the *how* is the subservient means. The one is Spiritual; the other material. Evolution, professing to explain everything else, does not explain itself. That which explains evolution, *why* it takes place, is the Owner of the palace and the gardens, Who indeed has planned and built and evolved and developed them and spread them out for His own satisfaction, without Whom they are empty and desolate indeed.

When the further step is taken by the workers in the field of evolutionary research, of extending the Law of Analogy, which they now confine mostly to the *growth* of organisms (at least so far as the larger organic wholes are concerned), to the birth, decay and death, and the *rebirth* or *reproduction* of these also; and when we carefully study the *why* of the world-process as a whole, then will the spiritual counterpart of the material appearance be found.

Only when the embryo has attained a certain minimum maturity of form within the womb, does "viability" descend upon it. Only when the body, the material sheathing of the human being, has arrived at a certain stage of development, does self-consciousness appear in him. Only when he has arrived at a certain

further stage can the "All-Self-Consciousness" manifest within and inspire him. In Theosophical language, as the lower becomes more and more fit, so does the higher enter more and more fully into it, and abide in it; having influenced it towards maturity from above, from a distance, so to say, until the entrance, even as the master guides the construction of the house from without, until it is ready for his occupation. Even so, only when the collection of the facts showing evolutionary growth is completed by further facts of this and also of the subtler worlds, relating to decay and death and *rebirth*, individual as well as racial, then only can the true metaphysic descend into it and fulfil its purpose.

4. NEED FOR CRITICISM

As the recognition of one's deficiencies is the primary condition of the search for the remedy, and divine discontent (*vaīrāgya*) is the only means of finding the Divine, we might usefully dwell on those of the current evolution theory.

The old Creation theory, in India called the *Ārambhavāda*, made only *one* large assumption, of omnipresence, omnipotence and omniscience, which could create everything out of nothing at one stroke. The new Evolution theory (which, with completions, is called the *Pariṇāma-vāda* in Samskr̥t literature), makes endless small assumptions at every step. What the former did at one "infinite" stroke, this does by "infinitesimal" changes, differentiations and integrations, formations and dissolutions, variations and selections. The marvel is as great, the unintelligibility no less, to the thinker who

does not permit himself to mistake *more familiarity* for intelligibility, mere slowing down for complete rest, the infinitesimal for anything less than the infinite. The need for *final* explanations becomes, if possible, deeper than ever. Formerly it was the pastime of God, or His benevolence and compassion, the wish to share His joy with other conscious beings, or to have His glory seen and sung by such. Now, for the time being, even this has been lost, and no other clearer purpose has risen in its place; and the Force behind each step of the evolution is called the Unknowable.

Of course, even as in the house that is being built, the builders, directly or indirectly but inevitably, feel the guidance of the owner, even so the investigators of evolution, the collectors of facts, the makers of lesser generalisations cannot help sensing the Something which is behind and around all evolution and involution and perpetual re-volution; but they do so somewhat dimly, and often even ignore the feeling, as not of any obvious use to the work immediately in hand. This naturally leads to errors of omission and commission, of interpreting facts wrongly, of emphasising the smaller, unimportant and subordinate ones, and minimising the greater and more vital; even as ignorance of the needs and purposes of the owner leads builders to leave things undone or make excrescences in the house. And the errors are not insignificant and negligible. They have vital consequences. A wrong outlook upon life may make it all barren, pessimistic, desperate, instead of joyful and fruitful. An apparently small defect of sanitation, ventilation or drainage, may mean the difference between disease and health, life and death, to the occupant of the house.

5. SPENCER'S UNFRUITFUL RECOGNITION OF THE SPIRITUAL PRINCIPLE AS THE UNKNOWABLE

Herbert Spencer, whose collection of facts is the most comprehensive amongst the Western workers, and who, therefore, was the readiest to receive the fulfilling inspiration of the Spirit, postulates the Unknowable, at the very outset of his encyclopædic system of Synthetic Philosophy, in answer to the Final Why, in place of the Eternal Reason (of the Joy of Self-assertion and Other-denial) which will explain all. And in so far as he recognises and declares the Presence of this Unknowable Absolute behind and through all the phenomena of the Relative, he rises to his duty as a true scientist and philosopher. But because his collection of facts is incomplete, because he could not seriously take into account the facts of the superphysical worlds, because he had not before him the complete history of any complete cycle, from birth, through growth and reproduction and decay, to death, of any sun-system or planet or race or sub-race, because he could not venture to push the Law of Analogy far enough, therefore his recognition of the Unknowable, the Absolute, the Anirvachaniya or Indescribable, as the Vedāntin names It, remains vague, cloudy, meaningless and devoid of living use. He just mentions it, once for all, so to say, and does not revert to it again, whereas he should do so constantly, throughout the story of the Relative, if not to make the latter really intelligible (for a mere Unknowable could scarcely do that), yet at least to prevent the reader from forgetting that there was something left for further research.

6. HOW THAT PRINCIPLE UNDERLIES ALL EVOLUTIONARY AND OTHER PROCESSES

As it is, hasty readers and not merely hasty readers but more industrious delvers in the field of evolutionary investigation, have sometimes, in the first flush of the finding of this great idea, rushed to the conclusion that they had come to the bottom of the Universe, finally and completely abolished all the old superstitions, and explained everything. They have gone the way of the astronomer who declared with a sensational flourish: "I have swept the heavens with my telescope and found no God" —a statement perfectly true, by the way, for God indeed is not to be found by looking *outwards*, with a telescope, at the surface of the visible heavens, but by looking *inwards*, with concentrated and attentive mind, into the depths of one's own being, which is then seen to be identical with All Being. God was verily hiding *within* the wielder of the telescope and smiling while the hands were sweeping the heavens with the instrument. So a physiologist spoke of the brain secreting thought as the liver secretes bile, and others accepted the teaching; till one, erstwhile a disciple and propagandist, happened to study the works of some idealists, and discovered that while the so-called producers, liver and brain, might have something in common, the so-called products, bile and thought, had very little similarity with each other; and that between objective phenomena and subjective phenomena, between so many thousands or millions of vibrations at one end of a nerve and a sound-sensation or a colour-sensation

at the other end thereof, there was a gulf which could not be bridged by lightly declaring the former to be the cause of the latter. Later scientists have gone even further, and declared that physical phenomena have to be explained by and reduced into terms of the psychical, and not *vice versa*; and thus have come to the point where the influx of spiritual metaphysic can take place, completing, re-arranging and making new for them the whole scheme of knowledge and feeling and conduct, even as a stream of rays of light, converging in a cone to the pin-hole in a pin-hole camera, reappears on the other side, reversed and re-arranged, without losing any valuable and useful fact that it possessed before. The scientific world is beginning to realise that while the testimony on which all its knowledge of realities is based, is the testimony of the five senses, these senses do not testify to their own reality; while they prove the existence of other things, their own existence they cannot prove. The eye sees all things; itself it does not see. The ear hears all sounds; itself it does not hear. Their existence is proved only by the Consciousness behind them. This Principle of Consciousness sees the eye and hears the ear. As the sense-organs cognise, so various emotion-organs feel, and action-organs act. But the Principle of Consciousness behind cognises the senses, feels the emotion-organs and moves the muscles. It gives existence to, keeps going, and at will puts to sleep everything and all things, even as the audience, by "attending" or otherwise, brings the playhouse into being, and keeps it going, or closes it.

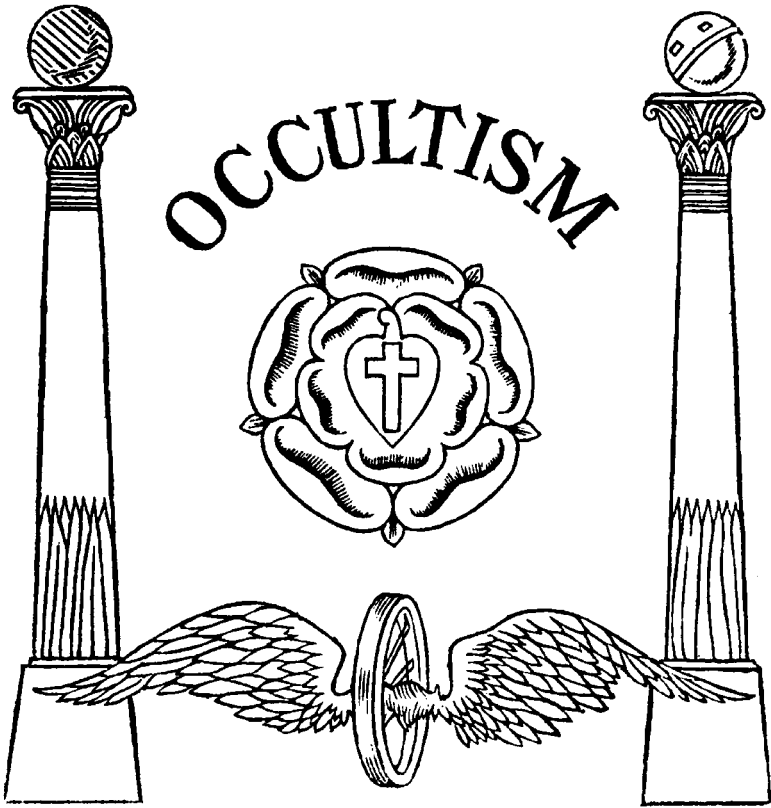
7. HOW THE EVOLUTIONIST MUST COME TO IT AT LAST

This Principle the scientist has to come to, more and more closely. Shri Harsha, the William James, in brilliance, of the India of a thousand years ago, and deeper-seeing perhaps than he in insight into causes, spoke of the Self-disbeliever as the defaulter who, having successfully dodged the tax-collectors all night through the devious lanes of the town, went to sleep in a dark porch towards the morning, and woke up in the broad daylight to find that his shelter was the threshold of the chief tax-assessor's office building, and that the collectors were smiling benignly upon him.

Even so the modern evolutionist, after having dodged more or less successfully the upholders of special creation, through the winding pathways of infinite and infinitely-changing environments, endless spontaneous variations and survivals of the fittest, and incessant differentiations and integrations and dissolutions and re-integrations—all perfectly true, finds at the end, when he is feeling most self-satisfied, that he has walked into the arms of an even more formidable, exacting and ruthless account-keeper; that he has only come to the conclusion that *the infinite possibility of all possible forms is already present*, from the beginningless beginning, in the primeval biophorid, the atomic speck of life,—this same Infinite Potentiality, plus all Actuality, being what the Vedāntin calls Brahman, which is, and wherein is, “All, everywhere and always”.

Bhagavān Dās

(To be continued)



THE NATURE OF MYSTICISM

By C. JINARĀJADĀSA, M.A.

(Continued from p. 661.)

NATURE MYSTICISM

The great Mysticism is the belief which is becoming every day stronger with me, that all symmetrical natural objects are types of some spiritual truth or existence. When I walk the fields, I am oppressed now and then with an innate feeling that everything I see has a meaning, if I could but understand it. And this feeling of being surrounded with

truths which I cannot grasp, amounts to indescribable awe sometimes. Everything seems to be full of God's reflex, if we could but see it. Oh, how I have prayed to have the mystery unfolded, at least hereafter! To see, if but for a moment, the whole harmony of the great system! To hear once the music which the whole universe makes as it performs His bidding.¹

TO the nature mystic, the manifold nature around him is as a mirror in which is reflected the Face of Divinity. The mystic of this type is not like the pantheistic mystic who realises God's Immanence in nature; to the former practically there is no Immanence, for his heart is set on the Transcendence. To the pantheist, nature is a veil over the great Reality; to the nature mystic, she is real and not an illusion, though he values in her an inner relation and not the outer form. As in a great piece of tapestry, full of colour and line, there are beneath, unseen, the warp and the woof, without which the tapestry could not be, so too is it in nature; the phenomena of nature—form and colour, dimension and relation, appearance and disappearance—are only as beads strung on a silver thread. The nature mystic senses the hidden divine axes of structure in the shape of wave and peak and cloud, in the delicacy and grace of fern and flower, in the beauty of the human face, in the flowering of love in the heart of man. The beauty of nature and the beauty of man both speak to him one continual message, and it is of "Yonder, Yonder".

The Theme.—This is the all-powerful fact that the Divine Mind is mirrored in nature. In many forms this thought appears in religions; the greatest exponent of it, with the exception of the Founder of Buddhism, is Plato, and after him come the Stoics, and then the

¹ Charles Kingsley, *His Life and Letters*, I, 55.

Christian mystics who have been influenced by this most characteristic phase of the Greek imagination. For Plato, each object as a particular thing is related to a general concept, whose essence is an Idea of the Divine Mind; and since the Divine Mind is the Good, the True and the Beautiful, whenever we sense these Realities through our sense impressions, which are produced by contacts with nature, we "remember" our true home, whence we have come to earth for a while.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home.¹

It is this "Home" of ours that the nature mystic sees in flashes as he thrills to the beauties of nature in all her manifestations. Everywhere he sees, according to his temperament and mood, Rhythm, Order, Beauty, Love, and beneficent Law; he needs no faith or doctrine to guide him to God, for he communes with God as he contemplates nature. The sight of sea or mountain or pool or field is the great purification his heart cries out for; nature's moods are the whispers of the God he seeks.

Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains; and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty world
Of eye, and ear,—both what they half create,
And what perceive; well pleased to recognise
In nature and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.²

¹ Wordsworth, *Ode on Intimations of Immortality*.

² Wordsworth, *Lines, on Revisiting the Banks of the Wye*.

The theme of the Divine Mind in nature appears in Plato throughout all his philosophy, but one aspect of it is specially noteworthy, and that is the doctrine of Beauty. What we find beautiful in any thing or in any event is only the beauty of the Divine Mind mirroring itself in the thing and the event. Therefore, if we but cultivate our sense of beauty, we pass from one vision of beauty to another till we see the alone Beautiful, God Himself.

For he who hath thus far had intelligence of love, and hath beheld all fair things in order and aright,—he drawing near to the end of things lovable shall behold a BEING marvelously fair; for whose sake in truth it is that all the previous labours have been undergone: One who is from everlasting, and neither is born nor perisheth, nor can wax nor wane, nor hath change or turning or alteration of foul or fair; nor can that beauty be imagined after the fashion of face or hands or bodily parts and members, nor in any form of speech or knowledge, nor in dwelling in aught but itself; neither in beast nor man nor earth nor heaven nor any other creature: but Beauty only and alone and separate and eternal, which, albeit all other fair things partake thereof and grow and perish, itself without change or increase or diminution endures for everlasting.¹

It is noteworthy that the fundamental basis of Buddhism is a Nature Mysticism of a unique kind. The Divine Mind is not visualised in any personification; it is, to the Buddha, the great Law, the Dhamma, irresistible and imperishable. This Law is no God's self-revelation or will; it is *The Law*, that statement of the true relation between things as they eternally are. Yet that Law is not an abstraction; it is a mighty Power that permeates the whole universe, and "the heart of it is Love, the end of it is Peace and Consummation sweet". It states the relation between inanimate bodies, and we call the Dhamma

¹ Plato, *Symposium*.

then the Laws of Motion of Newton; it states the relation between souls, and the Lord Buddha then expounds it as "Hatred does not cease by hatred; hatred ceases only by love". Hence the supreme emphasis laid by the Lord Buddha on the Dhamma as the Criterion, the Refuge, the Purification, and the Way of Salvation.

Its effects are immediate, it is unlimited by time, it is conducive to salvation, it invites all comers, it is a fitting object of contemplation, the wise ponder it in their hearts.

Through life, till I reach Nirvana, I will put my trust in the Law.

The Law as it has been in the ages that are past,
 The Law that will be in the ages that are to come,
 The Law as it is in this present age,
 I worship continually.
 I have no other Refuge,
 The Law is my best Refuge;
 By the truth of these words
 May I conquer and win the victory.¹

The Method.—This, for nature mysticism, is contemplation. Man need but cast out the self, and see things as they are, apart from any relation to himself, and he sees them in their harmony and beauty, with Plato, or he sees them, in Buddhism, as a vast Becoming, involving delusion and ignorance that cloud vision and trammel his free life as Being. This contemplation may be worked out stage by stage, as in Buddhism, in ascending grades of intensity of spiritual realisation; or it may be induced by a passionate response to the beauties of nature. In the former case, man separates himself from "the world as will," and identifies himself with "the world as idea," and becomes himself the Law, the Dhamma; in the latter, he becomes

¹ *Pātimokkha*, trans. by Dickson.

for the time one of those "organic harps divinely framed,"

That tremble into thought, as o'er them sweeps,
Plastic and vast, one intellectual breeze,
At once the soul of each, and God of all.

The insight gained by the contemplation appropriate to this nature mysticism could not better be expressed than by these words of Wordsworth, as he analyses what the mood evokes in him :

that blessed mood,
In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened: that serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on,
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame,
And even the motion of our human blood,
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul:
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.¹

Nor can the magic of this mysticism be more clearly described than in these two lines with which Wordsworth closes his great Ode :

To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

The Obstacle.—Wherever there are nature mystics, they love knowledge. Ignorance and superstition are the greatest obstacles in their path, and they feel that to know more is to see more. The mind must be made luminous, for they desire more truth of feeling than its intensity, and for them the clearer is the intellect the purer is the feeling. In Buddhism, the greatest obstacle is ignorance, the last and final "fetter" which must be cast off before attaining Perfection; in Platonism, the

¹ *The Banks of the Wye.*

training of the mind by philosophy and science, and of the feelings by art, is an integral part in the building of character. We shall see more clearly what is *anathema maranatha* for nature mystics when we consider their ideal.

It is interesting to note that wherever this mysticism develops a religious worship, its cults prefer as much sunlight as possible for their rituals. In their temples, there will be nothing akin to the awe-inspiring gloom of Hindu temples, with their innermost sanctuary almost in total darkness, and into which none may enter but the consecrated priests; nor to the dim mystic softness of Christian churches and cathedrals radiating devotion.

On the other hand, as in Buddhist temples now, and in Greek temples of long ago, there will be sunlight and open air, with the Holy of Holies in no mystic gloom at all, and approachable by every worshipper.

The Ideal.—This is the Philosopher, the Friend of Wisdom. And Wisdom for him is not a mere knowledge of facts and events gained by the mind; it is the co-ordination of everything by the human mind, which has become a reflex of the Divine Mind.

Many are the paths to casting off ignorance and coming to wisdom; in Buddhism by rigid self-analysis, detachment and a compassion for all that lives; in Platonism by a contemplation of the "Ideas," the things-in-themselves, the thought-forms of the Demiourgos. The nature mystic is ever the idealist; and so long as the conditions surrounding his earthly embodiment fall short of his ideal, he feels a stranger in a strange land, and so strives to mould his environment

to his ideal. Blake is the typical nature mystic when he sings,

I will not cease from mental strife,
 Nor shall my sword fall from my hand,
 Till I have built Jerusalem
 Within this green and pleasant land!

And not less typical are these words of Patrick Geddes as he calls for volunteers to build the City Beautiful: "People volunteer for war; and it is a strange and dark superstition that they will not volunteer for peace."

The nature mystic is therefore a reformer—not a mere iconoclast, but a fashioner anew, who longs for the new form because his intuition has seen it. He is more a man who proclaims the ideal, than himself the hewer of wood and drawer of water who actually brings about the changes. Nature mystics may indeed lack executive ability, and a knowledge of ways and means; they can talk more inspiringly about what *must be* than on how it must be brought about. But they long to make all things orderly and sunlit and beautiful. The many forms of ignorance and superstition are for them dirt and disease, passion and delusion, ugliness and crudity, insularity and prejudice, commercialism and leanness of soul; and in the ranks of modern nature mystics are Emerson and Carlyle, William Morris and Matthew Arnold and Ruskin, and all of that ever-increasing band of "volunteers for peace" who are the "children of light," whose path to God is through Wisdom and Beauty.

C. Jinarājadāsa

(*To be continued*)

OCCULTISM AND WAR

By ANNIE BESANT

(Based on a Lecture given lately in India)

THE problem of the existence of evil in a world emanating from the Transcendent Perfect is one that has tormented human brains since man has striven to understand his world, himself, and God. There is but one Life in which all subsists: "In Him we live and move and have our being." How is it then that evil and misery blot our world, blot it so much that a writer has named it "the Sorrowful Star"? The distress caused in many a mind by the present War is but an acute stage in the long enquiry. War seems to sum up all horror into one ghastly monster. Yet we see that it is only a special case of the sempiternal difficulty. Whence comes evil, since all is rooted in the Good?

The War has forced on Christian people this ever-recurring problem, and it is increased by a difficulty peculiar to their own creed: How can War be reconciled with the teaching of the Christ? Tolstoy, who took the teachings of the Christ *an pied de la lettre*, had no difficulty at all in answering emphatically that War was against Christ's teaching. Since Christ had said: "If a man strike thee on one cheek turn to him the

other," the young Russian noble left the army and refused to take any further part in military affairs. Since Christ had said: "Sell all that thou hast, and give to the poor," Tolstoy cobbled shoes for a living. He answered the questions frankly and fully, and instead of making Christ's teaching square with his practice, he made his practice square with Christ's teaching, and so found peace.

But it is not only the Christ who has taught the doctrine of returning evil with good. The Lord Buddha and Láo-tsze had, long before Him, taught the same: "To the man that causelessly injures me," said the Illuminated One, "I will return the protection of my ungrudging love; the more evil comes from him, the more good shall flow from me." Láo-tsze taught that to meet evil with good was to transform it: "The good I will meet with good; the evil I will meet with good also; so all shall become good." "Overcome evil with good" is the universal teaching among these highest of the children of men. It belongs equally to all. The difficulty is a common difficulty. Earnest and devout people, seeking to know "the mind of Christ," have even extended the doctrine, "Resist not evil," to the case of a Nation. There are a few who hold that a Nation should no more defend itself against aggression than should an individual, and that a Nation should no more go to War than the individual should revenge himself when wrong is done to him. There has been put forward in Europe what is called the theory of the Martyr Nation. It has been said that if a Nation were willing to follow out these teachings to the full, if they would return good for evil, would allow the enemy to overrun their lands, would allow him to seize their

goods, would allow him to slay, burn and ravish as Germany has done in Belgium, that such a Nation unresisting, such a Nation all-forgiving, would in the long run conquer its enemy by the force of patience and forgiveness, would melt the heart of the oppressor, and would gain a securer liberty and peace because they would be based on love and not on hatred and strife. So it was said, and it was pleaded very strongly in Europe before the present War.

On the other hand some Christian men have taken an entirely different view. The late Bishop of Peterborough, a great Officer of the Church of England, a Church established by law, declared that the teachings of the Christ in the Sermon on the Mount were not meant for a Nation to carry out. He said plainly and bluntly that if any Nation tried to carry out the Sermon on the Mount, that Nation could not exist for a week. And that is quite true. If we do away with all Law, with restraint over the evil-doer, if we permit tyranny to flourish unchecked, then the violent, the strong and the oppressive become the masters of the land, and they plunder it as they will. But the Christians, having lost their deeper philosophy, have never been able to answer this problem satisfactorily. They have been content to live by one law, while they profess to accept another. They go to Church on Sunday and accept, "Resist not evil"; but they vigorously resist it on the remaining six days of the week. They live as all Nations live, by the law of reason, by common-sense, by the study of human conditions. None the less there remains always, in the minds of the thoughtful, the opposition between the faith on the one hand and the practice on the other,

between the teachings in the Church on Sunday and the life in the merchant's shop, in the lawyer's court, in the common lives of men—the practice which is not according to the teaching of the Christ.

Hindūs have fallen into much the same difficulty in the teaching of Shrī Kṛṣṇa in the *Bhagavad-Gītā*, that a man should work without “desire for fruit”. Now it is obvious that all ordinary human action is motived by the desire for the result, the fruit, of action, and that without that desire, men would not trouble themselves to work. But that teaching was not given, nor was the Sermon on the Mount intended, for a crowd of ignorant and undeveloped people. Arjuna was a disciple, a Yogī, and therefore he was taught the way of the Yogī, to work without desire for fruit, the highest form of action possible for the human being. Shrī Kṛṣṇa reminded Arjuna that neither this world nor any other had aught to give Him in return for action, yet, He said, “I work unceasingly”; and then He gave His reason: He was not working for anything that any world could give Him. What could the Lord of all the worlds desire from any one of them? But He worked unceasingly: “For if I do not work, all these worlds would fall into confusion.” There is the new motive. The worlds must not perish; so speaking as Viṣṇu, as the Preserver, the Maintainer, of the world, He gave His motive for His work; not for anything that He could gain by it, but for the sake of the worlds themselves, because the worlds needed His sustaining strength. Therefore it was exercised to the utmost, and as a man of the world would work for fruit, so Shrī Kṛṣṇa ever works for the welfare of the world. And there is the motive for the disciple: “Let

the wise man," not every man, but "let the wise man, working with Me, render all action attractive." And He gave yet another reason for this: that the standard the wise man sets up, by that the people go. He draws then the distinction between the wise man and the masses of the people, and to work without desire for fruit is the work of the Yogī, the Sannyāsī, the man who is seeking for liberation, intent upon the welfare of the world. But if that idea too soon is caught hold of as a rule of conduct, the result of that rule on the man who has not made the welfare of the world his only motive for activity is that he ceases to work, and falls into lethargy and indifference. And that has happened too much in modern India. How many Indians we find, not the younger ones I am glad to say, but the middle-aged and the old, who say: "What does it matter how the world goes, provided I can escape from it into peace?" They are not intent upon the welfare of the world; they are intent on their own escape. And for those to whom the divine Will is not the one motive of action and the one law of life, for them it is far better that they should continue to work for fruit, so that they may develop the faculties of the mind, and the qualities of the emotional nature.

In neither of these cases, then, does the teaching given seem to be suited to the need of the ordinary man as a citizen, nor to the need of a Nation at the present stage of evolution. We must seek more deeply for an explanation of the existence of War in a world born out of Love, and guided by Love. We must seek it by the "study of the Divine Mind in Nature," as H. P. B. loved to define Occultism.

There are two great theories of evil, and War comes under evil; one of these recognises the Unity of Life, that all things are rooted in the One Existence, that "there is *nothing*, moving nor unmoving, that can exist bereft of Me". If there is nothing which can exist save as it draws its life from the One, then a true theory of life must include all evil as well as all good in that One Source of Existence. The second theory, the later Persian and the Christian, sees over against God the Power of Good, the mighty figure of Ahriman, or Satan, the Power of Evil. Dualism must then be accepted as a theory, and as all good flows from God, all evil flows from Satan. But even in this theory, for the Christian, at least, there is a unity behind, for Satan is a "fallen" Archangel, and the difficulty is only pushed a step further back. The will is free, it is urged. But that the will should choose the evil in its freedom, prefer the evil, implies an original defect in it.

The post-Babylonian Jews, coming into contact with the philosophy of the East, accepted the Unity of Existence, and we have the Hebrew prophet declaring that God creates evil. The Christian shrinks from this inevitable result of the solitary Creator, and, veiling the ultimate, puts all evil on the broad shoulders of Satan. Hindūism, it is needless to say, accepts the primary Pair of Opposites, Self and Not-Self, Spirit and Matter, and sees both as manifestations of the One Existence, inseparable in all manifestations. Further, it posits a gradual unfolding of the germ of Life placed by the Eternal Father in the womb of Matter, through a long series of evolutions, by which the germ-Self, at first identifying itself with the Not-Self, gradually frees itself from that delusion and realises itself as one with

the Universal Self, thereby reaching Liberation. Upon this view of the Life unfolding itself through many stages, was built the caste system and the relativity of morals, the dharma, the duty, of each not being identical, but, on the contrary, dependent on the stage of evolution marked by the caste. Thus, in a Nation, into which, necessarily, men at all stages of evolution must be born, there was a duty for each stage, and the complete fabric of the Nation was built up, adequate in every part, while, at the same time, each individual progressed along the line best suited to his own further development. Never was a better system for human progress devised than the caste system, whether we regard the prosperity and safety of the Nation, or the development of the individual, and so long as the castes observed their several dharmas, and change from the one to the other was practicable wherever a temporary karmic disability or ability arose and was exhausted, all went well. The present confusion, foreseen and stated, has deprived the system of its utility and reduced it to a farce.

The absence of all desire for the fruit of action was not laid down as the duty of the developing man. On the contrary, the only check to desire imposed on the "young soul," the Shūdra, was his duty of obedience to an external authority. Before the Vaishya and the Kṣhatriya three objects were placed for their pursuit in life, and by the pursuit of these was their evolution secured: Kāma, pleasure; Artha, wealth; Dharma, duty. They, householders, were not bidden to work without desire for fruit; on the contrary, they were to enjoy the pleasures of life, to possess wealth and to expend it. Only in the Brāhmaṇa stage was desire to

be gradually outgrown, and renunciation gradually practised, until in the last Order of that caste, the Sannyāsa, all desires were to be renounced utterly, and the union of the human with the divine Will was to be achieved. To work without desire for fruit was the glory of the Sannyāsī.

Now the third of the ascending stages was the Kṣhaṭṭriya, the Warrior. His ḍharma—while it permitted him to enjoy all the pleasures and glories of life, to be wealthy, splendid, generous—was to surrender them all at the call of honour, and his honour lay in the protection of the Nation, in the defence of the weak, in the restraining of the strong. He was not to yield to evil, but to resist it with all his might, even to death. Within the Nation, he was to preserve order, to prevent oppression, to keep the peace, to ensure the safety and comfort of all, to punish the thief and make good the theft, for the activity of the thief showed that he was remiss in his duty. Without the Nation, he was to guard it from enemies, to repel invasion, to resist aggression, and to meet any probability of invasion with swift previous attack. “There is nothing better for a Kṣhaṭṭriya than righteous War.”

But the old system was rigid as to the duty of a Kṣhaṭṭriya: he must never strike a foul blow; he must never slay one who surrendered, nor strike one who had fallen to the ground, nor who prayed for mercy. The conquered enemy was to be treated with courtesy. The Kṣhaṭṭriya was to be chivalrous, a “very parfaite and gentyl knight”. The weak was to be safe from him; he must only strike the strong. He might not refuse a challenge, nor protection to any who claimed it. Thus War was made a school of self-control and of

virile virtue; it evoked high courage but also gentleness, honour, and self-sacrifice.

Thus, in the polity of Ancient India, and still in the mind and heart of the people, War for righteousness' sake is a glorious duty, not a regrettable necessity. In the higher stage of evolution, War had no part. The Brāhmaṇa was to pardon all wrong, never to revenge it, and his highest Order was to suffer all injustice without resentment, to renounce all "rights," to make no claims, to pay all debts and incur none. The teaching of the *Gīṭā*, of the Sermon on the Mount, that was his dharma.

But to take the highest teaching before the man is ready for it is to check his evolution, and that has been forgotten largely in modern India, as in Christian lands. If you think for a moment, an ordinary man must have some motive for action; for the majority of men it is money, or fame, or power, or enjoyment; these are the things that stir men to activity; and if you are inclined to think that every one should work without desire for fruit, then you might do well to ask yourself why did Īshvara fill His world with objects of desire, and implant in men the craving to possess them? If man is not to have his craving gratified, why is the object of desire placed before his eyes? The fact is that the modern Indian forgets the ancient teaching. He does not realise that men are at different stages of evolution, and for every stage, its own motive, for every stage its own lesson; and so you have the result that India lacks vigour, strength and earnestness in evolution. You have the result of an India indifferent largely to wrong, because it has misread its own scriptures and does not realise the wisdom of the Ṛṣhis of old.

Let us next consider how far War is part of the working of the Divine Mind in Nature.

Annie Besant

(To be concluded)

“AT EVENTIDE IT SHALL BE LIGHT”

DAY hath reached its ending,
 Swift is night descending,
 Weary folk are wending
 Now their rest-ward way :
 But no change diurnal
 Dims Thy light supernal,
 Christ, Thou Sun eternal,
 Lord of night and day.

Slumber, o'er us creeping,
 Holds our bodies sleeping ;
 May our souls be keeping
 Watch with Thee above.
 Drawn by holy yearning,
 Unto Thee returning,
 May we still be learning
 More of Thy great Love.

Through a world unheeding,
 May we, gladly speeding,
 Helping, guarding, pleading,
 Bear that Love abroad.
 Or, in blissful wonder,
 Gather round Thee yonder,
 At Thy Feet to ponder
 Mysteries of God.

C. W. S. M.

AN ACCOUNT OF A PSYCHIC EXPERIENCE

By MANOHAR LAL DEB

BABU CHANDRA NATH CHATTERJI, RAI BAHADUR, was a Conservator of Forests in the Central Provinces. He was a well educated and accomplished gentleman, truthful and honest. Being deeply read in philosophy and having a considerable knowledge of science, he disbelieved in any so-called supernatural phenomenon which science was unable to account for. His widowed mother was a very pious lady, and a strictly orthodox Hindū. She used to spend hours in meditation, and sometimes a whole day in Yoga samādhi or trance. But although a high class Brāhmaṇi, her orthodoxy did not make her shrink from her eldest son, Chandra Nath, who openly violated the caste rules as regards food. She held a very high opinion of him on account of his frank and generous nature, which she prized above scrupulous observance of Hindū customs when not associated with this quality. The following narrative was related by Chandra Nath himself to a friend of mine on whose veracity I rely, and I give it exactly as I heard it from him without any embellishments.

* * * * *

One day, when riding in a forest on duty, Chandra Nath's horse shied at the sound of some wild animals. He tried to control it, but in vain. The horse reared and he fell from its back. One of his feet got entangled in the stirrup, and before he could be helped, the horse bolted, dragging him over the stones and through the briers to a considerable distance, where the foresters stopped it. The injuries received by Chandra Nath were so severe that he was found quite unconscious. He was carried somehow to the nearest hospital, where his wounds were attended to. But as his case was serious, Chandra Nath, under medical advice, was forthwith removed by rail to Cawnpore, in order to be treated by surgeons in possession of better surgical equipment.

At Cawnpore, Chandra Nath put up at the house of a relation who was a pleader. The civil surgeon examined him, and performed a surgical operation with the assistance of the military staff surgeon. The fractured and dislocated bones were put in position by means of a splint bandage, and the patient was directed to lie straight on his back, and not to move. The family physician attended him daily, and the civil surgeon occasionally, during the period ; he was directed to retain a recumbent posture, while his young wife and her youngest sister waited upon him continuously as nurses, according to the direction of the family physician. After the expiration of the appointed time, the bandages were removed by the civil surgeon himself, who ordered Chandra Nath to get up. But to his surprise, Chandra Nath could not raise himself even to a sitting posture, and his affected leg could not be bent, having become rigid. Thereupon the civil surgeon examined him carefully and found that there were defective

adhesions of the fractured bones, which could only be adjusted by a second operation.

A consultation was then held among the members of the family ; and it was decided to remove Chandra Nath to the Medical College Hospital at Calcutta, where the best surgical skill and appliances were available. This idea, however, greatly depressed his wife, for apart from the difficulty of removing her invalid husband to such a distant place, she was afraid that the second operation might prove too great a strain on his already reduced vitality. This dismal contingency made her extremely miserable ; and although she tried hard to keep a composed countenance in the presence of her husband, she could not restrain her tears as soon as she was out of his room.

The night preceding the day on which they were to leave Cawnpore for Calcutta, Chandra Nath lay awake on his bed brooding over his misfortune. The room was quite dark, and perfect silence prevailed, save for the breathing of his wife who was sleeping on a separate bed in the same room. Suddenly he was startled by the flash of a very brilliant light. He turned his face towards the direction from which this light came, and was horror-struck to see that the wall opposite to him was cracking and the light issuing from the crevice. In a moment the crevice widened into a breach, through which emerged a venerable person with long flowing white beard and in a white robe, followed by a young woman—almost a girl—whom he recognised as his wife's youngest sister. As soon as they entered the room the breach closed up.

For a while Chandra Nath, who was a confirmed sceptic and did not believe in such phenomena, thought

that he was only dreaming. But he began to realise that he was wide awake when the two figures approached his bed, and the venerable man bade him distinctly in Hindi to get up. Greatly bewildered, he could not utter a word, and remained quiet. The Mahātmā again directed him to stand up, but he did not respond; and when for the third time he spoke, the young woman entreated Chandra Nath to make an attempt to comply with the wishes of the Mahātmā. He reminded her of his having lost the power to raise himself, and so she helped him to sit on his bed. As he made the attempt to raise himself, he discovered that not only could he do so with ease, but he could also move and bend the leg which had become rigid. So with the help of a stick he got down from his bed and stood in front of the Mahātmā. The Mahātmā directed him to sit upon his haunches and then stand up erect, and under his direction he did this three times, when suddenly the wall again opened and the two persons went out through the breach, which immediately closed up, leaving the room as dark as it had been before; and no sign whatever remained of the breach, which he tried to trace the next day.

Chandra Nath was quite puzzled; but he determined to discover the reason of this phenomenon without speaking of it to anyone. To make sure that his wife had not seen it, he groped his way in the dark to her bed and surprised her by his touch. He assured her of his recovery after a deep sleep, and enquired if she had seen anything happening while he was asleep which conduced to his sudden cure. She said she imagined that she had seen the flash of a

dazzling light just before being overpowered by the deep sleep from which he had awakened her. He made no mention of this momentous incident to her.

The next morning every one in the house was surprised to see Chandra Nath downstairs, walking about with the help of a stick. The family physician and the civil surgeon, after careful examination, declared that the fractured bones had been set right, probably by a suitable jerk caused by a turn he had taken in his sleep. He was all right now; only his general health required toning up, and this was attended to.

Having failed to arrive at a solution of this mysterious incident, Chandra Nath casually asked his sister-in-law, when there was no other person present, if she could explain how he got cured that fateful night. At first she tried to evade his question, but on being pressed she declared, on his promise of secrecy, that the cure had been effected by her Guru, whom she had known as such in her three preceding incarnations also. Chandra Nath said: "How can you remember your past lives?"

She replied: "I cannot account for this, but my Guru visits me whenever I am in sore distress and comforts me by his advice. Perhaps his hallowed influence revives in my mind the principal incidents of my three previous incarnations."

"Can you remember where you were born in your last incarnation?"

"Yes, in an aristocratic family in Nepal"—and the cast of her features resembled a Nepalese.

"Can you ask your Guru to favour me by a visit again, to solve some metaphysical problems which I am unable to do myself?"

“He is too high to be trifled with, and I dare not trouble him so frequently. His orders are that I should call him only when I am in great difficulty. Such a difficulty arose when my eldest sister was deeply distressed owing to the civil surgeon’s failure to cure you.”

But Chandra Nath insisted on her making an attempt to induce him to comply with his request, and she reluctantly assented. Some days passed, and Chandra Nath’s wish was not accomplished. He was therefore beginning to think that his sister-in-law had simply hoaxed him. One night Chandra Nath had no sleep, and he lay on his bed musing on the strange happening of that former night. All at once the same kind of dazzling light as he had seen before filled his room, and through the wall which had just been breached came forth the same Mahātmā, who was followed by his sister-in-law. Although Chandra Nath wished to ask some questions he was dumbfounded. He, however, rose from his bed and prostrated himself at the feet of the Mahātmā.

The Mahātmā said: “You want to ask me to answer some questions. Do you not?”

Chandra Nath could not utter a word.

The Mahātmā continued: “You are an educated man and were so in past lives also. You have a large stock of good karma and only a little of bad karma. You are now fit to tread on the right path, so follow me. Your doubts cannot otherwise be removed.”

Chandra Nath was unable to follow him; and pointing to his sleeping wife, he said:

“Sir, grateful as I feel for your kind invitation, I am unable to leave my wife, who is so young,

unprotected and unprovided for. Although I am in receipt of a handsome salary, I have not yet been able to save anything for her."

At this the Mahātmā reflected for a moment, and then pointed at the wall beneath the cornice in the room. Chandra Nath turned towards that direction; and lo! there was on the whole length of the wall a panoramic view of a burning ghat and its surroundings near a large river. Close to this ghat was a bier on which lay the corpse of a woman whom he made out to be his own wife. There were a few Bengalis near the bier, and one of them was Chandra Nath himself. As he turned towards the Mahātmā, he saw him and his sister-in-law going out through the breach in the wall. The breach then closed up and he was left in darkness.

The next morning he questioned his sister-in-law as to why she did not follow her Guru. She replied that her husband would not permit this, and it was the will of her Guru that she should not leave her husband against his wish.

Soon after this incident Chandra Nath, duly restored to health, returned with his wife to the place of his employment. After a few months his wife died; and when her corpse was conveyed for cremation to the burning ghat, the scene of that place presented an exact resemblance to that of the panoramic picture on the wall of his room at Cawnpore.

* * * * *

Rai Chandra Nath Chatterji, Bahadur, is dead, and I do not know what has become of his gifted sister-in-law. My friend does not remember the name of Chandra Nath's relative at Cawnpore. Perhaps the

narrative may attract the attention of some people acquainted with the family, who may be able to trace her and her subsequent history.

Manohar Lal Deb

THE REASON WHY

By C. W. LEADBEATER

SOME time ago I wrote an article on the occult view of the present War, explaining the awful cruelties perpetrated by the Germans as resulting from the obsession of the race by certain Dark Powers. I know that the obsession of a person can never occur without some reason—that the obsessing entity always needs some *point d'appui*, some fulcrum for his lever, in the character of the person whom he seizes. Sometimes a young girl of apparently perfect purity of life will suddenly fall into fits in which she will horrify her friends by using obscene language, such as she could not possibly have known. The language is no doubt dictated by an evil entity, but it is nevertheless a sad certainty that there must have been some spot of impurity in the nature of the victim—which is only saying in other words that obsession, like all else, obeys the inexorable law of karma, and can come only to those who have in some way or other deserved it.

As that is true of individuals it must be true also of nations ; and I have wondered what it was in the character of the German nation as a whole that laid it open to such a terrible fate. Since I wrote the article some statistics have come in my way which are remarkably suggestive, and go far, I think, towards solving the problem. They are compiled by a Professor of the University of Erlangen, in Saxony, and are extracted from a book of his entitled *The Soul of Germany*. They consist of a comparison of the number of crimes which came before the Courts in England and in Germany in the course of ten years. The population of Germany is approximately seventy millions, whereas that of England is about forty ; therefore we must add 75 per cent to the number of crimes in England to obtain the number that should be expected to take place in Germany if the proportion were the same. Let us see how it works out.

The cases of maliciously and feloniously wounding were in England 1,262, so we should expect in Germany 2,208 ; the actual number is 172,153—*nearly eighty times as many!* Of murders there were 97 in England, whereas in Germany there were 350 ; but the crimes classed as murders in Germany are notoriously under-estimated. There are hundreds of man-killings which the German law does not technically term "murder," and so they are not included in these statistics. Rapes in England were 216, and in the same proportion Germany would have 378 ; instead of that she has 9,381. Cases of incest numbered 56 in our own country ; we might expect 100 in Germany, but she counts 573. The number of illegitimate children was with us 37,041—high enough in all conscience ;

but in the Fatherland there were in the same time 178,115. Cases of malicious damage to property—a peculiarly mean and spiteful offence—were in England 358, which would lead us to expect 622 in Germany; the actual number was 25,759.

These figures speak for themselves in no uncertain voice, and they may help us to understand how this, the most awful example in history of the fall of a great nation, has become possible.

C. W. Leadbeater

THE RETURN TO INCARNATION

By CLARA M. CODD

IN Devachan—the Home of the Gods—the disciple dwelt with his Master. The Master worked through all the planes of Nature, yet, for the moment, the disciple knew Him only on this one. So, although the Master was very busy, working unceasingly through all God's seven-fold universe, to the disciple in Heaven it seemed that the Master was always with him, and all that long day blessedness everywhere enshrined him and gave to him perfect rest. For Heaven *is* one long, long day. Here it may be measured by hundreds and hundreds of years, but there it is just one long sweet day, but so dear and beautiful a day that all the span of earth-life after it is hallowed by its unconscious remembrance.

All that day through, the disciple had lived near the Master, and been filled with the unspeakable glory of that near Presence. All that day through, he had asked that Dear One many questions, told Him many longings, and the blessedness that overwhelmed him stole like irresistible yet gentle fingers over him, loosening every knot that in earth-life had meant a mental limitation, and breaking silently asunder the bonds that had held a blinded heart. And looking upon the Master's face, the disciple knew that Heaven

was born in himself. Suddenly he seemed to fill the earth and sea and sky, to rush out in every fibre of his being to join all that lived and loved. Expansion! He knew it to be love.

The Master was working, but His disciple for the time rested, seemingly to himself never leaving the presence of the Beloved, as, indeed, how should he whose true life was living in that Heart for evermore? Yet his rest was also service, for the Master took the essence of his beatitude and sent it down to the world where blessedness is longed for.

But now the evening was come, the close of the Day was drawing very near. The Master looked into the disciple's eyes. Purpose was in the Master's own, and seeing it the disciple felt its sweep encircle him, its shape and power inform him. Determination sprang to life again in his heart, and along the lines of its definition the pathway appeared.

"Child, the hour is about to strike," the Master said. The disciple looked into the widening vista of the approaching form-worlds. A moment, then dimness began to close in upon him, but so slowly, so imperceptibly, he could not tell when it began. Only the face of the Master was bright and glorious as ever.

"The waters of Lethe that all must drink, O beloved son," said the Master, "the night of forgetfulness approaches."

Something almost like fear gripped the disciple's heart.

"Master! Shall I awake again?"

"Ever more and more vividly."

"And will you be always there?"

The Master smiled. His smile was like the last Beauty that would break an earth-man's heart if he could know it.

"O child, are you not always in My heart?" He answered. "Night or day, real life or dream life, you are in My heart. Bless men because of it."

Then the Master took the disciple, whom already the languor of the enshrouding night was overcoming, into His arms. Like a sleepy child the disciple laid his head on the Master's shoulder.

"I am not afraid. Send me to your world," (the disciple hardly knew how the Master's world was the whole law of his being) "but give me remembrance during the night of the dream-world."

The Master laid His hand on the disciple's head.

"Son, My remembrance will be always with you. It is in your heart. Remember often, My disciple, for the moments of that remembrance will be always your best gift to the world you live in."

Darkness gathered round the disciple and all was lost save the Face that bent over him. The Master Himself closed his eyes.

"Sleep!" He said.

And the disciple sank into the dream-life with a smile on his lips.

* * * * *

That smile still hovered on the face of the new-born babe, and from its blue eyes the wonder was not yet quite gone. As years went by and the disciple grew up in the dream-world, he did not know who was near him all the time, nor what consciousness had been his. Yet the remembrance played round him like the scent of summer woods in the air. And sometimes a sudden

stillness held the disciple's heart; when evening fell, when he heard tales of great deeds of valour and of worth, when Love looked at him through the eyes of men and beasts, when his own heart truly sang or wept or laboured. For one fraction of a second, involuntarily he looked up, he listened. Without knowing it, then *he remembered*.

And all men remember thus. With each succeeding life the realisation grows. When the remembrance grows clear down here, then is *His* will done on earth as it is always done in "Heaven," and man begins to be something more than man. To all men that exceeding glory. To all a moment after death; in the end to all in an unbroken consciousness stretching from earth to heaven.

Clara M. Codd

CORRESPONDENCE

THE CASE OF A PEACE-LOVER AGAINST PACIFISTS

Considerable prominence has been given of late to the views of an ardent upholder of the Union of Democratic Control, and there seems to be some danger lest, in countries where that organisation and its activities are little known, it may be thought to have the general support of English Theosophists.

How very far this is from being the case is, however, a sore point with the Democratic Controllers in our ranks, and probably the very poverty of their numbers has made their influence seem so negligible as not to call for any official disclaimer, or even counter-claim.

Still, it seems hardly fair to allow, without protest, every opponent of the policy of the U. D. C. to be branded as militarist, so perhaps it is permissible to present the case of a Theosophical peace-lover, who thinks the activities of that organisation mischievous rather than useful at the present juncture.

In the first place, exponents of the policy of the U. D. C. have shown throughout a singular lack of the sense of proportion, which lack is perhaps essentially democratic, looking on from the plain instead of the mountain, and missing the outstanding, clear issues.

As a statesman they have chosen Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, who, when the question of England's participation in the War was being discussed in the House of Commons, made the singularly inept interpellation: "What about the women and children?" Was it not in defence of the rights of women and children, of the weak on the earth, that our youths, the flower of our nation, were girding on their swords, and did we women of England want to weaken the hands of our heroes by thoughts of the distress they must leave with us? In those terrible, yet sublime days of August 1914, the nation saw its dharma clearly, and rose to it nobly, and saw to it also that its own weaker members did not suffer unduly—those women and children of the labouring classes for whom Mr. Ramsay Macdonald was chiefly anxious, and who are admittedly gainers, and not losers, by war conditions to-day.

The shock of a common danger, then, restored national unity, and for a brief space of time—too brief, alas!—the nation realised where it stood, and what must be its next step.

Party faction must cease, destructive criticism and obstructive tactics must give way to those who were in a position to lead us to battle in defence of the liberty of peace-loving nations.

It was a shock to realise that we had been so far the victims of party-government as to have been led blindfold into a dangerous situation, which had been apparent long before to many who would have warned and prepared us, but to whom the majority of us had remained comfortably deaf, reading only the newspapers of our own political party.

Was this a time, forsooth, when party-government, the darling institution of democracy, had so lamentably failed, to plead for greater Democratic Control, and on what pretext? Presumably because the nation had been compromised by its statesmen into a position in which she was pledged to join in this struggle for the world's freedom, and the U. D. C. would have had her stand aside and grow fat while fair France and Belgium were desolated, and the Kurukshetra of Europe was fought!

The nation is calling for a return to responsible, personal government in each department, not irresponsible bungling of untrained and inexpert representatives of a fluctuating and ignorant public opinion. Many-headed Demos must indeed be ultimate arbiter, and without his support no government can stand, but he has a right to ask that the men paid to do his administration shall know their business better than himself, and shall not require directions in detail, any more than the doctor who undertakes a case would brook unprofessional interference.

Having failed, then, from the first to take the big view, the U. D. C. have continued to voice the individualist. As England should, in their opinion, have stood aloof from the struggle in which her neighbours were involved, so a class may be justified in jealously guarding its rights and privileges, though the nation be jeopardised thereby, and so an individual has a right to withhold his services from the nation, being conscientiously or temperamentally opposed to fighting, or putting the claims of his own family—an extension of himself—before those of his fellow-countrymen, or of humanity in general. How far removed is this point of view from that of Socrates, or of Sir Thomas More, both of whom thought that the sharing of the privileges of any community carried with it the obligation to obey the laws and submit to the regularly constituted authorities of the community, even when unjust. Both held that the State had a right to their lives, though demanding them on the flimsiest of grounds, arguing to their friends that previously they could have left the land of their birth, had they chosen to renounce their citizenship and its privileges, and now the debt was to be paid.

To come now to a more positive justification of the peace-lover's present attitude, he is ready to sacrifice an immediate, imperfect peace to a fuller, truer peace in the future, in a regenerated Society. He recognises some truth in a trenchant phrase used by Dr. Haden Guest in 1914, that this War is but "An acute phase of the chronic disease called civilisation," and he feels that already there is greater peace of heart in the self-realisation that has come to the nation through its fiery ordeal. "I come not to bring peace on earth, but a sword," said He who has been nevertheless acclaimed as Prince of Peace, and the paradox enshrines a truth.

Never has the English nation been more firmly anti-militarist than now, yet she is ready to sacrifice her repugnance to conscription, rather than persevere in the insincere and unequal compulsion which the needs of the hour have pressed on her. There is no fear that it is "The thin edge of the wedge," and that England is on the way to a military despotism like that she is pledged to overthrow, for the nation as a whole is steadfastly against that, and its leaders have repeatedly disavowed such intentions. Why foment class distrust? Our statesmen have themselves been the victims of a false political system, and now for the first time have a real chance to break through the meshes of custom and precedent. Let us credit them with at least as much honesty and clear-sightedness as ourselves and our friends, and expect (and so aid) the nation to remain united in its aim and ideals, standing for freedom, self-government, and the rights of small nations. She has much to do yet in putting her own house in order, especially in India, but having chosen right in the big issue, she deserves our full encouragement and trust, and nothing less will suffice to keep her true to the vision she has seen.

Some will say this is evading the main point, that of the essentially evil nature of war, but the point of view here taken is that while war is admittedly evil, and almost an anachronism in our present stage of human progress, yet it is evidently not entirely outgrown, being here in our midst, poisoning every human relation, domestic as well as international. The way to outgrow it is for each from his own centre to work outwards, to cease fighting for himself, for his class, even for his nation, and league himself with the forces that make for righteousness in the world, wherever the progress of humanity is threatened.

The Theosophist must bring his heart of peace into the world of struggle, and the world of struggle into his heart of peace, until centre and circumference are one.

HELEN VEALE

ON STRAGGLING

In every army in the field stragglers are to be found, and their proportion to the rest is a very fair test of the efficiency of the force to which they belong. To keep their numbers down it is recognised that prevention is better than cure, and so in modern armies everything possible is done to render the lot of the soldier as little irksome as possible, for it is when marches are long and rations are short, that their numbers go up. It was because of his stragglers that Napoleon lost his great venture in 1812, and there would have been no stragglers had he fed his troops properly. Ultimately, we can see therefore that efficiency must depend on good organisation directed primarily towards keeping one's personnel contented and happy, and ready to co-operate heartily with their leaders.

The T. S. may well be likened to a great army; an army which has for its objectives the crushing of ignorance and the annihilation of pain and sorrow. Those are objectives which all members must earnestly wish to see attained, but as yet there is nothing like unanimity and co-operation for compassing those ends, even amongst those who remain in the ranks, whilst our stragglers, alas! amount to an enormous proportion of our whole strength.

Of course we are greatly handicapped, in that membership binds no one with any sense of discipline, and the democratic spirit is so abroad in these days that the least interference with one's liberty is most fiercely resented. In the T. S. our platform is so extremely broad that we number in the Society probably a greater assortment of view-points than has ever yet been included in any one body, and so the task of disciplining the whole is practically impossible. But we venture to believe that much more may be done in this line than is done, or is even attempted. Even in armies under the most autocratic discipline it has been found that far more can be done by tact than by force; that is why such stress has always been laid on the officering of the British Army by gentlemen, and that is why the British army is now, as in the past, proving that it is second to none. So in a volunteer army, tact can be made to achieve results almost as good. Not quite, it is true, even where the ranks are filled by volunteers professing the highest motives, for though tact does wonders, yet the thought that real trouble is in store for slackers must always be a powerful assistant, even if kept well in the background. But not even tact backed up by force will be enough to make an army efficient. Besides these two, the interest of men in their work must be kept up or else they will get bored and then slack. This undoubtedly is what causes our straggling so much; this it is that causes the great number of dormant members we have on our rolls. We know that they all must at one

time have been fired with enthusiasm for Theosophy, or they would never have joined the Society, but like a fire fed on a handful of cotton wool, they blazed up only to die down for want of more fuel. Now this is a point that those who are really interested in their Lodges should go into very carefully. One by one they should consider the dormant and semi-dormant members. Let their characteristics, and strong and weak points be carefully studied, especially the former, for it is to these that an appeal must be made. In most Lodges the activities are far too few—a few study classes and little else. These will appeal only to those keen on study, and then only to those keen on the particular lines of study taken up, and so the dormancy of the stragglers may be far less their own fault than that of the apparently energetic members who have in their more regular attendances been indulging a taste for certain brands of philosophy which do not appeal to all.

In an admirable little pamphlet Captain Powell has outlined some twenty different lines of work which may be taken up as Lodge activities, and besides these there are others which will suggest themselves to those gifted with imagination. Among these activities will be found lines of work which should appeal to all types, and dormant members may be converted into most energetic workers if only gently and tactfully induced to take up congenial lines. One way *not* to recruit them is by means of the circular letter or printed notice. Over and over again have we heard it urged as proof of the utter slackness of the dormant members that they never pay any attention to circulars. Of course they don't. They are simply asked in them to come to a study class which they have sampled once or twice and found exceedingly boring. They are not looking for further attacks of mental indigestion, and so stay away. They can only be induced to fall in by the personal influence of other members who will take the trouble to visit them, to enquire why they do not come to the Lodge, and who will make them feel that they are wanted there, and that other members will be delighted to see them. The visiting member too should have studied the dormant one's idiosyncrasies and capabilities. If he is an engineer, he will ask him to assist with his knowledge and experience in the improvement of the Lodge building and premises; he may even be induced to take charge of them and to keep them in order. So too a commercial man might be asked to take charge of the book depot and to run it as a real business concern, instead of as a restaurant for cockroaches and white ants. Thus for every member, dormant and active, a suitable activity might be found, for even many of the so-called active members do but little except sit and listen, purring loudly the while. Undoubtedly they create a very favourable atmosphere in a Lodge by their interest and

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attention, yet it seems sad to think that, of all that enters, so little ever seems to come out again of many even of these active members.

Our Society is growing, but it is hardly growing as it should do, and here in India many Lodges can show but little increase in membership year by year. The stirring into activity of the stragglers works not only for their good but also for that of outsiders who are, by means of their added activities, brought into touch with Theosophy and thence into the Society. So we may grow into an army, really efficient, marching steadily at full strength towards that great goal on which all our hearts are surely set, whether we know it down here or not.

E. G. H.

THE T. S. AND THE WAR

IV

I ask your permission to point out that Mr. Van Manen's quotation in the February THEOSOPHIST of the resolution (No. 6) of the General Council is irrelevant, as it refers to "the authenticity or non-authenticity of any statements issued as from the Mahatmas," and we are not at present confronted by any such statements.

The other line and a half which he selects, makes a simple declaration that "the T. S. must not be committed to any religious belief". The fault imputed to you as our President seems to be that you constantly speak of Mahatmas and Black Powers, in whom every member is not bound to believe. Neither, we may say, is any member bound to believe in reincarnation, yet no one who believes in one can help believing in the other, and I think it is likely that the member who believes in neither does not exist.

In my opinion Mr. Van Manen would have done better to have confined his discussion to the "personal and unofficial" point of neutrality, on which all of us would find it in our hearts to offer some degree of sympathy. For every German, or pro-German, Theosophist, the point must be a terrible one. Nevertheless, a certain number of us are Theosophists before we are English, German, or otherwise, and if the time comes for me to be Theosophist or English, I hope I may prove a Theosophist.

D. M. C.

OUR ATTITUDE TOWARDS PHYSICAL LIFE

May I trouble you with a few words of explanation in connection with an article of mine which appeared in THE THEOSOPHIST for December (on "The Problem of Our Attitude towards Physical Life"), and to which you referred in your prefatory remarks?

I see now that the sentence: "The Theosophist is taught to draw a sharp line of distinction between the interior and the exterior life," is very misleading, and I am at a loss to know how I ever came to write it, for I certainly never intended to say or imply that Theosophists were taught to withdraw themselves from active life. What I should have said is that Theosophists are taught to recognise and give much importance to an inner and spiritual life (a life scarcely recognised at all by the world at large), and doing this, some—I confess myself amongst the number—are tempted to turn too much from the world, to adopt too much the life of the recluse. But I did not mean to hold this up as a right or desirable course, or to imply that the leaders of the Theosophical Movement recommended any divorce between the religious and secular lives, the whole trend of the article being to show how the two may be brought into line; and when I said, in the next sentence, "the interior life at which we aim is a very exalted one, and because of its exaltation very far removed from ordinary life in the world to-day," I referred to the ordinary average of life in the world, the life of others; not to that lived by the Theosophist himself. Later, I go on to enquire *how* the dictates of the spiritual life may be applied to secular conditions, but this, surely, is a problem as old as religion itself.

And in this sense, I think a commonly accepted one, is it not true that there are two lives—a life of the Spirit, as outlined in the injunctions of the Sermon on the Mount, and in the sacred writings of all religions—and a life of the world, each possessing its own aim, its own standard of success, its own appropriate line of conduct; and which are mutually destructive and irreconcilable? And even when we have renounced the *goal* of the worldly life, there is still a great difficulty for most of us in determining how to adapt the methods and instruments of earthly life and make them accord with our spiritual ideal. This—the difficulty I attempted to meet in the article—is a practical, not a theoretical one. A man may, inwardly, have attained to a sense of brotherhood with all humanity, but how, at this juncture, if he be, for instance, an Englishman, is he to do his duty and yet to *act* brotherhood to all?

I felt safe in assuming that others besides myself experienced this difficulty, from discussions I have heard and

articles I have read. I have heard it maintained more than once recently in Theosophic circles, that because the spiritual life demanded universal peace and brotherhood and love, therefore, in earthly life, resistance under any circumstances was unjustifiable, and that for us to fight the Germans as we are doing was wrong, not right. It was this contention which I had in mind when I wrote the article, and my endeavour was to resolve the practical difficulty of reconciling our inner, spiritual ideal with life in the world to-day, and my whole object was to show that, in the words of your note: "Fighting, when fighting is necessary for the progress of the world, is an 'action which is duty,' and is as much an expression of the Divine Activity as the nursing of a sufferer, or the education of a child."

M. A. KELLNER

A QUERY

I have had several cases in the dream-land where both the living and the so-called dead, some known to me and some unknown, were helped out of their difficulties and troubles, mostly of mental character.

But recently, only the day before yesterday, during my wanderings in the dream-land, a very near deceased relative of mine made his appearance in his house, terrifying its inmates, and on my coming to the spot I found out that he was very thirsty, and water being given him to drink, he disappeared.

Can anyone of your readers say, from his experiences in the land of the departed, or quoting from the Shâsâtras, whether departed souls do feel thirsty or hungry? If so, the feeding of Brahmanas after the Shradâha ceremonies has some meaning.

THE SIND DREAMER

QUARTERLY LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

War Letters from the Living Dead Man. Written down by Elsa Barker. (Wm. Rider & Son, Ltd., London. Price 3s. 6d. or Rs. 2-12. Available at T. P. H., Adyar.)

In many respects a striking book is this collection of war letters, purporting to come from the world of the living dead. The Introduction tells us that they are dictations from Judge David P. Hatch, of Los Angeles, California, who died some years ago, and who has already expressed himself through the instrumentality of the present writer in *Letters from a Living Dead Man*. The letters under review began with a cryptic message on 4th February, 1915, and the last one is dated 28th July. Here is the message :

When I come back and tell you the story of this war, as seen from the other side, you will know more than all the Chancelleries of the nations.

We have read through the volume. We were greatly interested in it; we have gained some instruction also, and pieces of information which sound true; and if they are so, they are very useful. We have certainly appreciated the message of this living dead man—of love and goodwill to all, friend and foe alike; but we cannot say that we have learned any of the secrets of “the Chancelleries of Europe,” or understand better the diplomatic relations existing between nations. Causes and effects, sentiments, idealistic and otherwise, pertaining to this War and other wars, strange happenings in the Astral World, incidents of a superphysical nature, aid rendered by invisible helpers—these and such-like we find in abundance in the volume.

We do not wish to discuss the genesis of these letters, nor the mechanism of their production. We rather judge

them on the merit of their contents and teachings, which do not become more valuable simply because they are written, or said to be written, by a discarnate entity. They are written down by Elsa Barker, whose sincerity and straightforwardness we have no reason to doubt. The Judge, who is the author of these letters, claims for himself the privilege of having entered the folds of the White Brotherhood, being a disciple—and apparently no mean one—of a great Master. From his writings before us we cannot definitely say if that be so; there is nothing so striking, so new and fresh, in the shape of knowledge imparted or information given, that it can enable us to accept this claim forthwith. There is hardly anything in what is described which an invisible helper, with a fair amount of knowledge and experience, could not have come across or encountered. On the other hand, we cannot set aside the claim of the writer to his position, merely on the basis of “no new teaching or information”. There is no doubt that the author of these letters is in possession of certain information available in the inner worlds only, and that naturally entitles him to a respectful hearing from all Theosophists. How he has come across it, will not prove a very fruitful enquiry on this physical plane; enough for us to note that what he says is in the main true and valuable.

Having so far cleared our ground, let us say that for the Theosophist the volume is at once interesting and useful; interesting, because it gives information which is not usually made public, and useful, because a great amount of it is of the nature of corroboration of our Theosophical teachings; therefore the volume is suitable for certain propaganda work.

We have already heard from Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater something of the hidden side of war. References are made to struggles in inner worlds, which precipitated this ghastly War on the physical plane. We come across the same teachings here with many details. Conversations with those whom we know as Lords of the Dark Face, as also with Devas and others are given; some fine instances of the working out of Karma are depicted, both individual and national; fascinating sidelights are thrown on some interesting psychical and psychological problems; above all, some very fine sentiments are expressed in favour of the doctrine of Universal Brotherhood,

the Law of Love, and the Divinity in man ; and we shall quote at random but a single instance to show its nature :

There is a beautiful being in every one of you, the bird that sings in the heart of the earthquake, the rose that nestles in the hot mouth of the cannon, the pearl that cannot be crushed by the landslide, the angel that illumines hell.

All the normal feelings of the human heart are intensified at this time. No one is the same as before the war burst—no one anywhere in the world. The soul of humanity is in travail. This incarnation of humanity is turned against itself, and rends itself. The heart of humanity is in the abyss, into which humanity had grown too blind to look, so the blazing torches of the guardians of good and evil have been thrust into the abyss, and all the drowsing dwellers therein have been suddenly, rudely awakened.

There are many theories and explanations that sound plausible, there are others which, on the surface, seem fantastic. Here is a good instance ; the suffering and humiliation of Belgium, due to the treatment she meted out to the people in the Congo, appeals as a reasonable working out of National Karma ; on the other hand, the suffering and humiliation of Serbia, on account of the dwelling of a Black Magician in that country a century or so ago, is grotesque, fantastic and certainly not reasonable ; but it becomes acceptable as a cause of the epidemic which worked such havoc in Serbia.

Theosophists who believe in the coming of a World-Teacher will be interested in this :

Yes, I have seen the Christ.

Look for Him to come again "in the clouds of heaven with power and glory," though He may not walk the earth again in material form. What need is there for Him to walk the earth now in a mortal body, when more and more men and women are opening their spiritual sight, so that they can see Him while still held in their robes of flesh ?

In our February number, Mr. Leadbeater gave in his article his interview with Bismarck ; our author gives his own with Friedrich Nietzsche.

Then there is a good deal about the Coming Race, the National Karma of France and America, peace propaganda, love and hate, etc., etc., all of which is worth perusing, and we heartily recommend this volume to our readers. The publishers have done a service to Theosophy by this publication, and to them our thanks are due ; and we must not forget the scribe, whose share in the work of production is no mean one.

B. P. W.

Fate and Freewill, by Ardaser Sorabjee N. Wadia, M.A. (J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd., London and Toronto. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

In this book the old problem of Fate and Freewill is dealt with from the point of view of the believer in Fate. Five chapters traverse the subject as it is found stated in Scriptures, in the Ancient World, in Christian Theology and Modern Philosophy, quoting the views and arguments of the leading thinkers of the different periods; the last chapter sums up and gives the author's reasons for his definite belief in Fate. In doing so, he is careful to state that no world-problem worth the name is capable of absolute or perfect solution, but that it is possible to offer a practical solution, to form a definite opinion amounting almost to a conviction. This is a sound, common sense position, for, since neither Fate nor Freewill can be proved or disproved by scientific demonstration, the problem will continue to be a fruitful subject for discussion, and will, incidentally, remain a valuable training ground for the mind and the exercise of intuition.

For ourselves, we do not share the author's views. We believe that Freewill and Fate, like Spirit and Matter, are two complementary facts in nature, which *can* be reconciled; that the belief in Freewill, innate in most of us, has as solid a basis as the equally undoubted fact that Fate does exist and mould our destiny.

Has the author quite understood the doctrine of Karma, when he maintains that it leaves no room for Freewill? Is he right in saying that, according to the tenets of "freewillists," a particular effect need not inevitably follow, though all the requisite conditions for its production may be present; that human volition stands outside the universal law of causality; that will is, and always has been recognised as a faculty of the *mind*; that the nobler the creature the more limited his freedom (the savage freer than the civilised man); that the stronger type of men need a belief in Fate to bring out the best in them; that one clear indisputable case of prevision will finally prove the fact of Fate, etc.?

If space permitted, it would not be difficult to adduce weighty arguments against the above, and other contentions in which we miss the deeper philosophic insight into this intricate problem. A closer study of Hindu philosophy

(which is only given half a page) would, we believe, have shown the author that Karma is not a fatalistic doctrine, but on the contrary, implies the exercise of Freewill; that Will lies deeper than, and is not considered identical with, the mind in *all* the philosophies; that a possible solution of the problem may be found in the doctrine of the identity of the Self in man with the Universal Self, the one absolute Will expressing itself in the separated Selves as relative Freewill and relative Necessity; that even prevision of events is not necessarily a proof of unalterable fate, since to foresee is not to constrain, and the apparent proof becomes uncertain when tested by a metaphysical consideration of our conception of time, which varies according to the plane of nature on which our consciousness happens to work.

It is to be regretted that these questions have not found a place in a book which in other respects is admirable, full of information and original thought, and which has the merit of being written in exceedingly clear and lucid language.

We have perused the book with singular pleasure, and highly recommend it as a valuable contribution to the literature on this most difficult and vital problem.

A. S.

Visions, Previsions and Miracles in Modern Times, by E. Howard Grey, D.D.S. (L. N. Fowler & Co., London.)

Keats was a poet and a druggist, and here we find a dental surgeon who is a Psychical Researcher, and one of considerable enthusiasm and insight, to judge from the book under notice. The volume is a bulky one of 532 pages, and contains a large and varied range of psychical phenomena drawn freely from all sources and periods. The facility of prophecy manifested within recent years receives perhaps the most marked attention at the hands of the author, but phenomena of stigmata, trance writing, levitation and so on, are also quoted in numerous examples. The value of the book is chiefly as one of reference, since it advances only slight theories of cause, and attempts but small explanation of the phenomena it cites. Its style is a little involved in parts, but as it is not a literary effort, this may be condoned.

I. ST. C. S.

Clarinda: A Historical Novel, by A. Madhaviah. (The Cambridge Press, Tondiarpet, Madras. Price Re. 1-8 or 2s.)

It is rarely that one comes across a novel written by an Indian ; and the nationality of the author, coupled with the facts that *Clarinda* is a high-caste Brahmana girl and that the story takes place in the neighbourhood of Adyar, give it a claim on the special attention of Theosophical readers. There are scores of novels dealing with Indian life written by Anglo-Indians, but we often feel that such authors seldom succeed in correctly drawing their Indian characters, and it is interesting and instructive to find that Mr. Madhaviah fails similarly in the portrayal of the character of his English hero, Captain Harry Lyttleton. It is always more valuable to view the ideals and customs of a country through the presentment of one of its own people, rather than through the eyes of a foreigner, no matter how sympathetic. One feels that Rudyard Kipling got nearest to a true portrait of an Indian in his "Llama" in *Kim*, but in view of the errors in national psychology in this young Englishman, one wonders how similarly far from ringing true the "Llama" may sound to Indians. On the other hand, only an Indian could so powerfully analyse and describe the distinctive customs of Indian life, in their natural atmosphere of belief in karma, astrology, and reincarnation.

The book may be divided into three parts, the first of which deals with the historical events taking place at the time of *Clarinda's* birth. This is full of local colour of a distinctively Indian type, and it gives one a very good idea of the internal state of Indian affairs in 1746, and the circumstances by which England attained her present position in India. The interest centres round the finely drawn character of the Brahmana Punditrao, who stands as the Wolsey of the time, suffering a similar rise and fall—the latter resolving itself into a retirement into the forest and the acceptance of the vow of the Sannyasin. The second part is devoted to a description of *Clarinda's* life as the girl-wife of an old roue of fifty. It is a sad story, only too typical of Indian life ; beginning with the wedding festival of this little girl of twelve ; following her through "six years of married slavery," which are filled with the jealousy and ill-treatment of the older women of the

household, schemes for getting her money, and her stepson's sinful passion for her; and closing with the attempt to murder her, under the cloak of religious ideals by forcing her to become a "Sati,"—that is to be burnt alive with her dead husband's body.

The heroine is quite an advanced and original character for her time, largely due to the uncommon home conditions of her early life. She struggles spiritedly against the double moral standard to which she is supposed to bow, and against such sentiments as the following:

Her husband is the *pativrata's* (ideal wife's) god, and she need know and worship no other, as our holy books say. A woman's life is one of sin and sorrow and her salvation depends on her being a true *pativrata*. Blessed indeed is the woman who makes her lord happy in this world and dies before him and awaits his arrival in heaven; but should he unfortunately be called away before her, she ensures her own and his salvation by becoming a *sati*, entering heaven hand in hand with her husband, even as on their wedding day.

The author's personal attitude to this and other similar ideas may be inferred from his comment:

Our forefathers were indeed supremely successful in systematizing certain things in life, and this matter of wifely devotion, so very comfortable and convenient to all husbands, that is, men, is one which may well compete for the palm of perfection.

There are in this section valuable searchlights on the evils which arise in daily life from the Hindu's belief in karma and reincarnation.

The final portion of the book, telling of Clarinda's life with Lyttleton, is disappointing. The latter converts the heroine to Christianity, but in so many ways he is such a poor specimen of his own religion that one does not wonder that it was only after his death (brought on by hard drinking) that she became the historical Christian saint of the missionary's calendar. We welcome Mr. Madhavia's incursion into romance, for it is most necessary, in the interests of Brotherhood, that British people should know more about their fellow-citizens in the Empire, and understand their way of looking at life as expressed by themselves.

M. E. C.

Agar Halfi the Mystic, by Roland Filkin. (Wm. Rider & Son, Ltd., London. Price 6s.)

Here we have a deluge of bathos and split infinitives ; the latter appearing in an abundance quite exceptional. Like so many other novels of this class, it has been written with the firm intention of bringing in something mystical by hook or by crook, and it must be admitted the author has succeeded as far as this is concerned. An exceptionally lurid horribleness in the shape of an immaterial vulture, of which a spirited rendering is found on the outside cover, supplies the savour to the book, and the plot, hinging round this noisome entity, displays a certain amount of careful ingenuity.

Such anti-climaxes, however, appear only too often, coupled with lax modes of expression, of which the following is a good example. The heroine is talking to her brother about Mr. Agar Halfi :

One thing, he looks so intelligent, and another, I cannot help feeling that he is a gentleman, in spite of his dark skin, which I am sorry to say I cannot state about all men of my own race.

Philip nodded his head reluctantly.

Well and good, but might he not have tactfully pointed out that her racial brothers are characterised for the most part by the fairness of their complexions ?

We find expressions indicating a warm, if somewhat headlong, support of the feminine sex, such, for instance, as this :

But it is as well to remember that the feminine mind intuitively arrives at correct solutions of things far more quickly than the masculine mind does by the slow and not always sound process of reasoning.

A varied range of curious adverbs and adjectives confront us from page to page, as, for example, the occasion when a lady of blameless character is described as having a "deep" face. "Hatchet" faces we have heard of, and faces likened to a considerable assortment of birds, fishes and animals, but the part about the "deep" face is past our experience.

In spite of all its faults, however, there is something attractive about the book, and when the author's style becomes a little more lucid and connected, we shall, no doubt, have contributions from him of a more permanent value.

I. ST. C. S.

Le Regime des Capitulations et la Reforme constitutionnelle en Chine. Thesis for the acquirement of the degree of Doctor in Political and Diplomatical Science. By Louis Ngaosiang Tchou. Catholic University of Louvain. School of Political and Social Science. (Cambridge University Press, 1915. pp. VIII+230. Price 7s. 6d.)

This most important, most interesting document is a joyous symbol of the awakening of China, a fruit of the best young Chinese intellect and activity. In modern international politics, whether in the Balkans and the other Near East, or in further Asia, no question is more important and fraught with graver consequences than that of the so-called "capitulations", *i.e.*, those treaties which give a special legal status to Christian subjects residing in non-Christian countries. Mr. Tchou gives us a clear and terse summary of the history of these capitulations in general (pp. 20), and follows this up by a similar sketch of the history of these treaties, especially in China (pp. 57). A discussion of the actual condition and working of these treaties (pp. 48) follows, and leads up to the last chapter, which very briefly (pp. 18) deals with the changed conditions occasioned by the new regime in China. A large amount of space has been devoted to the discussion of the special case of Kiao-chou, and the arbitrary German action there. All this part of the work is of the greatest interest, not only for the professional politician, but also for any intelligent student of contemporaneous history, and above all for anyone interested in the problem of "awakening Asia". This main part of the work practically exhausts the treatment of the subject mentioned in the title of the book, but a second part of about 90 pages, and not absolutely connected with this subject, will perhaps prove the most important one of the book for the general reader. It deals with the recent constitutional reform in China and describes the conversion of the old monarchy into a republic. This part is profoundly fascinating. It is divided into two halves of about equal length. The first gives a running and engrossing narrative of the events immediately preceding the establishment of the republic. That story is a record palpitating with life and it reads like an epos. We can scarcely imagine anyone reading it without being drawn under the spell of its dramatic force and impressiveness. The second half of this second part

gives a series of important documents, decrees, provisional and final projects for a constitution, and rules of proceedings to be followed in connection with the new regime. The dry and terse statement of most vital principles battling for survival and victory in these compact articles and serried pages is equally impressive, and the whole constitutional drama here represented under our very eyes furnishes matter of an amount of interest which can scarcely be surpassed by any other modern political story.

J. v. M.

The Song of a Dawning Day, by Francis G. Hanchett.
(Privately printed—Chicago.)

Our young men are seeing visions,
Our old men are dreaming dreams,
And on mountain peaks already
Rising sun of wisdom gleams.

The above extract indicates the theme of this writer who has embodied, in a poem of some eight hundred lines, his vision of the future which is shortly to spring into flower from out of the seeds of the present. America is to be the garden where the blossoms are most fragrant and grow fairest, and brotherhood the band which binds them into a lovely garland. Mr. Hanchett is a disciple of especially Emerson, Walt Whitman and "the eloquent and inspired modern prophet, Annie Besant". He, therefore, "dips into the future," guided by these leaders, and the picture which he sees is one full of hope. Spiritual evolution must go hand in hand with physical evolution to realise his vision, the God within must be awakened, and the Intuition must guide our steps.

Mr. Hanchett has chosen verse as his medium of expression. It is not verse of a high order, and there are many mistakes in technique alone which could and should have been avoided. The writer, however, probably felt that his message—for he thoroughly believes in the poet as prophet—could best be delivered in rhyme instead of cold prose, however poetical. And it is pretty certain that there are a number of people in the world who would prefer and heed the message given that way. Mr. Hanchett writes from a full heart, and surely some of his enthusiasm must touch the reader.

T. L. C.

Documents Relating to the Great War, Selected and arranged by Giuseppe A. Andriulli, with an Introduction by Professor Guglielmo Ferrero, translated from the Italian by Thomas Okey. (T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd., London. Price 1s. net.)

We welcome this little book as giving a concise resume of the events immediately preceding the various declarations of war fore-running the present stupendous conflict. To those of us who have not the time or energy to sift the multi-chromatic range of books issued by the Governments involved, this little volume comes as a great blessing, and allays a sense of duty left undone, for which we are truly grateful to it.

The diplomatic records, as they stand, tell strongly against Germany, constituting a severe indictment of her pseudo-peaceful aspirations. They reveal her as the prime instigator of the European conflagration, hastening, in the first place, her declaration of war against Russia, and at the same time obstructing with all her energy the offers made by Great Britain to convoke a meeting of the Great Powers for the object of finding some peaceful means of settling the quarrel between Austria and Serbia. Perhaps the chief point of interest in the present book is the prominence into which is brought the fateful day of July the 29th. On that day three telegrams were sent to Russia by the German Emperor, the first two, sanguine of Germany's power to act as mediator, but the third, one hour after midnight, and subsequent to a Council at Potsdam, in a very different tone, and indicating an opinion that Germany found it hard to adopt a conciliatory attitude in view of Russia's mobilisation on the Austrian frontier. Then followed on July 31st the precipitate ultimatum and declaration of war against Russia, the whole without reference to Austria, and indeed regardless of Austria's attitude towards the Russian mobilisation, which itself was one free of anxiety.

The subsequent reading is interesting, giving accounts of the various conditions under which the countries, one after another, came into a state of war. Reports of speeches from the throne, and their equivalents, mark characteristically the differing temperaments of the races involved in the War, the French orations being, in particular, full of native Gallic fervour.

I. ST. C. S.

The Orāons of Chōtā Nāgpur : their History, Economic Life, and Social Organisation, by Sarat Chandra Roy, M.A. (Ranchi 1915. Price Rs. 8 or 10s. 6d.)

The author of this important work was already known to ethnologists as the writer of a valuable book on the Mundas, and the expectations raised by that production have been fully met by his present study. In fact his exhaustive monograph on the Orāons is a first class performance, the result of fifteen years' intimate acquaintance with this most interesting, primitive tribe of the Chōtā Nāgpur plateau. One of the very pleasant concomitants of the present publication is that the author promises, in case it be favourably received by the public—of which there should be no doubt whatever in view of its excellence—to follow it up with a second volume devoted to the religious and magico-religious system, the ceremonies, usages and language of the tribe. No less competent an anthropological authority than Mr. A. C. Haddon contributes a valuable and very appreciative foreword, a fit introduction to the subsequent 500 pages, closely packed with important information, well written and clearly presented. The headings under which the subject matter is dealt with in the work are as follows : (1) Origin and History ; (2) Geographic and Social Environment ; (3) Physical Characteristics and Personal Adornment ; (4) Village Organisations and Economic Life ; (5) The Village Dormitories and the Training of Youth ; (6) Social Organisation and the Regulation of Tribal Life ; (7) Appendices on Agricultural Customs, the traditional story of the Genesis of man and spirits, folk songs, etc. A number of well chosen illustrations enhances the value of the record, and a good index is provided. The book is replete with most curious information, and with facts and inferences of the highest value to ethnologists and anthropologists. Amongst the most important items discussed are the extraordinary ancient marriage customs (the grandparents marrying the grandchildren) and the institution of village dormitories for bachelors and for maidens. The totemistic elements too are carefully analysed and discussed. But it would be useless to attempt to draw attention to even a selection of the most interesting points discussed, they are too numerous to be cited in a short review.

The total number of Orāons is at present somewhat under 1,000,000. Modern influences tend rapidly to change much

in the traditional characteristics and customs of this interesting people. Mr. Roy has performed a work of the utmost importance in so carefully and minutely recording much which, but for his labours, would soon have been irretrievably doomed to oblivion. We wish the work all the success it deserves.

J. v. M.

The Gospel of Hope, A Message of Comfort for the Sorrowing in this time of War. By the Right Rev. G. H. S. Walpole, D.D. (Robert Scott, London. Price 2s. net.)

From the pen of the Bishop of Edinburgh comes one of the many attempts which are now being made to raise popular feeling out of the gloom and depression into which present circumstances are plunging it. *The Gospel of Hope* is addressed to those who are called upon in this War to make the hardest of all sacrifices—that of the lives of those dearer to them than themselves. The book, as its author tells us, is not designed to teach; “it is not a reasoned treatise on the state of the departed”. Its aim is “to suggest rather than to instruct, to imagine rather than to assert, to use picture language as a translation or paraphrase of the truth” so far as he sees it, rather than to make clear and convincing statements.

Such being the objects for which it was written, the book is good. It would certainly be disappointing to any one seeking comfort in the definite knowledge of what death means in the history of the soul’s pilgrimage. But if the consolation sought be the support of a deep conviction that all is well with those that have passed away from earth life, then the reader cannot but be satisfied. For the author’s faith is strong and will communicate itself to any who put themselves in touch with his thoughts. He believes that the fate of those who have fallen in the service of their country is a blessed one; that their condition is one of rest, progress and fellowship; and that the touch between them and their dear ones left behind cannot be broken by death, which, after all, is not an ascent into a distant heaven, but a withdrawing into a world which, though hidden, is very near.

A. DE L.

An Introduction to Ethics for Training Colleges, by C. A. Johnston, M.A. (Macmillan & Co. Price 3s. net).

This little book may be well recommended. It has two important qualities. It is cheap and it is clear. It is not deep. The author, however, points out in his foreword that he intends to avoid controversial points, to lay stress on the psychological argument and to keep metaphysical theory strictly in the background. That he has done. The result is that his little work has become a practical and set little code but lacks life. It is like a coat bought ready made, cheap but stiff, and is without the eloquence of subtle adaptation to individual needs. It might be even said that the book is a trifle "bourgeois" in its neat codification and crystallisation of principles, elements and maxims. Not every one, however, has metaphysical or philosophical tendencies, and to such as do not care overmuch for a delving in and weighing of root principles the work will certainly appeal by its appearance of finality and its great clarity. Anyhow we regard it as a far more solid production than much of the modern (very often American or pseudo-American) ethical literature which is so largely current in our days, and the dominant characteristics of which are optimism plus sentimentality plus sloppiness. The ordinary reader who has never looked into the subject of ethics in a systematic way will make a tremendous amount of discoveries in following the 250 pages of the booklet. Like Mr. Jourdain, who never knew that he talked prose before he was told so, such readers will be amazed to find how profoundly ethical they are unawares. There is a great quality of homeliness in the book which will not fail to make a direct and strong appeal to the ordinary man, and though frankly an elementary book, it is a decidedly useful one. As the sub-title indicates that the book is intended for Training Colleges, it would be unfair to interpret any of the above remarks as indicating failings in the work. In a Training College fixed and acquired results have to be communicated; in the private study such practical generalisations may be probed and analysed—and criticised—*ad libitum*. To do so is, rightly, not brought within the scope of the present book. Conclusion: a useful and recommendable little book for any individual reader who wants a simple, straightforward statement of the net, practical results of modern ethical science. Especially to Theosophists, it seems to us, the little work should be attractive and instructive.

J. v. M.

THEOSOPHY IN THE MAGAZINES

THE SACRIFICE OF THE INDIVIDUAL AND IMMORTALITY

In the January number of *The Contemporary Review* appears a thoughtful article by the Rev. Robert Christie under the above title. The War, he declares, with its ruthless disregard of the individual, confronts us with an almost hopeless sense of the insignificance of human effort in the evolutionary forces of nature.

A penetrating sense of the sacredness of human life, with its ideals and achievements, a faith in some final good to be won through our efforts, are not easily maintained in the presence of a scheme of things which, on occasion, can treat men like flies caught in an autumn gale.

The only answer, he contends, that can allay this inevitable shock to our ideal of human progress is that of individual immortality.

In reality, "life is ever lord of death". The apparent passing of the individual into nothingness is really a second birth into a higher and more abiding sphere of being. Death is but the supreme instance of that all-pervading process of change, whereby the imperfect passes away, that that which is perfect may come. On this view it is obvious that the doubts, which weaken our social idealism, are answered.

This belief, he continues, may be reached by various paths. To many minds the Christian revelation is conclusive, but an increasing number are finding in the results of psychical research a scientific basis for survival. Others, again, argue that the moral integrity of the universe demands immortality; on the other hand, this demand has often been held to be satisfied by the fact that good work remains for the benefit of humanity after the passing of the benefactor. This latter view, with its philosophical sequel of an eternal reservoir of life, into which human beings are emptied at death, is referred to by the writer as "corporate immortality," and is disposed of on the ground of its failure to satisfy human aspiration.

... there is good reason for holding that any fundamental and persistent demand of the human spirit is, by itself, a revelation of what the universe requires also. Indeed, how could it be otherwise, seeing that the mind of man is the highest manifestation of reality directly known to us?

That our desires, *when* purified and transformed by the teaching of experience, become prophetic of the nature of things, is a fact to which the whole history of science bears witness. It is now generally allowed that such a principle as the rationality of the world, together with the special forms which it assumes, such as the unity, continuity, and uniformity of nature, are not "so much brute fact thrust upon us, willy nilly"; they originate not in the object but in the subject of experience. They are demands, which we make and must make, if a certain result is to be attained, *viz.*, knowledge itself. Now, knowledge means *the expression of the universe in terms of personality.*

We have italicised the word "when," as we believe that humanity has still a long way to go before this desirable condition can be fulfilled, and in the meantime there is much to be said for the objection which follows, namely, that the laws of nature are independent of personal beliefs or wishes. But if we understand the writer to use the word "personality," as is usual in later Christian theology, in much the same sense as the expression "the Self" is used in the East, we cannot fail to be struck by the virtual agreement of his view with the spiritual monism of the Vedanta.

Another objection which Mr. Christie raises against the idea of a "corporate immortality," at least as far as progress on the physical plane is concerned, is that of the transience of physical conditions and the limitations inherent in physical matter, but we should say that though these limitations point to the existence of less limited planes of consciousness, yet the possibilities of the physical plane as a training ground have by no means been exhausted, but will surely be developed to the full, however slow the process. In this connection the following candid admission is distinctly charming.

Even if Absolutism were theoretically tenable, it is simply an esoteric point of view. It is like a Sunday confession that the things of the world are naught, while in practice we are unable to treat anything else as of any importance whatever.

We cannot hope to pilot our readers through the undercurrents of the author's reasoning, but we can at least assist them to meet him in harbour.

And what sort of compensation, after all, do we wish self-sacrifice to have? Simply that it awaken in us the spirit of love which gave it and that that spirit may find expression. It is when we are most alone, and at our highest and best, that this sense of Communion with God Himself becomes clear and strong. For religious men, this has ever been one great token of immortality, "'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us and intimates—Eternity to man". Such an experience is not present with us at all times, but when it comes, it gives the most intense feeling of reality which we can know.

It is good to find writings at this high level in the leading magazines of the day, for they are signs of the greater Theosophical movement. We may incline to the belief that the essence of individual immortality is by no means incompatible with the essence of "corporate immortality," and we should probably agree that an acquaintance with the doctrine of reincarnation would reconcile many of the difficulties here presented, but we must not forget that even the Buddha refused to discuss ultimates, simply saying "Nirvana is".

W. D. S. B.

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

A PROPOSAL is made by the Mahābodhi Society to build a Vihāra in Calcutta, where no Buddhist Temple exists, and a piece of ground has been bought in College Square, next to the Lodge of the Theosophical Society, for the purpose of erecting thereon a Vihāra. Application has been made, through the Government of Bengal, that the Sacred Relics of the Lord Buddha, found at Taxila, may be entrusted to the Society to be placed in a shrine in the Vihāra. The Lord Buddha was born in northern India, and He wandered far and wide over its soil. He is the glory of the Āryan Race, the Perfect, the Illuminated One. To Him all the Occult Hierarchy bow in reverence, "our great Patron," as a Master once called Him, the first of our Humanity to attain to Perfection. He the Buddha of Knowledge, who taught the Sacred Law for forty years of blessed life, gathering round Him disciples, whom He formed into the Saṅgha, thus completing the three Jewels—the Buddha, the Saṅgha and the Dharma, or the Dhamma, as the Pāli has it. From the

day when, in the deer-park near Benares, He began to turn the Wheel of the Law until the day when He left His body, He taught the Wisdom to men, women and children. By precept and by parable, by philosophy and by symbol, intelligible alike to prince and peasant, He purified the lives of men; and lest His overpowering knowledge and sweetness should lend such might to His words that human intellect should be swallowed up in rapt devotion, and authority should usurp the seat of understanding, He, whose lightest word might have been a world's salvation, bade His disciples seek salvation in themselves, and bade them also not believe a thing because He had said it—He, who was very Truth—but only when of their own selves they knew that it was true.

* * *

To this All Glorious One, there is no temple in the land which gave Him His body of flesh. And this, though in Him the Hindū recognises the ninth Avatāra of Viṣṇu the Preserver. The reason for this is not far to seek in earlier days, yet is it fitting that now, when India is becoming more conscious of her world-mission, and when within her Empire Burma finds a place, and Ceylon truly is also hers, India should raise a temple in His honour, to Him, her wondrous Son, the Light of the World, and thus claim Him as her own. The suggestion of building a Vihāra in Calcutta, and that close beside the Theosophical Society, the youngest child of the White Brotherhood, is therefore apposite and timely, and it would be well if every Hindū who is proud of his incomparable past and reverences the Mighty Ones of his race, should place a stone, even the smallest stone, in this Temple,

and thus have a share in the homage paid to this greatest Teacher of humanity. Princes may give largely, the middle classes may give such donations as their means permit, the poor may give an anna, a half anna, a pice, a pie. What is money in such gifts? It is love that makes them golden; and the peasant's pie, who goes more hungry to give it, shines with the brilliancy of the diamond, where the gift of a lakh, given for ostentation, counts but as dull grey lead. Let all who love His blessed life, then, throw some gift into the building fund of the Vihāra.

* * *

An immense opportunity has been lost by Great Britain, by her refusal to accept the offers of volunteer service which rained in at the outset of the War from the educated classes. They fell back, chilled and wounded, except in Bengal. There they persisted, and at last succeeded in having an Ambulance Corps, which has done fine service. But still they pressed their wish to volunteer for the front, and would not accept the official denials. Now France has stepped in, with her greater sympathy and power of imagination, and called on the Indians living under her rule, offering them an equal footing with Frenchmen in the Army and in the Republic of France. She has her reward. Joyously the young men came forward, and there has been an outburst of national joy and pride such as Bengal has not before seen. The people of Calcutta saw their own youths answering to the call of France, and rejoiced over them with an enthusiasm which showed what England might have won, if she had the insight and the statesmanship that France has shown. The way to the Calcutta station by which the little troop

was to go, drawn from the Calcutta Colleges, was lined with eager crowds, cheering wildly; the house-tops were crowded with women who showered flowers on the heads of the marching lads, and blew conches, the old sacred battle-call of the Hindū warriors, as English readers may see in the *Bhagavad-Gītā*; at the station were gathered many of the Calcutta political leaders, and the train steamed off for Chandernagore, French India, amid the blessings of the elder and the cheers of the younger men. The effect produced was so great, that the Press Association, which supplies the Indian Press with news, suppressed the fact of the demonstration, the news being sent to *New India* by one of our own correspondents.

* * *

All this enthusiasm, this pride, this joy, would have come to England, if the men here had welcomed, instead of repelling, the offers which were made early in the War. But it would have been multiplied a thousandfold, for the British rule thousands where the French rule one. Here was an opportunity offered of binding closely India to herself, and she pushed it aside carelessly. It is the blindness shown by Englishmen in India which drives one almost to despair, coupled with their self-complacent certainty that they are perfect in the art of Government. For colonising, the Englishman is immensely more capable than the Frenchman, but in their contact with civilised coloured races, the French are the superior, and are only outdone by the Russians. Never have the English had a greater opportunity of capturing the *heart* of India than they have had in this War, and it has been most stupidly cast away; they had captured India's *head* before, but have never

touched her heart. The supreme opportunity came, and they have blundered on unseeing. All the English talk of here is: "What share of the War burden can we place on India?" It is a serious question, for India has been frozen out of her generous mood.

* * *

The following letter has reached me: I cannot say that I think that the paying off of the Headquarters' deficit can be said to be a piece of work for the coming of the Christ, but it would certainly be work for the Masters. It has been caused partly by the necessity for safeguarding the building from the danger of flood, by the building of an embankment, a costly piece of work; partly by the very large planting of young trees, to utilise the ground and to bring in revenue in the future, partly by some roofing necessary to prevent residents from being half-drowned and partly by important sanitary improvements; loss of revenue by the War has also been a serious cause. Here is the letter addressed to the members:

DEAR FELLOW MEMBERS,

A great opportunity has been given to us to do a real definite piece of work, work for the second coming of the Christ, work for the Masters, work which will show our love and gratitude to our Founders and to those who carry on the work they initiated.

All this is offered to us in the fact that there is a deficit in the balance-sheet at the Headquarters at Adyar of £1,666.

Now a few rich members might combine and pay it off, but I think it would be so much better if the whole Society united and paid it off by each member giving a small subscription, then the whole T. S. would reap the good karma which would result from such a deed.

I wish to suggest the following plan: that every T. S. Lodge should open a subscription list with a minimum subscription of 1s. (Annas 12 or 25c.)

There are 25,696 members of the T. S. and if every one only gave 1/- we should raise £1,284, but those able to give more would surely do so.

I have often longed to be able to do some definite work to aid in preparing the way for the second coming and have heard other members express the same wish—well, friends, this is our opportunity if we choose to avail ourselves of it, and if my suggestion is adopted, it is within the reach of most of us, if not of all of us.

Hoping that some way may be adopted whereby we may all join in the work.

I am fraternally yours,

F. S. HAWKINS

We should certainly be grateful if such help as is proposed came in, as our revenue from rents will be probably affected by the War in the coming year also.

The above was written by the Editor in the train on her way to Allahabad. Thither she has gone to attend the very important meeting of the central governing body of the Indian National Institution—the All-India Congress Committee. Mainly through her efforts, the last Congress passed a resolution which the country has received with acclaiming enthusiasm. It demanded that the Congress organisations in all Provinces should work out a scheme for Self-Government for India and submit it at Easter time to the Central body. This is now being done. The Central Committee is sitting as we are writing these lines, and before it are schemes, among them a very carefully prepared one from Madras, which has also sent a large number of its representatives. India is waiting eagerly to know the results of this deliberation. While in Allahabad

Mrs. Besant will deliver the Inaugural Address to the new Gokhale Society, and when her work is over she will visit Benares for a day or two.

* * *

Our own Adyar Headquarters presented a scene of unique interest during the Easter holidays. For the third time the South Indian Convention met here. Some 250 members from all parts of S. India gathered here and we had a very useful time which, we expect, will yield good results. Members began to arrive a few days beforehand, and the Convention atmosphere was fully around us by Friday—Good Friday—the 21st of April. Mr. C. Jinarajadasa was there to do all he could for our members in the absence of the P. T. S., and his talks and lectures were much appreciated. There were two very interesting discussion meetings—one, of all T. S. members, regarding the problems of wider Theosophy which embraces all the forward movements in this ancient land, and the other, of the Brothers of Service—the Stalwarts—who are pledged to one or more items of Social Reform propaganda. At both the meetings there was a very animated discussion. The attitude towards Social Reform and Social Service is fast changing in favour of liberal ideas and much is being done. One brother from Calicut, Mr. S. Manjeri Rama Iyer, has set a splendid example of courage and open battle against the prejudices of orthodoxy. At both the meetings he was one of the speakers, and by his humorous but thoughtful utterances drove home to the hearts of his hearers the benefits of the cause he champions so nobly. Such men, though generally unknown and not much recognised, are makers of New India, and we are proud to have at least one such fighter within our ranks.

* * *

Then there was the business meeting where the President and Secretary of the S. I. Convention presented their reports. Our Branch Inspectors offered suggestions for further work, and various other suggestions from Lodges and members were considered. Later the Executive of the S. I. Convention decided to engage the services of a European lecturer, who should be a science student, to present Theosophy along scientific lines to our educated classes. He is to be paid, and funds for the purpose are being gathered.

* * *

Mr. Jinarajadasa delivered a splendid lecture to a large public audience on "The Relation of Man to God" which brought great and deserved applause. He has just returned from Bengal where he had gone on Theosophical work, and Indian members will regret to hear that he is leaving immediately for England—of course on duty. His stay at Adyar has been a blessing to Headquarters and to India, and we will look forward to his early return.

* * *

A very useful feature of the Convention was the Cosmopolitan Dinner given by our respected Brother, Dewan Bahadur the Hon. Mr. Justice T. Sadashiva Iyer and his noble wife. There were present some 68 Brāhmaṇas, 44 non-Brāhmaṇas, 25 Christians, 1 Buddhist, 1 Muslim, 6 Parsis. Friends abroad perhaps do not realise what it means to our Hindū brothers who dare do such a thing! Outcasting and excommunication have greater terrors in this land of religious ceremonials and samskāras. The names of all present were published, but we believe orthodoxy will hide its ugly head and pass the event by without making a fuss as was done last year.



TOWARDS RECONSTRUCTION

By LILY NIGHTINGALE

THE pace of events to-day demands giant's strides from its followers. Now, if ever, man must feel himself a pawn in a game wherein

The Master-hand
Hither and thither moves, and checks, and slays.

Perspective itself is mercurial, changing as we watch the panorama. We can gain no idea of the true proportional values of men and their affairs, unless, by imagination's magic, we can look forward into the future, backward into the past, with that largeness of vision born from an observance of the unities, on every plane.

Here, where larches fling out a million flags of living green ; where budding heather pours its first, bitter-sweet scent, vital with promise of purple wine ; where wild hyacinths' births are celebrated in every wood, feeding the senses with a nameless yearning that begins where sense itself ends, it is impossible to feel that strife is a fundamental chord in the universal symphony. To those who, within the crimson zone of war, experience its carnage and devastation, with overstimulated senses, alternately drunk and deafened by the fury, havoc, and hellish thunder of shot and shell : to them, it may well seem that the warlike virtues are the noblest gift that can be laid on the altar of life ; that " every drop of blood spilt by England is a drop in the sacramental chalice of devotion " : to them, rightly, the life-blood of the warrior is the promise and pledge of a future wherein the rights of the weak shall be proclaimed as a rallying-call to the strong. Even as these words are written, comes news of the sinking of the *Lusitania* with hundreds of lives, not *lost*—how can that word apply to That which is " unborn, indestructible " ?—but the physical forms have vanished from those who held them dear, and once again

Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn.

Yet, for those precipitated over death's verge, terrible as were those moments of anguish, there were hands of healing and voices of aid, which made the actual passing less dreadful.

But what for us, who remain to mourn the havoc brought by murder and to try to understand the why and wherefore of the present welter ?

Philosophy at such moments is neither harsh nor crabbed. "The philosophic mind" is the rational attitude of human beings whose reasoning power is an incipient prophecy of a Sun of Righteousness beyond the light of reason, yet to which no guide save reason can lead. Humanity, for all its experience (built into the racial and individual consciousness by recurrent joy and sorrow), is still a child: and though the horror of "brute force" shrieks its Medusa-message through every age, the human consciousness, as a whole, is not yet weary of the *macabre* fascination of that voice, whose black liturgies haunt the past and echo wildly in our ears to-day. The hour of liberation from Martian thralldom has not yet struck. Repetition's cyclic law recurs with damnable iteration. True, a fresh spiral curve evolves, the result of each finished experiment, while, following the dual rhythm, ancient circles of re-becoming twine their labyrinths round the coils of manifestation; yet humanity is not old enough for freedom from all contraction. The rhythm of growth by expansion is still only a murmur, not a song of ascent for humanity as a whole. The dome of joy is starred with immortal sorrows, and is it not a truism that "man must through much tribulation enter the Kingdom of God," *i.e.*, *win* the right of self-identification with buddhic consciousness, "the Heart of Things" and "the Soul of Being"?

Now is an hour of swift evolution, a critical period, one of those mysterious struggles between those hosts we, in our blindness, name "dark" and "light" forces. There is "war in heaven" to-day, we may believe; the world-war, in all its ghastliness but a reflection of cosmic conflicts. The "lords of the dark face" are wise in the direction of their activity, perhaps even

wiser, sometimes, than "the children of light". They know how, and where to strike, when their appointed hour bids them rise to battle. Never have they failed to enter the lists at the moment of manvantaric doom.

It is not ours to proclaim which are the respective emissaries of light and darkness. We do not feel that our knowledge on inner planes suffices for such difficult distinction: the faculties of seership and prophecy do not include within themselves "all mystery and all knowledge". Yet those among us in whom seership and prophecy are developed, in however small degree, may utter the word and declare the vision according to their individual gifts of clear-seeing and hearing. To some of these it *seems* as though the floodgates of wrath are opened by our foes, as though they "bear up the pillars of it," and are its doorkeepers; they have unchained hydra-headed monstrosities whose delight is expressed through nameless deeds of rapine, wanton destruction, and orgies of horror before which falls a merciful cloud-curtain of oblivion for those whose reason cannot bear the vision of the Saturnalia of *kāma-manas*.

Yet those in whom the liberating forces work, they must know, see, and feel *all*, for so best they can help. The liberators must be lacerated, tortured, frozen with horror, scorched by the fire of anguish, that thus they may tread the burning-ground whereon weaker brethren cannot walk. And so every hideous happening, each one more appalling in its inhumanity than the last, war inflamed by poison, corroded by fiendish practices, is a Call to Fearlessness, a Cry to summon Spiritual Chivalry, Knights of the Spirit, from the uttermost ends of the earth. Knights of the Spirit

must shake off not only physical fear, that is the lesser bondage, however galling and humiliating, but those fears "that infest the soul" and attempt to invade the Spirit's citadel; the dread of consequences, the shrinking from pain that brings the temptation to drug themselves with opiates; they must conquer atrophy, all forms of inertia, rust, and the canker of immunity from sensitiveness that robs the human heart of its divine right to respond to every throb of pain.

Life must become a real thing to-day, for those who intend to fill the ranks of Helpers; they must flinch neither from the heart-shaking vibrations of joy (few know the Dionysian rapture of joy to-day), nor from the iron agony that marks the brows of the chosen. This is the spiritual call-to-arms. A call from Life to the lives. As a nation, our inner life has been far too poor, and miserable Respectability, and gospels of "thou shalt not be found out" have been "idols we have loved too long". We have forgotten that one of the most ancient roads to wisdom is the path of excess. Too long have we confounded temperance with moderation, discretion with compromise. We have been so busy with existence, piling up material possessions, that we have forgotten how to live. We have gone curtained, cushioned and foot-stooled through life, so poor in spirit that we have mistaken the saddle-bags and plush of upholstery for the curves and contours of Beauty. Following the same line§ of falsification and stultification of the vital principle, passion has become almost identified with vice. It is the loss of power to respond to anything great, that breeds vice, which is in reality a by-product of decadence. True response to the Life-principle, on every plane, comes

from simplification, from unification, never from multiplication of trappings on the material or sensual planes. The number of organisms is increased by fission, but individual (and racial) consciousness is enriched and deepened by the various harmonising forces whose consummation is in unity.

The gift of the Gods to their children of a diviner day is with us—a renaissance of life spiritual, mental, and emotional. We pass to this new birth, now as ever, “through the grave and gate of death”. Ever the mandate sounds for those to whom the old order, with all its face-values and surface-meanings, has passed away: “Ye must be born again.”

The outer reign of terror will not cease until the response of creative, affirmative love and life outweighs the opposing balance of hatred and destruction. This is the word of to-day. The forces of Life and Death¹ are locked in a struggle so tremendous that a world at war but faintly mirrors a combat before which angels veil their faces. Death's triumphs are proclaimed through the trumpet of Time, Life's victories by the Voice of the Silence. The Vision of Eternity is not revealed to the eye of mortality. Yet a corner of the veil of the temple may be raised by the hand of reverence outstretched by seer, prophet, or poet.

They have seen. These words are an echo of their vision.

Will the people but hearken?

Lily Nightingale

¹ The mysterious forces represented through those words, an unsatisfactory medium.

ON THEOSOPHICAL POETRY

By JAMES H. COUSINS

IN a former article I set side by side some extracts from the poetry of Spenser, Shelley and AE dealing with reincarnation, and showed in what respects they succeeded or failed as poetry in the presentation of a specific Theosophical teaching.

From these diverse presentations of a single subject, and the points which we have observed, we may now evolve some considerations to help us to arrive at a working hypothesis as to how Theosophy may serve the art of Poetry, and Poetry may serve Theosophy. First let it be clearly understood that all such considerations are acquitted beforehand of the crime of finality. "All theories," as Sir Joshua Reynolds remarks in his *Discourses*, "which attempt to direct or to control (the) Art which we form to ourselves upon a supposition of what ought in reason to be the end or means of Art, independent of the known first effect produced by objects on the imagination, must be false and delusive." Poetry is creation: its laws, like the Laws of God, are integral in its own nature; they are not imposed. "Reason, without doubt," as the same illustrious past member of the Brotherhood of Arts says, "must ultimately determine everything"; but the determination, be it observed, must be

ultimate ; not initial, not tyrannical, but interpretative and malleable.

Now Poetry, while it is, in its deepest sense, an immediate expression of the spiritual nature, and therefore an eavesdropper to inner truth, is conditioned in its expression by the paraphernalia of imagery, thought and phraseology which the *persona* of the poet and his or her age present to the hidden creator. Thus in respect of the great fundamentals, life and death, the perceptive side of the poet's nature—which is the earliest to come into operation—is acted upon by the apparent newness of birth, and the apparent conclusiveness of death. Something *is* that was not : something *was* and is not. The singularity of the space between is familiarised every day ; its evaluation is echoed in every brain ; and, behold, Western Poetry with an occasional exception, such as Whitman or Francis Thompson, is one lamentation at the shortness of the supposed single life of the individual, and the length and thickness of the darkness before and after. Take out of literature all poetry that is not based on this assumption (including the solace that the inherent desire for life beyond death has fashioned for itself out of the supposed goodwill of an extraneous Deity) and little will remain to serve the pride of letters.

It is quite impossible to gain even a rough realisation of the revolution in western literary arts which would be brought about if the idea, say, of reincarnation could be given as full a place in thought as the current idea of a single life. The poetry of irrevocable parting, with its dim hope of reunion “in another and better world,” would be transformed into an intelligent acceptance of a familiar event, or a triumph over limitation

and illusion. The sentimental value of failure would fall to zero: the lugubrious joy that poets squeeze out of sorrow would vanish. Not only so, but the finding of a clearer spiritual perspective would lead to amazing adjustments in the whole hinterland of thought and the social structure. Crime and its punishment, in view of the law of causation which lies behind reincarnation, would take on a real dignity far beyond the wig-and-gown importance of scheduled judgments from mouldy statutes. Marriage, with its background of ancient relationships, and its rhythm of movement by one ego from sex to sex, would be seen as something more worthy of divine beings than only the propagation of human forms; and Love would assume a beauty and significance that would lift it as far above its present day caricature as the true Nirvāṇa is above its little cockney physical vulgarisation in the song that so ignorantly bears that sacred name.

Apart, however, from this enlargement of mental and emotional scope, it is within the power of Theosophy to give to the Arts in general, and to Poetry in particular, a much-needed enrichment through the extension and intensification of the instruments of consciousness, and through opening a clear way into the super-realms of nature and humanity. The black cloud of ignorance, sometimes grandiloquently called agnosticism, is not the air to nourish the poet. He needs the uplift of the heel on a mountain-side; the call of blue distance across waters; he needs frayed edges, indeterminate outlines—all the symbols that open out from the little sharp circle of his separate life to the One Life that enspheres all. But, while leading outward, Theosophy also leads inward: teaches indeed

the great truth that the path to knowledge of the outer is only safely and surely trodden when eye and foot are bent resolutely towards one's own spiritual centre. Hence the inspirational centre will not reside in the universe of things, and produce derivative verse, but will operate from the illimitable source in the Poet's deeper consciousness, and produce authentic Poetry.

It is necessary to lay stress on this point, for the danger that will beset the necessarily gradual development of Theosophical thought will be a subtle drawing away from the inner light through an externalised enthusiasm for the new teachings. This is seen, indeed, in much verse that is being turned out now-a-days that makes no approach to the quaternary of characteristics referred to in a previous article¹—appearance, form, emotion, thought—but is simply rhymed statements of occult or metaphysical laws. I do not, of course, intend to convey the impression that poetry must be entirely free from "truth". Far from it. What is needed to be emphasised is that the sublimest truth is not Poetry. As William Watson puts it—and in his putting of it, beautifully escapes his own charge—

Forget not, brother singer, that though prose
Can never be too truthful or too wise,
Song is not truth, not wisdom, but the rose
Upon truth's lips, the light in wisdom's eyes.

In other words Poetry must deal with thought as a vital process, not as a statement; as an act of creation, not as an answer to a sum. It is therefore necessary that the thought which must be the hidden basis of the poem should be vitalised by feeling, that is, expressed musically; but it must also possess the static

¹ January 1916.

qualities of sculpture and painting ; that is, it must show symmetry and imagery.

It is because of some intuitive apprehension of this necessity that the poets have personified qualities, as Spenser in the *Faerie Queene*, and Tennyson—but in a subtler way—in *The Idylls of the King*. In this way they have given soul and body to abstractions which, as abstractions, would remain for ever beyond the reach of the art of Poetry. Shelley wrote a Hymn to an abstraction, Intellectual Beauty, but neither Intellect nor Beauty as such is named. A form of some kind had to be given to it, even if only a veil of rarest ether ; and so he addresses the abstraction as the “awful shadow of some unseen Power,” the “Spirit of Beauty,” and the like, and gives to us one of the world’s master utterances.

Mr. W. B. Yeats has somewhere referred to two lines by Robert Burns, I do not remember in what connection, but they have persistently recurred to me as an epitome of the four qualities of poetry. They are :

The white moon is setting behind the white wave,
And time is setting with me, O.

They present a beautiful picture : they present it symmetrically—the white moon, the white wave : they voice the emotion of the passing of things : they are based on the thought of the parallelisms of natural and human life by virtue of their inherence in a deeper unity : but the very analysis of these qualities exemplifies the great gulf between direct statement and Poetry.

To take the more definite matter of giving voice to experience or conviction of a Theosophical

kind, it is hardly likely that anyone would claim as poetry such a couplet as

I believe in elementals,
Wearing sandals, eating lentils ;

yet it ought to be possible to use either of the three topics as matter for Poetry. If we cannot personify them, we are left with one alternative only—the acceptance of them as a fact in life. Shakespeare did not discuss psychic phenomena in *Hamlet* : he simply put the ghost on the stage. So, too, Yeats, an old Fellow of the Theosophical Society and a lifelong familiar of “supernatural” phenomena, does not say, “now I shall write a poem on elementals,” but in the most natural way lets his knowledge slip into his Poetry as a vital element, thus :

For the elemental beings go
About my table to and fro.
In flood and fire, in clay and wind
They huddle from man’s pondering mind,
But he who treads in austere ways
May surely meet their ancient gaze :
Man ever marches on with them
After the red-rose-bordered hem.

There you have the whole doctrine of the elemental evolution proceeding *pari passu* with the human, and the condition of cognising the “invisible” worlds—not pondering in reason, but “living the life” whereby comes the knowing of the doctrine: but it is also pure Poetry.

Or take the thought of the interaction of the Absolute and the relative, with its dignifying commentary on human life and conduct when these are seen as the Divine sensorium in the world of manifestation—God’s eyes and ears and limbs, bound in the limitations of the relative, yet forever passing beyond themselves,

because of their Divinity, into prescience, inner hearing, and the overleaping of time and space in thought. Emerson tried to express this truth, and failed because he put it into psychological terminology :

For the prevision is allied
 Unto the thing so signified ;
 Or say, the foresight that awaits
 Is the same Genius that creates.

Tagore tried to express it, and succeeded, though not with Shelleyan splendour, because he gave it a body, and an emotion :

What divine drink wouldst thou have, my God, from this overflowing cup of my life ?

My Poet, is it thy desire to see thy creation through my eyes, or to stand at the portals of my ears silently to listen to thine own eternal harmony ?

Thy world is weaving words in my mind, and thy joy is adding music unto them.

Thou givest thyself to me in love, and then feelest thine own entire sweetness in me.

These examples will, I think, suffice to indicate the manner in which the at first sight unrelated activities of Theosophy and Poetry may be brought into a mutually beneficent co-operation. It is, of course, impossible to create good Poets by rule, or, for that matter, to muzzle bad ones. One's hope is that a growing love for Poetry and a growing knowledge of Theosophy will, in due time, find their co-ordination in the Art of Life—life based on a truly artistic conception, vivified by pure feeling, built on a symmetrical but free plan, and showing beauty and grace of exterior. From this basis may arise the great renaissance, in which Poetry, so long the slave of blindness and desire, will become the herald of the Spirit.

James H. Cousins

THE QUEST FOR BEAUTY

By H. B. HYAMS

THE world does not believe that "Beauty is truth, truth beauty," in spite of Keats. If that were true, much in our civilisation would disappear. Our literature would lose some, or perhaps all, of its fiction, and theatrical art would abolish its make-beliefs. In our houses we should find no imitation marble mantel-pieces, no imitation half-timber work, no imitation wood graining, no imitation tapestry wall papers, no tile patterns in our linoleum, no paper imitations of stained glass, no gas asbestos fires imitating burning logs, no imitation marble columns, no imitation hammer marks to metal work, no imitation electric candle lights, and so on. In our dress there would be no imitation jewellery, furs, flowers, etc., and one with a turn for logic might ask, why not leave our clothes their natural colour, instead of dyeing them? Even our food now is not without imitations, for we have vegetarian "mutton chops and meat pies". Our conduct, too, would lose many of its shams: no man would struggle to pretend that his income is greater than it is, and no woman would make out her age to be less.

But even if the world believed that Truth is Beauty, we should still be faced with the problem: What is Truth? Truth is only relative: we each see,

for a little while, only a little of Truth ; what is beautiful and true to one man is not so to another. Take for example marriage and war, as seen by the romantic type of man. He has a vision of perpetual bliss with a domestic angel at home, and of flashing sabres, thundering guns, victorious cavalry charges and routed enemies in the field. Another man sees that that romantic imagination is bound to bring, in the words of G. B. Shaw, "disappointment, sourness, grievance, cynicism, and misanthropic resistance to any attempt to better a hopeless world". The wise man knows that the real use for imagination lies in that it is a means "of foreseeing and being prepared for realities as yet unexperienced, and of testing the possibility and desirability of serious Utopias". As G. B. Shaw continues :

The wise man does not expect his wife to be an angel, nor does he overlook the fact that war depends on the rousing of all the murderous blackguardism still latent in mankind : that every victory means a defeat : that fatigue, hunger, terror, and disease are the raw material which romances work up into military glory : and that soldiers for the most part go to war as children go to school, because they are afraid not to. They are afraid even to say they are afraid, as such candour is punishable by death in the military code.

To one man the "khaki" is an emblem of beautiful heroism ; to another it is a butcher's suit dipped in human blood. Both of course are right from their own points of view, at that particular time of their own evolution.

However, to tolerant Theosophists, there seem to exist in the world two types of men, the patriot and the internationalist, and both are in quest of beauty in conduct. The patriot, life after life, fights for his country, sacrificing his life and much that is dear to him. Each time he advances another step towards Masterhood.

On the other hand, the internationalist makes war on all war : he refuses to be a soldier. Life after life, he suffers in the cause that he thinks is beautiful. He is called inconsistent because he pays taxes and because with physical strength he protects a child against a ruffian, but will not become a soldier. But he knows this inconsistency is the beginning of the end of war. When the majority become of this special form of inconsistency, there will be no war. Sometimes, when he has taken on a weak personality in an earth-life, to learn a certain lesson better, he gives way to public opinion, and becomes a soldier with the knowledge that he is doing wrong. In other earth-lives he fights better for what he thinks is beautiful. That is easy for him at the present time if he has private means, but if he happens to be on a small town council, and also be a small tradesman, it is almost impossible for him to stand alone against his town. It was much easier for him, in other earth-lives, to be shot as a deserter.

To-day the internationalists are becoming very numerous. They are becoming militant in the war against all "War". They are singing with Alfred Noyes :

Peace, when have we prayed for peace?
 Over us burns a star
 Bright, beautiful, red for strife.
 Yours are only the drum and the fife
 And the golden braid and the surface of life,
 Ours is the white-hot war.

It is the white-hot war because the internationalist is on the same side every incarnation. The patriot's is only "surface" war because he changes his nationality very often in his incarnations, and even his allies in a few years become his enemies. The war against war

is bound to conquer in the end; and even though it takes centuries to win, it is worth fighting for, living for, dying for. It is the only "holy war" that ever yet has been, for it is spiritual and is founded on the *will to love* and not on the *will to power*. It is waged by love, not by the sword.

* * * * *

Perhaps a good rough working definition of Beauty would be—that which pleases our five ordinary senses and the moral and intellectual sense—seven in all.

We are conscious of certain sets of vibrations and we name these experiences the five senses. There is also the moral or astral sense and the intellectual or mental sense. Thus we have seven senses altogether. When we feel emotion we are using the astral sense, and when we understand a problem we are using the mental sense. When any of these vibrations playing upon us give us pleasure, we call that pleasure beauty. Thus we can experience seven kinds of beauty, for there is a moral beauty and an intellectual beauty, as well as a beauty of music and sights.

At present we cannot properly control the senses; we cannot hear or not hear when we wish. At present we cannot shut off our senses. Neither can we fully use more than one sense at a time. We often try to do this when watching and listening to a play; but it is probably an alternative using of the two senses. A man cannot smell the difference between two perfumes and match two colours at the same time. Many people like to shut their eyes when listening to music. When carried away with a great emotion on the battle-field, the soldier does not feel his wounds; neither can he reason. Even though our

body does things mechanically, yet any great emotion or intellectual effort will stop its habit. This is shown by the pipe of the smoker so often going out directly he begins to think. The reader of an exciting tale does not hear when he is spoken to. It seems then that it is very difficult to use fully these seven senses at the same time.

We do not use our senses enough. The eye can be trained as well as the ear. Some people can magnify far better with the eye than can be done with any instrument. Some people hear music when others hear only a noise. The sense of touch has been developed in a most marvellous manner in Helen Keller. As for our moral and intellectual senses, we have only just started to use them.

By developing the will we can learn to control and to use our senses more fully.

It seems, then, that we do not use our senses enough. And it is only by using our senses that we can perceive Beauty. If we wish to perceive new beauties, we must use our senses more keenly and in newer ways. But Habit and Shame would prevent us doing this.

* * * * *

The soul's evolution has often been likened to a path winding upwards with very many spirals round and round a mountain. Hundreds of times the path circles round the mountain side, and life after life the soul incarnates on it, each time going a step higher.

The soul started as a spiritual germ with no conscience or knowledge, but as it progresses upward it gains these by experience. New habits are acquired, lived through, and at last thrown away as useless and

worn out. Ideas of good and evil change; the ideal becomes a virtue, the virtue becomes a habit, and the habit in its turn becomes a vice or a superstition as the soul leaves it behind and travels upwards. On the mountain path of Evolution values are always changing, the moral atmosphere is not the same at the bottom as at the top; at every step upward it gets cleaner and brighter.

If a being could look at that mountain he would see us, a great cluster of souls, millions of us, all herded together on the path. The being would see that we are practically stationary, and he would probably wonder why we did not move faster, he might wonder what it was that kept us fixed in the one place.

There are two things that keep us at one spot, and those two things are: Habit and Shame.

We are all chained to one spot by Habit. Professor William James, in his famous essay on Habit, says:

It keeps the fisherman and the deck-hand at sea through the winter; it holds the miner in his darkness, and nails the countryman to his log cabin and his lonely farm through all the months of snow; it protects us from invasion by the natives of the desert and the frozen zone. It dooms us all to fight out the battle of life upon the lines of our nurture or our early choice, and to make the best of a pursuit that disagrees, because there is no other for which we are fitted, and it is too late to begin again. It keeps different social strata from mixing. Already at the age of twenty-five you see the professional mannerism settling down on the young commercial traveller, on the young doctor, on the young minister, on the young counsellor-at-law. You see the little lines of cleavage running through the character, the tricks of thought, the prejudices, the ways of the shop in a word, from which the man can by and by no more escape than his coat sleeve can suddenly fall into a new set of folds. On the whole it is best that he should not escape. It is well for the world that in most of us, by the age of thirty, the character has set like plaster, and will never soften again.

Thus habits are the chains that hold us to one spot, in one earth-life, on the path of Evolution; they

prevent us falling back, and they prevent us going forward. We get so used to these chains, that we think we cannot live without them. If by any chance we throw a few of them off and leave the beaten track of our companions, then we get an unpleasant sensation. When we leave the moral atmosphere in which this host of souls is living, we get this unpleasant sensation ; we have entered the atmosphere of shame. We may escape our habits and walk either up or down ; if we walk downwards, then we feel a hot wave of shame ; if we travel upwards, then we feel an unpleasant sensation of a cold, cutting wind ; we miss the warm atmosphere of public approbation. Every would-be pioneer has felt this unpleasant sensation, this atmosphere of shame. Sometimes he goes back to the spot where his companions are herded together. He becomes a "good" man, lives in comfort, never does anything wrong, anything different from his companions ; he never does anything to feel ashamed about. Another pioneer, perhaps, does not go back ; having thrown off his chains he stays in the atmosphere of shame and starts to climb the mountain side. He has left the warm atmosphere of public opinion, and the cold clean air blows on him. But after a little time he becomes acclimatised to the new position he has taken up and he no longer feels the unpleasant sensation, he does not feel the atmosphere of shame, he becomes a pioneer, he becomes impudent.

This is the lack of shame that John Tanner, in Bernard Shaw's play, preaches. He says, speaking of his set of would-be pioneers :

We live in an atmosphere of shame. We are ashamed of everything that is real about us ; ashamed of ourselves, of our relatives, of our incomes, of our accents, of our opinions,

of our experience, just as we are ashamed of our naked skins. Good Lord, my dear Ramsden, we are ashamed to walk, ashamed to ride in an omnibus, ashamed to hire a hansom instead of keeping a carriage, ashamed of keeping one horse instead of two and a groom-gardener instead of a coachman and footman. The more things a man is ashamed of, the more respectable he is. Look at the effect I produce because my fairy godmother withheld from me this gift of shame. Cultivate a little impudence, Ramsden; and you will become quite a remarkable man.

We are on the mountain side, chained by our habits or scared by shame.

Beauty can be perceived by the seven senses and it can be defined as that which helps man forward on the path of evolution. Habit and Shame tend to keep him to one spot, while Beauty entices him upward.

Every spiritual germ at the beginning of its evolution had the desire for beauty, the will to live. Life after life, in the quest for beauty, it gained experiences from which developed capacities and conscience. But all these spiritual germs did not commence at the same time. They also did not all progress at the same rate. Hence, we are all at different stages in our path of evolution. It is said in Theosophical literature that there exist seven rays along which nature is evolving. If that is true, then we all differ, in addition to the above reasons, because we are on different rays: being so different one from another it is obvious that we cannot force a man to see a certain beauty or truth that may be quite visible to ourselves.

Beauty entices us onward, now wearing one dress, now another; she would not have us stay very long at one place. Change is one of her fundamental laws. The red sunset seems to us beautiful, because the sky is generally grey or blue. If the sky was always

red, then we should think a blue sky at sunset especially beautiful. "A white sail flapping on a yellow sea," is a line of Tennyson that has been praised for its beauty by one who saw for the first time the sandy yellow sea on the east coast of England. But if the sea was habitually yellow, then the critic would have thought a blue sea especially beautiful. The same thing is true of a yellow cornfield or a red field of poppies: it is the startling variety that gives beauty, the contrast. How often do we bring home some object of art, admiring it. But for how long does it please us? For the first few days we admire it, but after a time we cease to think it so beautiful.

The quest for Beauty will not let us go downward on the path of Evolution. Unpleasant vibrations in sound, touch, sight, smell, taste, morals and reason are all signs of danger, warning us against a side path. We enjoy certain vibrations for a time, but we cannot remain long content with them. If we do not change in this life, we must in the next earth-life.

Although Beauty often changes her dress, enticing us forward, yet she will not allow us to look too far ahead. We have to take the next step; we cannot make a leap. If Beauty were to show us her robe of the year 10,000, we should probably not appreciate it; it would seem to us ugly. The ape-man would probably have thought us strange freaks, if he could have caught a glimpse of us: and we should probably think the same of things that exist in the future, if we could see them.

* * * * *

As the human spirit evolves it becomes more and more fettered by the material world, its quest for beauty becomes more and more complex. The arts and sciences

of savages are few: those of the civilised man are many. Deeper and deeper the spiritual germ plunges into matter, until we attain such a period as that of fifty years ago, when Beauty showed herself in strange ideas and ideals in arts, manners and customs. We have now commenced to leave that complex age, with its militarism and its capitalism: having attained the depth of complexity, we now begin to rise, to simplify. We now hear the song of Tagore:

Only let me make my life simple and straight, like a flute of reed for thee to fill with music.

* * * * *

We have seen that it is a part of our nature to seek Beauty. Everywhere in the wide world man keeps on seeking, and having found, he soon finds the Beauty of his ideals change, fade and die.

The worldly hope men set their hearts upon
Turns ashes, or it prospers and anon,
Like snow upon the desert's dusty face,
Lightens a little hour or two—is gone.

The Ideal is dead: long live the Ideal. We attain one: it dies; and after a little we see another far away in the distance. Life after life we do this, till in the end we despair of finding "The Beauty". Then perhaps we say with G. B. Shaw: "The quest for happiness and Beauty is folly: Beauty is a bye-product." We see that the quest of Beauty for our own happiness is bound to end in failure: we try to see the direction in which the world is evolving, and seeing that, we try to help. "That is not happiness, but it is greatness," says one of G. B. Shaw's characters.

It follows from the above that man must begin to simplify. First, because by simplifying his own physical needs a man finds that he has more to give,

that he can work better. Secondly, because he sees that the world is evolving in that direction. The great world-wide movement, Socialism, is an effort to organise the present chaotic capitalism: it is an effort to simplify life so that there will not be that terrible waste of commercial competition with its swarms of advertising parasites. The trusts are also helping the simplifying work, but they are doing it for the good of one or two: on the other hand Socialism will do it for the good of all. Every form of internationalism is an effort to simplify. Internationalism will give us what we need, from a simple help-language to some kind of international government, thus drawing us nearer to Beauty. Instead of seeking Beauty for oneself or one's country, one will seek it for the whole world. That is how Beauty appears to some of us. It is a Beauty of science and art and a Beauty of morals wider and deeper than that of patriotism.

* * * * *

There is another way of looking at the quest for Beauty, which is found in Sir Rabindranath Tagore's beautiful essay "The Realisation of Beauty". As we simplify we shall find it in his way more and more. He explains that the greater part of the world is to us in Beauty as if it were not. But even as science is always penetrating into regions formerly marked in its map as unexplored, so shall our sense of Beauty seek and find it in new regions. Because we do not see Beauty in a thing, it does not therefore follow that the Beauty is lacking: it may be our sense that is imperfect. He explains that at one time in our evolution our acquaintance with Beauty was in her dress of motley colours that affected us with their stripes and feathers.

But as our acquaintance with Beauty grew, we found it in a more subtle form, and now it has no need to excite us with loud noise; it has renounced violence, and appeals to our hearts "with the truth that it is meekness that inherits the earth". We now find Beauty more in the unassuming harmony of common objects, than in things startling in their singularity. We begin to see that it is our narrowness of perception that labels a thing ugly or beautiful. We begin to see things detached from our *self*-interest; we begin to realise that in time we shall see Beauty everywhere as the Mystics do.

* * * *

I have just had a definition of Theosophy sent me. The sender, receiving it from a friend, thought it was a very poor one, and asked me to give a better. As I think it is the very best that could be found, our difference of opinion goes to prove how impossible it often is for one man to show another a certain truth. The definition in question is: Theosophy is the Art of *finding* Beauty in Everything.

H. B. Hyams

TO H. P. B.

NOT in the old, familiar face and form,
But in those eyes that incandescent burn
With power ; and in that great, strong, passionate heart,
Aflame with pity for the weak, astorm
With indignation at a heartless wrong—
Here, in this quenchless Soul, we most discern
Genius half-hidden by mere magic art,
Strength of a Spirit that is Titan-strong.

You hear alway, belovèd Chief, the plaint
Of ocean sprites ; the silver cymbals thin
Of the Dhyânîs, infinitely far ;
The lesser Devas' veiled voices faint.
Now feeble men add whispers to the hum :
We, greatly daring, hope that we may win
This answer : “ He whose symbol is the Star
Sends One to you. Watch ! With Him I come ! ”

FRITZ KUNZ



THE METAPHYSIC AND PSYCHOLOGY
OF THEOSOPHY

By BHAGAVĀN ḌĀS

(Continued from p. 62.)

8. THE PRINCIPLE OF CONSCIOUSNESS IN
DIFFERENT ASPECTS

HERBERT SPENCER himself seems to have felt uncomfortable, and asked himself *how* all the richness of later development in religion could arise

from the primitive man's shadow, through ancestral ghost and gods, if the shadow was really all shadow, a pure falsehood. And he confesses (*Principles of Sociology*, Vol. III, p. 170) that there *must* be some element of truth in the primitive notions, and again, in the postscript to the last edition of his *First Principles*, he states that no views or theories of religion or metaphysic are either controverted or supported by his descriptions of facts, and that these views and theories have to be worked out for themselves by persons interested in such matters. He seems to have realised that if nothing can come out of nothing in affairs material, surely the same law should hold good in affairs psychical. The perception of the shadow and the conception of the ghost—are these, or are these not, the same? If not—*whence* the difference? The primitive notion of the ghost, and the systems of theology and religion of to-day are *not identical*; and if different, how has the difference been implanted? Professor Lombroso's investigations in spiritualism, and his conversion to a belief in the actual existence of ghosts, will explain. Having, as he thought, disproved the original Fiat, the (*a*) Primal Will and (*b*) Imagination and (*c*) Active Being or Substance of God, the evolutionist, even otherwise than by psychical research, has to accept all these again, no doubt with a more specific meaning, under the names of (*a*) persistence of survival or instinct of self-preservation, and (*b*) spontaneity of variation in (*c*) an endless activity of struggle for self-maintenance and other-resistance amidst an infinity of possible and actual forms and environments. God, who was invisible and far-away, has appeared all around us, amongst us.

8 (a). IN BIOLOGY

The evolutionary biologist set out with the determination to abolish the very words "vital force," and reduce into terms of the non-vital forces—as if they were any better understood and were less mysterious—all the manifestations that were ascribed by common ignorance and superstition to that mysterious "vital force". But after digging up whole mountains, he is still as far from discovering the particular mouse he wanted as ever before; though in the course of his labours he had incidentally made many other most valuable finds, like the sons of Æsop's peasant who, dying, told them to dig for hidden treasure in the ancestral field, and so ensured a deep and thorough upturning of the soil and a rich harvest. Verily the biologists' nucleus and protoplasm are the reflections of soul and body, Spirit and Matter, and the living cell's powers of reproduction and metabolism and contractile irritability are the same old discarded Will and wise Imagination and Active Being, in more specific form. God, who was distant, has come nearer, so near as to be immanent in every cell of the living temple. As the Vedāntin says, the mother, forgetting where she had put away her baby, went about distracted, crying for it all over the town; and ultimately returning home in despair, found it safely tucked away in her own bed.

8 (b). IN SOCIOLOGY

The growth, from the priest-king-patriarch, of the sociologists' ecclesiastico-professional, politico-military, and domestico-industrial, or, more briefly, the educative, regulative and sustentative factors of society, and the intellectual, militant, and artist-craftsman, or Brāhmaṇa, Kṣhatriya and Vaishya types of individuals—can be

accounted for satisfactorily only by the eternal presence in the Principle of Consciousness of the same constituent elements of Imagination, Active Self-assertion, and Wilful Expansion by means of substantial possessions.

8 (c). IN PHYSIOLOGY

So also, the physiologist's nervous, glandulo-vascular and muscular systems (with their repeated triple subdivisions), evolved out of centrosome-chromatin-protoplasm or endoderm-hypoderm-ectoderm, can be really explained only by reference to the same psychological triplet of Imagination, etc., better called Cognition, Desire and Action, ever present (in mutual solution and neutralisation) in that Absolute Consciousness which is made up of the Self, the Not-Self, and the Relation of Interplay between them of Denial of one another.

8 (d). IN CHEMISTRY

The chemist, too, having resolved the world of matter into atoms, valencies and composition-properties, in order really to understand what these mean, must translate them into terms of consciousness; the same old desiring and desirable Self as substance, Its activity as affinity, and Its wisdom or imagination as special sense-property, and these together as being the underlying significance of the chemical triplet.

8 (e). IN PHYSICS

So the physicist, having arrived with admirable industry at the general fact and conception of Force, manifesting in many forms with many material coefficients of these forms, finds that the thing Force is wholly unintelligible. He gives it different names, he calls it energy, power, resistance, push, pull, negative,

positive, defines it in terms of weight and work and distance and measure and number—but cannot really bring it home to himself, until he sees it as Will, his own will, his own desire, with its branchings in negative passion and positive action, and its many transformations (Imaginations) in our psychical and physiological functionings, with the help of the various Substances, material coefficients, physical bases, vehicles, organs, receivers, foci, diffusers, which make up the living body we know so well yet so little.

8 (f). IN MATHEMATICS

Even the mathematician, that wielder of the most exact of sciences, must ultimately take refuge in the “airy nothings” of metaphysic, which, being airy, are, as the breath, far more incessantly necessary to our life than solids or liquids. Who ever saw the geometrician’s point that had a position but no magnitude, or the line that was all length but no breadth, or the sphere whose centre was really and truly equidistant from all points of the periphery? These are all purely metaphysical conceptions. The only such point that we know and feel and realise is our self-consciousness, our Ego, which is here and now and yet cannot be measured, the only such line is our memory-expectation, that stretches continuously before and after, the only such sphere is our field of consciousness, our Kṣhetra, our rounded-out being, wherein everything and all experiences exist always, and each point of which is neither more nor less distant than any other from that central Self which is the Kṣhetrajña, the owner and the knower of that field, who moves over it from point to point, at will, in the shape of attention. The geometrician’s definitions stand for Will, his axioms for Knowledge, his postulates for Action; and

out of these three the whole of his science is built. Even the arithmetician's "one," his "many," his "zero,"—are all entirely unfixable in the concrete, for none ever saw a "one" that had not many parts, and none ever held a "zero" in his hands. These are all fixable only as metaphysical conceptions, corresponding to the same Triad of consciousness, the one Subject, the manifold Object, and the relation of Negation between them, *viz.*, the unconsciousness of sleep, in which the manifold merges into Nothing.

Thus do we see that all paths of enquiry, if only resolutely pursued, bring us to the selfsame goal—that metaphysical conceptions form the very foundations of every science, and that when the house of matter is ready, the Spirit unfailingly comes in to occupy it.

But another illustration, an historical one, of this fact is that when material science had made sufficient progress, there was an inrush of spiritualism in the lower sense of ghost-phenomena as well as the higher sense of spiritual philosophy, Theosophy and metaphysic. The same facts of the life of matter out of which Herbert Spencer built up his system of synthetic philosophy, with many gaps that require filling, and many generalisations that are one-sided and require revision, and with the *why* of everything unexplained—these same facts are evolved by Madame H. P. Blavatsky in her works, written during the same epoch as Spencer's, from spiritual data, the basic principles of the Supreme Consciousness, in a manner which supplements to our satisfaction the results of the evolutionists, fills up their gaps, revises and rectifies their generalisations, explains anomalies,

and helps us on towards the reason *why* for all this toil and turmoil.

9. THE SCIENCE OF THIS PRINCIPLE OF CONSCIOUSNESS OR THE ABSOLUTE

For as there is a Science of the Relative, so is there a Science of the Absolute, the so-called Unknowable, the Principle of Consciousness. This latter science is discernible as ramifying through, and indeed constituting, the very science-ness and rationality in the former. It is metaphysic subjectively and mathematics objectively. The element of uniform law and order, and balancing up, and cyclic periodicity, in the midst of unruly multitudinousness, is the subject matter of this science. In continually equilibrating up the Relative within Itself, the Absolute manifests as the Omnipotent Will which upholds as well as circumscribes Omniscient Imagination and Omnipresent Action, while It Itself finds possibility of manifestation only through them, in turn. This Universal Consciousness imposes by Force, by Might, by Energy, by Eternal Shakti, the law of unity, of uniformity, of the Axioms, upon the riot and disorder of the infinite material of the Definitions and the endless movement of the Postulates; and, in the first proposition of Euclid, creates, by the intersection of the two circles of Puruṣha and Prakṛti, the equilateral and equiangular Jīva, with three equally important functions of mind and three equally indispensable components of body. It imposes, by the wisdom of the Rule of Three, the law of just ratio and proportion on the ir-ratio-nal multiplications and divisions of the countless numbers of the world-process.

10. THE LINK BETWEEN THE SCIENCES OF THE RELATIVE AND THE ABSOLUTE

To bridge over the gap between the modern evolution theory and the old Brahma-vidyā and Ātma-vidyā, or metaphysic and psychology, we have to consult the History of the World-Process, as given in the *Purāṇas* and in Madame Blavatsky's *The Secret Doctrine*, for corrections and additions to such modern collections of facts as are contained in Spencer's monumental writings. These corrections and additions may be briefly noted as below :

(a) While Spencer recognises and mentions the fact of Dissolution, as the complementary reaction of Evolution, he does not bring out its full significance. It was pointed out by others, in his lifetime, that his statement of the instability of the homogeneous required to be supplemented by a statement of the instability of the heterogeneous. He replied that he had made the needed statement in the form that the heterogeneous tended to become more heterogeneous. But this only means that the element of *homogeneity still left* in the product after a course of heterogenition, breaks up further. It is not that complement and converse or opposite which is wanted, *viz.*, that as the homogeneous tends to become the heterogeneous, so, *per contra*, the heterogeneous tends to become homogeneous. These are *opposing* currents in the stream of the World-process, because it is made up of the *opposite* Factors of Spirit and Matter. This fact, of dust back unto dust, through living body, Spencer has not clearly brought out. He seems to have stopped at the half-truth—of dust to living body, and did not fully realise the other half—living body to dust again—in all its fullness, as applying to all

“systems” of planets and suns and stars, as well as “organisms” of microscopic bacilli. Theosophical literature has endeavoured to supply this lack, taking wide views of astrogeny and geogeny, which Spencer could not deal with, either in their physical or their super-physical aspects.

(b) The second fact which the *Purāṇas* and *The Secret Doctrine* supply is that of *Reproduction on all scales*. The three main events in the life of every organism are birth, marriage and death. The evolutionists have dealt with birth and growth principally; not with decay and death to the same extent, as said above; nor with marriage and reproduction as fully, though these constitute the third outstanding feature of life. The tendency to multiply by reproducing themselves is as inherent in all beings as to be born and to die. Even as a tree is born from a tree, an animal from an animal, a man from a man, even so is a god born from a god, a kingdom from a kingdom, a race from a race, an idea from an idea, an epoch from an epoch, a cycle from a cycle, an æon from an æon, a planet from a planet, a sun from a sun, a star-system from a star-system, an atom from an atom, a cell from a cell, a sound from a sound, a visible picture from a visible form, and so on endlessly. Infinity surges everywhere.

By the recognition of these two further facts, in their full significance, the work of the evolutionists is completed, so far as description is concerned, and the course of the world-process is seen to run in an endless cyclical spiral.

(c) The last addition which ancient metaphysic endeavours to make to modern evolutionary science, in

terms suited to current needs, is the addition of the Why and Wherefore, the Purpose and Meaning of evolution, reproduction and dissolution, the inner explanation and reason of the appearance which we call the world-process. It explains why (and also, in a re-arranged form, how) all this endless and ceaseless change and motion appears within Eternal Changelessness and Rest ; and makes the bewildering multitude of physical and super-physical details intelligible as a synthetic and perfectly co-ordinate unity, wherein there is an appropriate place for every department of science, and every variety of religion, and all possible beliefs and ideas. It tells us of the passionless Absolute which is the Source of the Psychic Energy without the belief in which no religion can exist, and which is also the locus of that Material Substance without the belief in which science is impossible. It also shows us that belief in personal gods of higher and higher grades is in perfect consistency with, nay, required by, strict science. It helps us to realise that this Absolute is that very Principle of Consciousness with which all individual consciousnesses are identical. It brings home to us the fact that every atom contains the whole world at the same time that it is contained in that world ; that everything is everywhere and always, because it is all of the very substance of consciousness, in eternal simultaneity, while manifestation is in and by succession—as the biologist has also discovered when he says that the primeval biophore contains all forms of all species that develop subsequently in the course of ages. Finally, it enables us to reconcile all possible differences by a judicious combination of both the opposite extremes that may be in seemingly hopeless

conflict, by means of the great fact that the two ultimate archetypes of opposites, Self and not-Self, are present in eternal and inseparable combination in that selfsame Principle of Consciousness.

11. UNIVERSAL CONSCIOUSNESS AND ITS TWO ASPECTS, PHYSICAL AND PSYCHICAL

This Principle of Consciousness, Universal Consciousness, pervades all, supports and maintains all, makes possible mutual understanding and sympathy and help between living individuals and indeed all recognition by them of each other as *individual consciousnesses*, which would otherwise be wholly impossible; wills the perpetual to-and-fro swing of life and death, integration and dissolution, inspiration and expiration, under laws which are parts of Its Being, Its Nature, Its Sva-bhâva; imagines the endless forms which illustrate that swing in atom and star-system; makes and breaks souls and bodies, jīvas and koshas, cores and crusts; is ever present in, and always, and in a see-saw fashion, assimilating and also differentiating both subjects and objects, knowers and known, desirers and desired; leaving nothing inanimate, but only permitting illusive appearances of more animate and less so. It is the Principle which bridges the chasm between the psychical and the physical, for it holds together both in Its hands, imagines and creates both by Its will. Because It identifies Itself with a form and a colour by Its own will and imagination, therefore It becomes an eye which can see forms and colours; because It identifies itself with a sound, It becomes an ear and can hear sounds. There is no chasm between vibrations and sensation, between physical and psychical, *because both*

are present at both ends of the nerve. The vibrations are the vibrations of a *living* substance, the sensation is a sensation in substantialised or materialised Spirit. Because the Self has identified Itself, by Its will and imagination, with a material body, and not only with one but with all, in its universal aspect; therefore living bodies, pieces of matter in which the psychical aspect is more prominent, can cognise other bodies in which the material aspect is more prominent. Only by regarding all forms as en-soul-ed and all souls as in-form-ed, though in some the one aspect and in others the other is predominant, may we fill up this chasm.

12. INDIVIDUAL CONSCIOUSNESS AS PRODUCT OF COGNITION AND ACTION RUNNING IN AND OUT OF EACH OTHER

Even as the electric spark is the result of the two kinds of electricity, positive and negative, running into each other after separation, even so life, individualised life, is the running into each other of the forces or aspects belonging to the two halves of the principle of Consciousness, Brahman, the two poles named Spirit and Matter, Self and not-Self. The force belonging to the negative pole, or not-Self, may be said to correspond with *kāma-prāṇa*, the lower personal passion and its allied selfish intelligence; the other with *Buddhi*, the higher and impersonal passion or compassion and unselfish reason. The running together of the two makes the light of manifest life, or mentality. Thus we have the Self, or *Ātmā*, and *Buddhi*, or compassionate wisdom and higher or self-sacrificing desire, on the one hand; and the Not-Self, or Body and *Prāṇa*, or passionate vitality and lower or selfish desire on the

other ; and between them the Manas. And even as the longer-circuited and the more complexly twisted the incandescent wire, the richer the light ; even so the more complex the organisation of the material sheath and the more numerous its concatenated hormogones and mutually stimulating secretions and excretions, the richer the manifestation, in individual intelligence, of the Principle of Consciousness.

Thus then, we may see that it is this Principle which brings about the superimposition—*aḍhyāsa*—of each other's qualities illusively, on subject and object, and so, bridging over the gulf of opposition between them by the very act of creating them both from within Itself, brings them into relation with each other, and maintains the perpetual motion of this infinite world-process. It pervades all ; within It all live and move and have their being ; It cannot be upheld by anything else than Itself.

But we have to remember that it is not the individual consciousness that has this supreme power of sustaining and regulating the world-process. The dissatisfaction felt with such otherwise excellent expositions of Idealism as that of Berkeley (though that was not Berkeley's intention) is due to this impression left by them that the individual consciousness is the all in all. It is the Universal Consciousness, or if we like it better, the Universal Principle of Consciousness—for it covers all those manifestations also which are popularly called even unconsciousness, or subconsciousness or supra-consciousness, etc.—which is that sustainer of the Universe, and which includes all individual consciousnesses as identical with Itself, as so many infinite points, foci, of Its manifestation.

13. THE NEXT STEP FOR MODERN PSYCHOLOGY AND THE SCIENCE OF THINKING

Modern psychology has discovered that no mental phenomenon stands by itself wholly unconnected with others. There is not even a single sensation which can be called a simple state of consciousness. Every such apparently single and simple sensation is also only a point, a factor, an element in and of the total complex consciousness of the moment, of any given individual; its supposed singleness is only an *appearance*, *i.e.*, an illusion, a *māyā*, due to that individual directing his attention to it, so making it *the most prominent* feature of that complex consciousness for the time. So also has modern psychology discovered, or is discovering, that thought and emotion and volition can never be completely dissociated. Each sensation is connected with a desire, each desire with an impulse, a tendency to action. There is no emotion but has a more or less distinct background of ideas; no idea but is tinged, however slightly, with an emotion; neither of these, again, but is directly or indirectly associated with a conation, however incipient. Modern psychology is thus discovering the fact of the continuum of the individual consciousness.

But it has to make a further advance. Even as a single sensation is only an inseparable and organic part of a total of individual consciousness, even so is every so-called total of individual consciousness an organic and inseparable part of the Universal Consciousness. Even as nature, the object-world, is interlinked in all its parts, even more so is the subject-world a breakless unity. The chain of causation stretches unbroken, *akhaṇḍa*, from end to end of

time; all things are acting and reacting on all other things simultaneously in boundless space; the whole contains the parts in actual and specific detail, each part contains the whole in general potency; the tree contains the seeds, each seed the tree; all sensations are being sensed, all desires felt, all acts done, everywhere, always, by the All. But at any one point, only one sensation, or one desire, or one act is more prominently attended to by that point of consciousness. Further, when any such jīva-focus, having, in accordance with the cyclic laws of its own particular being, imposed on it by that Universal Being with which it is identical, come to its finest point of personality and egoism, begins to disperse towards Impersonality, this knowledge of its own unbroken continuity with all else arises within it.

14. ITS COMPLETION AND CONVERSION INTO ADVAIṬA METAPHYSIC

When modern psychology discovers this, it will become converted into metaphysic, Advaita Vedānta, the "non-dualistic or monistic crown of knowledge," which sees that there is only One Consciousness without a second, of which all apparently and illusively separate ones are so many points of manifestation. This is how Nyāya and Vaiśeṣhika, corresponding, roughly, with psychology and physics, merge into Yoga and Sāṅkhya, superphysics and psycho-physics; and these into the two Mīmāṃsās, the Unity of Action and the Unity of Thought.

An Indian apologue tells of a band of passengers who set out on a long, difficult and dangerous journey, wandered off from each other, on different errands, and

met again after long years. Then to make sure that all was well, they counted each other. But every counter counted all his companions but not himself, and so none could obtain full tale. And there was much perplexity and sorrow, till some one remembered, and counting himself also, corrected the oversight, the primal error of Avidyā, "forgetfulness of Self," and secured full and assured tale of eternal deathlessness for all. By no counting of details *outside*, no heaping up of endless particulars of physical or superphysical worlds, may *that assurance* be gained. Much interesting and instructive work, no doubt, and valuable lessons and experiences, and excellent and indeed indispensable occupation, may be gained. But until man sees himself, his Self, *the Self*, the count is incomplete, the final secret hidden, the *why* unknown, the bondage and the slavery to things and forces outside unbroken, the oneness of all life and all nature unrealised, that perfect same-sightedness unachieved which sees the same Life-Principle manifesting everywhere, the same law of the rhythmic swing of life and death, joy and sorrow, good and evil, evolution and dissolution, working ceaselessly in all creatures, from insect to Star-ruler, the Law which carries eternal assurance of all experiences and equal justice to all souls.

Metaphysic is thus the necessary completion and unification of all sciences physical and superphysical. It explains the essential laws of all the manifestations of the Universal Principle of Consciousness, in infinite individual lives of combined spirit and matter, of whatever grade of subtlety or density. It enables us to understand the *why*, as the sciences tell us the *how*.

15. PRACTICAL CONSEQUENCES

But what is the practical bearing, the pragmatic consequence, as it is called now, of this particular understanding? Just this. The mere *descriptions*, available in modern works, of the evolution of worlds, kingdoms, living beings, the human race, its complex societies and institutions, no more dispense with the study of this Science of the Self than a description of edibles dispenses with the actual eating of them to maintain life. Science, it is universally acknowledged, is useless if we cannot make it subserve life. The knowledge of evolution is useless unless we know also its purpose. Only when we know the purpose can we definitely and deliberately tread our proper path in life, can we make the forces and materials available help on that purpose. This knowledge of the *why*, of the Svabhāva of Brahman, which includes and regulates the ends of the pursuant and then the renunciant life, is the true spiritual knowledge, Parā-Vidyā; all else, however glorious and far-reaching in detail, is material knowledge, Aparā-Vidyā.

Bhagavān Dās

(*To be continued*)

SIDE-LIGHTS ON THE THEORIES OF SPACE AND TIME

By ABDUL MAJID

SPACE and Time, the two fetishes of metaphysics, have almost since the dawn of philosophy engaged the attention of some of the greatest thinkers of the world, with no visible signs of arriving at a definite conclusion. The problem—what are they?—though manifestly ontological in essence, is, however, so closely bound up with the epistemological inquiry—how do we know them?—that the four answers hitherto returned to it by the metaphysicians fairly correspond to as many types of the well known epistemological schools of Realism, Empiricism, Rationalism and Idealism. Briefly they are:

1. that Space and Time are objective realities;
(Newton)
2. that they are abstractions from experience;
(Locke)
3. that they are the relations of co-existent and successive events; (Wolff & Leibnitz)
4. that they are *a priori* forms of sensibility.
(Kant)

It may not be altogether futile or void of interest to look afresh at these, though very briefly.

1. The first of the above theories need not detain us long. It is so repugnant to the ordinary views of mankind that it has hardly ever gained more than a few adherents, and is extremely unlikely to command the assent, or even the attention, of anybody at the present day. The difficulties, however, which this hypothesis was framed to meet, were by no means unreal or insignificant in their day; and if we are lightly passing over this doctrine, it is certainly not intended to minimise or underrate them. At present it stands out only as one more instance of the fact that the speculative needs and tendencies of one age become completely transformed, and are rendered incomprehensible to another.

2. We proceed therefore to consider other theories. To say, with Locke, that Space is an abstraction from experience, is to say that it is an empirical generalisation arrived at by experience of various objects. And this is only possible when these different objects are distinguished by their different sensible properties but agree in the one property that they are all spatial—that they are all outside of one another. Now this doctrine means that first we become cognisant of objects and then abstract this property of spatiality from them. But what is an “object” if not merely a unity of objectified sensations? How, then, can it exist for a conscious subject except on the condition that it is represented as in Space? Thus it is evident that without the capacity on the part of the subject of ordering sensations as out from himself and out from other objects there can be no perception of objects at all; and thus the idea of Space, so far from being abstracted from perception, is seen to be its pre-supposition. And to

conclude, therefore, that the idea of Space is derived from perception, while perception itself is impossible without postulating it, is a glaring example of begging the question.

The direct testimony of consciousness is again fatal to the theory. The plain dictum of common sense is that we cannot conceive any event whatever unless we conceive it as existing *somewhere*, and this means that the idea of space precedes every other idea.

That these remarks hold equally good in the case of Time goes without saying. For it is manifestly meaningless to say that we are conscious of certain things existing either simultaneously or successively—the only two possible modes of existence in our consciousness—unless we have already possessed the idea of Time. Thus Space and Time being the pre-suppositions of all perceptions cannot be held to be abstractions from them.

3. The doctrine maintaining Space and Time as the relations of co-existent and successive phenomena is likewise found untenable. Over and above the foregoing criticism, which is equally crushing to the present doctrine, it is very well criticised by Kant, who points out that Space and Time are essentially individual objects, and thus are not relative to several other objects. When thinking of Space we always think of it as an individual space. And if in ordinary language we talk of different spaces, we simply mean that they are *in* it, *not subsumed under it*. There are no such things as specifically different spaces; the idea of the so-called parts of Space does not precede the idea of Space as its constituents, but they are thought of as in the one all-embracing Space. This necessary consciousness of

Space, and of course, of Time as well, as a unity, proves that it is a perception, and not a conception, as the latter always involves certain abstract attributes found in many individuals. Hence, as perceptions, Space and Time cannot properly be called the relations—relation being merely a variety of the conception—of things.

4. The last theory, with which the name of Kant is so pre-eminently associated, is in certain respects by far the most convincing. His argument supporting his thesis is twofold:

First, that Space and Time, unlike the common properties of objects which are derived conceptions and are framed by the mind after it has come to know of things, are according to the direct testimony of consciousness, originally given by it; for the consciousness of every external object or event is already a spatial or temporal consciousness respectively.

Secondly—that they are *a priori* because they are the indispensable conditions of all the varied materials presented to us. We can never divest any piece of experience from the forms of Space and Time. We can conceive Space without bodies and Time without events, but we cannot succeed by any effort of will in conceiving bodies and events without Space and Time.

G. H. Lewes has, in his own inimitable way, summarised Kant's fundamental propositions in the following words:

Our sensibility, although passive, has its laws or conditions; and, to discover these conditions, we must separate in our sensations that which is diverse and multiple from that which remains invariably the same. The objects are numerous and various; the subject remains invariable. Kant calls the multiple and diverse element by the name of material; the invariable element by the name of form. If,

therefore, we would discover the primary conditions of our sensibility, we must discover the invariable elements in all sensations.

There are two invariable elements: Space and Time. They are the forms of our sensibility. Space is the form of our sensibility, as external, Time the form, both as internal and external.

Analyse sensations of external things as you will, you can never divest them of the form of space. You cannot conceive bodies without space; but you can conceive space without bodies. If all matter were annihilated, you must still conceive space to exist. Space, therefore, is the indispensable condition of sensation: the form of our external sensibility. It is not given in the materials of sensation; since you may conceive the objects annihilated, but cannot conceive the annihilation of space. Not being given in the material, it must therefore constitute the form.

Similar reasoning proves that time is also the form of our sensibility, considered both as internal and external. We cannot conceive things as existing, except as existing in time; but we can conceive Time as existing, though all things were annihilated. Things subjected to our sensibility are subjected to it in succession; that is the form of our sensibility.

Such, then, are the two indispensable conditions of all sensation—the two forms with which we invest all the varied materials presented to us. It is evident that these two ideas of space and time cannot have been given in the materials, consequently are not deducible from experience; ergo, they are *a priori*, or as Kant calls them, pure intuitions.

Kant's position is impregnable in so far as it demonstrates the unknowableness of the nature of Space and Time. But when it attempts to tell us something of the real and ultimate nature of them, and endeavours to solve the metaphysical mystery—what are they?—it appears to us that his efforts have been singularly unsuccessful.

In the first place we question his psychology. He says that Time without events is conceivable, but not events without Time. But is it so? Does our introspection bear out the truth of this statement? Can we be conscious of mere time? Answer in the affirmative

is hardly possible; we are always conscious of *some* time, either elapsing between two events or including under it some events—that is, always in reference to some quality or another. To be conscious of Time as divorced from events is no less impossible than to be conscious of events as divorced from Time. The one is quite as inconceivable as the other. Similarly impossible it is to imagine an absolutely objectless space. Any space, in order to be conceivable, must be either between two objects or include within it some object or objects. Let the reader try for himself the experiment of shutting his eyes and picturing to the mind some absolutely empty space; he is sure to have, when visualising, before his mind's eye, some colour—generally black or dull grey.

The testimony of consciousness may in yet another sense be seen to be hostile to Kant's thesis. The basic principle of his theory is that our consciousness of Space and Time is irrepressible, hence they are the subjective conditions, a part of the Ego. But curiously enough he has overlooked the fact that the same immediate consciousness, which we cannot rid ourselves of, testifies not merely to the existence of Space and Time but also to their external existence—that they exist quite independently of us—which is to say that they have objective existence. And there is no more justification for accepting one portion of the immediate testimony of consciousness than for rejecting another portion of the same.

Finally there has been a well reasoned criticism of the present theory by Herbert Spencer, who says that Space and Time, from the very fact that they are forms of intuition, cannot be intuited, as it is impossible for

anything to be at once the form and matter of intuition. But Kant, while overtly designating Space and Time as the forms of thought, covertly allows them to be also the matter of thought by asserting that it is impossible to suppress the consciousness of them. How, then, can the objects of consciousness at the same time be the conditions of consciousness? If Space and Time are the conditions under which we think, then, when we think of Space and Time themselves, our thought must be unconditioned. But to admit the unconditionality of thought is fatal to the very central position of the Critical philosophy, since with it vanishes the distinction between phenomena and noumena.

Although Spencer's criticism of Kant's thesis is not itself immune from serious objections, the weakness of Kant's position has been amply shown in the above paragraphs; and one need not be a detractor of Kant in holding his efforts, like those of his predecessors and successors, in the way of solving the ultimate mysteries of nature, to be hopelessly futile. Human nature being what it is, the note of wisdom seems to be struck, not by Kant, but by the less illustrious Herbert Spencer, whose following words, used in a private letter, may fittingly conclude this brief survey of a problem that has defied the greatest intellects of all ages and countries:

The hope that, continually groping, though in the dark, we may eventually discover the clue, is one I can scarcely entertain, for the reason that human intelligence appears to me incapable of framing any conception of the required kind. It seems to me that *our best course is to submit to the limitations imposed by the nature of our minds, and to live as contentedly as we may in ignorance of that which lies behind things as we know them.*

Abdul Majid



OCCULTISM AND WAR

By ANNIE BESANT

(Based on a Lecture lately given in India)

(Concluded from p. 80)

IN the Divine Mind, we have, of course, the working out into thought-forms, to be embodied in the emanating worlds, the fundamental truth of the Unity of Life, spoken of above (p. 76), in which "there is

nothing, moving nor unmoving, that can exist bereft of me". Hence, in the expression of that Divine Mind in Nature there must be forms which embody that which we call evil, as well as forms which embody that which we call good. If all Life is One, if we must see the Self in all things and all things in the Self, if we must see the Self in all equally dwelling, then the Self must be in the wicked as well as in the good, in the criminal as well as in the saint. The Self is not in man alone, but in animal, in vegetable, in mineral. In the finest grain of dust on the earth, the Self is present, else that dust could not exist. In the highest Lord of the Universe the same Self is present, else He, in His unimaginable splendour, would be but the airy fabric of a dream and melt away, leaving "not a wrack behind". Enveloping all, interpenetrating all, dwelling in all, transcending all, containing all that has been, all that is, all that shall be, all that can be, the One, the Life Eternal, the only underived, the only Self-existent, "there is nothing at all but I". That is the ancient teaching. That is the only teaching which is wholly, utterly, satisfying. Here, no man may lead his brother into realisation. It is not understood by questionings; it may not be grasped from subtlest teachings; these can carry us no further than: "Thus have I heard," "Thus say the Wise." Hence is it written that from THAT all thought and speech fall back. In the solitude of silence, in the depth of meditation, when thought lies dead, and life is indrawn to its centre, then in that centre, which is "darkness by excess of light," light which blinds into darkness the eye that gazes at it but which illumines all to him who enters into it and is one with it, there, and there alone,

is Self-realisation. THAT cannot be known, for knowledge implies a Knower and a Known. The Self-realiser does not say: "I know." He softly breathes: "I am."

Hence that which we call Evil in our limited struggling lives is working to one end with that which we call good. The old purāṇic allegory is true, in which is pictured Mount Meru snake-encircled, turning round and churning the ocean, with Suras—Angels—turning it round by pulling at the head of the serpent, and Asuras—Devils—turning it round by pulling at the tail thereof. In opposite directions they pull, if we look at the points of the compass on the circumference, but their pullings combine in turning the Mount Meru churn, as we see from the axis, and out of the churned ocean arise the antetypes of objects, health-giving and poisoning, and "the great God," Shiva, the Bliss Eternal, drinks the venom, and all is blended in Himself.

It is a true picture of the supreme truth that the forces which we call good are the forces which stimulate evolution towards the triumph of the Spirit, spiritualising Matter; and the forces which we call evil are the forces which retard evolution and tend to delay that triumph by materialising Spirit, giving the resistance without which no motion can be, and imposing by that very resistance regularity, rhythm, upon motion, without which motion would be headlong and chaotic, in truth, evoking motion from inertia and compelling it to become rhythmical (evoking rajas from t̥amas and compelling it to become s̥āṭṭvic).

Let us look carefully at the working of evolution, the Will of God guiding the course of Nature towards a foreseen, a predetermined end.

In the early days of our earth's evolution, the outward-flowing life drew round it aggregations of matter, shaping the earth's materials, and building up finally proto-elements and elements. In these the life was the cohesive and directive force, arranging the particles of matter, attracting and repelling, showing this fundamental pair of opposites, attraction and repulsion, by which the building of forms, the integration, equilibrium, and disintegration, the endless changes and transmutations, ever proceed. Life was hidden beneath the matter it attracted round it, and was recognisable only by the movements it stimulated in matter. It may be said to be submerged in matter, and the submergence was the first step towards the spiritualisation of that which submerged it. All the hidden potencies and characteristics of matter must be brought out, must be developed in every possible way, and for this the life remained hidden ever, every force latent in matter being stimulated by its presence ; in return, the resistance of the enshrouding matter forced the life to put forth effort, and so, in turn, brought out, evolved its powers. Life is stirred to resistance by the pressure of matter upon it, by the sense of opposition ; you may push matter, and if you are strong enough to overcome its inertia, it moves in the direction in which you push it ; but if you push an animal, in which consciousness, life, is present, it pushes back ; if you pull it, it pulls against you ; life ever shows self-determination and resents coercion.

Now the very quality of resistance, inertia, in matter develops thus the putting forth of the power of life. Action and re-action work perpetually, and resistance is a powerful, a necessary, factor in evolution.

Is then resistance, which is of the very essence of matter, to be regarded as "evil"? It is obvious that the word "evil" is here wholly out of place, and conveys no rational meaning. The resistance of matter is seen as a condition of progress, essential to the unfolding of the powers of the life. The inertia of matter by its opposition brought out the activity of the life, and this activity, working in the fire-type of matter came forth as Intelligence, which in its highest form is Intellect and in its lower form is Mind.

The varied powers of Mind, again, were evolved by coming into clash with the inertia of matter, by overcoming it, by shaping matter to predetermined ends. And presently, as the animal which, by continual strife with its fellows and by strife also with the non-animal environment, evolved into the animal man, and from the animal man into the savage, constant struggle developed his powers. Was this strife evil? It can hardly be said to be so, since it was essential to evolution, and while life unfolded powers out of latency so did matter evolve into greater plasticity, into finer complications, into more delicate adjustments, becoming ever a more obedient servant of the indwelling life.

As we thus study the workings of the Divine Mind in Nature, we see that, so far, no sense of what we now call good and evil, right and wrong, had yet been developed; the life-impulses work outwards and matter moves under their action, life seeking ever fuller expansion and expression, matter serving ever more effectively as its vehicle. Not till memory is evolved and reasoning, not till evolving man begins to look before and after, can any knowledge of "good" and

“evil” be achieved, and none can guess how long any such knowledge would have taken in evolving, had human evolution on our earth gone on unaided from without, had no Elder Brothers guided the younger, and so quickened the understanding of cause and effect out of which the sense of right and wrong gradually grew. The discovery that he was living in a world of law, of settled order, that concord with law meant success and happiness and discord with law meant failure and pain, was anticipated by “revelation,” *i.e.*, by the teachings of the Elder Brothers. Never can a reasoning being, living in a world of law, believe that to be “right” which invariably results in lasting pain and loss and inner sense of discord. He learns by experience to distinguish between brief and lasting pleasure, between physical and mental satisfaction, between temporary and permanent happiness. The endurance of physical pain to achieve mental delight is, after much experience, recognised as wise and good. Physical pain, like all pain, is seen as *per se* an evil, but as a means of attaining mental or moral satisfaction it is accepted willingly, even joyfully, and so evolves the martyr, the patriot, the hero, in whom the flesh is the willing servant of the spirit. There comes at length a time when the spirit desires more rapid progress, and, regarding as evil all that delays him, he stigmatises all as evil which is an obstacle in his way. Enjoyments which once subserved evolution now retard it, and earlier good becomes present evil. While he is evolving the powers of the mind, all that draws life outwards adds to his experience and is his “good”. As intellect develops, the outward-drawing objects—

objects of desire—interrupt and hinder, thus becoming “evil”. Physical loves, which once stimulated evolution, often now hinder it, and loves are discriminated from each other, and higher forms of love are evolved and the lower become evil, as now retarding the onward evolution. As life, which had differentiated to develop powers, begins to synthesise and so to co-ordinate the powers evolved, that which was good becomes evil, and the spirit recognises as degrading that which had once been uplifting. And so we reach the generalisation: that while the life works outwards in all directions, satisfying its divinely implanted thirst for knowledge of the outer world, there is nothing that can be called wrong or evil; that when life has evolved mind, and a consciousness of cause and effect is reached, then a discrimination of results ensues and a choice of the relative value of activities arises, and the power of directing those activities is felt; then, and only then, the allowing them to run outwards to seize a transient pleasure that is followed by a weakening of the onward-pressing life is marked as “wrong,” and “morality” is evolved. Morality is the establishment of harmonious relations between man and his environment, *i.e.*, is accord with law; the persistent working towards this accord is right conduct, and the swerving from it is wrong conduct, or “sin”.

In studying evolution, the work of the Divine Mind in Nature, War, the apotheosis of physical pain, comes to be recognised as a swift means to a desirable end, as evolving admirable qualities of courage, endurance, self-sacrifice, generosity, comradeship, discipline, obedience to a leader, devotion to a man,

and then to an ideal. With these moral qualities are also evolved physical strength, alertness, vigour, health, robustness, a body obedient to the will, resistant and capable of strenuous exertion. Evolution having for its aim the triumph of spirit over matter, War is seen as a quickener of that triumph, until a stage is reached when the good evolved by it can be evolved at a lesser cost of pain, and until the animal love of ease, comfort and sloth is normally transcended and has no longer power to corrupt and ruin the average human being. So far, the great civilisations have been corrupted by these vices, and have decayed by them into putridity. The outer compulsion has been needed to prevent man from sinking back into ignoble and luxurious indolence, and hence War has remained as a necessary factor in human evolution. Western civilisation was beginning to slide downwards, luxury and sloth leading to sensuality, sensuality into bestiality, as witness the criminal statistics of Germany, and the vile outrages accompanying the early German successes. The sufferings, hardships, miseries of these terrible years will restore cleanliness to manhood. The prevalence of venereal diseases shows that western civilisation was swiftly descending the slope which leads to racial destruction. The War has saved western Nations from being stifled in that quagmire, and nothing else could have saved them. Until at least the foremost races have evolved to the point from which they can no longer sink back into vilest impurity, so long will War be necessary to restore manliness to man.

The War has revealed the quarrelling classes in western civilisation to each other, has made them recognise each other's value, has made comrades of

duke and miner. The sullen underground war of classes and trade interests, with its meannesses, its cheatings, its trickeries, its graspings, its oppressions, has been slain by the physical War, less hideous and demoralising than its predecessor. We have seen the misery that is the result of trade competition, of the struggle for world-markets, of the lust of power. It may be that the Nations will now realise that between Nations as between individuals, justice must rule instead of strength, and law instead of force.

And we may, in the midst of the present pain, take comfort in the facts of human history, which show us that out of wars good has come to both the contending parties. Though a war, at the time, be a horrible thing, although the fields strewn with corpses, with wounded and mutilated men, be a sight of horror to any feeling human heart, still we can see in history that war passes and the results of the war remain, and that the results are good and not evil, and have worked for evolution and not against it. Many times has India been invaded. Alexander and his Greeks invaded the north and they rolled back again; but they left traces of their art behind them, and Indian art became more beautiful, because the Greeks had touched it. Mussalmāns came, conquered and settled down, but can any one say that they did not bring with them a stimulus to India? Look at the buildings of northern India, and you will see that India has gained from the invasions of the Mussalmāns; they brought with them virile qualities, valuable in the growth of a Nation, and although there have been many wars in the past between Hindūs and Mussalmāns, they are growing now into a single Nation. And the name of India to-day is higher than the

name of either separately, and they are becoming the right and left hands of the Motherland, to work for the common cause, to aim at the common goal. Take England herself, and look over her history, and see how many have come and gone within her narrow borders. Romans came and left the roads that remain to the present day; for the great roads in England are still the Roman roads, the roads made by those ancient invaders. The Saxons came, they brought fire and sword, and they brought also with them the system of village communities—panchayats you would call them—and their sturdy life; and they built up the village life in England, and laid broad and strong the foundations of English liberty and of the English House of Commons. The Danes came, and they brought with them knowledge of sea-craft, knowledge of navigation, and they gave the sailor element to the growing Nation. Then the Normans came and conquered all the rest and gave protection, with oppression, to trade and commerce, so that the middle class grew up. Then north and south fought against each other, killed each other, murdered each other, until they became a United Kingdom; and thus you have a mixed Nation of many Nations, and they have all grown into Britons. The past fights, the past struggles, the wars, and the invasions of England have all built up a mighty Nation, where the qualities of all have blended into a harmonious whole. Just as the chemist mixes various things together to make a compound, so God, by war, by invasion, by revolution, blends many men of different types into a single People, all the richer for the blending. Wars leave something behind them. Every great struggle has ultimate good as the outcome, and so we

grow to understand that God is in the War as well as in the Peace, and that in these varied ways He evolves man towards human perfection. This old Hindū teaching is the modern Theosophic teaching, based on the Ancient Wisdom, common to all the eastern faiths.

Brotherhood is the key-note of the Theosophical Society. Brotherhood is the key-note of the coming Civilisation. Co-operation will take the place of competition, arbitration the place of war, friendliness between Nations the place of alienation, suspicion and distrust. We are in the midst of a great transition period, when the old is dying, when the new is being born. As the birth-throes of the mother end when the child is born, so shall the birth-throes of the Nations cease when the new civilisation comes to the birth. Then once more the highest worlds will mingle with the lower, triumphant religion will teach man solidarity, and the Nations shall learn War no more.

Annie Besant

THE PRIVILEGE OF ILL-HEALTH

By C. JINARĀJADĀSA, M.A.

“*YES, thank God, I have been quite ill.*” Does this sound strange? But why should it? It expresses a wonderful truth, if we but understand.

For God expects from each a harvest from the seeds He gives to each life after life. We sow, and we reap; yet are we only harvesters, not the owners of the harvest. There is only one Owner, God Himself; into His hands we commit our harvest; and for the new sowing, He selects from that portion of our store of the harvest some seeds of grief and some seeds of joy. And so we return into life, and are born again.

Who toiled a slave may come anew a prince,
For gentle worthiness and merit won;
Who ruled a king may wander earth in rags,
For things done and undone.

We come to our rôle in life primarily neither to be happy nor miserable, but to make God's work easier. Our happiness is from Him, as we do His work. It is He who guides to a little child at play the happiness the little one finds in the game; it is equally He who guides the pain to him who has earned that pain. How can He plan happiness, and yet as His gift send pain?

From each of us He wants a contribution, for the building of His great Edifice. From the man to whom He gives health, He requires activity of the physical body, movement from this place to that; from the one to whom He sends ill-health, He requires activity of the finer bodies, by patience, long-suffering and resignation. Both kinds of toil—the outer of the man in robust health, and the inner of the ailing—He requires. For the former brings bricks for the Edifice; but the latter brings the mortar that welds all the bricks into one unshakable mass. To the Master Builder both bricks and mortar are indispensable, and there is before Him neither first nor last as between the offerings given to His hands.

How often, when in ill-health, have we not said: "I am no good for anything now; the Great Work is left unfinished; I am only a burden myself now, and no longer a burden-bearer." And that is true, if we cannot bring our contribution to the great Edifice. But if we understand, we shall see that while we suffer on beds of pain, we yet may be mighty workers.

What more virile than the active virtues of a king:

the king—becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude.

Will not a king with this high ideal fail again and again? But suppose then in his kingdom there is a man or woman in ill-health, who is resigned, long-suffering, and patient; then to that king there comes from an inner source courage to go forward, and a gleam irradiating his darkness. Once again he will run yet another lap in the great race; but his flagging strength

was made whole by the strength of patience of a "useless" man or woman on a bed of pain. Look at the men in the trenches to-day; do they not require a limitless patience, a courage when the body fears, and a trust when all is dark? Who sends them what they need, but their fathers and mothers, sisters and sweet-hearts, men and women far away from the battle-fields, who hope, and hope ever on, for the welfare of their beloveds? And among those that help the fighters in every battle of God—now the fighter of civic sloth and corruption, now the fighter for the grace of manhood and womanhood for all, and now the fighter against superstition and darkness—foremost of helpers can such men and women become who, suffering ill-health, do not cry and complain, but are patient and understanding.

It is a wonderful purification that physical pain can give us, if we will but accept that purification. Even the vilest man scarce removed from the brute shows something white and pure when he lies in a hospital on a bed of pain. I have not been in a hospital ward as a patient, but I have been in many a ward watching, sensing, trying to understand. And this I know—that ghastly as it often is to the eyes, and pitiful always to the brain and heart, yet it is a mighty purification to be in a hospital ward even as a visitor; for those ideals one longs for in one's own battle—strength to persevere, patience to endure, trust in a health of heart once again—those ideals, not less, flash on all sides, now from the face on this bed, and now from the face on that other. As a mighty Atonement takes place when the consecrated priest transmutes Bread and Wine into the Body and Blood of a Saviour, so too, not less, another

mighty mystery is enacted in the operating rooms and in the wards of our hostels for the sick and the maimed; the priests and priestesses of the new ritual are in vestments too, white and immaculate; they too wash hands and use spotless napery. For where even one alone is working to relieve suffering there God is with him; for who may heal, but He who dealt the wound?

There are in our visible world men and women of the Red Cross going forth into the battle-fields to heal and to restore men's physical bodies. But surely there must also be on inner planes a White Cross brigade, of men and women who bear on their foreheads a cross of silver fire, who heal men's *soul bodies*? And if men and women may be consecrated with that Cross, is it not a privilege to accept the karma of ill-health joyfully as God's gift, and to join that band of White Cross healers?

If we but understood! For to suffer is to be purified to use power, and the keener the pain the greater will be the power to use. For we must all become Flame Children, to give a flaming quality to all that our hands shall touch wherever we be. So shall all things make one Flame rising up to God. One soul comes to his heritage of Flaming through uttermost renouncement, annihilating self in all its transformations; another by offering up a Love that sees no Beloved neither in heaven nor in earth. And some there are who become Flame Children by pain.

So, in deepest verity, "Yes, *thank God*, I have been quite ill."

C. Jinarājādāsa

INVISIBLE HELP

By P. RAJ KRISHNA GURTU

NEARLY all Theosophists who have read a fair amount of Theosophical literature must have read the book *Invisible Helpers*, in which concrete examples are given of "invisible help" rendered.

Two very startling cases of such invisible help came recently within my notice, so I have written them down for the perusal of my brother Theosophists. The first case occurred some months ago, at Lashkar, the capital town of the Gwalior State. My sister was sitting in a lower room in her house. As the ceiling of the room above it was leaking (the house being an old one), it was under repair and some fresh lime and concrete was being laid over it. Unable to bear the weight of this lime and concrete, the ceiling of the top room gave way, and fell heavily on to the floor. The sudden fall of so much material from above caused the floor also to give way, and the materials of both roof and flooring, consisting of a mass of lime, bricks, stone rafters and slabs, fell with a tremendous crash on to the ground floor. The artisans who were working on the roof were guided, all unknown to themselves, on to that portion of the roof which did not fall, and thus one and all escaped unhurt. But a miracle of invisible help occurred on the ground floor. My little

niece, a few months old, was sleeping in a cot in this ground floor room at the very spot where the whole debris fell from above, completely covering the floor to a depth of some three or four feet. My sister, who was also sitting in this very room, in the portion of it where the roof did not fall, suddenly saw the calamity, and with a frenzied shriek leapt to the spot where her little one was buried beneath the debris. All unmindful and unconscious of the imminent danger from the still tottering portion of the roof, she concentrated her whole energy in trying to remove the debris from above the body of her child. Her shrieks and lamentations drew to the scene of the accident her husband and sons, all of whom with the aid of coolies began to dig the child out from under that appalling mass of broken building materials, but all hope of saving her life was given up.

After about fifteen to twenty minutes the child was taken out—and lo! wonder of wonders, she was all safe and sound, with only a few scratches on her foot, and a little lime and dirt inside her mouth and nose. To all appearance there was absolutely no possibility of her escaping alive, and yet not a bone was broken, whereas under all ordinary circumstances her injuries would have been terrible. What is this, if not a case of effectual invisible help from above?

* * * * *

The second case occurred here at Sheopur, only a week ago. Dr. G. V. Oak, F.T.S., is an assistant surgeon at the Free Hospital and dispensary in the town. Being a brother Theosophist and a personal acquaintance, I often stay with him. It was on the 22nd of this month, when I was staying with him, that he

came rushing into the hospital at noon from the house of a Mr. Pathak (a friend of his who, together with his son and daughter, were under the treatment of Dr. Oak), and began to consult his materia medica and to collect sundry bottles of medicine from the dispensary shelves. He was in a feverish haste, and with every nerve under intense strain. I somehow gathered from him that he was taking all these medicines to the house of Mr. Pathak, in order to administer them as antidotes to Mr. Pathak's four or five year old boy, who had been given strong carbolic acid (in spite of the label "Poison" on the bottle) by a careless mistake of his father. Dr. Oak told me that some ten minims, or even less, of this poison are sufficient to kill anybody within ten minutes, while in this case nearly half an hour must have elapsed before the antidotes could reach the patient, who had swallowed more than a dram of the poison, instead of the proper medicine—the cough mixture. The doctor went there post-haste with the medicines, and I engaged myself in supplications to the Lord of all, to work the miracle of saving this child, even in the face of our misgivings.

The child was saved, and is now quite well. What else is this but a case of invisible help from the throne of the Lord of Love and Compassion, may whose glorious Presence purify this sorely tried earth of all its sorrows, sins and sufferings.

P. Raj Krishna Gurtu, F.T.S.

THE MISANTHROPE

By ALICE R. WINTER

AS the clock struck eight Leon Bettismund seated himself at the breakfast table, sorting out one from a neat pile of letters, and impatiently pushing aside *The Financial News*.

“No trace of her to be found,” he muttered. “What can have come of them? Perhaps her husband is dead and she’s gone. where?”

Glancing a moment later at the newspaper he once more threw it aside with disgust. “The wretched things have gone up again, which means more surplus funds to be invested; and for whom, or in what?—I’m sure I don’t know. Money, money, is there a place on this earth’s face where I could go and live for a whole month without seeing the exchange of a coin, I wonder?”

As the day waned he found himself walking up the main street of a small provincial town. Just where the last row of sordid-looking shops opened out on to a country lane stood a small empty cottage. Pushing aside the gate he entered the garden and seating himself on a rude tree trunk, gave himself up to a retrospection of the past twenty years; for real life had begun for him the day he had met her, who, at that period held a better position financially than he did. But he set himself to

work hard and live close ; meeting always only the barest dues from himself to others ; thrusting home, with all the force of which he was capable, his own demands from others to himself, and never failing to extract the uttermost farthing.

It was the way of the world, the method by which the strong resolute man raised himself above his struggling but weaker neighbours ; and he meant, in a short space, to occupy a position equal with her.

Incredibly sooner than even he expected, it came to pass. He laughed triumphantly as he sought her—to learn, alas, that she had married her music master, and her world knew her no more.

From that time he became known the world over as a City Magnate ; a man of power in the money world, one who was feared far more than he was loved. But occasionally from among his important documents he would single out a letter from her, and at still rarer periods she would meet him, and he would spend an hour with her in town.

Later, and not so many years back, having business which took him past her habitation, he sent her a telegram saying he would call. Melody met him, introduced him to her husband, the music teacher, then gave him tea. On leaving her he wondered if he had successfully concealed the shock caused him by the sight of her poverty.

“Some property has come into my hands down this way, through the death of a relative, and a house full of furniture, which I fear I shall have to store, since I have no use for it,” he had told her.

“Supposing you send it to me and let me keep it for you until you require it,” Melody had replied,

half in joke, yet with a pathetic glance at her own only partially filled rooms, "it would be less expensive in the long run for you."

In his arrangement of matters he had grimly considered her proposal, but had vetoed it. Why should he contribute to her comfort, and that of the music teacher? No, she must have known what he had wanted, how he had struggled so that no sacrifice on her part would be necessary; and if she preferred the music teacher—well! she must take the consequences. He should not lend her the furniture now that she had nothing to give him back except friendship.

People did not give something for nothing, that is, men of the world did not, at least. So he paid sixteen pounds per year to have the furniture stored, until, in the course of time, the accumulated cost began to amaze him, and he saw that strictly from a business point of view he had better have adopted Melody's suggestion and sent it to her; more especially as he might never require it, for in spite of his wealth, nobody seemed to care very much for him, or seek his company.

He decided he would offer Melody the loan of the furniture, and thus had come about the discovery of her disappearance. His surmise concerning the death of her husband he found to be correct, and a contemplation of her loneliness and poverty brought to his mind a vivid realisation of his own solitude and his wealth. The curious impulse that led him to arrange to inhabit her lately vacated cottage, so that he might to some extent experience the life she had lived, he was somewhat ashamed of; nevertheless, he felt a queer delight in the undertaking. And here, away from the theatres and restaurants, as he spent the days

placidly in her rooms and about the garden, it was not difficult to imagine her spirit near him, guiding him to a truer knowledge of life and its meanings. But as his consciousness of a change of outlook grew stronger, and he began to cast about him for some means of expression of his new feeling towards humanity, a terrible difficulty faced him. To whom could he do good—whom might he be permitted to help? His few remaining relatives were all well provided for, and Melody, the one above all others capable of advising and assisting him in this new phase of feeling, and the one to whom he also now yearned to show kindness, had gone out of his life.

In the matter of making advantageous exchanges on his own side, and the enforcing of payments of hard cash from others, he was a past master, but in this new attitude of giving—this indeed was a lesson of which he had never learned even the A B C. Many ways suggested themselves, one after the other, only to be rejected, until, his housekeeper being ill, he stole out one dark evening to purchase the next day's food. Observing with what care the petty shopkeeper, with whom he dealt, watched for the turn of the scale, he indulged in a sardonic smile, albeit recognising in him the identical spirit that in past days had made himself search the papers so eagerly for the eighth, sixteenth, or thirty-second part of a rise in stock.

With an ever-accumulating interest he studied the minute but multitudinous sordidnesses that abounded in this small town, the dairyman fearing lest the measure of his milk should be over-full, the grocer sifting out his wares as though the safety of his life depended on his barter of no single grain over and

above the just weight, the fruiterer topping his show baskets with all the finest fruit, and serving the unwary buyer with inferior quality. Surely it was a selfish world; but why was it this little unimportant town that was teaching him what he had never learned in the metropolis? There he had been too busy getting the better of others, but here—where also he had made the astounding discovery that Melody had contributed towards the subsistence of her home by giving six-penny music lessons—the very pettiness of this terrible gnawing greed seemed to eat into his very bones.

Then one day, while the fruiterer was so carefully portioning out his purchases, he placed a gold coin on the counter, and hastily grabbing at his parcels, “never mind the change,” muttered he shyly, as he hurried away, not, however, before he had caught the half crafty, incredulous look, followed by a wonderful wave of joy, that swept over the man’s features.

From that time forward it became an adopted plan by which he brought release from anxiety, and a smile of happiness, to the faces of his neighbours which soon began to reflect itself in his own countenance. In the course of time he found he had earned the happiest nickname man might possess. If doubts existed as to his identity, he was referred to as the one who always said: “Never mind the change.”

One evening while repairs were being executed to his motor bicycle, having been necessitated by a journey in the surrounding district, he entered the picture hall of a very much smaller town than the one he now called his own. Here, having settled himself in his twopenny seat amongst the farm hands and foundrymen who made up the assembly, he was

prepared to enter with all the zest of his companions into the "thrilling drama" about to be exhibited, when the soft but penetrating tones of a violin caught his ear. Conscious, yet as though in a dream, he vaguely watched the pictures, hearing the laughs, hisses, and groans of the audience until the playing of the National Anthem became the final signal for departure. The last to leave the hall, he waited beside its gates till she, for whom all his life long he had seemed to wait, appeared.

"Melody?"

She let him tuck her hand in his arm till they reached another cottage smaller than her former one. Here, he found, she lived alone with her books, her music, and a miniature garden full of old-fashioned flowers. He had been used to tell himself he had tasted deeply of life, but was anything of all his past experiences comparable in ecstasy to this of his present feeling, as day after day he cycled over to see her, and to wait for her while she played Bach and Chopin four hours a day to her enthusiastic, if ignorant, audiences—for sixteen shillings per week?

What so greatly added to his happiness was that Melody, while accepting him as an old friend whose companionship she was delighted to renew, evidently recognised in him that curious change that so close a proximity with the drudges of the earth had seemed to bring about, and every day to accentuate; for always a sympathetic smile lit up her countenance, as in their daily journeyings she would catch the murmur of what had become to him quite a familiar formula with those with whom he dealt, and even she avowed her intention of considering the advisability of adopting it as his general cognomen.

“What are my duties to-day, Madam?” asked he playfully, as he left his motor bicycle, fitted with a new side-car for Melody’s benefit, at the gate.

“You can either dig the potatoes or pick the apples off the tree, I shall require both for dinner,” laughed she.

Ten minutes later a basket of vegetables and fruit stood at Melody’s door.

“I was tidying up my own garden at five o’clock this morning,” said Bettismund, “when a motor-car filled with ladies passed down the road. ‘Look,’ cried one, ‘that must be a simple life crank.’”

“Did you feel flattered?” enquired Melody. “It is rather extraordinary, I suppose, when one comes to think of it, to see a man trying to make himself a trifle less helpless than his kind,” taunted she roguishly, “so much so that it becomes noticeable; not so with a woman, however; too many of us know what it means to work. But one’s struggles can be overcome with a bit of pluck,” she added more seriously. “Even though fiddle strings have gone up in price since the War, I can still pay my rent, buy my clothes, grow my food, and put in the savings bank the sum of one whole shilling per week out of my sixteen; and, as we both know, many thousands of lonely women have to manage on less than that to-day.”

His heart gave a great thump as her words brought home afresh to him the years of bitter, biting poverty she had cheerfully faced. Once he had thought her a fool, who would assuredly awaken to a realisation of her mad folly, but now all things were taking on another aspect before his eyes. After all, had she not been true to the best within herself? If she had sacrificed, had it not ennobled her? To-day was she not

independent, free—free of convention, of the baser desires which bind and enslave?—free, not only to live her own life, but even to spare some part of it for the helping of others?

Again his mind flew back to the carping pettinesses that actually made and filled up the lives of the struggling poor about them. Here, where he lived, were no refinements to shade off the grasping calculations of one against another. Out they came, crude and bare; revolting in their nakedness. Every one ticketing up his own wares as the most perfect, and belittling his neighbours' as much as the law would allow him. All this and more, a quiet country town had taught Bettismund; he wondered where Melody had learned of the realities of life? Probably among her own set, while he had been busy making money with the intention of becoming one of them. Anyway, both had tasted of wealth, and had found that it did not necessarily bring happiness—a thing every one sought in a million different ways, and so few, alas, found.

He glanced at Melody and concluded she was one of the favoured few. During their motor ride the problem still occupied his thoughts. Where was the road to happiness? Everybody wished to find it, and it was a legitimate enough desire; why, then, did it elude so many? Were there lessons to learn in its seeking? Would it be found in the gratification, or the suppression, of what were termed natural cravings? These, and many other questions of a like nature, filled his mind throughout the day and night, and though no solution of them seemed to suggest itself, yet as he cycled over to Melody's cottage on the following day, he thought he was certainly on the way to finding one in Melody

herself. Surely she understood more of these things than he did, and if she would become his life's teacher, his constant companion, his wife? Yes, she would fill the want that, in his lonely hours, so persistently tore at his heart. Formerly he had been denied her because he was not fit to have her; there were things he had had to learn; he saw that now, and hoped he had grown, and had thus come nearer to her.

The bicycle sped along the road at its fastest rate; would Melody be at the gate to welcome him? How had he borne to see her daily, and not realised it must end like this? Good heavens! Had he ever known what it was to want a thing in all his life as he wanted her now? Her thoughts, desires, her outlook on life; all suited so entirely that he could not endure another hour away from her. This of course was the way to happiness. He had learned the necessary lessons, and now Heaven itself was going to be kind to him. Melody would soothe him; her voice, as her soul, was music; one had but to look at her finger tips to see the artist embodied within her.

Thrusting aside the gate, he waited a moment at the door's threshold, listening to the thrilling notes of the one instrument which spoke to him as did no other in all the world; then he tip-toed towards a small room, the door of which he had never before found open. Here he stood as if transfixed, while the music poured itself out in floods that tore at his very heart strings. Not two feet away from him was Melody, playing on a violin he now saw was sacred to that room. In front of her hung a portrait of the music master, and below that stood a small table bearing his violin case, and a

vase of flowers. His chair, music-stand, a pile of his favourite concertos, all were noted with a gradual but terrible sinking of the heart of the silent watcher. Would she ever leave off, he wondered, as he still stood glued to the spot, his lips and throat too dry to articulate a groan. At last she did, and he knew he would never forget the sight of her tender handling of the instrument as she laid it in its case. Still he stood, though she must soon see him, and would certainly resent his spying; but no, instead of coming towards the door she threw herself in the musician's chair, and leaning her arms on the table, buried her head in them. He tiptoed nearer, and was about to touch her when, through her sobs, her voice gasped: "It cannot be so long, now, before I meet you again."

Somehow he reached the garden, and when half an hour later Melody stood at the gate, he managed to look as though he had just arrived.

"You. . . look quite unusually pale, have you had an accident or something?" asked she concernedly.

"Not a bit if it, but *you* don't look particularly rosy," he replied gaily. "Supposing we go for a spin before dinner?"

"And I thought to marry her; her—with her heart in heaven," he thought to himself, as they raced along the country roads and his glance scanned her almost transparent features. The journey left time only for a short meal before her duties began. As was now his habit, he walked with her to the picture hall; when they reached the door, Melody turned, and pushing her key in his hand said: "I've forgotten my resin, you'll find it on the mantelpiece, will you please fetch it for me?"

Having secured it, he ventured to open the door and once more enter the scene which, a few hours back, had so materially changed his whole life.

“God, it’s too cruel,” he muttered brokenly, “but if it is to be, I suppose an end will come to the pain some day—as she said this morning.”

Locking the door, he again went out into the night, and thinking only of her, and that he must never even tell her of his loss, he did not hear the approaching car that brought—for a spell at least—the end.

When they picked him up from under the wheels, and the doctor had made him understand the seriousness of the accident, he only smiled, leaving a last message for Melody which the physician could make nothing of.

“He said,” explained the doctor later: “‘Tell Melody I have left everything to her, and tell her I said: Never mind the change.’”

Melody gave a comprehending nod.

“But I do not understand such a remark,” persisted the medical man.

“It’s this way,” began Melody, attempting to gratify his curiosity, “there is a time in all our lives when *we* want the best of a bargain; then, later, as we learn better, we are willing that the other side should have the advantage.”

The doctor nodded, but still waited.

“He was a very rich man,” Melody continued, “whose early custom was always to take; but one day, wearying of wealth, and watching the sordid cupidity of others, he took the first deliberate step towards the helping of the weaker by making a payment which far exceeded the value of the trifles he purchased. And

that action grew into a habit, until in any transaction it became second nature to him to accept the least advantageous side of a bargain."

"That's clear enough so far, but what I do not understand is how such a message should apply to *you*"; and like a schoolboy he repeated the phrase again; then, as the light was turned full on and for the first time he gazed into Melody's face, a comprehending smile broke over his rugged features. "Of course, it's plain enough if I were not such a dullard," he muttered. "Poor fellow," he sighed, examining once more the still form before him: "Tell Melody everything is for her, and—never mind the change."

Alice R. Winter

IN WAR TIME

By JOCELYN UNDERHILL

IT is strange that the War, which is playing such havoc in so many lives, is being made the means of bringing about events, that otherwise offered well-nigh insuperable difficulties, in the lives of others. Yet it is so, the Great Ones who are working from behind the Veil are using the very conditions of the greatest and most terrible of all wars to bring about some measure of equilibrium in other directions. It is the calm and passionless Wisdom of those Great Ones which sweetly and wisely ordereth all things; which adds to the stability of the world and helps us to make for individual righteousness. So in these present days, when the coming of the four corners of the world together in arms has necessitated the gathering of large bodies of men, there are individuals more or less closely connected in the past, bound in some cases by indissoluble ties, but barely linked together in others, who are being brought into close communion. Many whose lives seemed to point to clearly defined avenues of labour, lines very divergent from those of friends in the Great Work, find themselves thrown together by reason of the common call and the common need, united for the one great purpose, and the future may well be filled with tremendous results.

How simply these things are being brought about, is illustrated by one or two happenings within the last few months. A well known Australian member of the T. S. embarked on a transport with many hundreds of troops on board. Several days later, further troops were taken aboard at another port of call. With them was another member. A trivial incident, a matter of absolutely no importance, and which happened again and again, threw them together, and a lasting and valued friendship resulted. But it did more—separated in the strange land wherein they found their sphere of duty, they yet managed to keep in touch ; and in the process of his military duties, the elder of the two met, seemingly by the merest accident, yet another member of a Lodge in Australia, widely distant from his own Lodge and that of his friend. This new member knew still two more members, from other Centres, and very soon another, from another State, joined the party, making six in all, covering practically every State in Australia. A close intimacy was rapidly established, and the first member to embark took charge of the studies of the various members, all of whom were in quite different units, and co-ordinated the general work. So in the varied and complicated press of military duties on active service, it was thus made possible to continue work and study.

Three of this group journeyed to the pyramids recently. They were the youngest in years and in membership, and were all fired with the desire for further knowledge. It was the suggestion of the writer that they should see the pyramids by moonlight, after the crowd had departed, and the noise and heat had died away. So late in the afternoon we made the ten miles journey

from Cairo to Ghizeh. As we approached, we saw the pyramids black against the sunset, covered with splendour and lowering majestic against the glory of the western sky. We walked very slowly through the short winter twilight to the buried granite temple, close to where the great brooding Sphinx watches ever for the coming of a grander dawn. Very silently we walked its empty, echoing corridors, wondering at the genius that conveyed those tremendous granite blocks, some of them fifteen and sixteen feet long, by many feet thick and wide, brought from far away Assouan, and fitted together by sheer craftsmanship, so exquisitely that not even a knife blade could penetrate the joints. Silently, too, we took our places in the porch, waiting for the moon to rise. I took my seat on a great fragment of granite, that might once have been fashioned into the likeness of Osiris Himself, and the others seated themselves, cross-legged, on the sand. Young in years, huge of physique and worthy of the young land to whose service they had given themselves, they were old enough in soul to realise the necessity of a wider knowledge and a greater Wisdom, so with their pipes aglow in the temple dusk, they listened to many hints on Occultism and the laws of the Higher Life.

Now and again a sharp question interrupted the talk of higher things, each question showing how earnest the enquirer was to be fully able to understand. How many ages it is since the Ancient Wisdom was thus spoken in that old, old temple is perhaps known only to those who read in the Book of God's Memory, but the teaching itself was as alluring, as soul-satisfying, as when spoken in the tongue of ancient Khem. Death was spoken of, and sacrifice, and each young man there

was ready and willing, should the Gods so will it, to give his physical life for a great ideal. There was nothing suggestive of boasting, no brag whatever, in the quiet way that each expressed his entire willingness to accept what the War might bring, not even asking that it be counted to him for righteousness that he made no claim on Karma, but gave all.

Far out beyond Cairo the moon rose slowly, showing in silhouette the wonders of that gem of architecture—the mosque Mohammed Ali—with its two slender, needle-like minarets and its wondrous group of domes—black against the moon's silver face. Slowly its radiance bathed the great figure of the Sphinx, and then, for the first time perhaps, we realised something of the true mystery of that colossal piece of sculpture. In the moonlight the face, always dispassionate and removed high above the common things of life, took on a new expression of aloofness, an austerity, a majesty never before realised. In complete silence we watched the mighty face gazing so intently across the desert and into the future. God alone might realise, perhaps, the full measure of what those sightless eyes will yet look upon—it is far beyond all human ken.

The pyramids, too, took on a new beauty as the moonlight softened the rough edges, and filled the worn hollows where the despoiling hand of time had touched less lightly than elsewhere. It would have been easy to have stayed all night in contemplation of the great works of the dead and gone Egyptians, but the faint, far call of a bugle, exquisitely sweet across the desert, was the reminder of the passing hour and the present duty.

Jocelyn Underhill

THE SONG OF MY LOVE TO GERMANY¹

(A REPLY TO THE HYMN OF HATE)

1

Thou hast sung to me thy hymn of Hate, my brother, now shall I chant to thee my song of Love.

And my song of Love shall prevail over the hymn of Hate, and the worlds of men and gods shall proclaim me to be the master-singer, forasmuch as in my song is a truer and sweeter human note than in thine.

2

And by the power of my song I shall subdue thee unto the dominion of my King of Righteousness, and thou shalt become the most willing and most obedient subject of my Prince of Peace; and thou shalt yet serve him more faithfully than I have served him.

3

By Love I shall heal thy soul of its frenzy. By Love I shall deliver thy mind from thy self-created madness.

For it is not really thee, my brother, who sings this hymn of Hate, but an evil thing which obsesses thy fair soul.

Therefore thy hymn of Hate hurts me not. Nay, but I find in it a certain comfort, for to me it is a sure sign that thy madness is passing from thee.

For a hate, such as this, only comes to the soul or conscious state of man or society that is about to pass away. It is the shriek of its death agony; it is the sore crying of its last struggle.

4

My brother, my own brother, son of my own Father, son of my own Mother, I will to thee now the best that can be given thee of Heaven. And thou knowest, sure as I chant to thee my love, so sure would I serve thee in the best way I can.

¹Some one has sent us this, whether original or copied we know not. But it is worth printing.—ED.

And no better way can I see to serve thee well and for thy good, even now in this the hour of thy dire need, than to seek to save thee from thyself.

For thou hast generated a false self, thou hast created a hideous thing, a monster of death, a phantom of hell—an image who is verily a masquerade of thy true Self, a fiction of thy lower nature, a creation of all thy unworthinesses.

Unreal, yea, a lie is the very existence of this eidolon, yet hath it the power to destroy thee.

Strong hath the monster grown, and already it is strangling thee, yes, even thee, my brother.

Yet is thy virtue, yet is thy virility, yet is thy strength, and thy strength alone, in its clutch.

For thou hast long time nourished it well and right willingly on the finest elements of thy human soul and body.

5

O Brother, know that this self-engendered, self-nourished monstrosity obsesses thy fair manhood, deludes with foolish imaginings thy true, thy native mentality, puffs up with vanity thy soul, possesses with an insane pride thy whole nature.

Know that its will is, and can only be, to destroy thee. Its desire is, and can only be, to lure thee unto its hell, to win thee for its devouring.

6

O Brother, my own Brother, child of the one Mother, son of the one Father, during these woeful months I have sent thee Love, ay, the best love that one human soul can send to another.

And I know that this love shall find thee, I know that it shall save thee, I know that it shall slay thy destroyer, I know that it shall set thee free.

7

Hear my chant, my Brother; for if thou wilt only listen to it for a little time thou wilt perceive in its harmony the note of the Christ-melody.

Hear my song, my Brother. It is the song of thy lover.

Surely, surely, thou canst now feel how great and true is my love of thee.



CORRESPONDENCE

THINKING ANIMALS

In the February number of THE THEOSOPHIST reference is made, in an article "The Calculating Animals" by Susan E. Gay, to the interesting problem of animal intelligence and education which I ventured to illustrate in two papers, namely: "Thinking Horses" (THE THEOSOPHIST, August 1913) and "Reasoning 'Rolf'" (THE THEOSOPHIST, July 1914).

It was not possible for me in those papers to do more than call attention to the subject, and to such facts as I had had the occasion of gathering personally from one of the scientists who had studied the cases on the spot. But for much of the subjective side of the question, and for those problems of psychology that would chiefly interest THE THEOSOPHIST, I referred the reader to Dr. Mackenzie's books and other literature on the subject, which deal particularly with those problems touched upon by Susan E. Gay in the above article.

As a lover of animals it is sad, by the way, to have to inform those interested in the above articles that at the outset of War the "*Kultur*" that Germans so boast about as their exclusive possession in no way impeded their mobilising these highly trained and sensitive horses, along with the rest, for war purposes, and offering our Elberfeld friends Mahomed and Zarif and others as "food for cannon". Such is the heart of the Hun!

As to the dog "Rolf," I have no information; but it would not in the least surprise one to hear that the last calculation regarding him was a matter of ounces and pounds on a meat-ticket, and that "*Kriegsbranch im Kriegslande*" is the fetish that justifies all sacrifices on the altar of this omnivorous German Moloch.

Truly, as the Bible says: "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast, but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel."

W. H. K.

THE T. S. AND THE WAR

V

I have read with much interest Mr. Van Manen's letter about the T. S. and the War, published in February's issue of THE THEOSOPHIST. I am one of the neutrals invited by him to protest against Mrs. Besant's attitude as regards the War. Though I am not an Occultist, I, as a neutral, fully agree with Mrs. Besant's statement that this War is not a matter of politics, but of Good and Evil. We do not need revelations to convince us that the general trend of the German policy is not one that, at the present period of human history on this globe, makes for evolution. Therefore it seems to me as impossible for any mind that is enlightened and intent on the welfare of humanity to remain neutral in this matter, as it is for an Occultist.

Mr. Van Manen's sister, Dr. Ch. A. van Manen, has recently written a book in Dutch, called *The Growth of Germany and the Prussian Supremacy*, a very learned and well documented study, the first thousand of which was sold out in a few months. It is now being translated into French. The author wrote to me concerning this French translation of her work saying: "I hope you will do your utmost to spread it, so that everyone will understand clearly how *impossible* it is for us ever to join the Boches," and she further explains how, as a matter of course, we only can have sympathy for the party of the Allies. The book expounding these views, written by a Dutch citizen, has been published and sold out in *Holland*, and the French translation will also be published in *Holland*.¹ What about the neutrality Mr. Van Manen makes such a fuss about, saying that "any Dutch citizen is *by law* compelled to remain *absolutely neutral*". I have lived in *Holland* from August 1914 till December 1915, and I have always declared that I was not neutral. The *Dutch Government* is neutral, but all individuals are free to publish and say what they choose, provided they do not commit or attack the Government.

A few words about neutrals being traitors. Mrs. Besant very clearly means Occultists. Yet her assertion might be extended even beyond that circle without becoming untrue. A traitor is some one who breaks the allegiance given to a cause or person. Many members of the Theosophical Society *have* pledged themselves to the cause of Right and Justice and Evolution. The story of history and glaring facts convince us that the Prussian militarism, the Pan-Germanistic politics, and the lack of scruple shown in general by Germany, are

¹ I understand this book is also to be translated into English.

working against that cause. Therefore, to remain neutral, that is, *indifferent*, would be a treason to the cause many of us made it our duty to serve by thought, word and deed.

I am not under the illusion that the Allies are all white ravens. Each of them has faults, very great ones even. But our attitude in this case must be determined by a broad, bird's-eye view of the two main directions represented by the two main parties, and an honest consideration of the value for the world as a whole of the triumph of one of these two parties as a whole.

As to the other problem, Mr. Van Manen alludes to the Theosophical Society as a "free platform" on the one hand, and the Theosophical Society as "the body chosen by the Hierarchy" on the other hand. Methinks this problem will subsist as long as the T. S. exists on the physical plane, and will never be solved. On the physical plane, Brotherhood means equality and individual freedom: in short, a democratic system; on the higher planes, Brotherhood means Hierarchy and free co-operation with Elder Ones whose superiority is freely and wholly recognised by their helpers: an ideal aristocratic system. The Theosophical Society has its head in heaven and its feet on earth. Heaven speaks its law, but the body on earth is free to accept it or not. In most religious bodies harmony is secured by dogma and authority imposed upon the body on earth; but the Theosophical Society is true to the highest wisdom, that never constrains, and accepts only free allegiance and enlightened acquiescence.

Therefore it is quite true to say that "*The Society as a body remains neutral as to the authenticity or non-authenticity of any statements issued as from the Mahatmas,*" that "*every member is free to assert or to deny the authenticity of any such statements, and that no member can be bound to accept or to reject, on any authority outside himself, the genuineness of any such statement*".

But all this does not exclude the possibility of *the Theosophical Society* being at the same time "*the body chosen by the Hierarchy to proclaim to the world the message of the Divine Wisdom,*" with all the moral results thereof, one of the first and foremost being the discrimination between right and wrong, where world interests are at stake. The T. S. may be the body chosen by the Hierarchy and not know it at all, or even deny it. Our admission or non-admission of a fact does not alter the fact. If anyone urge that it is *not* a fact, let him prove it. Also the Society can very well remain *neutral as to the authenticity of any statements*, whilst at the same time Mrs. Besant, as *President of the Theosophical Society*, cannot remain neutral in a question where right and wrong are

concerned, and this on grounds alleged by her as facts, to be accepted or rejected by any of us, or by the Society itself.

It does need some gymnastics to bring these diverse statements concerning the T. S. into harmony. It is easier to find contradictions than to solve them. But they *can* be solved, and quite honestly too, without casuistry, without any hypocrisy. The conflict will only cease when the body on earth will be sufficiently enlightened to freely share the truth from above. Until that day of the initiation of the Theosophical Society (which perhaps is never to be), the body here below will be torn and rent, violent discussions will arise, and one crisis will succeed another, and inspired leaders will be misunderstood by well-meaning followers.

Were the Powers above to stop endeavouring to use the Theosophical Society, the strife would cease of course, and we should have a quiet, democratic body, governed according to the Brotherhood of the earth. May this never happen. And since we can have no heavenly choir, no Eleusynian fields, far better a Kurukshetra than a stagnant pool.

This is not written by an "apologist," able or not, of Mrs. Besant. I would not have the cheek to assume such a part. It is merely an attempt, first, to clear up the position of the "neutral," and secondly, to solve one of the numerous riddles of the Theosophical Society—that offers an unlimited number of riddles—the most complex and most fascinating Society I know of. More than any organisation, it seems endowed with the elasticity and the spontaneity of life, living, changing, now apparently on the brink of destruction, then reviving again, adapting itself to new conditions, adapting itself—superhuman task—to the realities of a number of planes at a time.

May it thus remain, untamed and untameable, contradictory,¹ puzzling, intense, never to be formulated, but alive with the life that spreads beyond all the frames of the mind, and plunges within the very depths of the world. And blessed be those who endow it with such a life.

BARONESS MELLINE D'ASBECK

¹ Do I contradict myself?
Very well then, I contradict myself,
I am large, I contain multitudes.

—Walt Whitman.

THE T. S. AND THE WAR

VI

I have just read Mr. Van Manen's very able letter on p. 558 of the February THEOSOPHIST. I say very able, because it strikes *me* so, but as in other matters I have noticed that the writer seems to have a mind of a type similar to my own (as, for instance, in literary criticisms, articles, etc.), it may be that this will not be so general an estimate as I anticipate.

The question at issue is, to put it in my own words: Ought not the T. S. as a body to be neutral as regards this War, whatever opinions individuals may hold, and on which-ever side individuals may fight? The question is an old one, and received the following answer on an historical (or should I say legendary?) occasion: "He that is not with me is against me; and he that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad." (*Matt. xii, 30.*)

It seems to me there are two kinds of neutrality. There is the neutrality of the Judge, and the neutrality of the Voter—the voter who does not care which side his vote is given. The neutrality of the Judge is not for the Society as a body, since it is not in the position of Judge. The Decider of the Combat will exercise *that* neutrality, and will award the victory to the side which has the suffrage of the world: for this is a World Combat, let who will deny it.

The neutrality of the Voter: may God preserve the Society from that! In the domestic history of T. S. Lodges with which I have been associated, I have seen something of *this* kind of neutrality. On one occasion a member was unable, for some or no reason, to be present at a Council or Annual Meeting, and asked another to record her vote "the same as the majority"! No, Mr. Van Manen and others, let us make up our minds which side we wish to vote and VOTE—it's all we can do, some of us, Occultists can do more—and whether we choose well or ill we shall have chosen, shall have taken our stand, and shall be worth *somebody's* lordship or leadership.

Does anyone, I wonder, who speaks of neutrality stop to reflect that neutrality means sterility?—not merely as a play upon words, but as a fact in nature: a-sexual is not the same as androgyne, either in botany or anything else.

Better than any argument for or against neutrality is a re-alisation of what neutrality means. A loaded coal-cart is being driven up hill, and the horses are pulling with might and main, zigzagging this way and that in their efforts to accomplish their task. A bystander may do one of three things: he may jump on the cart and get carried up the hill

—if the horses can manage it ; or he can push behind, either because he is sorry for the horses or because he wants the coal to be delivered ; or he can look on in philosophic detachment, and wonder whether the person who is waiting for the coal will get it.

Mr. Van Manen will call this rhetoric. Quite right, it is rhetoric, if it is anything at all in the way of conveying an idea. Was it not Demosthenes who said that the most convincing eloquence was the orator's thump upon the table ? True, because when the orator has reached that point of his speech which is the very pivot of his thought, his strong sense of this compels him to movement, and, all unconsciously, he thumps the table—and with the thump goes the thought, straight to the minds (I don't mean brains) of the audience. So here. My story of the coal-cart is my thump upon the table. It is up to the Theosophical Society to decide whether it will *ride* or shove or look on.—“Choose ye this day whom ye will serve.” It is said that in some of the old initiation ceremonies the candidate was blindfolded before admission and until after the oath had been taken.

P. S.—Mr. V. M. may perhaps object that I have not dealt with any of his arguments. Well, here is one. He says you are so changeable we cannot be sure of you for more than a few years. Let him perform the following subtraction sum :

$$\begin{array}{r} 1916 \\ 1889 \\ \hline 27 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

I myself would not call 27 a “few” years, I should call it a generation. Yet you entered the T. S. in 1889 and are still in it in 1916 ; is that inconsistency ?

But he may be speaking unwitting truth in saying we cannot be sure of you for more than a few years. It is my sure conviction that every nation has the ruler it deserves ;¹ and by parity of reasoning, every Society has the President it deserves. Let us hope we may continue to deserve you ; and I say this not as one of your “born admirers,” if I may use such an expression without impertinence, but as one who, opposite if not antipathetic by temperament, has been forced to a reluctant, though honest, and I hope grateful, admiration by a close study of your official conduct during the years you have held the Presidency of the T. S.

ALFRED H. BARLEY,
F. T. S. since 1900.

¹ A study of their horoscopes adds cogency to this conviction.

THE T. S. AND THE WAR

VII—AN OPEN LETTER TO MR. VAN MANEN

I have read with "considerable interest and care" your letter to the President, which appeared in THE THEOSOPHIST for February. It has "filled me with dismay and provoked my utter indignation". It has also provoked a good deal of surprise and—dare I confess it?—not a little amusement. Your pathetic picture of the Theosophical Society as a flock of sheep following its leader is decidedly funny. You didn't intend it so? Evidently not, but that enhances the humour of it. You assert that "the President leads us into a most regrettable quandary". And again, "she leads us astray". Really?

For my part, I have always considered the T. S. to be composed of people who could and did think for themselves on every subject. Are we not having it drilled into us at every step of the way that we are not to "hold a thought just because many other people hold it, not because it has been believed in for centuries, nor because it is written in some book which men think sacred"? Therefore, whether a Theosophist be neutral or not, he surely is using his own discrimination in the matter and acting according to his own reason.

As to the quite delightful suggestion "that mere membership in an avowedly unneutral body might render such a member liable to prosecution," is not that sentence just a trifle "slipshod"? Are you not aware that many citizens of neutral States are actually fighting in the Allied Armies? I have not heard that their Governments have breathed out threatenings against them.

If your letter means anything at all, it means that you consider repression of evil an error. If that be so, let us be logical; let us do away at one sweep with policemen and Courts of Justice. These exist for the protection of law-abiding citizens and, incidentally, for the repression of vice. We, as Theosophists, look forward to a time when they will be unnecessary; when righteousness shall flourish on the earth; when every man will love the Lord his God with all his heart and soul and strength, and his neighbour as himself. Shall we hasten the coming of that time by giving lawlessness a free hand?

You do not appear to have grasped the fact that this War is not an ordinary war for the possession of a frontier line or a colony. It is not a question of Nation against Nation. It is most emphatically a War of Honour against Dishonour; Justice against Injustice; Freedom against Tyranny; Right

against Wrong. Many Germans know this ; more will know it in the near future when the glamour cast over them shall be dissipated. Have you not read *J'accuse*, written by a German? If that book have any meaning, if the official documents of England, France, Russia, be not mere "scraps of paper," to what conclusion can we come?

"Keep the Gods out of it," you say. Why? The belief in the Mahatmas is one exceedingly dear to most Theosophists. Many amongst us live our daily lives in the constant realisation of the existence of these Great Ones who have trod the Path on which our feet are learning to walk. We stretch out our hands to Them as the toddling child stretches out its hands to the loving mother who is guarding and encouraging its feeble efforts. To Them we turn instinctively in all of weal or woe that may come into our lives. Why then, in this greater issue, "keep Them out of it"? Convinced as we are that this ghastly War, *forced* upon Europe by the Kaiser, is a War of Principles, how can we doubt on which side stand our Revered Masters? Their disciples, our instructors, have told us in no uncertain words. But even had the President and Vice-President held their peace, could we have been in doubt? I trow not.

The personal element of your letter is so objectionable that I hardly like to touch on it. One point, however, I cannot leave unnoticed. When you say that the subject of Mrs. Besant's advocacy "has changed too often and too radically to make us ever feel sure that we can depend upon it for more than a few years at a time," I can only hope you did not weigh your words. The statement as it stands is a piece of specious reasoning likely (I hope not intended) to mislead the unwary and set the gallery of thoughtless discontents a-cheering.

It is true that the subjects of Mrs. Besant's advocacy have changed "radically". The corollary you draw therefrom is unjust, illogical, and untrue. In changing the subjects of her advocacy, Mrs. Besant is in good company. St. Paul did the same, to the equal consternation of the small minds of his day. "As for Saul, he made havock of the church, entering into every house, and haling men and women, committed them to prison." (*Acts*, viii, 3.) "And straightway he" (Saul) "preached Christ in the synagogues, that he is the Son of God." (*Acts*, ix, 20.) There's a radical change for you!

We have not all got "the manner" of which you complain. We cannot all drive home an argument as our President can. For one thing, many of us lack the scientific knowledge and precision of thought which are hers. That is our loss, and,

incidentally, the world's loss. But still I fancy most Theosophists have changed the subjects of their advocacy pretty considerably since the light of Truth dawned upon them. We—most of us—were not born Theosophists. We have fought our way thither through many tribulations, and the non-comprehending may be forgiven if they dub the earnest seeking after Truth inconsistency. But I should hardly suppose it possible for a Theosophist so to speak, more especially in reference to another Theosophist. As a matter of fact, the inconsistency would be in not changing front as a higher Truth dawns on the Soul. Is a butterfly inconsistent when, emerging from the once necessary but now useless chrysalis, it wings its way through the azure?

E. B. YEOMANS, F.T.S.

PRINCIPLE OR PUBLIC OPINION

I have read with some surprise a letter entitled "Principle or Public Opinion" by Mrs. Cousins, in the January issue of THE THEOSOPHIST, which deals with an article of mine on "Our Attitude towards Physical Life". Since I am quite sure there was no intentional misrepresentation on her part, I can only imagine that she has, perhaps, read my article a little hurriedly, and so has put it down with a false impression on some points as to what I really do say.

To cite a few of the many points I might mention—Mrs. Cousins has failed to notice that when I speak of Public Opinion, it is not from the point of view of how, by praise or blame, it affects us as individuals; but how we, by our action, affect the public; and in no way do I place Public Opinion in opposition to Principle as a motive for conduct. What I do is to enquire whether, seen rightly, Principle does not demand a recognition of Public Opinion.

Then again, I do *not* recommend the abandoning of individual ideals—very much the contrary. Mrs. Cousins constantly uses such phrases as "abandoning ideals," "lowering ideals," etc., in her letter, whereas it is only the question of *action* which I am discussing throughout, and this is, of course, a difference of vital importance.

What I say is that it is not always wise, from the point of view of its effect on others, to adhere with absolute rigidity to our private ideals as far as public action is concerned. And here I am careful to draw a clear distinction between action in our public capacity, as members of a State or nation, and

action as private individuals, when, as I distinctly state, we are free to act as we please. On p. 262 I say : "As individuals . . . we are at perfect liberty to regulate our lives, if we please, by a code other than that of the people round us . . ."

If she had borne this sentence in mind Mrs. Cousins would not, I think, have stated that according to my argument "our vegetarian Theosophists have been wrong all the time"; since she will hardly contend that whether or no we are vegetarians is a matter of national moment.

On one point I think Mrs. Cousins really does disagree with me—on the question whether it is ever, under any circumstances, desirable to subordinate one's private idea of what is right and wise to any form of outside authority whatsoever. She is indignant with me for my "pernicious doctrine" that, as members of a nation, we must sometimes "be prepared to submit to the code appropriate to, and accepted by, the State at large"; but is it not the same, or a similiar thing, which we all do continually, when we obey laws of which we may not personally approve, simply because they *are* laws of the country in which we live?

Personally, I confess to approving this practice, not so much on theoretical as on practical grounds, and because of the difficulties in which the other course, if persevered in, would land us. If Mrs. Cousins' individualistic principles were followed to their logical conclusion, "States" at all would become impossible. If everybody always acted according to their private judgment, there would be no such thing as government. If we never obeyed a law unless we were convinced of its wisdom, there would speedily cease to be any laws; the whole social machine would immediately fall to pieces, and we should return to that exceedingly primitive condition which prevailed before "States" came into existence.

Whether or no this is a consummation to be desired, is not a matter which can be discussed here. To me it would seem to be a retrogression and a calamity, the deficiencies of our present civilisation notwithstanding. I believe we shall eventually reach a stage of evolution when it will be perfectly safe to allow every man to be a law unto himself, but I fear we have not reached it yet: and in the meantime I think that we are not only justified in obeying the laws of the country, but unjustified in doing anything else, although—since laws are a more or less accurate representation of the current standards and ideals of conduct—we are thereby (in Mrs. Cousin's sense) "abandoning our ideals" and "bowing to public opinion". At any rate, the fact that we all do, at one time or another, obey laws of which we disapprove, supplies a

precedent for that which I recommend in my article. I would suggest that the proper course, if a law is bad, is to alter it, not to break it while it still continues in force.

In recommending this occasional subordination of action to the general ideal, even though this ideal be lower than our own private one, I have tried to show that there should be two objects, and two only. The first is to fulfil well and to the utmost *all* the obligations of life, public as well as private: the second is to raise the level of the general ideal. I fully agree with Mrs. Cousins that this is a duty for us all, and a most important one; but I wish to urge that in attempting to do so, wisdom as well as enthusiasm is needed, and, as pp. 264 and 265 make plain, it is only undue haste and lack of wisdom which I deprecate. The raising of the national standard of conduct must be accomplished gradually, and not by leaps and bounds, or, as I point out on p. 265, it will not be done at all. "If we aim too high . . . we shall achieve no result other than to put ourselves entirely out of touch with our hearers, and to arouse their antagonism or contempt." The "wisdom of the serpent" has its uses, and it is sadly true that many an idealist has failed, as far as this world goes, to achieve much for want of it.

But in seeking to acquire this wisdom, there is no need for us to relinquish one jot of our idealism. That which seems to me the greatest achievement is to keep our eyes fixed always and everywhere on the Vision in its utmost purity, so far as we are able, while seeking to adapt and use, as skilfully as may be, existing conditions.

There is, however, one point on which I am glad to find myself in complete agreement with Mrs. Cousins—in the belief that in this, as in all other matters, every man must judge for himself. I have no desire to censure those who are persuaded that it is their duty not to fight—they have a perfect right to their opinion. But I think there are others who feel that in abstaining they are failing in a duty, and who yet find it difficult to reconcile fighting with their ideal as Theosophists. It was with this class mainly in mind that I wrote the article.

M. A. KELLNER

II

It is confusing to the ordinary truth seeker to be confronted with such views as those of Mrs. Cousins in your January number. How much more so must it be to the single-minded youth, who, unmindful of comfort, offers his very all, health, prospects, limbs, life itself, in defence of his home and womankind?

What is *his* inevitable conclusion? What can it be but that there are good people who do more harm than bad people, who are productive of greater evil, who invite and promote more wickedness, who are a greater danger to their fellows, and to the State, than the ordinary non-professing sinner.

There is that sloppy sentence "to teach people that war is wrong,"—standing out in crude indefiniteness—lumpish, in shapeless stupidity, yet enveloped in an atmosphere of pretentious piety.

Who is there requiring such teaching save the Germans?

The young men I have encountered on their way to wounds or death have been of one mind that war is hateful beyond words—they go to stem its awful tide, to check its ravages, if possible to extinguish it for ever.

The German, on the other hand, goes forth drilled and dragooned into the conviction that war is altogether glorious, and noble beyond all other occupations.

"To teach people."—What people?—Where is the teaching?

What is there of light or lucidity in this nebulous nonsense?

Where is the "noble quality" of Discrimination?

When a nation, wholly imbued with war ideals, proceeds with deliberate and cold-blooded calculation, through decades of preparation, to forge tremendous armaments, to pile up mountains of munitions, to plan docks, canals, harbours, fortresses, railways, and the whole scheme of its educative system with a view to seizing the favourable opportunity to leap upon its fellow man, and with force and frightfulness to crush, rob, and terrorize him into abject ruin and slavery; how does your correspondent's school of thought propose the crisis should be met? Apparently *not* with war. "War is wrong," according to this "Teaching". What then is the "Teaching"? Does it go beyond the mere negative "not war"?

It is useless to tell me that Jesus Christ would have offered no resistance. On the face of it that assertion must be false. The righteous man who became enraged with the comparatively trivial offence of money-changing in the temple, and resorted to personal force with the offenders—the tender-hearted, true gentleman who could picture drowning

with the help of a millstone as too good a death for such as should hurt a little child, could not conceivably have acquiesced in the tens of thousands of blood-curdling horrors in Belgium, Serbia, Armenia, Poland, deliberately directed by Germany in this War. Unfortunately we do not know what Christ would have done, but we *do know*, beyond shadow of question, that he *would not* have offered no resistance. What would have happened to England, her women and children, or say, to your correspondent, if no resistance had been made? Here is the German nation, pulsating with prosperity, wealthy beyond the most florid dreams of fifty years ago, mainly through our complacency—having secretly burrowed into the trade of the world, needing to lie low only a little longer to command the whole, not content, however, with practical control, but bursting for visible authority—“Germany over all”—the one nation with the least reason to complain. It suddenly ignites the torch of war, and erupting upon her harmless little neighbour, resuscitates with hideous glee, “as to the manner born,” each horrid practice of the darkest ages, its marching millions instinct with lust, brutality and greed, more monstrous than the so-called barbarous incursions, in that, lacking the excuse of primitive ignorance, it came armed with all the aids and accessories of modern science. How was this invasion to be met?

The violation of Luxembourg's neutrality was a virtual declaration of war on England, the advance upon Belgium was an actual attack upon the soil of England—days before we made a move. *This* is what may be correctly called *making* war, and so we reach some light at last. I assume no pose of teaching, but it seems to me there must be Discrimination as to war. It does *not* take two to make a quarrel, one is enough. There are those who make war, and those who have war thrust upon them. It must be war of aggression which deserves the denunciation of your correspondent—war of defence against lust, brutality and greed must be innately holy, and those who can discover a convenient conscience to excuse them from taking their share of risk and effort therein—do not they leave their dear ones to be saved, if possible, from indelible shame, by others—by those, in fact, whom they presume to rebuke and condemn—adding to their burdens?

W. M. Ross

WHAT DOES THE T. S. STAND FOR ?

It was with something like a shock that, while reading the Editor's remarks on my article "What does the T. S., as such, stand for?" I saw myself in the light of an advocate of dogmas and creeds. Something is wrong somewhere, I have either been misunderstood, or I have not made myself clear. In any case I beg to be allowed an early opportunity of saying that nothing was further from my thoughts than that the Society should ever so far forget itself as to be willing to exchange its freedom and catholicity for the fettering and parochial restrictions of dogmas and creeds. There is, so it seems to me, a wide difference between the crystallisation of certain beliefs into dogmas and creeds and the acceptance of them by the Society, and a frank and prominent acknowledgment of those truths which, it is not denied, are accepted as such by the majority of us. For my part I cannot see how the flexibility of the Society, or the freedom of its members, would in any way be impaired by the insertion, say in the inside cover of THE THEOSOPHIST, of some such statement as the following:

Amongst the truths taught by the leaders of the T. S. and held by probably the majority of its members—though of course binding upon none, all truths from the man-side being relative—are, the Universal Brotherhood of man, Evolution, Reincarnation, Karma, the existence of the Masters, and the underlying unity of all Religions.

On the other hand I think it would draw attention to these truths, and add force and weight to our advocacy of them. It is true that "The statement of a fact is a husk containing a kernel of truth," but in this case is it not rather the "truth" itself and not our views of it that is meant?

Our view of the truths of Brotherhood, and of Karma, etc., will doubtless change in the centuries that lie ahead of us, but will not the truths themselves remain?

However, if what I have suggested is *really* a step in the direction of dogmas and creeds, the thin end of the wedge so to speak, well then, let it be "scrapped," and let us be grateful for the discernment and wisdom of those who have so far kept the T. S. ship safely off the rocks and sandbanks of some dogma or another.

ERNEST KIRK

BOOK-LORE

Theosophy and Life's Deeper Problems—Convention Lectures of 1915, by Annie Besant. (T. P. H. Adyar, Price: Re. 1 or 1s. 6d. or 40c.)

Students of Theosophy everywhere always look forward to Convention lectures published in a book form. It is in a way the book of the year. Those who attend our Theosophical Conventions look forward to these lectures as the chief attraction of the programme, and year by year those who have not been able to attend have eagerly sought for the publication. These lectures, as a rule, embody results of mature thought and careful study.

In recent times when the T. S. has taken more than ever, and legitimately, its burden of public service in the wide field of Kriya—Activity—its many members have found most useful the teachings of the many Convention lectures. And as more and more of that public work is undertaken, the themes of the Convention lectures and the handling thereof are made to conform to that high duty. From that point of view the latest set of lectures before us is the best ever given.

The Theosophical philosophy of life and conduct, and therefore of public action also, as a permeating influence is believed by us to be quite supreme. The man of the wide world, as a rule, does not comprehend the importance we attach to our teachings as of practical utility; and therefore, for him, a special presentation, suitable to his evolution, environment and civilisation becomes necessary. This we find in the volume under review.

This special presentation gains all the charm of lucidity, of order and method, and of sequential linking up, which are Mrs. Besant's; add to it her great gift of putting ideas concisely

and yet in a very clear cut fashion ; and you get a book worth perusing by oneself, worth presenting to others. Our members and sympathisers will find familiar teachings brought together in a very able way and so presented that the volume brings a message all its own : it enables us to recognise our place in the midst of all public work and life, and teaches us how adequately to respond to these and contribute our Theosophical share towards them. For the man in the world it is priceless, and our immediate duty to these Convention lectures is to spread them far and wide.

The subjects of the four lectures are linked up : the Nature of God and our conception of Him enables us to understand and to affirm our idea as to the nature of Man ; this brings us into the field of Right and Wrong, and so we learn the lessons which orphan humanity is darkly groping after ; finally the world is made to emerge in the Light of Brotherhood, where Peace takes the place of strife, Bliss that of sorrow, and Power kills impotency and expresses Wisdom.

A book of one hundred pages which, if it be read and its teachings taken to heart, would work a marvellous change for the man in the street, and our solemn duty is to put it in his way.

B. P. W.

Problems of the Borderland, by J. Herbert Slater.
(William Rider & Son, London. Price 3s. 6d.)

This book purports to be an explanatory rendering of the introductory chapters of "The Book of the Elements," and in the preface the author announces it as a summary of some of the elementary teachings of a very ancient faith which, though not generally known, have nevertheless been preserved to us, to some extent at least, by the writings of mediæval and later adepts and by tradition. The written sources from which almost all the information herein recorded has been extracted are said to be "cryptic in the extreme". All this sounds promising, but disappointment awaits the hopeful reader.

For how much of what follows the Book of the Elements is responsible, we do not know; nor can we tell where the author's own explanatory exposition begins and ends. All we can say is that the writer is not to be congratulated on the fruits of his search through the cryptic documents which have been the source of his material. The bulk of what his book contains—all that is of any value—might have been gathered from the elementary writings of Theosophists and spiritualists; and the rest, in which he tries to analyse the constitution of man, to define body, soul and spirit, and to divide the universe for us into two parts—the three-dimensional sphere in which we live, and all the rest, vaguely called “the fourth dimension”—must surely be a travesty of the teachings of the “mediæval and later adepts” to which its origin is traced.

If the volume had been more modestly sent forth into the world, if its purpose had been defined as simply to put before the average common sense reader some of the facts concerning the invisible worlds which have of late years been rediscovered, it would have been a useful and sensible book. In fact parts of it are very useful as it stands. It deals with death and what it means, the relation of disembodied entities with ourselves, dreams, and various phenomena familiar to students of spiritualism and the “occult arts”; and deals with them in a sane and normal way which will appeal to very many people who would be frightened away by the technical terms and phrases of the more vigorous writings of spiritualists and Theosophists, a class of people whom their conservatism has taught them to distrust. In this way the book will help to spread valuable knowledge among a section of the people not easily approachable on these subjects and will thereby help to dispel the mists of conscious or unconscious materialism which still envelop the majority of human kind.

A. de L.

A Dictionary of the Choctaw Language, by Cyrus Byington. Edited by John R. Swanton and Henry S. Halbert. (Smithsonian Institution, Bureau of American Ethnology, Bulletin 46. Washington Government Printing Office.)

The influence of Christianity on linguistics is one of amazing proportions. Innumerable are the dictionaries and grammars which have been the direct outcome of missionary enterprise, and of its needs for good material to aid the adequate translation of the Bible and other books into various vernaculars. The present dictionary is another illustration of this truth. The Rev. Cyrus Byington (1793—1868) began his dictionary quite early in his missionary work, somewhere about 1820. He continued to add fresh materials to his MS. until his death, but he never came to a thorough revision of the whole, so that it was never finally edited for the press. Now two competent scholars have published the work for the Smithsonian Institution. As Mr. Byington's labours, however great in importance, were conceived on a plan and on philological principles now out-of-date with regard to Red Indian languages, the editors have not revised the whole work, but with the elimination of evident mistakes and with slight additions here and there, have presented the work as it was left by the author. They have only added an excellent English-Choctaw index. So the work represents a storehouse of linguistic record for future utilisation by professional linguists rather than a present day scientific statement of our knowledge concerning the Choctaw language. What gives the book its especial value, under the circumstances, is that it embodies profuse data gathered by a careful and competent recorder between three-quarters of a century and half a century ago. Much of the information then easily obtainable must have disappeared since, because its knowledge has since been forgotten by the tribe. Besides, the dictionary records not only valuable linguistic but also ethnologic information.

J. v. M.

The Civilisation of the Ancient Egyptians, by A. Bothwell Gosse. (T. C. & E. C. Jack, London. Price 5s. net.)

This publication comprises one of the "Through the Eye" series, which aims at presenting educative matter in the form of pictorial illustrations aided in a secondary degree by the text. The idea is that in this way information is more readily assimilated, and such may very possibly be the case.

The present volume is an interesting one, and within the necessarily limited extent to which the subject is treated, offers a well selected and useful range of information on matters Egyptian; the temperaments and domestic lives of the Egyptians are dealt with, their education, professions and occupations, amusements, etc., not omitting interesting chapters on architecture and engineering skill. The latter subjects are of such magnitude that it has not been possible to deal with them at all exhaustively, but a sufficient insight into Egyptian methods is given us to show that in many respects their knowledge in those days exceeded our own present experience, though of course there are ways in which we have progressed in such matters beyond the point at which the Egyptians left off.

A curious study is that of their sculpture and painting; the statuary they produced has become famous over the world, not only for its colossal proportions but for the fineness of its execution, and we have a vigour and freshness in many of the small pieces which is not surpassed by Grecian work or by present day sculptors. In painting also it would seem that most of the mediums now in use were known to the ancient Egyptians, including oil and water colour, and a process giving a pastel effect. A method employing coloured wax, applied in the melted state, was also in use and was largely employed to decorate mummy cases.

The religion of the old Egyptians receives a long and interesting chapter, showing how their conception of the Deity based itself largely on the idea of Divine Immanence, which appears so strongly in Theological teachings of the present day. The history of religious evolution in Egypt is interesting to follow, tracing the manner in which new Gods

rose to power, and the final formidable range of the Egyptian pantheon.

As a race the Egyptians were very loyal to their Gods, and there was only one religious revolution recorded which met with any measure of success; this was effected by Amenhotep IV in his introduction of the worship of Aten, which cult he succeeded in making take the place of that of Amen-Ra; only for a time, however, did the new God hold sway, and after the lapse of one or two short dynasties the national worship of Amen-Ra was again paramount. Besides the foregoing there are a number of further subjects dealt with, and the general arrangement and style of the book make it an admirable introduction to the subject for anyone taking up the study of old Egyptian affairs.

I. ST. C. S.

Sons of Tumult and Children of Light, by Spencer Arden. (J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd., London and Toronto. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

There is an element of luck in a reviewer's work, similar to that of a gold-digger who turns up much soil without success and then suddenly comes on a fine nugget of pure gold. Such a find has been the above book, both as regards literary merit and philosophic content. Its title is not prepossessing, and when one first sees that it is all about Balaam and Balak, one is not further drawn to it; but when once begun, every page has its own fascination and its own sparkling epigrammatic way of bringing home-truths and deep human wisdom to our ken.

The author takes the character of Balaam for his hero because he is so typically the Apostle of Culture in one of the great crises of Barbarism in the past. He stood as the champion curser of unpopular causes, a really popular prophet, until his testing came in the temptation to gain honours, or to cast his pearls before swine, through Balak's invitation to curse the Israelites. The book re-creates the whole story in terms of such universal application that the past and the present are one, and the

Eternal Now gives the Old Story, with its dramatic Scenes on the Road, a new power. Details become interpreted by spiritual insight into principles of conduct which reproduce this same story in every individual's life, such as Conscience (our ass), Imagination (the Angel), and Faith holding the scales between Duty and Honour, Ambition and Compromise.

With these searchlights the author very cleverly, in the vein of the old satirists, himself indulges in a little mild cursing of modern politics, present day sons of Tumult, the nations which seek to gain rather than to serve, and chiefly those who make friends of the Mammon of Unrighteousness. He says:

A conscientious blasphemer will curse only things really worth cursing, things that deserve cursing and ought to be cursed by every honest man, things already under the curse of God, things that sooner or later will bring their curse upon us if we do not lay them under our curse now.

The trouble is that the sons of Tumult often desire curses on what the Balaams of the day recognise to be "the Will of Existence". If the man compromises between his "Supreme Imperative" and the Barbarian sophistries, he becomes a "futility". Cleaving to the best he knows, he is a "utility".

He who keeps faith with his soul's ideal *does* all that any one man can do to establish every right and abolish every wrong under the sun.

Yet, he goes on to say, once having taken a step in the right direction:

It is a mercy from heaven to most of us that again and again in life, before we knew all we were in for, we were so hopelessly committed to the right course that we dare not turn back when all was revealed. When we know all, we funk all.

Not only is the form side of this book brilliant and original, the essence of it is still finer, and in these days of drought its brave message of idealism will give all its readers (and may they be many!) fresh courage, and send them on their hard way through the desert of misunderstanding refreshed with the Wine of the Spirit.

M. E. C.

Annual Report of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution for 1913. (Washington.)

This excellent Annual Report keeps up its reputation for quality and interest. The Report proper covers 140 pages and the General Appendix fully 650 pages, giving some 35 separate essays on scientific subjects, together forming a sort of review of recent scientific progress in the domains of astronomy, magnetism, geology, physics, chemistry, zoology, palæontology, archæology and economics. These papers, some original, others selected from various sources, all profusely illustrated, are written for the general cultured reader, and though from the pens of the *creme de la creme* of experts, are popular in the best sense of the word. The magnificent volume calls for a grateful salute to the American Government and to the Smithsonian Institution for their enlightened policy of liberal dissemination of scientific facts, and the skill and learning shown in the execution of their self-imposed humanistic labours.

J. v. M.

The Shining Gateway, by James Allen. (L. N. Fowler & Co., London. Price 1s. 2d. net.)

Another posthumous volume from this author comes unexpectedly, telling us of additional phases of human nature, and the ways of overcoming its evil tendencies. The unregenerate man, who is subject in turn to desire, passion and sorrow, finds his way to quietness and peace by reflection, meditation and faith, and by realising the simple principle of "what our thoughts are, such are our characters". The nature of temptation and the process of regeneration are analysed to indicate how character is an accumulation of deeds, and how adherence to a few fixed principles will guide mankind to its high destiny of becoming the finished product of evolution. All such books have a message to the world, and may this one deliver its message as have the previous ones from this well known author.

G. G.

THEOSOPHY IN THE MAGAZINES

OUR SPIRITUAL COMPLEMENT

Among a number of excellent articles in *The Quest* for January, one written by the Editor under the above title seems to call for comment. It is not light reading, but it reveals the earnest and reverent spirit of enquiry that is to be found in Mr. Mead's books. The central theme is man's striving for completeness, wholeness, a state of consciousness that shall fill in all the gaps of the personal consciousness.

While careful to remind his readers of the limitations under which all who attempt to record their inmost experience in words must inevitably suffer, the author maintains that the study of such records, especially those of the mystics, has a definite value to the seeker after truth. For though we are still aware of many imperfections, yet the mere fact of this recognition and of the dissatisfaction that accompanies it, is witness to a diviner nature by whose standard the personality is judged. To this complementary, but as yet unrealised, aspect of our nature Mr. Mead applies the term "spiritual complement," a welcome change from the beautiful, but, alas, hackneyed words—Higher Self.

When then I speak of "our spiritual complement," I desire to indicate the master mode of this reality, which will in due time fulfil every promise and develop every potency of our individual bodily, vital and mental activities, and order all into an harmonious whole which will eventually make us consciously free of an entirely new order of being. And I do not mean this in the sense simply of a higher rung of the ladder of grades of partial existence, but intend it to mean conscious realisation of the wholeness of life.

As a means to attaining this end, the writer agrees that the "practical intellect," as he calls the concrete mind, must be supplemented by the "contemplative intelligence" which sees beyond the outer happenings of life. But he does not advocate the suppression of the former, and a withdrawal into the latter as a paradise of dreams; he counsels that these out-going and in-coming breaths of the one Spirit shall be made mutually effective in service.

And if the practical intellect is the means of knowing externally the nature of the out-going energy of the spirit, the contemplative intelligence is the means of coming to know internally the manner of how it takes up its exteriorising energies once more into itself and perfects them by the inwardising

of its own processes. It is therefore only when these two necessary agencies of self-knowledge mutually yield themselves to one another and blend, that they are further nourished and nurtured and fulfilled by the spirit itself into a new order of wholly self-conscious being.

One of the greatest obstacles to Self-realisation, continues the writer, is the persistent clinging to memories of the past ; a habit more noticeable in the West, where it has actually gone as far as a belief in the resurrection of the same physical body, than in the East, where "the fleeting nature, not only of the body, but of all that constitutes the 'me' of present consciousness, has been recognised by most thinkers". Some interesting conclusions are drawn from the comparison of our present consciousness with that of our childhood, when it is found no longer possible to understand the ignorance that limited our ideas and actions beyond even our present shortcomings. From this he argues that the ultimate responsibility for mistakes committed in ignorance is borne by the greater Self or spiritual complement, as our present knowledge is still inadequate for a just evaluation of the past.

But the reader is warned not to be content with metaphysical abstractions, and the article concludes with a powerful plea for a practical embodiment of the "wholeness" that is the Spirit.

Already our dawning sense of the nature of true wholeness compels us to the faith that God must be sensed and recognised and found in and through creation and not apart from it, in and through the whole of nature, in and through every living creature and most of all in and through our fellow-beings. This is the most immediate way of the spiritual life, the most practical means of the fulfilment of ourselves by union with our spiritual complement, which then becomes present and actual to us at every moment of our existence.

Such careful and original writings help to bring the reality of the spiritual life within the comprehension of the educated man and woman of the world.

W. D. S. B.

THE THEOSOPHIST

The largest international illustrated Theosophical Monthly, royal octavo, 120 pages

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THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

OUR many readers will be sorry to learn that our Editor is not well. After her return from Allahabad, to which we referred last month, she went to Palghat in Malabar to preside over a Political Conference and delivered a masterly address on "Under the Congress Flag". After her return she took train to Madura, also in the South but on the East Coast, to attend the Provincial Political Conference, and while she spoke several times at the Conference she also delivered three lectures, one Theosophical, one on Social Service and one on "Why India Wants Home Rule". She returned one morning to spend a day at *New India* Office, and left the same evening for Poona to deliver political lectures, as also to preside over the Maharatta Theosophical Federation. Huge success awaited her in that capital of the Deccan, famous for the mighty exploits of Shivāji Māhāraj, the disciple of Rāmdās and the worshipper of Bhavānimāṭā. The great Indian patriot, who has made, said Mrs. Besant, "by his suffering the future of India possible," presided

—we mean Bal Gangadhar Tilak. Our old friend the Hon. Mr. N. D. Khandalavala was there to give a Theosophical welcome.

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The peculiar Deccan weather, before the Monsoon breaks and the Government and fashionable folk return to Poona, is always trying, and the strenuous activity and continuous journeys have affected the health of the President, and she has had a bad fever attack from which she is just free. But while ill she has had a surprise in the shape of a Government order to deposit a security of Rs. 2,000 (£133) for being the keeper of the New India Printing Works. To friends in foreign lands this may sound mysterious, but we can only say that administration in India is peculiar, and free speech, free press and ordinary rights of free citizenship do not exist. What is even considered outrageous in War time in free England is our usual lot in India; and our gallant leader, who has fought before so ably and successfully for the sake of Liberty in England, is carrying on a hard and righteous battle in this land of her adoption, the Motherland of her Master.

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Mr. Jinarajadasa left us on the day of the fall of Kut. He came to say good-bye to friends at *New India* Office, and just as he was leaving, we received the sad news of the surrender of General Townshend; he took away with him the rough uncorrected proof of *New India's* appeal to our rulers to let His Majesty's Indian subjects volunteer and fight the enemy. We are sorry to lose him at Headquarters, and some of us who are engaged in a heart-rending but clean fight on

behalf of India miss his cheery optimism and encouragement. We also miss our devoted sister Miss Graham, whose sympathies with Indian aspirations are much appreciated. She and Mr. T. L. Crombie were two of the Madras delegates at the Indian National Congress. Such Britishers are true Imperialists, for they create bonds of love between England and India, and soothe the ruffled feelings of a much tried people.

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The gap made by the departure of Mr. Jinarajadasa and Miss Graham will be filled by two of our much loved Fellows—Miss Arundale and her adopted son, both of whom have earned a place in all Indian hearts by their genial ways and genuine brotherliness. A Students' Conference at Nellore has been postponed, partly on account of our President, but partly also to enable "George S. Arundale, M.A., LL.B., Late Principal of the C. H. College, Benares" to address them. His is a name to conjure with among the student population, and his wise counsel will be of great use to them.

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White Lotus Day was observed at Adyar in the usual way. In the morning all residents gathered; Mr. C. Ramayya, Head Master of our Madanapalle High School, chanted *Gītā* verses in Samskr̥t, and Dr. Rocke read from *The Light of Asia*. A few closing words terminated a very beautiful gathering in our central hall, which was decorated with lotuses. Our President-Founder, Colonel H. S. Olcott, once suggested that the White Lotus Day should also be called the Day of Remembrance, and that we should hold in memory the lives and works of other Theosophists, known and

unknown. That is as it should be ; a reference was therefore made at the Adyar meeting that we should salute with love and gratitude the Light-Bringer to the Nineteenth Century—H. P. B., couple with hers the name of Henry Steel Olcott, but also recognise the smaller lights who shed their humble brilliance in their day and generation.

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White Lotus Day and the Wesak festival fall in the same month. In India many Hindūs, and all Buddhists, observe the latter publicly, and the festival is growing in importance. Several Indian and Ceylonese newspapers wrote articles for the day, and the following one from *New India* will interest all Theosophists :

THE FESTIVAL OF TO-DAY

In the world's history there is perhaps no event of so great an importance from the view-point of the spiritual unfoldment of the race as the enlightenment of Gauṭama, who became the Buddha 2,505 years ago to-day. And yet its significance is not realised by the world at large, who read histories written for it for specific purposes. What are generally known as myths are items of true history, epoch-marking and deeply significant. In this land of Religion, both among Hindūs as well as Buddhists, the full-moon day of the month of Wesak is held in reverence for reasons varied and sundry. The High Gods who guide, unknown and unrecognised, the slow evolution of humanity, have their own way of teaching and recording, and one of these is through the medium of popular legends and tales. On this full-moon day not only that Rṣhi became the Buddha, but also was He born in the Hindū Royal House of Kapilavāstu and became known as the gentle Prince Siḍḍhārtha. And on the same full-moon day, when His time came, after 45 years of blessed teaching of the Noble Eightfold Path, that Master of Masters, that

Perfect Teacher of Gods and men, cast off His superb body, 80 years of age, and passed out of the sight of flesh to continue His work of blessing from heaven on high. Thus three notable events—of birth, of reaching Buddhahood, of casting off his fair garment of flesh—took place on this Wesak Full-Moon Day. In holy memory thereof all those below His august rank have ever since observed it in the Sacred Saṅgha.

There is a strange belief, handed down by tradition, and reverently nurtured by the devout Buddhists, that every year on the Wesak Day the Lord Buddha blesses the race of men who are His younger brethren and thereby the world is enriched in spiritual power and potency. However that may be, in this Āryāvarta where He was born, where He “set in motion the Royal Chariot wheels of the Kingdom of Righteousness,” where through His preachings hundreds crossed the stream of *samsāra* and reached the other shore where bliss abides, this day ought to arouse latent memories of a far-off past when He left India glorious in all expressions of life and labour. Lord Gauṭama ushered in a new era of progress for the race of which He was the first to reach Enlightenment. He also introduced a new epoch in the story of India’s culture, both spiritual and sociological. The fetters of creed and dogma, the limitations of bigotry, the narrower outlooks of life, had worked their natural havoc in our Āryan civilisation, and He was born, “this last of many times,” to break those fetters, to remove those limitations, to widen those outlooks. How marvellously He did it all is a matter of history. In that splendid and most inspiring poem, *The Light of Asia*, Sir Edwin Arnold has given us, in superb musical language, the marvellous life-story of this Man of Perfect Stature—His royal birth, His marriage of exquisite love with that embodiment of spiritual charm, Yashodharā, His life in the Palace of Pleasure, His seeing the life of the sorrowful, His reading the sign of His mission, His escape from the prison-palace, His wanderings, His questionings, His meeting with the tender Sujāta, “wiser than wisdom in her simple lore,” His wending to the Bodhi Tree, His solving the mystery of existence and pleasure and pain, His gaining Illumination, His return to the Deer Park at Kāshī, His founding the

Sangha, His establishing the Dhamma, and then His passing away—all never-to-be-forgotten incidents of spiritual value and significance.

In our world of to-day, where strife begets pain, struggle begets poverty, war begets bloodshed, we have forgotten the gentle ways of Peace, the joyous paths of Ānanda. Naturally we may crave for the priceless boon of knowing the secret to “grow content, from time of tender shoot to time of fruit” which this Master searched and found. If only man, “nursed on blood,” turned his feet to paths of Forgiveness and Love and lived as the Buddha taught, understanding the Four Noble Truths—the Sorrow, Its Cause, Its Ceasing, and the Way—the Noble Eightfold Path, he would arrive at that fair garden where “spring the healing streams, quenching all thirst,” where “bloom the immortal flowers, carpeting all the way with joy”. Immutable Peace would then be his, and Power of the Immortals, and Wisdom which is Love, and Labour which is Joy. May this Anniversary Day bring its benediction to a sorrow-laden world; may Peace come to stay where strife is; and may every man, irrespective of his creed or his clime, learn to love and serve the High Deliverer, that Lamp of the Law who assured us:

Enter the path! There is no grief like hate!
 No pains like passion, no deceit like sense!
 Enter the path! far hath he gone whose foot
 Treads down one fond offence.

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A practical scheme of vast possibilities for the immediate future is the Brotherhood Campaign organised by the Executive Committee of the T. S. in England and Wales. This is described very fully in a pamphlet entitled “For Brotherhood,” which by this time should be familiar to English members. The aim of the scheme is to provide a system of study suitable for groups in connection with Lodges throughout the country, and arranged so as to equip as many people as possible to take an active part in carrying the principle of Brotherhood into public life. With this

object, courses of study have been drawn up in Religion, Education, Government, and Social and Economic Conditions, in each of which Brotherhood is taken as the criterion for reform. A series of four public lectures will be organised in the autumn of this year, to enlist a wider support for more specialised activities. The world sorely needs such a leavening of Brotherhood as the Wisdom-Religion can infuse, and it is satisfactory to note that the importance of systematic study is being insisted on, as none but the efficient can expect to do really useful work.

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The London T. P. S. has published *Notes and Index to the Bhagavad-Gita* by Miss Kate Browning, known to Theosophists of New Zealand and of India by her excellent work. In England she is engaged in doing admirable Lodge propaganda, and her small book will be found helpful by all students of that priceless Song.

HOLY PLACES

EAST

My footsteps wander, seeking the Holy Places, wandering, wandering.

I pace the deck, and watch the ship's prow dip, cutting the waves in urgent progress eastward, till my footsteps touch the ancient shore.

My goal is reached; I greet it, nascent amid the palm groves, youngest among the Holy Places.

I find It again, by the river's sweep that bears the coronal of hoary shrines, the air a-tremble with the sunset prayer of thousands.

Wandering, wandering, the living rock I see opened in temple aisle, throbbing with breath of ancient worship, and again I greet my goal, whither my footsteps wander, and bow my head in joy of the Holy Places.

WEST

In the green swards of my England I wander, tenderly stepping upon her fragrant and inviolate pathways, and again I find my goal. Sea-ward my England stands at this hour, war-girt and watchful, but within, near her heart's core, there It rises, tower crowned, green terraced, engirdled with blossoming orchards.

It rises, her Holiest of Places, nursing in austere beauty her dreams of the ages, brooding on days yet to come, and laving forever the way-worn feet of her pilgrims with waters of peace.

In the heart of my England It rises, and I spread forth my hands in worship, full-filled with the subtil and intimate joy out-breathed by her Holiest of Places.

HOPE REA



A COMMUNION OF WORKERS

By EVA MARTIN

In the truest sense, every worker is a dreamer of dreams, a mystic. The mystic is not a far-away, unpractical person, but one who, striving to materialise ideals, re-makes the world. Only such dreamers can build a new and just civilisation; and among these all workers, however humble, should now take their place.

IT is sometimes suggested that the present time is not a suitable one in which to develop principles such as those of the Brotherhood of Arts, Crafts and Industries, to which suggestion members of the Brotherhood usually reply that the near future will at any rate be the most suitable that could possibly be found. They are not alone in their belief, for from many quite

unconnected sources come expressions of a hope—indeed of an assurance—that, the war once over, it will be found that a way has been made clear for the development of many high principles and noble ideals hitherto existing among us only in the abstract—in theory, not in practice.

The desire and hope of the Brotherhood of Arts is that in the near future theoretical ideals shall be put into living practice, that abstract principles shall be expressed in concrete beauty.

As one illustration of how this desire and hope is being expressed outside as well as inside the movement, I quote some passages from a recent book, *Form and Colour*, whose author, Mr. March Phillips, is evidently in deep sympathy with aims and objects such as those to further which the Brotherhood of Arts was founded, as well as being a convinced believer in that future blending of Eastern and Western ideals from which so much is expected.

“The truth is,” he writes, “we are attentive in these days to suggestions which are not of the material order at all, to suggestions essentially emotional and spiritual in purport, and which, as I always think, are being borne to us from the East in invisible exchange for the more material contributions which the East is receiving from the West.”

“Yesterday we might have admired a materialism on the imperial scale, to-day it revolts us, recognising in it, as we do, a dead ideal out of which we have climbed to higher conceptions. . . . Not by subtle reasoning and analysis are we to attain, perhaps, the knowledge of our faith, but by hammering out our intention on the anvil of war. . . . and our soldiers may prove the greatest of all our philosophers, since it will be they who will succeed at last in awakening us to the recognition of other than material standards. Indeed, there are already many who are looking to the battle-fields of the two frontiers with something of that “wild surmise” which attends the discovery of new oceans and continents. . . . In the issue we shall perhaps be able to put into actual

practice ideals which as yet we have only been able to talk about."

"Man will in the old sense of the word be made whole. All that the East has divined and dreamed, all that the West has reasoned and thought out, will be included in that final summary. This is the conception which is entering into life, and what enters into life must one day come out in art."

Holding these beliefs, cherishing these ideals, is it any wonder that we artists and workers have truly a "wild surmise" in our hearts as we look to those vast and terrible battle-fields whereon the future of the world is being moulded into shape with titan blows upon a titan anvil? It is not we who are striking those blows; it is not even our soldiers. The power which strikes the blows, which wields the hammer, is the Life Force—that Force which ever cleaves its way, through darkness, ignorance, and pain, towards Freedom and towards Light. The power which endows the opposing mass with its quality of tough resistance to progress, desperate clinging to "dead ideals," is the Death Force—that Force which ever tends towards spiritual stagnation, selfishness, cruelty, and exaltation of material attainments.

There are some who seek to hold the attention down to the "material horrors" of this war, while ignoring all other aspects of it. War is full of horror, of agony, of brutality, of ugliness, but when we hear these things dwelt on overmuch, an inevitable question arises in our hearts—"And what of the horrors of peace?" How few there are who give any attention to those! Yet all true reformers know that it is as needful to abolish them as to abolish war.

"To insist upon beauty as a necessity in the lives of the people." That is one of the objects

which the Brotherhood of Arts has set before itself. And when we think of the difficulties that stand in the way, of all the dull hideousness that stretches between us and the attainment of this object, the horrors of war actually seem small by comparison. Here, among the "horrors of peace," calmly accepted as inevitable (or ignored as non-existent) by the majority of people, we have human beings killing one another, not swiftly by bullet, bayonet or high-explosive bomb, but slowly and painfully, week by week, year by year, through such methods as overwork, under-pay, insufficient leisure, insanitary dwellings, "poison" trades, sweated industries, and in how many other ways! We find ourselves confronted by a death-rate among young children, so high that in one half-year *in peace time* close on 50,000 died in Britain alone, from causes that are surely for the most part preventible. In one whole year of war the total losses among British officers and men amounted to 61,384. These figures are worth considering. Further, the "horrors of peace" are not redeemed by those frequent and vivid flashes of heroic beauty that light up even the grim monotony of a trench-war such as this one so long has been. They stretch along from day to day in a dreary greyness of unremitting drudgery, and allow so little scope for the play of the Spirit dwelling in each human form that it is no wonder when that Spirit falls into a heavy sleep scarce to be distinguished from death.

The wonder is when it is found to be still alive, ardent, eager for beauty upon which to feed and grow! Is it too much to hope that it may suffer at any rate *less* from beauty-starvation in the future? We know that at the front men's spirits have again and again been

“shocked alive” by the things of beauty and terror that they have seen. We know that these men will ever afterwards be more sensitive to the touch of Beauty or of any great emotion. We know that among the masses of the people there must also in the future be more sensitiveness to the things of the Spirit. The hearts of whole nations have been touched as never before by the happenings of this war, which is being fought indeed not primarily for the sake of the present generation—whose sacrifices are perhaps unequalled in any other chapter of human history—but for the sake of those to come. On both sides of the globe the hearts of whole nations have been moved and stirred to an almost incredible extent by the sufferings of other nations; while in England we have had before us, and can surely never forget it, the spectacle of men voluntarily offering themselves in hundreds of thousands, in millions, to fight for what they know, however dimly, to be an Ideal Good. Some have this knowledge very indefinitely—a few have it not at all—but in the hearts of others it burns like a flame, so that all experience, however painful and terrifying, is transmuted by it into new spiritual force. Is it not inevitable that when the agony of the struggle is over, these men, these whole nations, shall be filled with the desire to take the world in their hands, plunge it into the Fires of Beauty, and “re-mould it nearer to the heart’s desire”?

“To uphold the spiritual ideal in all arts, crafts and industries”—here the Brotherhood of Arts steps in again, and offers the new world-makers a foundation upon which to build. The day of material things is rapidly passing. Money—except in so far as it can help others—stands for less now than ever before. Clothes

stand for less; conventions stand for less. The way is slowly being prepared for the growth of that "spiritual ideal" which shall radiate from the "Universal Communion of Workers" which the Brotherhood of Arts now seeks to form. This is a Communion from which none can be excluded. The finest creative artist, the humblest factory hand, the musician, the coal-heaver, the poet, the tram-conductor—each and all have their rightful place in it. None who comes into it can ever again feel alone, for loneliness, that worst of all forms of human suffering, can find no entry into the hearts of those who are thus linked together—even though the only common ground on which they meet may be the Love of Beauty and the desire to share it with others. "The artist knows that in the grace of beauty is the power to renew all things. . . . Justice and wisdom cannot prevail until beauty and strength are equally expressed in human affairs."

To all in whom the events of the last two years have aroused what was perhaps slumbering, though not dead—a passionate love of their country—has come a realisation of the need for the balance of these two forces, Beauty and Strength. In England, as in most other European countries, Strength has been the predominating factor in the past. Strength is a good thing, and a fine thing, but when it is developed at the expense of Beauty there comes a time when the balance must be made level again, or the nation falls to the ground, top-heavy with the weight of its own power. To that turning-point have the Western nations now come. Now, if ever, is given an opportunity to restore the balance—now, when men's lives and minds have been so shaken that they perceive,

perhaps almost against their wills, that "there's something rotten in the estate of . . ." *Europe*. Now, if ever, are the people ready to listen to new ideas, to respond to new ideals—now, with the example of Germany, chief exponent of the doctrine of Strength in its extremest form, before their eyes.

The Brotherhood of Arts is only one of many forces that are working towards the New Day. Its beginnings are as small as its possibilities are great. "If we workers seek to build aright," it says, "there is no power on earth can stop us, until we have built a new earth and a new heaven. Salvation, liberation, lie verily in our own hands and in our own making. But we must stand together. We must find our leaders. Those only are leaders who inspire us with vision." There is the crucial need—vision! The power to see beyond the present, to rise above the dead level of the everyday world and find the things that are real, and, being real, are everlasting.

There is a certain long and dreary London street which during the winter evenings of war-darkness has seemed longer and drearier than ever. Pedestrians grope and stumble on the half-lit footpaths; vehicles crawl and grunt along the road with incessant hootings. But climb above the ground-level, mount to the top of a 'bus! There you will find that the upper halves of all lamps have been darkened with deep orange-coloured paint, and that though from below the effect is gloomy and depressing, from above it is as though rows of enormous Chinese lanterns were floating unsupported amid the grey houses, stretching in luminous chains as far as the eye can see. So do the ideals expressed in the Brotherhood of Arts float like

golden lanterns amid the greyness of this present time. But to become aware of them and of their Promise, you must climb out of the lower dimness which blinds the eyes of even the most keen-sighted. You must mount to the hill-tops, and look down upon a world which out of all its misery and pain is shaping a new civilisation—a civilisation in which the “Universal Communion of Workers” will have no inconsiderable part to play.

Eva Martin

THE ARTS OF TIBET

By PERCY BROWN

Principal, Government School of Art, Calcutta

THE history of Tibet is reflected in its arts. Until the introduction of Buddhism in the seventh century A.D., the people from all accounts appear to have been rapacious savages and reputed cannibals, without a written language, and practising a devil-dancing or Shamanistic religion which still survives under the name of the Bon-pa. Distinct traces of this cannibalism, or at least human sacrifice in its most revolting form, are still observable in much of the art of Tibet at the present day. A remarkable fabric known as a "Kangzey," now in the Art Section of the Museum, pictures this in a particularly graphic fashion. The central feature of the design consists of a collection of Buddhist symbols, but these are held in position by flayed creatures—men and animals—besides dissected portions of human beings, which place the meaning of this unique temple-hanging beyond doubt. A few illustrations from this fabric will serve to explain.

It would take too long even to outline the wealth of allegory which this wonderful textile displays, but some of the main features may be referred to. Skull-cups containing offerings of blood are frequent in the

design, while lamps with lights burning are also seen. Then there are two figures holding the *norbu* or jewel, the Mother of All Gems, the Wish-procuring Gem, which figures in almost all Tibetan designs; the Victorious Wheel of a Thousand Spokes, which also represents the Symmetry and Completeness of the Law; the conch-shell, the emblem of victory, and also on account of its white sheen the "Symbol of Purity"; the skull-offering of the Five Powers—hearing, smelling, speaking, seeing and thinking, an offering to prevent disease or accident. Musical instruments will also be noticed, the Damaru or skull-drum, tied with the colours of the five powers, and the Thigh-bone trumpet, the sound of which is supposed to summon the demons. As in the Tibetan death ceremonies the body is usually destroyed, these are generally manufactured from the bones of criminals, and the more wicked the individual the more powerful the blast and its effect. I am also informed that the thigh-bones of the *mahouts* of the plains of India were much sought after for this purpose on account of their size and strength. The elephant-driver is brought up from childhood at his business, and his femurs probably develop a subtle twist which give the note from these trumpets an added quality. In any case the life of a *mahout* anywhere on the borders of Tibet must have been full of interest whenever the neighbouring temple band required to replenish its instruments.

Besides the decorative and pictorial examples found in the temples, the Tibetans' religious dramas also exhibit this feature in a most realistic manner. In the course of the Devil-dance, a human dummy is dragged about by skeletons and finally despatched by means of

daggers, the dismembered portions being afterwards distributed among the demons taking part in the dance. Of course large areas of Asia practised Shamanism previous to the introduction of Muhammadanism and Buddhism, but in Tibetan art we find this morbid religion still much in evidence, and observed in the otherwise picturesque form of the Devil-dance.

During the seventh century, however, a change comes over the scene. On each side of this great country, which was still steeped in barbarism, were two other powerful empires which had for centuries observed Buddhism, and whose enlightened condition must have appealed to the ruling powers of Tibet. These two countries were, on the one hand China, and on the other India with Nepal. The situation, therefore, required but the moment and the man, and the latter was revealed in Sron Tsan Gampo, a king of great character, who mounted the Tibetan throne about A.D. 635. This monarch took unto himself two wives, a princess of China and a princess of Nepal, both of whom were ardent Buddhists. These two women speedily effected the conversion of their husband to Buddhism, and under their advice, he sent to India, Nepal, and China, for Buddhist books and teachers. The enormous change, therefore, of this great area from barbarism to Buddhism centres round these women, and especially to the Nepalese princess Bhrikuti, whose picture I have in my possession. This is a small metal figure I obtained from Tibet, and which depicts in a most realistic and beautiful form this historical personage. It is doubtful whether this work of art is Tibetan—it is Indian in character and feeling—and was probably made in India some considerable

time ago. The influence of the princess Bhrikuti, however, extended far beyond her earthly record—the great good her personality did for Tibet led to her consecration as a saint, and she is now worshipped as the “Green Tara,” the Saviouress or “Goddess of Mercy”. In this incarnation Bhrikuti is sometimes depicted by Tibetan artists as of a fierce appearance, as sad to relate, she is recorded as having been of a fiery temper and the cause of frequent brawls on account of the precedence given to the Chinese princess. From this date, therefore, and for the succeeding six centuries, Tibet looked to India for its art, in the same way that it went to that country for its religion, its script, and everything appertaining to its new civilisation. Some idea of the situation may be gained from the actual words of Sron Tsan Gampo when he sued for the hand of the Nepalese princess: “I, the king of barbarous Tibet, do not practise the ten virtues, but should you be pleased to bestow on me your daughter, and wish me to have the Law, I shall practise the ten virtues with a five-thousand-fold body though I have not the arts if you so desire I shall build 5,000 temples.” And judging from the artistic records of Tibet, Sron Tsan kept his word, and in every sense this period corresponds to what may be defined as the Indo-Buddhist period of the country. The arts particularly bear witness to the Indian influence, and conclusively demonstrate that these were fundamentally of Indian origin.

Then in the thirteenth century another epoch commences with the great Asiatic invasions of Kublai Khan, the founder of the Mongol Dynasty in China. From this date Tibet severed its connection with India,

and until the present day has gone to the Far East for its inspirations, the effect of which is seen in all the institutions of this time. The reason for this great change is not far to seek. Kublai Khan favoured the culture of the Chinese. In Tibet he saw in the organised force of Buddhism the readiest instrument in the civilisation of that country, and that system received his special countenance. An early act of his reign had been to constitute a young lama of intelligence and learning, of the name of Phagsa, the head of the Lamaite Church, and eventually also Prince of Tibet. In this act lay, in a precursory form, the rule of the "Grand Lamas" of Lhasa, and subsequently the whole system of Lamaic rule in Tibet. From its close association with India, therefore, the whole trend of national life in Tibet gravitated bodily to China and has remained there ever since. If this great movement were not observable in the other institutions of the country, it is plainly written in its art, which shows it unmistakably in every aspect of its design.

We are, therefore, presented with three periods :

1. The Barbaric, up to the seventh century.
2. The Indo-Buddhist, from the seventh to the thirteenth century.
3. The Mongol, from the thirteenth century to the present day.

And there is now every sign that a fourth period is in the course of formation, and that the pendulum is swinging back again westward, but this the future alone will see.

Having made this brief review of the country's history, and indicated the great influence this has had

on Tibetan art, we may now turn to an examination of the underlying principles which have guided the artist in the production of his work. It is hardly necessary to state that Tibetan art is essentially religious, but it may be useful to point out that it is religious in a very noticeable particular. This is that the entire character of the art is expressed in the word "symbolism". In other words the religion is translated into symbols, and these symbols, and they alone, are the elements which the artist uses in his art. No selected example of Tibetan handicraft is needed to explain this. Any religious article may be taken at random, and a key to the character of the art is at once observable. One illustration will suffice.

The well known devil-dagger or "Phurbu" may be selected. This is a special weapon for expelling demons, and is used extensively in various forms of the ritual. At the top is the Thunderbolt or "dorji," which is the sign of a special sect known as the "Followers of the Thunderbolt". It is symbolic of the thunderbolt of Indra (Jupiter) by which he shattered his supernatural adversaries. This is a thunderbolt of the five powers, it has five bars and these five powers are somewhat equivalent to our five senses. Below are three masks representing the three types of divinities, the mild, the angry and the most terrible. The power of these three groups is transmitted into the blade of the dagger, which has three flanges, and thus, when the victim is killed by this, these three gods convey his spirit to paradise. Below is a complete thunderbolt of ten powers, the arms of which represent the points of the compass, the fifth or central arm constituting the atmosphere. This joins on to a monster known as a "chu sing" or water lion,

the fiercest and most terrible of all supernatural animals, and he holds the point of the dagger in his mouth. There is much more to be read in this weapon, but this is the bare outline of the symbolism connected with a common implement known to most collectors of Tibetan art.

But the question may be asked: On what is this symbolism founded? The answer is—Lamaism, which is the special form of Buddhism practised in Tibet. This, however, does not entirely explain that a great mass of this symbolism is in no wise associated with the religion of Buddhism; some other outstanding influence is indicated to account for the innumerable and complicated allegories which form the basis of the country's art. And it is not difficult to see that this particular influence is a thick cloud of superstition which permeates the secular and domestic life of the people, and affects the whole of the institutions of the country. The reason for this state of affairs is not at once visible, for this superstition is not like that which is found in other countries of the East—a collection of mysterious beliefs appended to the local creed, but it is a very terrible array of supernatural creatures who live and have their being in the land of Tibet. And the weird and unnatural configuration of the country, and its peculiar situation, are probably responsible for much of this.

Let us briefly review its physical features, and try to understand what it is that causes the country to lie under a spell, and the people to live in a world over which brood all kinds of devils and monsters, evil beings who require propitiation at every turn.

It is not an uncommon trait in the ordinary individual, when gazing at a range of distant mountains, to

speculate on what lies beyond. Those who have cast their eyes in a north-easterly direction from Observatory Hill, Darjeeling, with this thought in their minds, may have also reflected that beyond these distant mountains lies the vast table-land of Tibet. And the only way to reach this elevated country is by a narrow path which cork-screws its way laboriously through the mountains, and crawls painfully through a gap fifteen thousand feet high, the only place of access to the great plateau beyond. No wonder the British soldier attached to the Tibetan Mission of 1903-04, as he scrambled breathlessly up this route, observed that he had always understood Tibet was a table-land and that this must be one of its legs! And the stories of the Pass, the death that overtakes the traveller when caught in a snow-storm, form the subject of conversation around the camp fire whenever this route is traversed. No wonder the simple Tibetan regards the blizzard, the frost, and the avalanche, in the light of powerful spirits to be feared and propitiated on all occasions. Then, having gained the plateau, he is daily confronted with that mysterious wind of Tibet which, rising every day between twelve and two, with the regularity of clockwork, blows with merciless vigour, often carrying with it sleet and hail, until the darkness forces it to rest. Those vast solitudes of Tibet, inhabited only by this tearing wind, are sufficient in themselves to cause man to regard these ever-constant and terrifying forces of nature as an overworld of supernatural beings to whom he is but a plaything or a slave. It is the ruthlessness, the overwhelming character of nature, where in other climes her harmony, her adaptability to human needs are her chief features, it is this aspect of the country

which may be regarded as largely responsible for the great mass of the superstitions of Tibet. Other influences are also at work, the religious system undoubtedly does much to encourage this, but it seems more than likely that the fundamental cause may be traced to the geographical position and physical configuration of this great central Asian plateau.

To sum up, therefore, Tibetan art is built up on a great array of symbols, pictorial elements expressing in concrete form the mysteries that lie behind them. As I have endeavoured to explain, the primary inspiration for these may be traced to the peculiar character of the country, added to the many centuries of barbarism which lasted well into the Christian Era. Then the influence of Buddhism becomes observable, and the remainder of the story is comparatively simple. Tibetan art, with this religion, originally came from India, but before it appeared in Tibet it went via Nepal and made a long stay among the Newar craftsmen of that country. These artistic Nepalis then carried it into Tibet, and for some centuries the arts of that country were Indian—Indo-Buddhist—as introduced and interpreted by the Newars of Nepal. In the thirteenth century, the connection with India was severed, and henceforth Lamaism, a system originally evolved from China, entirely influences the art. Tibetan art may therefore be briefly defined as a Chinese stratum overlying a bedrock of Indo-Buddhism.

The arts of Tibet being largely religious, the best examples are to be found in the temples and monasteries. These institutions are, in a sense, the museums of the country, as a few illustrations will demonstrate. The main features of the temple

accessories are the painted pictures and frescoes, and the metal-work. A brief description of these two arts of painting and sculpture will therefore be undertaken.

Tibetan painting is essentially an art of the country, and takes two forms. On the walls of the temples and monasteries it is seen as fresco painting, and it is also expressed in the Tangka or temple banner hanging about the same edifices. Both these forms of the art are carried out entirely by Tibetan artists, so that in painting at least, we are presented with a true indigenous form of expression. The origin of painting in Tibet is not far to seek. The mural frescoes in the first instance bear no little resemblance to the cave paintings of Ajanta in India, which date from the first centuries of the Christian Era. Again we pick up the clue in Khotan at a slightly later date, where the explorations of Stein and Le Coq reveal wall paintings of a kindred character. In the same way the prototypes of the temple banners come into view. In technique these Tibetan Tangkas are not unlike the miniature paintings of the Rājpuṭ School of miniature picture which flourished in the Middle Ages of India, but a most interesting link is a reference by a Chinese connoisseur in the eleventh century. He states that: "In India, at the temple of Nalanda, the priests paint many Buddhas, Bodhisattvas, and Lohans, using the linen of the West." This is a brief but accurate description of the Tangka of Tibet as painted at the present day. This theory is confirmed by turning to the result of the excavations in Khotan already mentioned, which have revealed eighth century Tangkas almost identical with these well known products of the Tibetan painter's brush.

As the Tangka is such a characteristic expression of the art of the country, a closer investigation of this production may enable us to realise the conditions under which art is produced in the land of the Lama. It seems hardly necessary to state that the Tangka is essentially a religious picture associated entirely with the ritual of the country's creed. These pictures are to be seen hanging in numbers in almost every religious edifice in Tibet, as photos of interiors indicate. The story of the Tangka is as follows.

As may be expected, horoscopes form an important feature in the life of a Tibetan, for the presentation of a religious object to the neighbouring temple is often an item in this scroll of life. In other words, "it is written" that such an offering at such a time or event must be made, and accordingly on this occasion the individual concerned consults the family priest or lama. After unimportant preliminaries, the Lhabri-pa, or artist, is called in and the commission placed with him, the lama prescribing the general form on which this work of art is to be designed. As a rule the Tangka is planned on certain lines laid down in the religious writings of the priests, and governed by canons similar to the Shilpa Shāstras of the Hindūs. Further, the figures are worked out by a system of measurements which correspond to those used in India from early times down to the present day. The Lama knows these rules and the Lhabri-pa is well versed in their application, so that the design is made hieratically correct. The Lhabri-pa, as in the good old mediæval fashion, is often a sculptor as well as a painter, and I have a portrait of one of these versatile craftsmen, as accomplished with the brush as with the clay.

This individual was originally a priest, but deserted his order so that he might carry on his art. Occasionally this is found to be done, in which case the artist has a higher value on account of his expert religious knowledge. The commission for a Tangka having been placed with the painter, this individual proceeds to the house of his patron and begins the work there, carrying it out under the eye of the donor of the picture. All materials, as well as food, are provided by the patron, the artist practically living in his house, except that he retires every night to his own home to sleep. Before doing so, however, he is treated to as much "chang," or native beer, as he is disposed to drink, a harmless arrangement in view of the comparatively mild character of this national beverage. Over and above this his wages are approximately a rupee a day, varying of course according to the talent of the artist and the quality of the picture. Under these homely conditions the work of art is produced, and on its completion the custom is for the patron to make the artist a little present of coin, wrapped in a fine cloth and handed to him with a few words of praise. This completes the actual painting of the picture, but much more follows before the article at last finds a resting place in the temple. A "durzi" is employed to mount the picture in the manner of the well known Japanese "kakimona," Chinese brocaded silks (Tson-dan) being used for this work, and the selection of these requires considerable taste. Tibetan connoisseurs of the present day value the Tangka for its exquisite mounting, because these brocaded silks are becoming very rare and are now of more value than the actual picture. This particularly applies to the small square of special brocade often introduced

into the lower margin of this silk mounting, which is usually a very choice piece of silk. This inset is called "Kat-di". The picture itself is always framed with a "jamasir" of red and yellow silk, symbolising the rainbow border. Over the whole is placed the "memsi," a silk cover dyed in soft colours and which protects the painting when it is not in use, and above this are two strips of thicker silk called "loongne," which act as weights and keep the silk "memsi" in its place. The durzi's work is now complete, but the Tangka is then entrusted to the carpenter to mount on rollers, "tangto," and the best pictures are those which have black wooden ends to the "tangto," instead of brass or other metal. The Tangka, as far as art is concerned is now finished, but it still is only the work of man's hands; a special ceremony is required to consecrate it and "give it a spirit". This is most essential to convert it from a work of man to a symbol of God, and this the Lama performs with all the necessary ritual. The Tangka is now ready to be hung in the temple, and this is undertaken with considerable formality and the picture displayed in its allotted place.

Many of these Tangkas, however, are not intended to be exposed throughout the whole of the year; they relate to certain seasons and festivals, so that they are only brought out on these occasions, exhibited for a limited period, and then packed up and placed away until the next year. This is the case with many of the temple accessories, so that it becomes almost impossible to judge their age from their condition. For instance, often the oldest Tangkas bear the best preserved appearance, because they have been carefully stored and protected. The smoke-dried specimens frequently

hawked about Darjeeling are usually comparatively recent productions, cheap in quality, and thus left uncared for in the temple until they are ready to drop to pieces from neglect. The Tangka should be judged not from its apparent age, but by the fineness of its brushwork—not a difficult task, if a little trouble is taken to examine the technique.

This technique or process of production is an interesting one. A picture I have shows a Tibetan artist's studio. On the easel, so to speak, is his "canvas," a piece of cloth stretched when damp on a wooden frame. Around are a variety of pots, pestles, and mortars, in which he prepares his colours. As in the mediæval days of all countries, the Tibetan artist prepares his own pigments, although now, alas, he is obtaining most of these from Europe. Most of his old colours, however, were extracted from minerals, some from local earths, others from distant countries such as Mongolia and China. When applied to the surface of the cloth they are mixed with an animal gum called "Ting". The cloth is called "song" and obtained from China. This is first primed with a coating of prepared chalk and gum, which is afterwards burnished with an agate. On this eggshell-like surface the artist paints his picture. The brushes, having to be very fine, are made of cat's hair.

The larger paintings on the walls of the temples are substantially executed in the same manner.

There are other pictures, similar in general character to the painted "tangkas," except that they differ in the materials used and are not executed in the same technique. Some of these are embroidered, others are *appliqué*, and some appear to have been woven on

a loom. None of these, however, are likely to be of Tibetan manufacture, as there are no textiles of any importance or artistic merit made in the country, except a few rather commonplace rugs and carpets and some coarse wool weaving. These woven and piece-made Tangkas are the work of Chinese fingers, and so, strictly speaking, do not come within our subject.

The actual subject-matter of the painted Tangka opens up a large field of investigation, and only a very general classification of these interesting pictures can be attempted. The bulk of them are representations of the various divinities worshipped in Tibet, and as such, may be divided into the three classes of Gods—the Mild, the Angry, and the Most Terrible. The uses to which these Tangkas are put are in conformity with the subject depicted; the Mild are for blessing and benevolence, the others are utilised in destroying enemies and for similar devastating purposes. It may be noted that the Terrible Gods are mostly in evidence, the Tibetan evidently pinning his faith more to the destructive forces than to the powers of good. Another class of subject represents superior Lamas and other pillars of the Church who have achieved great distinction and eventually become sanctified. The stories of their lives and their various incarnations are also shown in the picture. These may be said to be in the “narrative style,” or are historical, but the Tibetans themselves have no classification for their Tangkas, although it is just possible to resolve them into broad divisions. A very popular class is the picture of the Maṇḍala or Magic Circle, a mysterious arrangement of squares and circles, understood in a vague way by the ordinary Tibetan, but very difficult for the outsider

to grasp. Briefly, these Magic Circles are based on certain charmed sentences supposed to have been composed by the several divinities concerned, and by worshipping the Maṇḍala these divinities are coerced into assisting the votary to reach "the other shore". These particular pictures will not, however, appeal to the ordinary connoisseur, but the other subjects, especially the stories of the various semi-divines who have built up the Lamaistic Church, will always have a special interest on account of the spiritual feeling which they undoubtedly express, and the story they so artistically illustrate.

A short description of one form of *appliqué* picture should not be omitted. Every important monastery possesses a very large piece-work picture called a "Kiku," which is exhibited at a particular place for a short time once a year in order to ward off pestilence and famine. These great works of art are a feature of monastic life in Tibet and need special reference. The Art Section of the Museum has acquired a comparatively small but very rich specimen, which is now on view. But some of these, as for instance the one at Gyantse, exhibited only for two hours once a year, are remarkable fabrics. This one is made of the richest pieces of Chinese brocade, and is 40 yards in height and 26 yards across, exclusive of the side panels. One of these wings, it will be noticed, is missing, and is believed to be in Berlin. The ceremony of displaying this work of art is an important one, and entrusted to a staff of some sixteen local "durzies," who wear special uniforms for this occasion, and are held responsible for the protection of this great picture. The devotees perform certain

ceremonies before the Kiku, and incidentally make a present to the durzies for their labour in handling the picture. The great pylon on which it is hung, called the Kikupay, is specially built for this purpose, and faces the West. This enables the picture to be exhibited in the morning in the shade, so that no sunlight may fall on the Kiku and cause it to fade. As the sun works round, the picture is lowered, and by nine o'clock in the morning the ceremony for the year is over.

The subject of the picture is the Buddha with the begging bowl, and some idea of the size of the central figure may be gained by realising that the hand holding the bowl is 8 feet long, while the eye is 2 feet 6 inches across.

A form of decorative painting in relief, very similar to "gesso" work, is also practised, and in its process is typically an art of Tibet. This decoration is applied to panels of cupboards, the sides of drums, and other temple furniture. The "gesso" is a creamy mixture of earth and gum, applied to the prepared surface of the wood in the form of a pattern, through a clever little instrument, part fountain pen, part bellows. When dry the design is in relief, and it is then painted in brilliant colours. This decoration, which is a very old art and is known as Kyungboor, is most effective.

Apart from the painting, the other outstanding feature of Tibetan art is the metal-work. It differs from the pictures, however, by being domestic as well as religious. The domestic utensils, although very picturesque in design, do not form a very important section of this art, but nevertheless appear prominently in small private collections of Tibetan art. But it is in the production of metal figures for the

temples that the metal worker excels, and in these he has reached a very high standard of workmanship, as the examples I have before me demonstrate. These metal divinities vary considerably, but may be roughly divided into two main classes: (a) the smaller ones, up to about nine inches in height, which are cast, and (b) larger ones, some of which are colossal in size, and are all hammered work. All are made hollow, the larger ones on account of the process, and the smaller ones to accommodate small sanctified offerings, which are enclosed in the interior. A picture illustrates a small staff of subordinate lamas, in a side-chapel, arranging and sorting written prayers and other consecrated objects previous to sealing them up inside these metal statuettes. The metals used are brass and copper only, any figures in bronze, or other mixtures, may be traced to Chinese foundries. The smaller cast figures are moulded in a manner similar to the Indian productions of the same nature, that is the well known "*cire-perdue*" or "lost wax" process, which is employed all over the East. But the large hammered metal statues are made in a way which is unusual, although at the same time effective and not unworkmanlike. A fragment of a large statue will explain this better than any description. Briefly, each detail and member of the figure is hammered out separately, arms, legs, head, hands and fingers, each is beaten out as a distinct part by itself. Then all these parts are assembled and brazed together, thus forming the statue.

This process sounds simple, and is really simple as far as details are concerned, but the skill lies in getting these various parts so to fit together as to make a

presentable work of art. Much of this is undoubtedly achieved by means of rules and laws laid down in the Kutsay-ki-Paicha, an ancient compilation in which all the measurements and proportions are most minutely tabulated, but a great deal of art is also necessary to produce these very artistic and remarkably fine statues, and the workmen responsible for these are thoroughly experienced craftsmen, as their productions unmistakably testify. A key to some of this success may be found in the large number of life-size figures built up of a clay composition, which are found in the temples. It seems more than likely that the metal figure is first modelled up in clay, and this is used as a pattern from which the final metal statue is copied in sections. The larger figures are always constructed of copper and are heavily gilt.

The various articles of religious use may be best seen in pictures of the monastic interiors, which will show these objects *in situ*. The vessels of offerings, the lamps, and other temple furniture, may be seen in actual use. We find a shrine containing a "chorten" placed by a devotee before a statue of the Buddha. It will be noticed that this figure has been draped by a votary to show his reverence, and thus to gather merit for his act. Another picture depicts a chorten by itself, giving the details and the jewelled decoration. This picture is of a monastery with a very richly ornamented altar. At the entrance to the hall, on the left, can be seen a holy water vessel, and on the right a utensil known as "the Everlasting Vessel". The latter is filled with consecrated water, which is sprinkled before the God, or over sinful men, by means of the ornamental spray at the top.

The interior of another monastery shows an altar covered with small votive figures and devil-daggers in the foreground. These pictures may give an idea of the arrangement of these institutions, and the conditions under which these articles of ritual are utilised. There is one of some censers, which shows these picturesque objects being held by priests preparatory to a processional. Another is of a holy water vessel, designed out of the two golden fish, one of the "Eight Glorious Emblems". It is particularly graceful in design and proportions. We see a brass lamp, to be placed before the altar. These lamps are generally burning night and day in the temples. The design of one is very refined, and the ornament is beautifully executed. There is also a conch trumpet, silver mounted, a very handsome musical instrument. These conch trumpets are used in the monasteries to call the lamas to prayer.

The domestic utensils of Tibet, being often seen in private collections, need a reference. The commonest receptacles are the tea, beer, and butter pots, which are often very artistically designed. The tea-pot illustrated is too well known to need description, but genuine specimens are becoming rare in these days. The beer, or "chang" pots, are a little different in design; I photographed a good series in actual use, held by waiting maids, who served at a luncheon party at which I was present in Tibet. When it is realised that the colouring of their ornaments was turquoise, coral, amber, and pearl, it will be understood that it was like being waited on by stained glass windows. One chang-pot is still more elaborately decorated with silver ornament on a copper body.

In domestic metal work, chiefly in decorated iron, the artisans of a country in Eastern Tibet of the name of Kham have made a considerable reputation. This distant country borders on China, and the designs and workmanship denote no little Chinese influence; but at the same time, like all the arts of Tibet, the Kham work has fundamentally a character of its own. The Khambas are the fighting people of Tibet—I have in mind a typical swash-buckler from this part—and are generally well armed (this individual has two swords and a dagger). In the manufacture of armaments, therefore, the Kham artisans no doubt first distinguished themselves in the preparation of swords, knives, daggers, guns and other weapons of war, in all of which iron played an important part. Then probably in times of peace they turned their attention to tea and beer pots, cup-covers, saddles, etc., all largely carved and hammered out of iron, and these articles are now a feature of the Kham country. A typical specimen is a Kashoo or cup-cover, most elaborately carved out of iron; another is a “chang” pot, artistically inlaid in brass, copper and silver, on a body of iron, with a brass spout and handle.

The jewellery and personal ornaments of the Tibetans, especially of the women, are so profuse as to require special mention. The turquoise is the favourite stone, as all visitors to Darjeeling are aware, and the variety of designs worked out in this artistically coloured mineral are bewildering. These stones are obtained mainly from Persia, the other favourite ornaments being coral, seed-pearls and amber, all of which, it will be noted, are imported from far countries, and hence are of additional value to the

Tibetan. The colours of all these products are not the least of their attractions, and the Tibetan jewellers work them up into very beautiful combinations which, when worn against a background of Benares "cloth of gold," present a very striking effect. If you meet an aristocratic Tibetan lady in full costume, it will be observed that jewellery plays an important part in the scheme. She wears at least four charm-boxes, and these are undoubtedly the commonest form of personal adornment, as apart from their beauty of design and intrinsic value—largely turquoise set in gold—they have their spiritual and practical use in warding off accidents, illness, and all kinds of evil influences. The back view is almost as ornate as the front, and the lady has to be followed around by an attendant to keep her jewellery in position, and also to arrange it for her according to her movements.

A certain amount of jewellery is also worn by the men, especially by the Khams already mentioned, who deck themselves out with very massive rings. Some of this Tibetan jewellery is, however, of an official character, such as the button on the hat, and the ear-ring, which are often of quaint and elaborate design. The long pendant worn in the left ear is one of the signs of office, and is constructed of a series of turquoise beads with a pearl in the centre. The pear-shaped drop at the lower end in the real article is not a turquoise, as appears at first sight, but a blue glass bead, and unless this is so, the ear-ring is a spurious one, not a proper official badge, but a sham, made up in order to impose on the tourist. His Excellency Lord Carmichael, whose valuable loan collection of jewellery, now exhibited in the Museum, bears witness

to an extensive knowledge of this subject, informs me that the reason for this combination of turquoise, pearl and glass bead is as follows: All information which finds its way to the ears of the wearer of this official emblem regarding his superiors first concentrates on the ear-ring. Before entering the ear it is purified by passing through the pearl, and the evil information, in the form of dross, drops down through the false bead at the base on to the ground. It has been suggested that this ear-ring, and the system that is connected with it, might be adopted with considerable success in communities other than those of distant Tibet.

Space has only permitted me to bring before you a few of the main aspects of Tibetan art. I trust, however, that I have enabled my readers to form some idea of its general character, and the principal purposes for which it has been produced. Those of us who live in Bengal see much of this art, it is a feature of the bazaars of Darjeeling, and is also very noticeable in local private collections. The Art Section of the Calcutta Museum contains a unique collection of Tibetan workmanship, which is well worthy of study. For those who desire to make a further acquaintance with this subject, I can only recommend a visit to this Museum, which I am sure will cause all those who do so to admire and appreciate the art of Tibet.

Percy Brown

SONG

MANY tributes life hath brought me,
Lit with loveliness and splendour,
But of gracious gifts and tender
She hath given me none diviner
Than your silver tears of sorrow
For my wild heart's suffering.

Many evils Time hath wrought me,
Of all hope and health bereaving,
But of gifts of joy and grieving
He hath left me none diviner
Than your silver tears of sorrow
For my wild heart's suffering.

SAROJINI NAIDU

[We published in our March issue a little gem called "Ecstasy" by Shrimati Sarojini Naidu. To-day we publish another, "a new song just born—not an hour old," she writes. She has been dangerously ill, but is getting better, and the above is a very early production in a state of consciousness of which she writes: "It seems almost incredible to feel myself alive again."]



THE METAPHYSIC AND PSYCHOLOGY
OF THEOSOPHY

By BHAGAVĀN ḌĀS

(Continued from p. 169.)

16. THE SCIENCE AND ART OF FEELING

OF this Science of the Self, this Science of the Svabhāva underlying and constituting the Universe, a very important and integral part is the Science of

Bhakti, Love Divine ; to understand and practise which, it is necessary to study the emotions ; for “ this constantly changing and moving life that surrounds us is formed by the hearts of men, and as we learn to understand their constitution and meaning, will we grow able by degrees to read the larger word of life ”.

The modern evolutionist develops all existing social institutions, domestic, political, ecclesiastical, professional, industrial—out of the primitive patriarch-priest-king, with the help of assumptions of *emotions* and their expressions, continually at work. These are allowed even in the lower animals. Herbert Spencer describes how “ on the approach of some formidable Newfoundland or mastiff, a small spaniel, in the extremity of its *terror*, throws itself on its back with legs in the air. Instead of *threatening* resistance, by growls and showing of teeth, as it might have, had not resistance been *hopeless*, it spontaneously assumes the attitude that would result from defeat in battle ; tacitly saying ‘ I am conquered, and at your *mercy* ’. Clearly then, besides certain modes of behaviour expressing *affection*, which are established still earlier in creatures lower than man, there are established certain modes of behaviour expressing *subjection*.” The italicised words name the emotions assumed. So peace, defiance, arrogance, civility, respect, self-restraint, propitiativeness, rudeness, insubordination, desires, passions, maternal feeling, sex-feeling, wish to be liked, maternal yearning, humility, love, favour, prayer, sympathy, submission, grief, gaiety, imitation, fear, deception, independence, callousness, etc., are the words indicative of emotions which are abundantly used by the evolutionists, and the existence of these emotions is constantly taken for granted by them and employed to explain

developments step by step, without any attempt to explain the genesis and evolution of the emotions themselves. Also, somehow, the worse emotions are magnified and the better ones minimised in these explanations—possibly because of the rooted feeling that they belong more naturally to earlier “animal-like” and “savage” conditions, and of the persistent notion, we may almost say bias, that civilisation has grown up out of savagery. The idea that savagedom may be a condition of degeneracy from older civilisations, while not wholly repudiated, is allowed somewhat reluctantly in a few unmistakable cases. The analogy of a human family, wherein three or four generations might be living simultaneously, all the members at very different stages of individual development, is not utilised sufficiently in interpreting the facts of the sociological history of the Human Race as a whole ; nor is the primitive and innocent “savage,” corresponding to the childhood of the individual, sufficiently distinguished from the degenerate and cruel savage, corresponding to other and less healthy stages in the life of the individual, though recognition is undoubtedly growing of the two distinct kinds of “savages,” viz., the primitive and the degenerate. *The Secret Doctrine* supplies the needed corrections on this point, as stated before. A study of the psychology of the emotions helps us to understand in what ways the less healthy conditions arise, and how they may be treated, from stage to stage of the individual as well as the racial life, so as to minimise pains and magnify pleasures, and enable the wheel of each cycle to run smoothly in its appointed course. We need no proof that the family, the clan, the tribe, the race,

has its root and source in the emotions of love, and all integrations of individuals and groups and organised societies and nations are ultimately due to the emotions of sympathy and mutual helpfulness; while *per contra*, partitions, separations, dispersals, wars, destructions and dissolutions of the same are due to the emotions of antipathy and discordant selfishness. It behoves us, therefore, if we wish to promote the cause of co-operation and peaceful progress, carefully to sort out all the emotions which help it on from those which hinder it.

Modern psychology, apparently, continues to believe that each emotion or feeling is something *sui generis*, that an organic connection between emotion and emotion is not traceable, that it is vain to try to reduce any one into terms of any other, and that a classification of these mental phenomena that is genuine, genetic, and not arbitrary, is impossible.

But this is not the view of the ancient Indian thinkers. They classify all the emotions into two groups, *rāga* and *ḍvesha*, love and hate, sympathy and antipathy, like and dislike. There is not space, and this is not the occasion, to go into details. We must confine ourselves to the barest possible sketch, leaving the reader to pursue the study, if he cares to, in works specially dealing with this subject and included in Theosophical literature.

Sympathy, love, attraction, liking, as has been generally observed, go with pleasure; hate, dislike, repulsion, antipathy, with pain. The *Yoga-Sūtras* III, 7, 8) expressly state this; so also does the *Bhagavad-Gītā* indicate this in many verses (III, 34 and others).

To understand what pleasure and pain are, we have to go to those ultimates of the universe, the Self and the Not-Self, which cannot be explained away, nor explained into anything simpler, but which explain all else. In the words of Manu (IV, 160), to feel the power of the Self is pleasure, to feel the power of another-than-Self is pain. The feeling of the "moreness," the expansion, of the Self, is the feeling of pleasure. The feeling of the "lessness," the contraction, of the Self, is the feeling of pain. This is so true that psychophysicists have observed "that pleasantness is attended by increase of bodily volume, due to the expansion of arteries running just beneath the skin Unpleasantness is accompanied by the reverse phenomena." (Titchener, *An Outline of Psychology*, 1902, ch. V. p. 118.) The instinct of language correctly describes faces as expanding into a smile and contracting into a frown.

These forces of attraction and repulsion, in their simplest elemental forms, are the appetite for food and the turning away from what is not such or the reverse of such. In their more complex and higher forms they become love and hate proper, as between individual and individual, and no longer between individual and food. The ultimate fact is the same, that all likes and dislikes, whether for articles of food and poison or friends and enemies, are forms of desire, the desire for Self-maintenance, Self-realisation. But inasmuch as the Self has a lower aspect—that wherein it has identified itself with one particular limited physical body and become a separate individual, and a higher aspect—that wherein it ensouls all physical bodies and is one and common in all, therefore complications arise and

appetites become transformed into emotions. There is no reason for the progenerative instinct except that the Unlimited One Self cannot be cribbed, cabined and confined in one small piece of matter, but ever seeks to assert its Infinity by multiplication. There is no reason for the parental instinct of protecting the young, except that the Self of the parents is preserving *itself* in the progeny. All unselfish love in all its shapes is the light and glory of the One Self. At the same time, in order that even such spiritual Love may have an opportunity for manifestation, there must be material coefficients, bodies; and so, even such love cannot be wholly dissociated from a certain minimum of that selfish desire which preserves one's own body. But the two are as the ends of a see-saw. When selfish love is strongest, impersonal or unselfish love is at its lowest; not wholly absent even then; for the cruelest tyrant wishes to keep the slave alive to give opportunity for the exercise of his unchecked will upon him. Briefly, when we find that our being, our life, is enhanced by another *individual*, directly or indirectly, we feel the *emotion* of love. And on the other hand, when it is diminished and reduced, we feel hate towards him.

Analysing in more detail, we find that love implies: (1) That "contact," in the most general sense, with an object, has at some time been found to result in pleasure. (2) That there is a memory of this past fact. (3) That there is an expectation of a similar pleasure occurring in the future on the contact being repeated. (4) That there is a desire for such pleasure and such repetition of contact and association, and (5) That while contact and association are possible, an

absolute union or absorption is not. Where such absorption is possible, as between feeder and food, the desire remains as desire only. It does not advance to the condition of emotion proper, which is the attitude of one living individual towards another living individual. Such individuals can enhance each other's personal being, *i. e.*, each other's bodily life, only indirectly by various kinds of services and attentions.

Hate may be analysed similarly.

If this analysis is correct, then we may define emotion briefly as the desire of one individual to associate with or dissociate from another individual, combined with an intellectual cognition of the other individual's ability to help or hinder his well-being. As the first subdivision of emotion in general, we find that where the cognition is one of helpfulness we have love; where it is of hindrance we have hate.

At the next step, for further subdivisions, the word *ability* gives us the clue. The ability of the other individual may be superior to one's own, or equal, or inferior.

On the side of love then, where we have the consciousness of equality, we have affection, or love proper. Where we have the consciousness that the other is superior, we feel reverence. Where we know the other to be inferior, we feel benevolence.

So on the side of hate, we have hate proper, or anger, fear and scorn.

These may be regarded as the six principal emotions, the psychical forces, by the interplay of which between individuals, the various sociological institutions are evolved, and which, by action and reaction amongst themselves, develop the most subtle and elusive forms

and phases of sentiments and feelings appertaining to the complex forms of "civilised" life, and the very varied and artificial relations of human beings brought about by such.

Thus we may readily distinguish grades and degrees under each of these six: *e.g.*, respect, esteem, admiration, reverence, adoration, worship, under the one sub-head of love towards the superior; or superciliousness, contempt, scorn, disdain, etc. under that of hate towards the inferior.

It will be found on examination that all possible emotions can be analysed into shades and mixtures of these primary ones combined with differences in that framework of intellectual or cognitional ideas which is an essential factor of their composition. Thus jealousy is repulsion felt by one individual towards another, plus the consciousness of a possible or even probable superiority of a special kind thereof, which superiority will enable that person to gain exclusively and appropriate for himself something which is desired by both.

Wonder is attraction, the desire to approach, to imitate, plus the consciousness of the superior greatness of the object in some unexpected and extraordinary respect or degree, and of the uncertainty of one's ability to so approach or imitate him. The extraordinariness is the cause of the uncertainty. The physical manifestation is a general expansion of the features, open eyes, open mouth, "wide-eyed wonder"—consequent on the feeling of pleasure, accompanied by the arrest of motion—"standing stock-still," "struck dumb,"—which corresponds naturally to the uncertainty above mentioned. In the case of the emotion expressed by such a

phrase as: "I am lost in wonder at your audacity," the wonder may be genuine, when the above analysis will apply, or ironical; and then, in the analysis, repulsion should replace attraction, such wonder being a form of scorn, the superior greatness and extraordinariness being in a respect which the utterer considers evil. Disgust is fear in some respects, plus scorn in others.

Vanity, by ordinary usage, is something reprehensible. Yet it is a sentiment on the side of attraction. It is love for the sake of being loved more. It is the wish to please in order to obtain more pleasure in return. That the word has acquired evil associations is due to two causes. Even when vanity is "innocent or childlike," it is an object of contempt to unloving and hard and egoistic individuals; and secondly, the word is sometimes used in a different sense altogether, as a form of pride, a different emotion. Shame may be said to be vanity, plus the consciousness of something in oneself which takes away the power of pleasing others so as to attract them.

These few illustrations must suffice here to indicate that all emotions are capable of reduction into terms of love and hate, and none is *sui generis* except these two.

From the above it follows that the virtues and vices of mankind are only the emotions become fixed and wide-reaching. The emotion of love, originally aroused from time to time, and finding vent in helping a small circle, spouse, children, parents, relations, friends, when it becomes a settled habit, and is felt as a continual undercurrent of "feeling-tone" in the consciousness towards all with whom the individual comes into contact, and even towards those who are absent, and ultimately

for the whole of creation, becomes that altruism which is the sum-total of all the virtues. So repulsion becomes egoism, that selfishness which is the essence of all vices. To each emotion will be found a corresponding virtue or vice. Very often language gives the same name to the temporary and fleeting aspect as well as to the more permanent one. Parental love, aroused and exercised from time to time, becomes confirmed into persistent benevolence to the weak. Thankfulness and appreciation, often brought into play, settle down into a habit of seriousness and earnest aspiration, and the chivalrous virtue of reverence for all that is good and great. So, on the other side, passing fits of anger or scorn, becoming habitual, make up the vice of peevishness or malevolence, or that shallow mockery which is "the fume of little minds".

Having thus, all too cursorily, seen that the emotions are the material of which are made up the virtues and the vices which develop and determine the happiness, or otherwise, of all social conditions, institutions, organisations, we ought next to consider what laws govern the mutual action and reaction, the mutual origination and evocation of these emotions. For only when we have determined these laws shall we have in our possession an organon of education, for the deliberate cultivation, governance and elimination, of good, useful and evil emotions respectively.

Observation shows that amongst average individuals, in whom neither selfishness nor unselfishness is unmistakably pronounced and predominant, "Emotions tend to create their own likeness" (using "likeness" to mean another emotion, *on the same side*, out of the two main categories). Love will produce love;

anger, anger ; pride, pride ; fear, fear ; distrust, distrust ; and so on between "equal" individuals. If they are unequal, scorn will beget fear, and fear scorn ; compassion will generate gratitude and reverence, and reverence compassion ; and so on.

But when an individual is predominantly selfish, over-firmly set on the Path of Pursuit of things worldly and material, the Pravṛṭti-Mārga, then emotions in another, whether of the love side or of the hate side, will tend to arouse in himself corresponding emotions of his own side and nature, *viz.*, the hate side. Thus humility, accompanying weakness and prayer, will arouse that contempt which distorts and perverts the benevolent word "pitiable" into the scornful word "pitiful" ; compassionate greatness will breed awed fear and distrust and suspicion ; the advances of love cause repulsion and anger. And much more so, of course, the emotions of the same evil kind, in another, will arouse evil ones in him.

On the other hand, when the individual has consciously or subconsciously passed on to the Path of Renunciation of worldliness, Nivṛṭti, self-sacrifice, unselfishness, then even the evil emotions of another, and much more the good ones, will arouse in him only corresponding good emotions. Fear will arouse compassion and the effort to reassure and soothe and help ; pride will evoke the sad humility of friendliness, or a quietly smiling and paternal benevolence ; anger and irritation will evoke only more gentle patience and friendliness and effort to appease ; and so on. These laws can be worked out into the minutest details and correspondences.

Bhagavān Dās

(To be concluded)

THE DIVINE MAN

By C. F. HOLLAND

WHAT right have I to speak of the Divine Man? What can I know of Him? Who is He? Where does He reside? What is His occupation? What is His relationship to me? And then who am I?

If I were endeavouring to be strictly scientific and to use Theosophical terms, I would speak of the Divine Man as the Monad, or perhaps regard him as the triple Spirit, that expression of the Monad, Ātma-Buddhi-Manas, and speak of him as the Ego.

To me these terms always seemed to describe or name something separated from myself, something far away, apart from and beyond me, something I never can become.

I want to feel I am near this Divine Man, that there is something in me that responds to His call, that I am in some poor way a slight expression of some of His divinity; that my will is in some unaccountable way His will; my love His love, and my wisdom His wisdom, and that what I am of these may grow into greater and greater expression, until there is no will but His will, no love but His love, no wisdom but His wisdom, and that the time may come when I may verily say I am one with Him and He with me.

I would like to feel that I am as the outer court of some sacred temple wherein all knowledge and all

virtue abide, that the great portal of the temple will some day open and the wall that divides the temple from the court will disappear, and the court and the temple will become one structure.

I awake to consciousness in a world of material forms, all composed of matter—matter manifesting in diversity, and with different qualities, yet in reality but one substance, permeated with One Life. I distinguish these forms as separate from the form I call myself, and which I endeavour to control. I am aware of what seems to be I and not I, but I find no permanence; all is constant, ceaseless, endless change. Even in myself I realise there is no stay of this universal movement.

The morrow panders to my senses, promises pleasures permanent and real, but the morrow is delayed and the promise deferred. The pleasures, still just as alluring, recede as the time for their enjoyment approaches. I pursue them with the same energy, full of expectation, but ever and again they elude me. If I am allowed to approach near, they seem to fade, and I am fascinated with brighter colours just beyond, and these too fade in their turn and yield me no satisfaction.

I stand within the garden fair
And pluck the red, red rose.
The ripened fruit hangs low for me
And there I seek repose.

A worm destroys the blossoms fair,
The luscious fruits decay.
My bower of roses turns to thorns
And stings me where I lay.

And thus I see these pleasures, which
Earth places at my feet,
All fade away as I approach;
My joys are incomplete.

What is this in the nature of things that leads me on to expectation; that sports with my credulity; that

mocks me, while giving no satisfaction ; that leads me to expect even more, if I can continue the pursuit? What have I gained by this continuous effort which leads only to disappointment? What is the object of all this deception? Are there no imperishable realities? Nothing above or beyond this sensuous material world of changing forms that I can hold fast to ; that can speak to me in some language that I can understand?

If I listen to a Presence from within, and hear that inaudible whisper of the solitude coming from nowhere, yet from everywhere, that speaks not to the dull ear of the senses, but communes with the living, throbbing Presence that seems to dwell deep-seated and enthroned in the heart of my being, a monarch that rules and even chooses his own destiny ; then the landscape, the glorious sunset, the majestic snow-capped mountain, the woods, the river, the restless ocean, lend enchantment deep and lasting.

Without the consciousness of this brooding Presence and without the ability to respond, the most glorious sunset is but a patchwork of clouds and sky ; the mountains but a huge pile of rock, the ocean but an expanse of waste ; but when I can attune myself to the harmony of this Divine Spirit, this World-Mother, then matter and form lose hold upon me and I rise to a different world, a world where the meanest thing inspires me to search for and find its purpose in the divine plan, a world radiant with light and life, a world of perfection that knows neither deformity nor pain, a world that knows no sacrifice, for the finite only can suffer.

Who is this "I," that senses this infinity in calm repose, that beholds these ineffable glories that before

have been invisible to the senses and now impose themselves upon me with such imperious authority that all else seems as darkness; this "I" that in some indescribable way seems to be a part of the great universal All, encompassing it all at one and the same time, and yet seems to be my very self, expanded a thousand times greater than the "I" that I had been before; this "I" that in all the past seemed to reside in silence and darkness, and has allowed the man of flesh to assume the rôle of the one in authority and boastfully contend that his jurisdiction included the full scope of his being, and now suddenly descends into me from I know not whence, so that I comprehend and become aware of a greater "I," an "I" who transcends and sports with time and space, whose consciousness expands until it seems to reach the uttermost heights and depths, embracing all, with its centre everywhere, whose consciousness recognises a great universal World-Mother, beneficent, protecting and with loving tenderness brooding over her children everywhere and in everything? Let me describe her as she appears to me by a vision that seems to feel and know rather than see.

And her mighty brooding presence
I can feel where'er I go;
In the stars I read her message
As she smiles on me below.

To my soul she sings an anthem,
Universal love divine,
Till the world seems filled with music,
Melody of life sublime.

In the whispering pines I hear her,
And in the gurgling springs,
In the zephyr's softest sighing,
Hear the rustle of her wings.

In the silence of the twilight
 When the evening star appears,
 If I listen I can hear her
 In the music of the spheres.

I must assume that the consciousness that recognises this Divine Mother in nature must be of her kindred, and can be no other than her Divine Son, and if so, then the Divine Man.

This must be so, for divinity knows its own and appeals to its own and is comprehended only by its own. In vain would I attempt to describe the Divine Man as in some way different from the man of clay. How shall I distinguish him, so that you may recognise him should you chance to meet? In physical appearance He is not more beautiful, His bearing more noble or His mind more brilliant. By the man of commerce and trade He will probably be considered dull and uninteresting. These are games at which He has long since ceased to play, except as necessity requires. He has abandoned that field to those whose vision of the universe is measured by their power of response to sensation. His vision expands beyond or lies within, as it were, and words and language are poor and inadequate means to describe the glories of the world He feels and knows.

Conscious that He has drawn near to the heart of being, His direction is ever onward, and with an overpowering desire that others may share the bliss that sweeps over his being, His prayer is for strength that He may in some way be of service to them; and His prayer always is:

May I be strong to dare,
 And daring, face the sneers of men,
 The ridicule, the lies, and then
 Keep faith with self, the truth command,
 Knowing they do not understand.

May I be strong to serve,
 And serving, may I help to bear
 Each weary pilgrim's load of care.
 And may I comfort those who mourn,
 And heal each bleeding heart that's torn.

May I be strong to will,
 And willing, may His will be done.
 So may my will with His be one,
 And with His strength strong may I be
 To love and serve humanity.

May I be strong to love,
 And loving, though not loved, or when
 In anger I'm reviled of men,
 May I return to each goodwill,
 Forgive the wrong and love them still.

Thus I have tried to draw a pen picture of the Divine Man as to me it would seem He must be, and as I seem to sense Him, as it were, in a glass darkly; and this Divine Man is no other than the Higher Self.

The most glorious reality of it all is the full knowledge that by constant effort in the service of humanity and by continuous study and meditation I too may rise above the personal self, with its unsatisfied desires and longings, to the realm of reality, and submit to the conscious control of this Higher Self who dwells near the heart of being, conscious of its own divinity, where all is seen as ever existing in perfection, one continuous day, the past and the present blended in the Eternal Now, where death does not exist.

But the end is not yet. Progress must be eternal. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."

C. F. Holland

NIRVĀṆA

By D. S. S. WICKREMERATNE

NIRVĀṆA, the *summum bonum* of the Buddhists, is a subject that has baffled not only many of the best intellects of Our Lord's age, but also most of those after Him up to the present day. The sublimity of the subject has driven many a person to pass his own verdict that Nirvāṇa is "annihilation," and therefore should be rejected. On the contrary many have understood it and reaped its benefit, from kings down to the lowest labourer; men, women and children; as it is the most acceptable condition of everlasting Peace. We have to-day some five hundred millions, or nearly one-third of the estimated population of the globe, making every endeavour, making every sacrifice, towards its consummation; and at the same time non-Buddhists are exhibiting their ignorance of the subject in some form or other. Nirvāṇa is a discovery made by the Lord Buddha at the sacred Bo-Tree at Buddha Gaya, 2,500 years ago, and is quite unique in the history of religions.

Before any enquiry is instituted as to what Nirvāṇa is like, it will be necessary to know the religious thought of the world at the time this marvellous discovery was made; which religious thought, on comparison, will offer no contrast to that of the present age.

For the adherents of all the religious schools of the world were then, as now, groping after what is called "Everlasting Happiness" by pursuing the two extremes of self-mortification on the one hand and sense pleasures on the other. It is not easy to understand what self-mortification is, unless one goes to India, and personally sees the efforts made there to subjugate the mind by torturing the body. As regards the efforts made to subjugate the mind by means of sense pleasures, for the glory of an imaginary Maker, we have object lessons before us in Ceylon itself.

Prince Siddhārtha, the son of King Shuddhoḍana and Queen Māyā, the Crown Prince of the Shākyas of India, had the full advantage of the enjoyment of sense pleasures. He had the best of palaces for the various seasons of the year; He had the richest of food, He had the best raiment, chariots and horses; He had the loveliest Princess as wife, and, last but not least, the sweetest son. But in spite of all these things that are popularly called happinesses, He discovered that these enjoyments are vulgar and base and contemptible. And on renouncing these He underwent a course of severe self-mortification for a long period of six years under the guidance of ascetics. He discovered that the system of finding Peace through penances is a torturing, anārya, senseless and hopeless task; and therefore He adopted the Middle Path of neither self-mortification nor sense pleasures, as the surest course for self-discipline, and ultimately discovered the *Four Noble Truths* in which the whole of Buddhism is embodied. The Four Noble Truths include the *Noble Eightfold Path*, which on close examination will show metaphorically the disease, the cause of the

disease, the remedy, and the healthy condition obtained by the cure. Let us therefore take the Eightfold Path *seriatim*, and examine why we are existing, what is the cause of the existence, whether there is an escape, and how we are to escape.

First. *Right Belief*, divided into four heads :

1. Knowledge of the Truth of the existence of sorrow.
2. Knowledge of the Truth of the cause of sorrow.
3. Knowledge of the Truth of the cessation of sorrow.
4. Knowledge of the Truth of the way to the cessation of sorrow.

Second. *Right Thought*, divided into three heads :

1. Thought of leaving the householder's life and joining the Priesthood.
2. Thought of removing all hatred to others and of being pleased at their prosperity.
3. Thought of extending mercy to others and helping them.

Third. *Right Speech*, divided into four heads :

1. Not to tell lies.
2. Not to carry tales to set man against man.
3. Not to speak harsh words.
4. Not to gossip.

Fourth. *Right Action*, divided into three heads :

1. Not to kill.
2. Not to steal.
3. Not to commit adultery, nor to take intoxicants.

- Fifth.** *Right Livelihood*, divided into two heads :
1. If a priest, to obtain one's living without violating the precepts.
 2. If a layman, to earn one's livelihood by just means, in accordance with the precepts, and without lending oneself to the objectionable five trades.
- Sixth.** *Right Exertion*, divided into four heads :
1. To abstain from new sins.
 2. To get rid of sins already committed, by repenting.
 3. To perform new meritorious deeds.
 4. To continue to perform good deeds already done.
- Seventh.** *Right Remembrance*, divided into four heads.
1. To remember the impurities of the physical body.
 2. To remember the impermanence of pleasures.
 3. To remember the nature of the mind.
 4. To remember the pros and cons of the thoughts emanating from the mind.
- Eighth.** *Right Concentration of Thought*, divided into five heads.
1. To concentrate into the First *Ḍhyāna*.
 2. To concentrate into the Second *Ḍhyāna*.
 3. To concentrate into the Third *Ḍhyāna*.
 4. To concentrate into the Fourth *Ḍhyāna*.
 5. To concentrate into the Fifth *Ḍhyāna*.

It requires no argument to prove that we have experienced, and are daily experiencing, the pangs of birth, decay, sickness, death; pangs of mind, pains of body; weeping, lamentation, separation from those dear; forced association with the wicked, hoping against despair, and possession of the Skandhas (the material and immaterial body)—which twelve kinds of sorrow our Lord attributes to the result of our past deeds, called Karma Vipāka; and we can see that the cause of existence is unsatisfied selfish desire, called *Ṭanhā*. Therefore the escape from the above-mentioned sorrows is *Nirvāṇa*, and the remedy is the Noble Eightfold Path. Existence, therefore,—either as the most powerful King or the lowest beggar in the terrestrial globe, or as a *Ḍeva* in the celestial globe, or as a *Brahmā* with body but without consciousness in the *Rūpa* abode, or a *Brahmā* with consciousness but without body in the *Arūpa* abode, or as a being in the infernal abode called hell, or as beasts, birds, fishes, etc., in the animal kingdom, or as *Preṭas*, *Pishāchas*, and *Asuras*, called Elementals, occupying Space—is sorrow and nothing but sorrow; as such existence is attended with the necessary sequences of decay, sickness, death, etc., or in popular parlance, the “gnashing of teeth”.

Why was it that Our Lord underwent so many pangs and sufferings during six years of His last valuable life, apart from the countless previous lives, to discover the cause of sorrow? Because the ignorance of the people was so great that they never knew that the Eye, the Ear, the Nose, the Tongue, the Body, and the Mind, on which they are spending all their riches, are always feeding on Objects, Sound, Smell, Taste,

Touch, and Thoughts respectively (like the rope binding together a serpent, fox, ape, crocodile and kite, who struggle to get into their respective abodes by moving in different directions, tightening the rope more and more till exhausted to death), with the result that ten great obstacles to advancement, called Sanyojanas or Fetters, are engendered, *viz.*: (1) Sakkāyadiṭṭhi (Delusion of self), (2) Vichikichchha (Doubt), (3) Sīlabbataparāmāsa (Dependence on superstitious rites), (4) Kāmarāga (Sensuality), (5) Paṭigha (Hatred), (6) Rūparāga (Love of life on earth), (7) Arūparāga (Desire for life in heaven), (8) Māna (Pride), (9) Uddhachcha (Self-righteousness), (10) Avijjā (Ignorance).

So the Buddha saw that so long as man exists, these fetters will toss him in the sea of Sansāra (Birth and Death), as a vessel without a rudder dashing on this or that rock of sorrow. He tells us: "Look round and see how you are entwined; here is the knife of the Eightfold Path; cut off strenuously the fetters, and escape from sorrow. Just as an able physician in the case of a serious sickness stops all rich food and places the patient on a low diet, adjusts the rooms and surroundings, and treats the patient with medicines, so that the patient's life may be saved, so be a physician unto yourself and be cured, and reach Nirvāṇa."

Of the ten fetters, the first three must be rent to gain an insight into Nirvāṇa; and wherever Nirvāṇa is not understood, these three first Fetters will be responsible for obstructing the vision. Now let us examine what they are.

The first is Sakkāyadiṭṭhi. What is Sakkāyadiṭṭhi or the Delusion of self? If any one considers that (1)

the physical body (Rūpa) has a soul, or (2) the soul has a body, or (3) the body exists because of the soul, or (4) the soul exists because of the body, then he is said to possess Delusion of self as regards Rūpa. So also are the delusions of self as regards Sensation (Vedanā), Abstract Ideas (Saññā), Tendencies of Mind (Sankhārā), Mental Powers or Consciousness (Viññāna)—in all twenty aspects of the five Skandhas, which alone form the physical, mental and intellectual man, and nothing more.

The second is Vichikichchhā. What is Vichikichchhā or Doubt? (1) Doubt of Buddha, (2) Doubt of the Dharma which He preached, (3) Doubt of the Āryasaṅgha or the Noble Brotherhood, (4) Doubt as to past existences, (5) Doubt as to future existences, (6) Doubt as to both past and future existences, (7) Doubt of the efficacy of the precepts laid down by the Lord, (8) Doubt of Patichchha Samuppāda Dharma or the law of origination and change concerning the processes of life.

The third is Sīlabbataparāmāsa. There is no difficulty in understanding this; any belief that Nirvāṇa can be obtained by observing any rules of conduct foreign to Buddhism comes under this Fetter.

Strict adherence to the Eightfold Path is absolutely necessary to break these three Fetters, when follows the attainment of the First Stage of Nirvāṇa called *Sohan*. Later and in due course come the stages of *Sakadāgāmi*, *Anāgāmi* and *Arhaṭ*, when all the remaining Fetters must necessarily give way.

Now we come to the question: Where is Nirvāṇa? It is not a place, where many a religious man may wish to have his room numbered; and in the words of

Nagasena Thera to the greatest controversialist of the period, King Milinda, it is not in the East, West, North or South, Up or Down, but it is where the precept is observed. That is the explanation which Our Lord gave to Subhadra.

Then comes the question: What is Nirvāṇa? The popular Samskr̥t word Nirvāṇa, or its Pāli equivalent Nibbāna, implies the snapping of a cord (of Ṭanhā or Thirst for Life), or escape from a noose (of Ṭanhā). Man is dragged in the sea of Sansāra by the cord of Ṭanhā; you snap it, and there is Nirvāṇa. Is it existence, within the comprehension of the man in the street, or is it annihilation? It is neither the one nor the other. Here lies the dilemma in which sceptics get themselves fixed; this is the labyrinth in which many a critic loses his way; and, indeed, the Lord Himself found it difficult to make the ordinary masses comprehend it without stories and parables.

Nirvāṇa is not existence in the ordinary sense of the word, and to believe the Buddha to have denounced existence as sorrow and then to suppose Him to have said that Nirvāṇa is a blissful *existence* is a contradiction in terms. Whereas the Buddha says that if anyone believes that Nirvāṇa is existence, it is heresy.

Then is it annihilation? It is not. There too the Buddha says that it is heresy to believe that Nirvāṇa is annihilation. And in view of the fact that Nirvāṇa is attained on this side of the grave and not after, it is preposterous to suppose that it means annihilation to attain it; for if an individual attains an annihilation state within the corporeal body, he should, on attaining such a Nirvāṇa, drop down dead, as if struck by a bolt from

the blue ; whereas the singing of praises of the happiness that comes to an Arhaṭ in his mortal coil, conclusively proves that Nirvāṇa is a complete, blissful state, which is no other than the complete cessation of the fire of Ṭanhā, and therefore the surrendering of all that constitutes the formation of anything that is brought within the influence of the Law of Karma, and therefore the complete outwitting of birth and its concomitant appendages and corollaries—decay, sickness, death and innumerable other sufferings—not in one, but in a countless number of lives. In short, it is a state beyond the operation of the laws of nature, and beyond the influence of the Ḍhāṭus or categories, whether instituted, as some say and Buddhists deny, by gods, Brahma-ḍevas, or Māras. Is it not, I ask you, happiness ?

If you are never to come back into mundane existence, is it not, I ask you, everlasting ? It is true that there is no singing and dancing to glorify the Buḍḍha, but it is perfect peace, and it is therefore properly termed Nibbānasampadā.

Numerous instances can be quoted where the physical body was thrown away with the singing of praises on entering into Nirvāṇa, which conclusively proves that Nirvāṇa is no annihilation but freedom from sorrow. Take the case of Ṭathāgaṭa Himself. On the day in which He entered Parinirvāṇa, He walked peacefully to His death-bed and lay peacefully on the couch prepared for Him, gave the last counsel to His disciples and enquirers ; and bidding farewell, He entered into the first, second, third, fourth, fifth Ḍhyāna, and again from the fifth to the fourth, third, second and first Ḍhyāna, and so on for some time ; and

then left the mortal body. Then again His first disciple, Sāriputta, obtained permission from the Lord, went to his parents and, on his death-bed, converted them and entered into Nirvāṇa. His second disciple, Moggallana, went to the Lord, and having shown Him, at His request, Iddhi or miraculous powers, entered into Nirvāṇa. And so too the Arhaṭ Queen Yashodhara, and many others.

Our Lord's Dharma denounces, as stated in the early stage of this paper, the two extremes of sense-indulgence and self-mortification, but teaches the mild doctrine of the Middle Path; it is therefore rational that the final goal should be a middle ending, neither a sense glorification nor an annihilation, but a subtle acquisition, which anyone who cannot understand "*Na ca so na ca aññs*" (not the same nor yet another), as applied even to a living being, will find it difficult to comprehend. But if you observe first the simple Five Precepts, they will eventually lead you to the Noble Eight-fold Path; if you try to understand what the Ten Fetters are, and rend them there and then, then alone will you comprehend what Nirvāṇa is. Then you will feel that you are free from the following impurities or vices:

- (1) *Mackcko*, Vice of disparaging the known virtues of others.
- (2) *Palaso*, Vice of envying those who are more virtuous than oneself.
- (3) *Issa*, Vice of hating others' property.
- (4) *Machcheriya*, Vice of hoping that one alone may prosper and not others.
- (5) *Maya*, Vice of hiding one's faults and trying to appear virtuous.
- (6) *Sateyya*, Vice of trickishness.

(If you are free from these vices, then know that you have attained the First Stage of Nirvāṇa, *Sohan*.)

(7) *Patigha*, Control of indifference.

(8) *Kodho*, Control of hatred.

(If you have conquered these vices, then know that you have attained the Second Stage of Nirvāṇa, *Sakadāgāmi*.)

(9) *Patigha*, Complete eradication of indifference.

(10) *Kodho*, Complete eradication of hatred.

(11) *Upanaha*, Attachment.

(12) *Pamādo*, Delay or procrastination.

(If you are free from these vices, then know that you have attained the Third Stage of Nirvāṇa, *Anāgāmi*.)

(13) *Abijjā*, Coveting others' riches.

(14) *Thambo*, Stubbornness, reluctance to yield to good advice.

(15) *Sarambo*, Refusal to obey those who should be obeyed.

(16) *Aitmāna*, Great pride.

(17) *Mada*, Pride in birth, youth, health, virtue, knowledge, etc.

(If you are free from these vices then know that you have attained the Fourth and the last Stage of Nirvāṇa, *Arhaṭ*.)

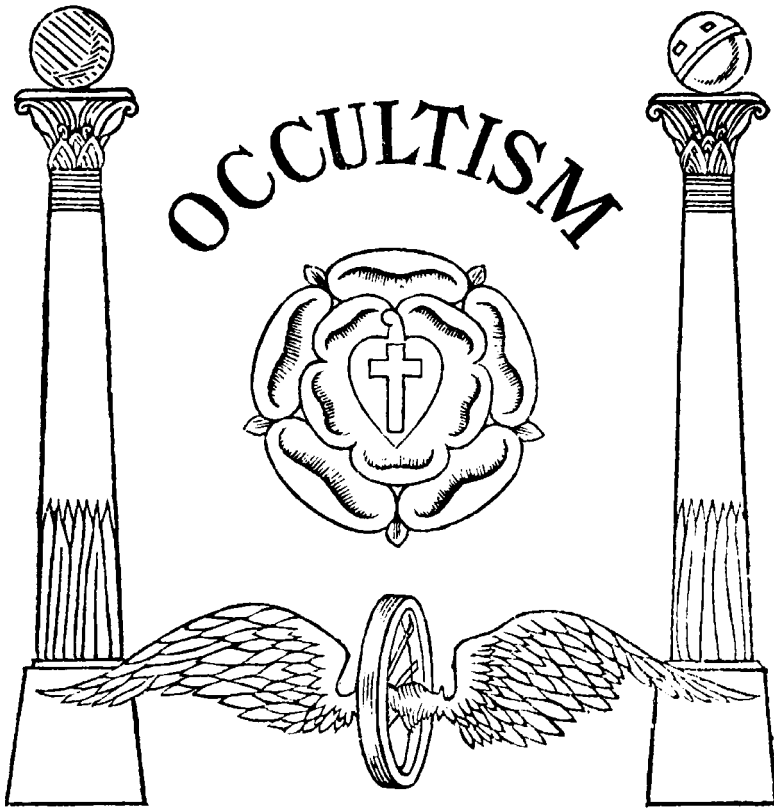
Thus you will see that the above seventeen vices are inherent in man, and that they cause all troubles in the world—Anarchism, Nihilism, Socialism, Liberalism, Conservatism, Toryism, Strikes, Bombs, Wars, Treasons, Disloyalty, and a thousand and one other things. So long as you allow them to continue in the undisturbed possession of man, you will find bloodshed and horror,

and the rotatory movement through endless lives; but once they are attacked at their root, with your own exertion, by closely following one of the many methods laid down by the Lord, you begin to realise that man is composed of the Five Skandhas—Rūpa (material qualities), Vedanā (sensation), Saññā (abstract ideas), Sankhārā (tendencies of mind), Viññāna (mental powers and consciousness), and that they are again divided into four Dhāṭus, called earth, air, fire and water, and that the combination of these Skandhas produce the above-mentioned vices (Kleshas). When every energy is engendered to subjugate them by practising Dāna (giving), Shīla (virtue), and Bhāvanā (meditation), the result is that man enters the Sohan stage; when the tendency to commit the five sins—killing, thieving, adultery, lying, and taking intoxicants—is completely subjugated, the individual crosses the sea of Sansāra (Birth and Death) within seven more lives as a man or Deva. Then inevitably follows Sakadāgami, with one more life in the human kingdom, and Anāgami without returning to earth again, and the final stage of Arhaṭ will exterminate the future worldly life, and the saint will enter in the same life that blissful state of Peace—Nirvāṇa. When the following six Abhiññas, or the Great Powers of Perception which are generated at the attainment of Sohan, are in the later stages fully developed, *viz*: 1. Power of seeing objects, however distant, whenever necessary; 2. Power of hearing sounds, however distant, whenever necessary; 3. Power of reading others' thoughts; 4. Power of looking into a past chain of lives; 5. Power of attaining Iddhis or supernatural powers; 6. Power of expelling sins;—then the saint comes to Nirvāṇa.

On the other hand, if Nirvāṇa is examined without taking into consideration the why and the wherefore of its necessity, this can be compared to a man in a dark, closed room in Colombo attempting to see the Dalaḍā Māligāwa (Tooth Relic Temple) of Kandy. For unless he goes with the help of a guide to the nearest railway station, buys a ticket to Kandy, and enters the proper train, his task will be a hopeless one.

I have explained the subject as briefly as possible, though it requires a more exhaustive explanation. I hope that at no distant date we, one and all, will break off the trammels of the world and attain that Beatitude—which all Buddhas, Pachchekabuddhas and Arhats have extolled and entered into with all pomp and all glory—*Nirvāṇa*.

D. S. S. Wickremeratne



SIR THOMAS MORE, KNIGHT—A STUDY

By FRITZ KUNZ, B.A.

THE direction of the affairs of Europe, as that of every other part of the world, falls under the immediate control of certain members of the Occult Hierarchy—generally under one—and to the detailed governance of other Rulers and Teachers. We are privileged to know that, amongst others, in these Adepts are numbered He who was le Comte de St. Germain, that One who was Thomas Vaughan, at least

two other high Officials of the Lodge, and also He whom we know in history as Sir Thomas More. It is the last-named who has in close touch with Himself the Ego that once bore the name of Cæsar.

On account of these and others things, a somewhat narrow scrutiny of certain features of the life of Sir Thomas More may have an especial interest and value now, although at all times so inspiring and galvanic an example repays observation, if that observation of physical things be directed, by the eye of the Spirit, to discern the true inwardness of events. For where the uninformed may see merely a lawyer, a wit, a scholar, a man who was widely read and cultivated in taste, a family man ideal—for such the great Chancellor was—there the intuition describes the Lawgiver, the Sage, the Teacher, the possessor of the Ancient Wisdom—in short, the Saint and Arhat. And yet this greatness that springs from the realms of the Ego and of the Monad is best measured by the merely human elements, for these are to us the known by which we approach the unknown, the unreal from which we proceed to the Real. And for other reasons the review of this life fires us with hope. We see herein sharply a contrast between the calm wisdom of the Initiate and the hasty foolishness of the ignorant. We discern all the more clearly in an age of bigotry and superstition the glory of the Promethean fire. Against the selfish, uncontrolled lust of a worldly king we see the more vividly the selfless calm and poise of a Son of the only true King.

In our feeble understanding of what constitutes spiritual greatness we too often refuse to allow to Initiates those homely human qualities which surely

only serve to set off more effectively the true inward greatness of the Spirit. Fortunately in Sir Thomas More we have one who is not so far away from us in time but that not only can we enter into an understanding of his great phases, but also can still find those little anecdotes that have kept alive his bubbling mirth, his pure domestic affection, the incalculable strength of his keen mind and great heart.

Thus, in his celebrated book, *Utopia*, we find that he has written a brief passage of three sentences which, insignificant as it is in size and content, yet so shrewdly sets forth certain phases of that great man's character that, notwithstanding its trifling nature, I hit upon it as an illustration to introduce this study. In commenting upon the customs of people in *Utopia*, he says:

They bring up a great multitude of pullets and that by a marvellous policy. For the hens do not sit upon the eggs; but by keeping them in a certain equal heat they bring them into life and hatch them. The chickens, as soon as they be come out of the shell, follow men and women instead of the hens.

It is sufficiently remarkable that this casual, curious fact should have been known to More—for fact it is—and surely no one but he would toss into the midst of a grand conception of the ideal State a bit of minute, keen observation so full of pith. It is characteristic of the man that he could, in the middle of a great work, pause to turn his vivid and humorous mind to so small a matter, yet give to it a certain crispness of expression, and so throw into full prominence, through the medium of the insignificant, the profound nature of his knowledge, and the sunny character of his humour. One can almost see Sir Thomas, Master More, in his garden in Old Chelsea, in far off 1514, experimenting with the artificial incubation of eggs, and pointing out to his

beloved daughter, Megg, the new and amusing habits of the strange chicks.

The very drawings of him that have come down to us convey in some sense the manner of the man who, in his physical expression, reveals the flaming Soul within. Of these portraits it is natural that that one done by his dear friend, Hans Holbein, the Younger, should be most like. There is one of these, a drawing, in the Royal Library at Windsor Castle, of which the date is about 1527, which is instinct with life. There are also extant certain of Holbein's cartoons for a projected great painting of the household of Sir Thomas More, all of them giving us a certain happy intimacy with these happy intimates. One sees More seated in the centre, surrounded by the members of his family, the servants, the dogs, and even, beside his pious Margaret—tucked cunningly in the farthest corner—a pet ape!¹ In this group the central figure has the benign and contented expression that we naturally associate with his domestic life, but in the portraits he wears that slightly puckered and puzzled brow that marked the intensity of his public life. There is visible the generosity of his character in the generous nose; and we note the full and sensitive lips, and a well-articulated jaw that bespeaks the transcendent strength of the man. With these, and the wide brow and deep eyes, one understands that thoroughness, perseverance and clear vision were his.

There is a charming book by Miss Anne Manning devoted to *The Household of Sir Thomas More*, in which a fictitious diary by More's favourite daughter is made

¹Of this sketch the keen Erasmus said in 1529: "Methought I saw shining through this beautiful household a soul even more beautiful."

the vehicle for a record of the days of high Passion which ended that great life. The book does not pretend to complete accuracy, and it does not set forth in detail the more exalted phase of his life, but it does convey thoroughly the purity of emotion and the constancy of devotion in which More's life was steeped; and Miss Manning's work is especially useful in expressing the unity and serenity of the household. We find Erasmus, most learned of Dutchmen, walking there; we catch glimpses of the care and patience that the father had for his children, and the devoted affection he had for his wife; we see him courted by the learned, and visited by the powerful—even King Henry VIII walking in the garden with his arm about More. An especially interesting comment on this happy domesticity is, in the nature of the case, omitted by Miss Manning, but in *The Life of Sir Thomas More*, by his son-in-law, William Roper, this passage occurs:

This Sir Thomas More. . . . resorted to the house of one Master Colte, a gentleman of Essex, that had oft invited him thither, having three daughters whose honest conversation and virtuous education provoked him there specially to set his affection. And albeit his mind most served him to the second daughter, for that he thought her the fairest and most favoured, yet when he considered that it would be both grief and great shame also to the eldest to see her younger sister preferred before her in marriage, he then, of a certain pity, framed his fancy toward her, and soon after married her.

And, whatever we may think of the affair as such, this is but one illustration of the courtesy, the high thought and the self-control which marked out the man.

The object of this paper is to set forth a few illustrations of this high thought and pure life. The mere

events in the life of the great Chancellor are well known, but even these may be briefly sketched for the sake of completeness.

He was born, then, in Milk Street, in London, on February 7, 1478, and educated at St. Anthony's School, Threadneedle Street, under Nicholas Holt. He was placed early in the household of Cardinal Morton. This place, obtained for him by his father, was one of privilege, and it brought the youth into close touch with the living Christian tradition. He duly went on to Oxford, and then to New Inn (of Chancery) and, in 1496, to Lincoln's Inn, an Inn of Court, and we soon after see him delivering a lecture on a compromise between theology and the humanities to "the most learned of London". For a time he took up the ascetic life, but mainly through the influence of Erasmus, he abandoned this. The friendship with the Dutch scholar was his rationalist inspiration. In 1504 we find the young More opposing the King's will in Parliament, and, what is more, defeating it. This Henry VII never forgave, so that More was thrown out of public life until 1509; it was during this occlusion that he married, in 1505, the eldest daughter of "one Master Colte".

When, in a case of *The Crown v. The Pope*, More won a judgment against King Henry VIII, that astute monarch wisely saw that this genius should be with and not against the Court, and so, at great pains, he won More into his service, making him Privy Councillor in 1514, and in 1523 Speaker of the House. There, reluctantly assuming office, More adhered steadily to the cause of the Commons, proving intractable to the King, and incensing by his boldly displayed strength

the redoubtable Wolsey, who would have had him sent to Spain as ambassador by way of banishment. But Henry made him, instead, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and wooed him assiduously, coming to his Chelsea house unexpectedly to dinner, and otherwise cultivating his friendship. Finally, in 1529, Sir Thomas became the first layman custodian of the Great Seal. In this office his integrity and zeal were alike flawless (although he was later charged with bribery and acquitted), but when the question of the divorce arose, More resigned his office on plea of ill-health.

He could not escape the ordination of karma thus, for after his flat refusal to attend the coronation of Anne Boleyn he was a marked man; the further refusal in 1534 to take the Oath of Supremacy added fuel to the King's wrath; and More was committed to the Tower, whence, upon flimsy evidence by a perjurer, he was arraigned and condemned for misprision of treason. He was executed on July 7, 1535, going as grandly to his death as he had grandly lived.

Without question, of merely human traits, his bubbling and delicate sense of humour has made More beloved to many men. The story of his last sharp witticism is well known, and is as well worth repeating. As he laid his head upon the block (it is said), he carefully brushed away his beard, saying: "That at least hath committed no treason."¹ Another story of doubtful authenticity, but equally possible, relates how he met Erasmus first at the Lord Mayor's table; who, when the conversation between them had grown swift and brilliant, cried out: "Aut tu es Morus, aut nullus."

¹ His portraits show him beardless, but he was closely confined in the Tower for a year before his execution, and during this period his beard may have grown.

And More answered: "Aut tu es Erasmus, aut diabolus." However these may be, equally fine touches are related by the trustworthy Roper, thus:

As he was going thitherward [to imprisonment in the Tower] wearing, as he commonly did, a chain of gold about his neck, Sir Richard Cromwell, that had charge of his conveyance thither, advised him to send home his chain to his wife or to some of his children. "Nay, Sir," quoth he, "that I will not: for if I were taken in the field by mine enemies I would they should somewhat fare the better for me." At whose landing Master Lieutenant was ready at the Tower gate to receive him, where the porter demanded of him his upper garment. "Master Porter," quoth he, "here it is," and took off his cap and delivered it to him, saying, "I am very sorry it is no better for thee." "No, Sir," quoth the porter, "I must have your gown." And [later] was he by Master Lieutenant brought out of the Tower, and from thence led toward the place of execution. Where, going up the scaffold, which was so weak that it was ready to fall, he said merrily to the Lieutenant: "I pray you, Master Lieutenant, see me safe up, and for my coming down, let me shift for myself." Which done, he kneeled down, and after his prayers said, turned to the executioner with a cheerful countenance, and said unto him: "Pluck up thy spirits, man, and be not afraid to do thine office, my neck is very short, take heed therefore, thou strike not awry, for saving of thine honesty."

Verily, here is evidence that he lived and moved and had his being in worlds we know only too little.

Aside from and in addition to these more easily understood elements, we find plenty of hints as to the source of More's inspiration and strength. He has become now a Master of the Wisdom; no small share of Europe's future lies in His hands to be moulded, especially in connection with the mission of Cæsar. And already in the Sixteenth Century he was approaching the greatest and most difficult portions of the Path. It is not surprising to find, then, that even after he had given up the castigations and penances which he laid upon himself as a youth, he continued,

ven to the end, the wearing of a hair shirt next to his skin; nor, knowing this, do we wonder as much to see a man of such active public life constantly turning inward to the Light:

And because he was desirous, for godly purposes, sometimes to be solitary and sequester himself from wordly company, a good distance from his mansion-house builded he a place called the New-Building, wherein there was a chapel, a library, and a gallery, in which, as his use was on other days to occupy himself in prayer and study there together, so on Fridays used he continually to be there from morning till evening, spending his time only in devout prayers and spiritual exercises.¹

More vividly is this life of his seen to be coincident with great, definite spiritual advancement when we look at his betrayal at the hands of Wolsey, and more particularly, when we mark the utter perfidy of one, Rich, who visited him, upon a pretext, in the Tower and endeavoured, by putting to More hypothetical cases, to commit him to something treasonable. In this he failed, but notwithstanding, by clear perjury at the arraignment, gave excuse for the sentence of death. Yet this seeming friend was but the Judas in the Drama, who betrayed a Lover of men to death maybe, but to Life assuredly. Nor did More play his part in this Drama as one innocent of the scenes that were to come; for he unquestionably knew that he would meet death for his convictions, and he clearly warned his family of this, his future.

In his outward life he adhered closely to the customs of his time and place, where these did not conflict with his sense of right. He gave way to public opinion in things which did not matter—dress and the like—as readily as he might. But in esoteric matters

¹ Roper.

he was scrupulous. It is said by his son-in-law, Roper, that in sixteen years of close observation he had never once seen More "in a fume"; and surely if ever man had cause to be irritable this was he. We see him, therefore, standing well beyond the third great Portal of the Homeward Way. He is in no sense the Magician; clairvoyance and the psychic powers do not seem to have been part of his mode of evolution; but in the spiritual worlds he was a rock; his intuitions, his will and his wisdom were fully at his disposal.

A pleasing illustration of the use of these higher faculties is seen in the instance where his favourite daughter, Margaret, lay nigh death in the sweating-sickness. The physicians gave her over, but More retired to his New Building, and there, burning with the Love he had for his daughter, besought a remedy for her desperate illness. The cure came to him in a flash; the physicians at once adopted the suggestion; and the lady's life was saved.

A still more transcendent, indeed a super-spiritual faculty was evident in him when he was adjudged by the Lord Chancellor guilty. On this occasion, when he was asked what he had to say, he remarked, with that amazing serenity and dispassionateness: "I verily trust, and shall therefore right heartily pray, that though your lordships have now here in earth been judges of my condemnation, we may yet hereafter in heaven merrily all meet together to everlasting salvation."¹

Yet in the *Utopia* I find the clearest of all expressions of a profound understanding of what we more truly call the mode of Occultism. One expects, and

¹ Roper.

indeed finds, in Sir Thomas More the mode of the Catholic Church, albeit his Catholicism was singularly wide and truly catholic. And one expects and finds interplay of such psychic and spiritual elements as go to make up a brilliant person. A more close observation reveals a true knowledge on his part of what we might call the technique of the Path, a profound understanding of the mechanics of spiritual evolution and Monadic expression. For I find him clearly recognising the Server type, as different from the Devotee and the Sage, where he says of the Utopians :

They think that the contemplation of nature, and the praise thereof coming, is to God a very acceptable honour. Yet there be many so earnestly bent and affectioned to religion, that they pass no thing for learning, nor give their minds to no knowledge of things. But idleness they utterly forsake and eschew, thinking felicity after this life to be gotten by busy labours and good exercises remaining in continual work and labour themselves; not embraiding others therewith. They neither reprove other men's lives nor glory in their own. These men, the more serviceable they behave themselves, the more they be honoured of all men.

The *Utopia*¹ reveals, generally, a magnificent freedom from false tradition and a freshness of thought that betrays the "Wind of the Spirit" blowing from its own still, clear heights. In the letter transmitting the manuscript to Peter Giles, More scathingly attacks the cant of his day, that has now, in our day, grown into a giant tangle of intellectual superstition. "The rude and barbarous," he says, "alloweth nothing but that which is very barbarous indeed. If it be one that hath a little smack of learning, he rejecteth as homely gear

¹ Usually taken to be derived from *ou* (not) and *topos* (place), i.e., place non-existent physically. Many of the names in the book are Greek. More was a Greek scholar. The study of this tongue was considered a dangerous experiment by the Church then.

and common ware whatsoever is not stuffed full of old moth-eaten words and that be worn out of use." He attacks still more vigorously the savage custom of hanging for theft; he scarifies the flogging schoolmaster; he blazes against the abuse of the monetary system; and the whole is a cry for the poor and oppressed, and for greater control and sensible organisation in national life. And through it all is woven that wisdom of the Plan that stamps the words as coins minted in the cold flame of the Ego. It is He Himself crying out, when he says: "The soul is immortal, and by the bountiful goodness of God ordained to felicity." He has o'erleapt the theological boundaries; he is embodied Spirit. We call him a Roman Catholic, and in a sense we are right. But he could say, with clear approval, that in *Utopia*

Some worship for God the Sun; some the moon; some some other of the planets. There be [those] that give worship to a man that was once of excellent virtue or of famous glory, not only as God, but also as the chiefest and highest God.¹ But the most and wisest part (rejecting all these) believe that there is a certain godly power unknown, everlasting, incomprehensible, inexplicable, far above the capacity and reach of man's wit, dispersed throughout all the world, not in bigness, but in virtue and power. Him they call the Father of all. To Him alone they attribute the beginnings, the increasings, the proceedings, the changes, and the ends of all things. Neither they give divine honours to other than to Him. Whom they all commonly in their country language call Mithra. They also, which² do not agree to Christ's religion, fear no man from it, nor speak against any man that hath received it. Saving that one of our [newly converted Christian] company in my presence was sharply punished. He, as soon as he was baptised, began against our wills, with more earnest affection than wisdom, to reason of Christ's religion: and began to wax so hot in his manner, that he did not only prefer our religion before all other, but also

¹ Buddhists, clearly.

² i.e., who do not follow Christ's religion, nevertheless frighten no man away from it, etc.

did utterly despise and condemn all other, calling them profane, and the followers of them wicked and devilish, and the children of everlasting damnation. When he had thus long reasoned the matter, they laid hold on him, accused him, and condemned him into exile; not as a despiser of religion, but as a seditious person, and a raiser-up of dissension among the people.

Would indeed that we could similarly serve equally bigoted and frenzied folk that we ourselves wot of!

And he himself, Sir Thomas More, Knight, a true Son of God, was shut from this world by a bigot who called himself a follower of Christ. The mist and the murk and the fog of human passion and greed, the lust of power abetting the lust of the brute that slumbers in man—in this jungle of hypocrisy and devious selfishness they destroyed the prison that lightly held this Child of the Spirit. We, viewing the event from afar, stand amazed at the ignorance and folly that could do this. Yet we remember that it is ordained that he who would go swiftly along the homeward way to the House of his Father, must be content to die, physically or psychically, forsaken and alone, in the name of Truth upon the high altar of Right. Then goeth he, the Arhat, to the Āshrama of his Master, there to abide against that day when the Ancient of Days shall admit him to the company of the Perfect, the Asekha. His body, slain by a puppet king, is given here as a final pledge to the King of Kings, Who, however the Drama be played, holds us to Him, throughout the puppet show, by a silver thread, invisible but strong. And this he knew, our Knight; and in this he found that serenity, that quiet mirth, that poise and strength, at which we marvel. What should he care for fire and rack, the call of luxury, death and oblivion, who knew another Flame, a truer Voice, a greater Life!

As the imperishable mountains tower their immeasurable wreathed peaks into a light-bathed world that is clouded from our sight by the mists and the glittering blue of the ether; as they draw out of heaven the rains that pour as brooks and springs down into our dusty plains—just so do these imperishable Ones, whom He has joined, stand in forms like yours and mine perfected, but yet tower into the still heights of the unknown worlds, reaching up where, with our feeble eyes, we cannot follow; thence pouring out to us pure streams from that clear world, streams that quench the age-old thirst of the soul. And He that was Sir Thomas More, Knight, He too has gone where springs the River of Light in the Garden of God, that *real* Utopia of Peace.

Fritz Kunz

[Note.—In The King's Classics (Chatto and Windus) will be found the *Utopia* edited by Robert Steele, Roper's *Life of Sir Thomas More*, and Miss Manning's *The Household of Sir Thomas More*. These, with *A Dialogue of Syr Thomas More, Knyghte*, and some other less available records, have been the chief literary sources of this study—F. K.]

SEEKING FOR "SIGNS"

THE following, written by Mrs. Annie Besant to one in mental distress, asking her to show some "sign," may help others :

Anyone, who has passed through the mental crisis in which you are struggling, must sympathise with your difficulties. But one cannot escape from it by "signs". Mme. Blavatsky showed many, to be dubbed charlatan and trickster for her pains. "Signs" do not convince. For the moment, one is dazed ; later, the mind revolts, because it cannot understand that which the eyes have seen. Moreover, a "sign" merely shows that the mage knows a law of nature that you do not know. That does not prove that he can guide you to truth.

Theosophical teachings, when philosophical, appeal to the intelligence, not to the easily deceived senses. They must be judged by reason. When they are spiritual, they can only be proved by experience, and, as in the laboratory, the methods taught by experts must be followed, in order to reach their results.

You appeal to the Christ who said : " Ask and it shall be given unto you " ; but the same Christ said : " An evil and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign ; and there shall no sign be given to it." For He well knew that the proofs of the Spirit cannot be given to the

eyes of the flesh. Can you prove a truth of the higher mathematics by a chemical experiment ?

I also sought for the truths of the higher worlds by physical demonstrations, and found them not ; but by perseverance, sacrifices, efforts, I found them, and, with them, peace. You also will find, if you seek. By study and meditation, that is to say, by the utilisation of the laws of thought, you also will reach the goal.

OBITUARY

WE regret to announce the death, on April 14th, of Mr. A. E. Bultjens, who succeeded Mr. Leadbeater as Principal of the School now called Ānanda College. Mr. Bultjens also followed Mr. Leadbeater as Editor of *The Buddhist*, and showed much devotion, energy and ability in carrying on the work that he began.

We have also received the sad news that Lieutenant H. Rodhe, of the 89th Punjabis, has died of wounds in Mesopotamia. We have no details, but those who remember him at Adyar send thoughts of love and strength.

LOVE'S HYMNING

I WOULD wreathe a garland of my heart's blossoms,
Roses of sweetness, lilies of chastity,
And jessamine of joy,
And, blessed one, place them on thy forehead
Where winds pause reverently.

I would gather posies of my shortcomings,
Hollyhocks of passion, sun-flowers of vainglory,
And little weeds of shame
With no name,
And place them in thy hand to burden breezes
On their way troubling thee.

I would open all my palace windows
For mine illumining by glance of thine,
And every door would ope
That neither stair nor chamber nor any winding way,
Missing thy footstep, might remain unblest
For crying halt to thee.

C.

ATTEMPT AT AN ANALYSIS OF A CROWDED IMPRESSION

By AN EYEWITNESS

THE senses, we are often told, are unreliable witnesses. I had a demonstration of the fact yesterday. It set me thinking on the problems of sense impressions generally and the validity of direct testimony dependent on them. I witnessed and took a subordinate part in a street accident, probably of slight importance. I wondered what, if the accident had been a crime and of importance, could have been the value of my depositions as a witness. Thereupon analysing my impressions I found how extraordinarily inadequate and blurred they were, and, mostly for my own satisfaction, I have recorded them, as follows.

I had just come from Messrs. Oakes & Co.'s shop in Mount Road, in a motor-car, and was making for Spencer's. In front of Messrs. P. Orr & Sons' I noticed that a "something" had happened and told the driver to stop, which he did within a few yards. Here already comes in the first uncertainty about my impressions. I do not know how and why my attention was arrested. I sat beside the driver and was looking out, not with a view to instruct the driver, but simply widely awake, consciously observant of the street scenery and the traffic we were passing. I find I do

not know whether some one in the street, or even the driver, called out, whether there was any shout or noise. I now only know that I observed that an accident had happened, but I do not know at all how my consciousness came first in contact with the fact. I must add that I am also not perfectly sure whether the driver saw the accident simultaneously with, or even before, me and it may quite well be that *he* first slowed down the car and so drew my attention. So it will be seen that the first series of impressions is indeed a blurred mass.

Now coming to the transition stage between the consciousness *that* something had happened and the realisation of *what* had happened, this must have taken an infinitesimal fraction of time, but I am not conscious of process, between the two. It seems to me, if indeed I do not reconstruct too much by reflections supplied after the event—of which I find I am not sure—that the two conceptions “*an* accident” and “*that* accident” telescope into each other as it were, and form so to say the two ends or sides of *one* impression.

I am more aware of the contents of my subsequent visual impression. I saw a motor-car—of which the one outstanding quality in my memory is that it was Japanned in a shiny black, with perhaps a very faint sub-impression of new [*i.e.*, dull grey or perhaps yellowish] tyres—rapidly swerving from Mount Road into Messrs. Oakes’ motor department compound. When the motor passed my field of vision in a manner like the withdrawal of a superimposed plate in a magic lantern, there appeared the body (first impression, a coolie, grown up man) just caught in the act of having jumped up (like a

fish out of the water—body twisted in a semi-circular way). I do not recollect observing the body either rising or falling, but in the memory this impression is—*without* a transition stage—linked to another, namely that of seeing the body lie in the road. This to me is a queer circumstance. The memory retains the first and last impression but does not record the stage between. Yet this statement must be qualified, for though I did not observe the stages between the body in the air and on the ground, I do recollect—but as very rapid and faint impressions—four different phases in sequence regarding the body on the ground: (1) sprawling, (2) turning over, and (3) and (4) (simultaneously) lying stiff and stretched—with the intuitive inference of death or swoon—and a great rush of blood from the skull.

By this time several, at least three, main streams of extremely crowded impressions rushed up and coalesced in such a manner as to be entirely inextricable, making it impossible to set down with precision any sequence in time of the things which happened.

These were:

1. My own actions. By voice or gesture I made the driver stop; he also communicated with me. What and how, I do not precisely know. I got out vaguely wanting to do something but was undecided, and must have first stood still looking on for at least a few seconds.

2. The action of others. A few people in the immediate neighbourhood crowded round; all of them, I think, also undecided for a few seconds. Of these a very few, perhaps two or three, figures have a vague individuality in my memory. There is one who

alternatingly assumes the form of a coolie or a yogi (religious mendicant, beggar?).

3. The motionless, prostrate figure in the road.

At this stage there may have been two sub-impressions:

1. The motor which knocked down the victim still continuing its way into Oakes & Co.'s compound (showing the shortness of time of the whole proceeding, as the entrance road to the premises from the road is in my estimate certainly less than a hundred yards, perhaps only fifty). I have a still fainter sub-sub-impression that the chauffeur looked out and made a "deprecatory" gesture, and a stronger impression that some one shouted something to the effect of "Catch that car," or "That car has done it". But no actual words or form of such a shout are in my memory, only that this was the *sense* of something that was somehow uttered.

2. Then there was also a sub-impression (but I am quite uncertain now as to whether this impression was not later in time by a few seconds) that other people, further off, were now taking notice, and hurrying to the spot. I have a faint impression that some road-menders, some fifty to a hundred yards away, were amongst the number, and it would be interesting to verify the impression by ascertaining whether the road is now under repair ¹ or whether this was a reminiscent insertion from a former impression received during a previous visit to that part of Mount Road when the road *was* under repair.

By this time a double set of new impressions were received, and though they too have coalesced in my

¹ It is.

memory, I am inclined to think that in time they were slightly in sequence. The first was that of the door-sergeant of Messrs. Orr & Sons who had come a few yards from his door, and stood half-way between the body and the door steps. He muttered something about "that stupid boy. How could he be so stupid as to jump on or off a moving car? Entirely his own fault" (verbal accuracy far from guaranteed). In the meantime he stood rather helpless, not moving and not doing anything. I cried out to him: "Run and get some water!" but he answered: "There is already some one giving it!" Then I saw the man, whom above I have called a coolie or yogī, throwing a dipper of water on the head or the face of the victim. Now I had seen that some person had lifted the boy from the road, and carrying him a few yards aside, had propped him up against the wall. There was now a small cluster of persons around him, I should say about five. But of all that now happened I have lost all sense of chronology. I do not know if I spoke first to the sergeant or whether I first saw the boy lifted to the roadside. The two actions may have been simultaneous or partly simultaneous. I suppose that the amount of attention devoted to speaking to the sergeant took away for the moment a proportionate amount of attention for the observation of the development of the affair centring around the wounded person. Anyhow, after having turned round from the sergeant to see that indeed some one was throwing water on the victim, the sergeant dwindled out of my consciousness. By this time perhaps some more people had gathered. At this stage I think I heard again some reference to catching the driver of the offending car; I think even someone pointed

to him and said: "There he is!" All this of course, however long it takes to describe, was up till now, I suppose, a matter of seconds. I think scarcely a minute can have elapsed (but writing this now I feel doubts as to that—it may be an altogether false estimate) from the beginning of the affair, as far as my attention was concerned, till the present moment. The time factor seems more or less to have been obliterated by the fullness of the surging and crowding impressions. At this stage I made several new discoveries. A distinct figure began to stand out in the crowd, an Indian, dressed in white, of the appearance of a superior clerk or petty official, who now took some active part in the affair. I became suddenly aware of him, and he came "ready made" within my observation—did not appear from somewhere. In my impressions he alternates with a coolie man as to the person who picked up the boy from the road and propped him against the wall. The impression about the man who administered the water was that he was not clad, and black skinned. The second discovery was that the victim was not a man—as I had believed quite clearly up till then—but a boy of about fourteen or fifteen years of age.

Thirdly, there was my impression about the wound, but this impression was one which in time must have stretched over several moments, beginning as early as the moment when I saw the boy lying in the road, and perhaps taking a final form by the time we reached the stage I am now speaking of. Once more, one of the remarkable things to me is the wild jumble of chronological impressions in the affair. I have said that I received a clear impression of blood simply pouring forth; I think this must have been a great

exaggeration. Anyhow, the blood visible, together with the yellow dust and the dirt of the road in the hair of the boy, perhaps later added to by the appearance of the head when water had been poured on it, gave me the impression that the skull had been smashed to pulp and that it was a hopeless case. Mind, I am still speaking of mental processes within an extremely short space of time. I felt I should do something, for we could not simply wait to let events take their course, and I am also conscious that I myself, as well as several others, may have lost some seconds in looking for an expected policeman, who, true to race, was of course "never there". Having the first, exaggerated, impression concerning the gravity of the accident, I was just considering whether it would be better to try to do something on the spot, as, in the case of a really dangerous wound, transport might be fatal, when the Indian gentleman, to whom I referred above, stepped forward and asked me whether I would take the boy—who was still unconscious and, as I thought, probably dead or dying—to the hospital in my car. That decided my irresolution, and I of course at once assented, inwardly feeling respect for this good man for his quick decision, and at the same time not caring to look too closely at the awful sight of the smashed head. In no time, another man from the people (perhaps the same who had first picked him up from the road, or thrown water on his head) carried up the boy, placed himself with his burden behind on the car, and after I had asked directions from my Indian friend, we hurried off to the hospital, where we arrived safely a few minutes later. But I have not the ghost of an idea how long the whole affair lasted; nearer than the limit

of five minutes at the shortest and half an hour at the most, I should not dare to guess—and both guesses might be wrong at that. I am even unaware at what exact time of the day the whole thing happened; and though it must have been about noon, I would not be able to give reliable testimony about it within an hour or so.

On the road to the hospital I was mainly concerned with impressing the chauffeur with the necessity for driving carefully and taking his corners quietly, but I could not help thinking also of the tragic element of driving through the thronged streets, with their merry and careless crowds, with what I imagined to be a mangled corpse of an unknown boy taken care of by a kind stranger, who was equally a stranger to me and my driver, and I got a sensation of impatience with the lazy spectators, who did observe something strange in our procession but—naturally enough—had no time to make up their minds as to what was its precise meaning. The idea of “sluggishness” suggested itself to my mind. In other words there was a touch of sentimental romanticism. At the hospital we were helped immediately, but to my immense relief the boy had now recovered consciousness and, O wonder, was even standing on his own legs. The physician in attendance made a most summary inspection, and in a few seconds passed the boy on to an inner room with the command: “Have his head shaved.” Instead of a battered skull I now saw only a cut on it, which I hope may have proved not serious at all, however unpleasant it may have been otherwise. Coupled with my pleasure at seeing that the drama had after all not been fatal, I realised the collapse of my romantic fancies, and was a little bit annoyed that I found myself somewhat excited by the reaction,

causing me to make a more voluble explanation to the doctor than is compatible with staid phlegm and stolidity. Then returning, I passed Messrs. Orr's again, where I saw the sergeant and another gentleman in shirt sleeves hurrying to the door, perhaps having been on the look-out for the return of my car. I did not stop. A few hundred yards further, near Misquith's, I saw my Indian gentleman again, standing before a little native shop or booth. He recognised the car and with a broad gesture seemed to enquire whether everything was all right. I gestured back that it was, and passed; I hope that he understood the signal, as I think I understood his. Subsequently I realised that during the incident I had been much struck with a feeling of the human solidarity shown by the poor amongst themselves, as manifested by the immediate help rendered to the unfortunate boy, and I also discovered the wish that I should have made up my mind earlier than my unknown Indian friend in proposing to transport the boy to the hospital, for quick-mindedness and decision in emergencies are qualities to be respected and desirable under all circumstances.

Thus the attempt at the analysis of a series of very crowded impressions within a short space of time. They show clearly how imperfect sense-impressions are, when provoked under a strain. Evidence based on what I had seen, would have been false in at least two important details. I would have described the boy as a man, and would have greatly exaggerated the gravity of the wound and its appearance. Further, my evidence would have been useless for the establishment of any *alibi* within a period of at least half an hour.

An Eyewitness

CORRESPONDENCE

THE T. S. AND THE WAR

VIII

The two short remarks which Mrs. Besant published in the February THEOSOPHIST at the end of my friend Mr. J. van Manen's letter certainly do not answer his arguments, with which I entirely agree, although, in parts, not with his method of expressing them. Although my reflections on the matter have come practically to the same conclusions, there are still a few things I should like to add.

Let me begin by saying that my remarks are not at all the outcome of sympathy for the Central Powers, but that my hopes are entirely and undividedly for the victory of the Allies, and I expect of this event great changes for the better in all the European States, German ones included. This, however, does not imply that I do not feel how frightfully hard it must be for the German, Austrian, Bulgarian—and if there are any—Turkish members of the T. S. to see Mrs. Besant's judgment upon the forces which inspire them in this War, and the principles for which they fight. All those who have been to Adyar have met there Germans, who were, heart and soul, devoted to Mrs. Besant; I know the members of the German Section of the Theosophical Society, and I am aware that in all their troubles with Dr. Steiner and his followers, it was, for the greater part, faithfulness to Mrs. Besant and her teaching which upheld them; I also saw how my friend Mr. John Cordes, when starting the Theosophical movement in Austria, created for our Adyar leaders love and reverence in the hearts of Theosophists there; and I remember the Bulgarian members who, not knowing any foreign language, came to the Congress at Genoa to see the President. Let us try, for one moment, to silence our feelings against enemy nations, and let us attempt to put ourselves in the places of these individuals and realise what the verdict of Mrs. Besant is, which she has pronounced on those who stand against the Allies and consequently fight for

the Lords of the Dark Face. Think to what despair it must bring the Germans, Austrians and Bulgarians who, convinced that Mrs. Besant is here in the right, must consequently struggle against evolution, not having the liberty to choose, but by their nationalities being bound to fight as soldiers of their countries. Would it not have been more humane not to let them know, even if it were true? I heartily hope that the Theosophists of enemy nations, who happen to become acquainted with Mrs. Besant's or Mr. Sinnett's opinion on the matter, will also read in Mr. Van Manen's statement what the Masters are, according to his idea; and will agree with this—for me—more Theosophical conception of these lofty Beings, rather than the one in Mrs. Besant's War articles.

Then there is another question—can we really still pretend that the Theosophical Society tries “to form a nucleus of the Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour”? Can we say that during this War we have attempted to make our Society a meeting place for people of whatever nationality, or has it become a necessity that every German, Austrian, Hungarian and Bulgarian, who has any self-respect or love for his country left in him, should leave a Society where the majority considers him an outcast of humanity, and where this opinion is inspired and sanctioned by the President and all those who are supposed to have any authority? And we neutrals—should we not feel almost like them? Holland is judged by Mrs. Besant when she says: “Holland, that [during the German invasion of Belgium] has remained neutral when every call of right summoned her to the field.”¹ And the Americans also get their share.

I want to fix the attention of the members of the Theosophical Society on the fact that we are far from working for an international fraternity, the effects of this intolerance becoming already clearly visible; some foreign—not enemy—members of the T. S. (amongst whom myself) have had to give up posts in the Round Table in France, not being French; and lately a suggestion has been made, happily without success, that no foreigners should be members of the T. S. in France. Is this not the contrary of the spirit of our Society?

It will have become clear that this is not an appeal in favour of Germany; only I regret more than I can express

¹ I wonder, however, what difference our little standing army, at that moment without any modern guns or munitions, would have made. Besides I do not see why Holland, more than any other, had a duty to interfere, especially as our last war was with Belgium, when this country wished to separate from us. Considering this, I think that the way in which over one million Belgians have been received by six million Dutch, who under the circumstances suffered greatly themselves, should be appreciated by all humanely feeling people.

that the Theosophical Society agrees not to make any effort to live according to its most sacred principles—as soon as the least difficulty of doing so arises. If, instead of indulging in the wars of the nations, our members had fixed their attention on the indivisible unity of humanity, the Theosophical Society might, after this War, have taken a unique place amongst international organisations. This place would have been worthy of the ideas we embody, and might have opened new roads to realise them.

RAIMOND VAN MARLE

IX

After reading Mr. Johan van Manen's criticism in the February number of THE THEOSOPHIST with regard to our President's views concerning the world's conflagration now taking place, I am reminded of the old saying—"Save me from my friends." For here we have an old member of the T. S., enjoying the privileges and hospitality of Headquarters, turning round and rending the President of the T. S. simply because she holds vastly different views concerning this War from himself. It seems to me that Mr. Van Manen might have left the Headquarters, for the sake of harmony and good manners, before taking up this antagonistic attitude towards the President.

Reviewing the question under discussion from a purely intellectual point of view alone, I am quite prepared to admit that there may be some truth in Mr. Van Manen's contentions, but he might at least have worded his remarks in a much more courteous and gentlemanly manner.

Speaking as an old member of the T. S. in S. Africa, I refuse to be tied down to the merely intellectual plane. I really believe in evolution and the possibility of a higher state of consciousness than that of the merely physical. I believe that A. B. and C. W. L. and many others have developed that consciousness to an abnormal extent, which permits them to see things cosmically, to some extent at least.

In closing, I would also say with Mr. Van Manen, that I have no personal axe to grind; I do not "*strafe*" the Central Powers, but I certainly believe in crushing their military system once and for all. I might also add that I am not suffering from insular prejudice, as I have been in S. A. for thirty years and my wife is a Dutch lady.

A great change is now taking place in the world; both in the T. S. as well as in other bodies, we are to a certain extent at the parting of the ways, and it is quite time to know

where we stand, to know those who are for us as well as those who are against us. It is well to know those who really believe in the guiding hand of the Masters and the Hierarchy. It is not sufficient to have a kind of intellectual toleration towards them, and then for our actions to belie our beliefs.

There is certainly room for all shades of opinion in the T. S., but when certain prominent members act in a manner detrimental to the welfare of the T. S. as a body, by demanding from its President that she shall tie herself down to the merely intellectual plane, then it is time for us to speak out in protest.

H. A.

X

I crave permission to say a word or two upon Mr. Van Manen's extraordinary letter in the February number of THE THEOSOPHIST. I suppose I am, as we count years upon this physical plane, older than all but a very few Fellows of our Society, and so I may hope to be fairly free from disturbing heat and passion. Again, I have through a long life been remarkably untouched by any symptoms of what are called occult or psychic faculties, and so I have never been disposed to accept a dogma because it is introduced with a "thus saith the Lord," or a *dictum* because it purports to come from occult sources—a disposition which I trust secures me from prejudice against the reasons that have led Mr. Van Manen to what I will venture to call his startling revolt.

Mr. Van Manen's pronouncement recalls the memory of the controversy of nine years ago, when the Society was rent by schism, and was thought to be in danger of total wreckage, in the struggle over the election of a new President. The question then, as formulated by Mr. Mead, the leader of the malcontents, was whether the Society was to be influenced in voting by the assertion that a candidate was backed by the influence of the Masters. If this were allowed, might it not lead to all kinds of abuse and trickery at headquarters? Truly the objection seemed forcible, and it was reinforced by the recollection of the unfortunate occurrence of some years previously, when an attempted fraud was frustrated by the vigilant common sense of the President-Founder. I was myself perplexed at first, feeling that Mr. Mead's view was not in itself unreasonable, but as things developed, the underlying animus became evident. First, there was the poor quibble that because the President-Founder on his death-bed had by a slip used the word "appoint" instead of "nominate," the nomination was void. And then came a campaign of malignant

slander against the chief candidate and her principal colleague, showing plainly enough to my mind which party was in the wrong, and which, together with the general considerations that I shall now try briefly to set forth, enabled me to see clearly how I ought to vote.

The first question surely is—are there really at the back of the Society any such Masters as are alleged to have founded it, and to be still willing to influence and guide it? The Rules of the Society, as Mr. Van Manen has pointed out, permit any of its Fellows to answer this question, if he pleases, in the negative. I will not presume to inquire into the reasons that may induce anyone so to answer the question. I can only say that, if I felt obliged to do so, I should also feel forced to the conclusion that the Theosophical Society was founded on fraud, and has been fostered in foolishness—a proposition not easily reconciled with its present vigorous vitality. But if there are the alleged Masters, really interesting Themselves in the Society, is it conceivable that They would permit false or misleading oracles to proceed from the Presidential headquarters in their name? Would not such an occurrence be promptly followed by Their silent withdrawal, and the quick collapse of the Society? I cannot help thinking that a little quiet reflection on the above dilemma will shew Mr. Van Manen's "dismay" to be groundless, and his arguments to have little cogency.

The President's utterances about the War are not inconsistent either with the Rules of the Society or with other statements of her own. If she declares that the Higher Powers, to whom we look for light and leading, regard this War as a struggle *a outrance* between the forces of good and evil, that does not bind any Fellow of the Society who chooses to repudiate it; nor is it at all at variance with her admission that our modern civilisation was fermenting (*all round*, since Mr. Van Manen wishes to emphasise that point) with many germs of corruption and disease. All have sinned, but when a single sinner has arisen as the exponent of one terrible crime which he has made more peculiarly his own—the lust of world dominion and the ruthless cruelty that would overwhelm civilisation in a welter of blood and misery—how can we talk of neutrality? Humanity is menaced by the dragon; Olympus is assailed by the giants! We take this view, not because the President tells us it is the view taken by the Higher Powers, but because we know that it is the higher powers in ourselves that compel us to it. If Mr. Van Manen can conscientiously declare that this War has no essential moral difference from most wars—*e.g.* the Boer War of sixteen years ago; and that, looking calmly at the two sides of the question, he can pronounce that it is

six to one, and half a dozen to the other; he is, I suppose, entitled to his opinion; but does he really expect the Theosophical Society to share in that view? We are cautioned by the Lord Buddha to take nothing for granted because it comes from a Brahmana, or the Vedas, or from His own lips, unless it is approved by our own reason and conscience. Armed with this wise maxim, we may listen quietly, and speak confidently; and if so, why is our President alone to be prohibited from telling us what she knows and what she thinks?

J. GILES

Auckland, N. Z.

XI

I am one of the rank and file of the Theosophical Society, and small and unimportant as is my voice I want to raise it in protest against Mr. Van Manen's letter in the February THEOSOPHIST. His "firstly" Mrs. Besant disposes of in a few words; in the minds of most people the great War is beyond politics, and reaches into the domain of good and evil. And now we come to the "secondly," with which I am more concerned. Mr. Van Manen is unduly agitated over the fate of at least half of those 10,000 neutrals in the Society. I speak of the American members. Our Government is neutral. There are very few neutral individuals, Theosophists or otherwise. At the beginning of the War we were not predisposed toward any nationality; now we have very clear and definite ideas as to who is on the right side and who is on the wrong side in this world conflict; and these ideas are not based upon any occult pronouncements, but upon physical plane phenomena, the invasion of Belgium, the *Lusitania* incident, and numerous other like events.

Maybe Mrs. Besant has come to her conclusions through the same process, by just using her reasoning powers and not at all because she happened to be born in England this time. She seems to have arrived at the same conclusion as has most of the rest of the world—at least that portion of it that is not contained within the Central Kingdoms of Europe; so the above idea would not seem illogical.

Mr. Van Manen seems to worry about the members of neutral nations coming into conflict with their Governments if we follow Mrs. Besant. He can feel perfectly easy about us over here; we are safe, be we pro-Ally or pro-German, and any way I never heard of a real occultist who hid his opinions just because of the trouble they might make for

him. I am of course not spokesman for the American Theosophists. I judge merely from what I observe among our sixty or seventy members here in this city; they are fairly typical, and among them there are few neutrals. We have a deeply rooted conviction that it is not good for our health, or the health of the world in general, that the present type of German power should continue.

If to be a Theosophist means to be a "mush of concession," as Emerson puts it, then I would prefer to call myself something else. Myself and many others, I am sure, refuse to come over to Mr. Van Manen's side and be a neutral. So long as we are down here at our stage of evolution, where our duty is plainly still to take part in the game of life, we must range ourselves on the side of good or evil, and help to bring the triumph of one or the other.

Mr. Van Manen tells us solemnly that he is *not* pro-German, and of course he knows what he is, but we have found over here that where anyone strenuously talks neutrality he is often at heart pro-German. It seems to work that way. I wonder why Mr. Van Manen felt he had to tell us he wasn't; I wonder too why he felt he had to tell us his letter *really* wasn't sneering and contemptuous. Maybe he wasn't just satisfied with it himself. I hope so, for he writes very interesting articles in THE THEOSOPHIST, and frankly I like them much better than his letters.

Rochester, N. Y.

LILLIAN B. DAILY

XII

Beyond evil dream of possible word or deed of a good brother is Mr. Van Manen's letter in the February THEOSOPHIST. It will, as he anticipates, arouse protest, but not, as he expects, against our President. It has already produced in America nausea and nostalgia, earth-weariness, Heaven-longing, and the pious wish that its author might have reached his Dutch Devachan ere ever he became the tool of such a shameful attack.

Nor is indignation unmingled with regret and dismay. Where is the cheery old self which used to shine through his pages? Where the geniality that tempted new members to love him, glowing as it did through the candid accounts of his curious psychic experiences? Vanished! One wishes one had had the presence of mind, when he began in 1914 to be disagreeable, to warn him, in the vernacular of Whitcomb Riley: "The goblins 'll git you if you don't watch out!"

The utterances which he considers harmful have been solicited, even demanded, by the Theosophical world ever since he led his last little nasty expedition; but has he calculated, has he any means of measuring, the baleful effects of his own uninvited, unwelcome opinions? A post-mortem over the enthusiasms of recent recruits would result in a verdict: Death due to Van Manen Shock. A new member said sadly: "Oh, I had thought Theosophists were somehow—different; but they are just like everybody else, aren't they?" Unbidden, he has thrown down tiers of choice pillars, and naughtily has he scratched the face of the god of idealism, a heavier offence than the disparagement of Rulers and Sovereigns, of which he wrongfully accuses our President.

One has but to remember how invariably gentle Mrs. Besant has been with that arch-neutralist, President Wilson, to realise that when she has spoken sternly it has ever been with the purpose of giving guidance—guidance moreover which was not only needed but solicited, entreated. The thought power of a body of people who are beginning to train themselves to think, is a very considerable force; who should direct it if not the Eldest, the sweetest, the purest among us? All of us who possess the least bit of intuition know that the words which may stir anger in lower beings, have come dispassionately from her lips, a sacrifice they, their utterance a sad duty. We were not sufficiently developed to see, therefore, and especially since we asked it, we must be told.

The better element in America, without advantage of Theosophy, without benefit of occultism, well knows that for us neutrality is disgraceful. We are bowed with shame, we chafe unavailingly. "Mr. Wilson, with his foreign policy, has deadened the conscience of the American people," exclaims Colonel Roosevelt. Similar opinions could be multiplied massively, although this is not the "popular" view. The case is different with good little Holland, which a slight twist of the giant's thumb could crush; yet had we, the biggest neutral and therefore the biggest sinner, stood by our Hague Conventions, Holland and the smaller States in Europe would not be shut in that vice which compels citizens by law to be neutral while we, the minority in America, have champed and stamped at our failure to help end the horror and establish the right. Mrs. Besant has patiently found excuses for us—acting not the least like the "demagogue, fanatic and extreme partisan—where India is not played off against Great Britain. Britisher *contra mundum*," pictured by Mr. Van Manen. Nor can an assiduous reader of her every word recall a single criticism of Holland, Switzerland or the tiny neutrals that can only gasp, hope, and be still.

It would indeed be a frightful thing if we who are unneutral should, either as individuals or as members of the Theosophical Society, clash with the Governments of our respectively neutral nations. People have done that in the past, notably in Judea, and invariably they have got the worst of it, their physical status being much reduced thereby. By all means let those who wish to keep their bodies safe and soft and white fall in with the temporal powers that be.

But as for the Resolutions of the General Council of the T. S., in 1908 and 1912, is there anything sacred about them? Were they made to cover conditions then existing, now stupendously altered: are they flexible, are they to be recognised as the result of limited outlook, or are they like the laws of the Medes and Persians? If one of the Mahatmas should deign, in a world crisis, to take upon Himself the arduous task of presiding over this body, would He be bound by the Resolutions of 1908 and 1912? Is an agent then, working directly under Him, to be so bound in a crashing, overwhelming crisis? No; we hope the sootiness of Mr. Van Manen's contention will be immediately scattered by the clean strong winds of loyal white forces.

Our T. S. Constitution, for which we have great respect, was evidently framed to cover the more ordinary conditions existing during the thirty-eight years preceding 1914, rather than for a world war period. And if there arises the question why H. P. B., who undoubtedly had prophetic vision, did not provide for this stupendous phase of "The Shadow Dance," the answer lies in Mr. Leadbeater's article, "The Great War," in the February THEOSOPHIST:

It was hoped that the Fifth Root-Race would stand as a whole, or at any rate that the Fifth Sub-Race would stand as a whole. And the hope was nearly realised. The Powers that stand behind human evolution worked long through their pupils to prevent this catastrophe. Whether those Powers knew all the time that their labour would not achieve its end, I cannot tell. We sometimes think of Them as knowing beforehand all that will happen: whether they do or not I know not, but at least it is certain that in many cases They work most earnestly to produce certain results and to give men certain opportunities. Through the failure of humanity to take the chances offered, the results may not then be attained. They are always *eventually* attained, but often they are postponed for what to us seems an enormous time. The Great Deity of the Solar System, the LOGOS Himself, knows perfectly well all that will happen, and knows who will take his chances and who will not. That we must believe: whether all who work under Him know that or not, we cannot tell. Certainly I know that a great conflict between good and evil forces has been long impending over us. I know also that it need not have taken precisely the form it has taken, if only some of those to whom great opportunities were offered had risen to the level of those opportunities and taken them.

Strangely enough neither does Mr. Leadbeater obey the oracular Van Manen injunction to "Keep the Gods out of it," as the following quotation indicates:

..... We stand for liberty, for right, for honour, for the keeping of the pledged word of the nation, and that work which has come into our hands must be done, and it must be done thoroughly. But we must do it because we stand on the side of the Deity, because we are truly the sword of the Lord. Let us take care that we do not spoil our work and our attitude by such an unworthy passion as hatred. We do not hate the wild beast that is attacking our children, but we suppress it. We do not hate a mad dog, but for the sake of humanity we shoot it. We do not hate the scorpion we tread under foot, but we tread on it effectually. There must be no thought of hatred, but there must be no weakness. There must be no sickly sentimentality or wavering. There are those who clamour that the mad dog is our brother and that it is unfraternal to shoot him. They forget that the men whom his bite would doom to an awful death are also our brothers, and that they have the first claim on our consideration. Germany is the mad dog of Europe, and must be suppressed at all costs. "Therefore fight, O Arjuna."

Mr. Van Manen mentions with some show of affection the *Gītā*. It seems a curious perversity in one who admires that great teaching to call "striking down with love" a dangerous doctrine.

As for Mrs. Besant "breaking that rule," *i.e.*, that "esoteric teaching should not be published indiscriminately," how about the *Gītā* itself, *Light on the Path*, and *The Voice of the Silence*? Where did we learn that what was esoteric in the past becomes exoteric as the world climbs upward? Twenty—ten years ago, the world was not ready for the great Teacher, and the esoteric would have been hooted with a loud noise: we are not yet ready, but we have advanced, helped forward by those crumbs of esoteric doctrine which have fallen to our lot. When He, the Great One, comes, he will probably break some of the old rules, and give out esoteric truths "illegally"; and there will still be hooting, but neither so loud nor so prolonged as it would have been but for the transgressions of our President, Mr. Leadbeater, Mr. Sinnett and others.

Mr. Van Manen has quoted three extracts and a piece of an extract from Mrs. Besant, claiming that some of them invalidate the others. For surface discrepancies they are exceedingly mild compared with the following:

"I come not to bring peace but a sword."

"My peace I give unto you, my peace I leave with you."

—Christian Gospels.

"I am the lying of the liar, the cheating of the cheat."

"Of those that deceive I am the Game of dice: I am the Energy of the energetic: I am Victory, I am Perseverance, I am the Goodness of the Good."

"That understanding, O Pārtha, is of goodness, which knoweth when to act or to abstain, what ought to be done and what ought not to be done, what is dangerous and what is not, as also bondage and emancipation."

“That by which one doth not rightly discern the right and the wrong, a proper and an improper action, that understanding, O Pārtha, partaketh of passion.

“That understanding, shrouded with darkness which regardeth the unrighteous as the righteous and all things in a perverted light, is characterised by darkness, O Pārtha.”

—*Bhagavad-Gītā*.

Any one who cannot reconcile slight, seeming, surface contradictions had best put aside the sayings of Jesus and Kṛṣṇa, Annie Besant and all ambrosial discourse, until he has secured a more permeable vehicle from the fleshing-house of the planet.

The quotation from October 1915 “Watch-Tower,” which Mr. Van Manen finds “intelligent and tolerable” is as true as our President’s later utterances, and entirely in harmony with them. Of course, “competition, *all round*: human imperfection, *all round*: oppression, *all round*: lack of love, *all round*. . . .” We who live by the sea frequently have moisture all round, which does not prevent one place being wetter at times than another, nor does it keep the ocean from being dangerously wet for him who cannot swim. Has not Mrs. Besant laboriously emphasised for our instruction the truth that “He who holds the Universe within Himself lives hidden in the heart of all”: and “By Me, than Whom nothing is greater, than Whom nothing is subtler nor older, Who stands unshaken in the Heavens like a tree—One Spirit, All this is pervaded”? Must she reiterate the whole philosophy each time she sits in the Watch-Tower or delivers a Theosophical address, or should we exercise our miserable little minds and try to remember? In the ultimate analysis it seems that even the Black Forces belong to Brahman; but their victory just now would injure our particular brand of evolution; and an insipid neutrality aids them in a weak, silly, negative sort of way. It not only helps the Blacks but it gradually degrades its host, so true is it, as Henry Drummond years ago pointed out in his *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*, that to stand quite still is absolutely impossible—one must either go forward or slip back.

It is because Mrs. Besant is helping us forward, onward, upward, that we follow her. We follow her, not blindly nor by compulsion, but because her shining spirit beckons to our spirits; and we will follow, follow, follow to the edge of this world, aye, over the margin of the Three Worlds.

FRANCES ADNEY

[This correspondence must now cease. We have published all letters received up to date. We cannot publish those that arrive hereafter.—Ed.]

AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT

"The Song of My Love to Germany" (A Reply to the Hymn of Hate), which you published in the May number with the remark: "Some one has sent us this, whether original or copied we know not," is from *The Great Peace*, by James L. Macbeth Bain, which was published last year by the T. P. S., London. The whole of the little book is full of the author's characteristic expression of love for all creatures.

J. H. C.

[We have pleasure in expressing our indebtedness to Mr. Macbeth Bain.—ED.]

 AMERICA AND THE NEW RACE

I was one of those who before the War turned my eyes to America as the land of spiritual and intellectual freedom, but now I feel she has forfeited her right to reverence and esteem, for the present generation at least.

Is it possible, after what seems like her cowardly inaction in the present world crisis, that the United States shall yet have the honour of being the birthplace of the Race to be?

Surely those countries that gave their sons and their strength to the great Powers for Right and Freedom, will be knit together in a bond of Brotherhood for years after the great War is over; and can they ever feel the same towards the great Republic which, in their hour of need, preferred to remain "strictly neutral"?

There are Theosophists here whose thoughts turn to Russia in connection with the New Race, but there again ethical objections arise on the score of the tyranny and oppression of the weak, prevailing even yet (*vide* in Brailsford's articles in *The Commonweal*).

Would not the egos of those who have died for the Allied cause be drawn to fresh incarnations in their own dear lands and not to the country whose representative is still sending "accounts rendered" for the *Lusitania* outrage?

MARY A. BERRY

BOOK-LORE

Towards Liberty: Being a Britisher's View Concerning India,
by T. L. Crombie, B.A. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE,
ADYAR. Price As. 6 or 6d. or 12c.)

If any ask to be told in a few words *why* there is an "Indian problem," no better answer can be found than this straightforward little introduction to a momentous question. For it does not trouble about details, it goes straight to the point. It does not confront the reader with an array of grievances, claims and arguments, but appeals directly to that fundamental sense of justice and respect for the rights of others that earned for Britain the title "the land of the free". Indeed it goes a great deal further. Its message sounds forth those principles of action that the Theosophist has learnt to sum up in the word Brotherhood.

The opening chapter contrasts Britain's ideal of liberty, the key-note of her own political history, with the disregard that she has shewn for the same ideal when voiced by the peoples of India. The author proceeds to point out the great value of the English language in bringing together the different races of India and enabling them to understand the English outlook on life; he shews how the inherent advantage of this asset cannot be reaped to the full until the best examples of English literature are placed in the hands of Indian students, and until there arises a representative Indian literature written in English. Typical events of English history, such as the Abolition of the Slave Trade, are then considered in relation to their effect on the English character—in which the author finds a certain lack of imagination, and he draws the conclusion that if the English democracy can only be told the truth about India, it will be roused to action on her behalf. This hope of course depends on whether there is any democracy left after the War.

One of the best chapters is that entitled "The Need for Education," from which we are tempted to quote :

If India is to be a free nation, the problem of education is one of the most important with which she has to grapple. If the Government cannot see its way, either through lack of funds or through indifference, to secure the education up to a suitable point of every Indian, from Brahmana to Panchama, it is incumbent on every loyal son and daughter of India to give and do what he or she can for its furtherance in this land. India can never advance far on the way towards real liberty until her sons and daughters are educated. You may give her Home Rule and thus enable her to promote the education of her children; a great step forward will thus have been taken, but her true liberty will not be realised until she has universal and if necessary—and for a long time it will be necessary—compulsory education.

The subject of the Position of Women is given the prominence it demands, and the lesson of the Women's Movement in England—a lesson that is only just beginning to be learned—is taken as an illustration of the situation in India. A chapter on Toleration holds up the universal conception of religion that India is peculiarly fitted to stand for, and an appeal for Unity of effort brings us to the final chapter—"India's Dharma," in which the author sums up the part which India is destined to play in the civilisation of the future, as witness to the divine nature of man.

In writing this book, Mr. Crombie has modestly confined himself to the task of calling attention to the present need for the study of this great movement from the highest standpoint, and in so doing he has rendered a signal service to England as well as India. Thus far at least, he is better qualified to speak than many who may have a greater knowledge of details, for he is a friend of India to the backbone. Whatever differences of opinion may exist as to ways and means of attainment, no honest man or woman can remain unmoved by the gentle reason and eloquent sincerity of this clarion call "towards liberty". We therefore hope that its readers will be legion. A Foreword by Mrs. Besant expresses in very beautiful language all that we have been attempting to say thereon.

W. D. S. B.

Reason and Belief, by Sir Oliver Lodge. (Methuen & Co., London. Price 1s.)

There is a large and ever growing class of readers who look eagerly for the pronouncements of Sir Oliver Lodge on matters connected with the relation between the seen and the unseen. Many therefore will be glad that an edition of *Reason and Belief* is now available which puts the book within the reach of all. The question dealt with in the first part is of great interest to all thinking persons: "The strange interaction between Spirit and Matter which enables psychic processes to affect physical nature and to produce effects in the material world." Part II deals with the teaching of the Old Testament, and in Part III the author gives us an anticipatory reply to critics.

A. DE L.

Myths and Legends of Ancient Egypt, by Lewis Spence, F. R. A. I. (George G. Harrap & Co., London. Price 7s. 6d. net.)

The author of this book, Mr. Spence, has made studies previously of myths preserved by the North American Indians and those of Mexico and Peru, and he therefore brings to his work in the present volume a fund of valuable experience in such matters. In this manner he is enabled to note a number of curious similarities between the legends and beliefs of the Ancient Egyptians and those handed down to the present day among the Mexicans and Peruvians. In fact so strongly do many of these stories resemble one another that a common origin seems to be unmistakably pointed to.

The book treats almost exclusively of the Egyptian Gods and Goddesses in their relations to one another, their evolution and origins as far as it has been possible to trace or surmise them. Though it is found impracticable to describe the functions and attributes of the whole Egyptian pantheon, which numbers several hundred separate Gods, a sufficiently large range of the principal deities has been dealt with to make the book valuable as a work of reference on this subject alone.

Besides the Gods of Egypt, however, there are other subjects dealt with, such as Egyptian history, customs etc., literature and magic. These comprise, with the more lengthy chapters on the Egyptian Gods, the whole scope of the book, and it will perhaps only be necessary here to say a few words about the last two subjects, literature and magic. The former, like its later day counterpart, ranges from the best to the worst; and in those days, as to-day, the profession of letters was open to all comers. A too hasty judgment, therefore, of ancient Egyptian literary taste is to be deprecated, as much of the manuscript discovered originated, in the natural course of things, with the humbler scribe and the literary hack of those days. Such pieces, however, as have been unearthed and can be attributed to authors of repute, reveal apparently a quite exceptional literary mind, and are said to be possessed of a singular beauty of style.

To the practice of magic the ancient Egyptians attached considerable importance, and we are given a number of anecdotes bearing on this subject. Among them is one related in the Westcar papyrus, written about 1800 B. C. and now in the Berlin Museum. This tale tells of a certain wife and a certain page and a jealous husband, wherein the to-be-expected domestic crisis occurs, with the result that the husband, who is no mean magician, makes from wax a small crocodile seven fingers in length; this he causes to be introduced into a lake where the guilty page is at the moment swimming. Instantly the crocodile assumes the proportions of a healthy and well-grown member of his species, and devours the lad. The rest of the story, as concerns the wife, is improving but unimportant.

For the rest, the book may be recommended as a useful addition to present day literature on Ancient Egypt, and it is also specially interesting in the number of new interpretations its author puts upon matters which have been subjects of controversy among modern authorities.

I. ST. C. S.

Dogma, Fact and Experience, by A. E. J. Rawlinson. (Macmillan & Co., London. Price 2s. 6d.)

Five essays are included in this volume: Religion and Temperament, Dogma and History, The Resurrection and the Life, Our Lord's View and the Future, Clerical Veracity.

They are well written and scholarly—we should expect this, considering who is their author—and well worth the attention of all who are interested in unravelling the rather tangled skein of Christian Theology. The first and last are perhaps the most valuable, in that they will appeal to a wider public than the other three, dealing as they do with questions of real importance to all thoughtful people, whatever their creed, though written of course from the Christian standpoint. In the first, the question is asked—what is “religious experience”? To what kind of state or condition of the individual can the phrase be applied? Is it a mood of consciousness which belongs only to persons of a certain temperament, or is it something which may be universally enjoyed? The discussion is interesting. The author says:

Not feeling but action, is its characteristic expression; not consciousness of the Divine, but rather that deliberate dedication to God of the whole self and of its activity, which energizes in service and culminates in sacrifice.

And this definition of religious experience he offers as a substitute for others to which he objects on the ground that they exclude all persons except those of a special temperament from a participation in religion. “One thing is needful,” he says again, “the oblation of the self to God.” Has he included all temperaments in his definition?

Space does not permit of our considering each essay in turn. We can only advise the reader to study them for himself. His reward will be many interesting problems and much food for thought.

A. DE L.

The Logos and His Solar System. (Issued by the Blavatsky Lodge, T. S., Hornby Road, Fort, Bombay. Prices 1d. & 3d.)

This very complete chart, issued in two sizes convenient for Lodge work and home use, indicates the working of the Logos in His Three Aspects, with corresponding names in

nine world-religions. The Three great Life Waves, the Seven Planes of Matter, with their subdivisions, and an elaborate table of Principles, Reflections, States of Consciousness, etc., make a useful guide for Theosophical study. It is advisable to purchase this chart in lots of one dozen or more, to insure safety in packing, and to aid the building fund of the Blavatsky Lodge, for which purpose it is issued.

G. G.

The New Science of Colour, by Beatrice Irwin. (William Rider and Son, Ltd., London. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

Chromatology is undoubtedly a fascinating subject, and when a book, bearing a title such as the one under review, is placed before the public, it must necessarily prove attractive to that section of the public who are interested in a subject which at the present is in a somewhat experimental and tentative stage, but from which interesting and useful facts may be brought to light. Unfortunately, however, we cannot consider Miss Irwin's contribution to the subject as really valuable.

Throughout her book the "science" of colour is treated in a manner so unscientific as to make even a lay reader protest. The personal pronoun "I" is also too much *en evidence*. The author is probably right in contending that colour will play a great part in the future. That it is being employed in Therapeutics is of course well known. Her suggestions of a Colour Theatre and Colour College may also probably be quite feasible. Theosophists will not quarrel with them, if they bear in mind the enormous part colour is to play in the religion of the Sixth Root Race Colony.

A colour chart is included in the volume, and colours are divided into three classes—stimulant, sedative and recuperative, and are connected with breathing.

Here and there the author interjects a rather interesting remark. For the rest, we must confess we have not entered into her mind, and consequently have failed to grasp a continuous thread of argument—which a more intuitive reader might have discerned—running through the book.

T. L. C.

The Heart of Buddhism, by K. J. Saunders. (Oxford University Press, London & Bombay. Price 1s. 6d. net.)

This little book, which is described as "An Anthology of Buddhist Verse," is one of a series entitled "The Heritage of India," the aim of which is to present the distinctive features of Indian religious thought to the western reader in handy form and at a popular price. All efforts to promote the study and appreciation of different religions can fairly claim the support of Theosophists, but especially is this support due when, as in the present case, the effort proceeds from a Christian mission, for we feel safe in saying that this series marks a new era in missionary enterprise. In any case it shews a most commendable spirit, and one which should do much to correct the offence given in the past by the earlier and cruder methods of proselytism, and lay the foundation for a better understanding in the future of the underlying unity of all religion.

The translator and editor of the volume under review, Mr. K. J. Saunders, is the Literary Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. of India, Burma and Ceylon—a body which has always put useful work before dogma—and the short Introduction that he has written gives welcome evidence of his sympathetic study of the life side of popular Buddhism and his respect for "the magnetism and power of the personality who called forth such enthusiasm". It is evident, however, from occasional remarks, that the compiler labours under assumptions still current in Christian thought, as, for instance, when he speaks of Gautama as an "agnostic" and of India as having "never risen to the conception of a Righteous God". The consequent effect on his selections from the Buddhist canon has been to exclude almost the whole of the unrivalled psychological discourses of the Buddha and leave the impression of Buddhism usually conveyed by Christian admirers—that it is merely a magnificent moral code. This policy he defends as follows:

I have also omitted passages dealing with the nature of Nirvana, for it is possible to support any of the current theories concerning it from the Sacred Books, and Buddhists for the most part are not troubling themselves about it, but look forward rather to rebirth in a heaven or upon earth under favourable conditions.

One might just as well omit the Sermon on the Mount from a collection of typical Christian teachings, on the ground

that Christians for the most part are not troubling themselves about it.

However, the intention is rather to display the beauty of the Buddhist "Hymns" than to summarise the doctrine, and an interesting side-light on Mr. Saunder's ideal is to be found in a concluding note, which should appeal especially to those who are looking for the coming of a World-Teacher :

It will be noticed that the Goal here set before the laity is not Nirvana, which does not attract them, but a Heaven of Bliss, which does. The question "How can we even achieve this much of the Eightfold Path?" greatly exercises the earnest Buddhist; and in practice he prays and makes offerings that he may be reborn in this world when Maitri, or Metteyya, the next Buddha, comes. That this "Loving One" has already come, and will return, it is the privilege of the missionary to proclaim.

On the whole the selection is a useful one, including as it does many well known gems, such as the Mahamangala Sutta. We are not particularly impressed by the form of verse into which most of the originals have been translated, but it is quite probable that this feature will prove an additional recommendation to the public. The book is neat in appearance, and a charming design on the cover deserves mention. The best wishes of Theosophists will follow this little work, and the series to which it belongs, as a forerunner of more fruitful religious intercourse between East and West.

W. D. S. B.

All About the War. The Indian Review War Book. Edited by G. A. Natesan, B.A., F.M.U., with an introduction by H. E. the Rt. Hon. Lord Pentland, P.C., G.C.I.E., Governor of Madras. (Natesan & Co., Madras. Price Rs. 4.)

There is nothing special in this volume which marks it as of particular interest to Theosophists. It is a collection of the most varied articles on, and illustrations regarding, the European War, of about 500 quarto pages of letterpress and 200 pages of pictures. As a journalistic production it has been put together with considerable success; it is cheap, rich in information and well indexed. A detailed review of its contents would be out of place in these pages, but we gladly draw the attention of our readers to the publication, and recommend it to those who wish for a convenient volume in which to look up the thousand and one questions arising from a contemplation of the origin, progress and future of the great War.

J. v. M.

THEOSOPHY IN THE MAGAZINES

VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS!

The Hibbert Journal for April contains several features of interest to Theosophists, especially an article by the author of "Pro Christo et Ecclesia," the title of which heads this review. Briefly, it is a call to the Churches to prepare for a world-wide spiritual awakening. The expectation of this event is sensed by the writer rather than defined, but it is none the less convincing. The article opens with these significant words:

There lies before our religious organisations an important decision. A rumour that a great spiritual awakening is at hand has gone forth.

Farther on we read:

It would certainly seem to the onlooker to-day that if indeed there is a God in the world, transcendent and immanent, and if, on the morrow of this bitter war, He should send forth some special reinforcement of His power into the hearts of exhausted nations, this would be manifested in a movement whose strength no one class of men could control or direct, and whose blessed and far-reaching results no man could foresee. But if we have faith to expect this revival, we are certainly bound to think to the best of our ability whether there are not some things that can be foreseen and prepared for.

To those who have examined Mrs. Besant's statements concerning the coming of a World-Teacher, such an expression of belief, coming from one who is evidently a representative of the Christian Church, is sufficiently remarkable; but the form which this belief assumes is no less remarkable. In attempting to anticipate the probable effects of such a spiritual impulse, the writer takes as his starting-point the universal conception of God as *order*, and foresees that the ruling motive arising in the public mind will be the necessity for social order in place of the existing confusion. This movement is to be very different from the "religious revival" of the past, "run" by some religious denomination and assisted by the terrors of hell-fire. In fact he is prepared to find the "masses" leading the Church, if the Church cannot rise to the occasion by guiding the masses. Thus:

It is evidently, then, a very serious question whether a Spirit-filled multitude would not press on before the organised Church, attaining more quickly a deeper spiritual insight. We have high authority for the belief that sinners—*i.e.*, those who have not conformed to the accepted moral and religious standards—may go into the Kingdom of God before the righteous—*i.e.*, those who conform to them. The sinner is not weighted down

with the accepted but imperfect standard; he can run unimpeded to the higher standard inspired by God. But it is clear that if the righteous also ran as lightly, he would go with a wealth of experience and a strength of character that would enrich not only himself but all those who embraced the higher life. Will the righteous cast aside every weight and run as quickly? This leads to another question: Have we any glimpse of what this higher life might be?

With true insight this messenger points out the lack of adequate provision in the Church's Liturgy for bringing into daily life "the brotherly love that fulfils because it transcends the moral law".

If the masses to-day were touched with the splendid inspiration of a true charity or brotherly love, what should we do with them? Where in the Prayer Book of the National Church can be found any simple, strong, straightforward voicing of the desire of the poor to make better homes for their families, and to live more affectionately and nobly in those homes, to get into more brotherly industrial relations with their employers, to be more responsible citizens, and to produce a more equal political and social order?

However, the writer is glad to find that the call for preparation is coming in many cases from within the Church itself, especially from the young—whether in heart or years, and breezy instances of such a receptive attitude are given. He arrives at the conclusion that the representatives of organised religion must choose between three alternative courses. Firstly, they may ignore the signs of an approaching awakening, and find themselves opposed by a social upheaval. Secondly, they may begin by well-meaning efforts to assist the new movement, but by desiring to control it may end by opposing it. Thirdly, they may co-operate in following a new lead towards Brotherhood with open hearts and minds. Surely all Theosophists will join with this "voice of one crying in the wilderness," in its bold summons to the Churches to seize the coming opportunity for re-kindling their waning fires.

W. D. S. B.

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with which is incorporated LUCIFER, founded by H. P. BLAVATSKY

Edited by ANNIE BESANT, P. T. S.

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The Theosophical Society was formed at New York, November 17, 1875, and incorporated at Madras, April 3, 1905. It is an absolutely unsectarian body of seekers after Truth, striving to serve humanity on spiritual lines, and therefore endeavouring to check materialism and revive religious tendency. Its three declared objects are:

FIRST.—To form a nucleus of the Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour.

SECOND.—To encourage the study of comparative religion, philosophy and science.

THIRD.—To investigate the unexplained laws of nature and the powers latent in man.

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY is composed of students, belonging to any religion in the world or to none, who are united by their approval of the above objects, by their wish to remove religious antagonisms and to draw together men of good will, whatsoever their religious opinions, and by their desire to study religious truths and to share the results of their studies with others. Their bond of union is not the profession of a common-belief, but a common search and aspiration for Truth. They hold that Truth should be sought by study, by reflection, by purity of life, by devotion to high ideals, and they regard Truth as a prize to be striven for, not as a dogma to be imposed by authority. They consider that belief should be the result of individual study or intuition, and not its antecedent, and should rest on knowledge, not on assertion. They extend tolerance to all, even to the intolerant, not as a privilege they bestow, but as a duty they perform, and they seek to remove ignorance, not to punish it. They see every religion as an expression of the Divine Wisdom, and prefer its study to its condemnation, and its practice to proselytism. Peace is their watchword, as Truth is their aim.

THEOSOPHY is the body of truths which forms the basis of all religions, and which cannot be claimed as the exclusive possession of any. It offers a philosophy which renders life intelligible, and which demonstrates the justice and the love which guide its evolution. It puts death in its rightful place, as a recurring incident in an endless life, opening the gateway of a fuller and more radiant existence. It restores to the world the Science of the Spirit, teaching man to know the Spirit as himself, and the mind and body as his servants. It illuminates the scriptures and doctrines of religions by unveiling their hidden meanings, and thus justifying them at the bar of intelligence, as they are ever justified in the eyes of intuition.

Members of the Theosophical Society study these truths, and Theosophists endeavour to live them. Every one willing to study, to be tolerant, to aim high, and to work perseveringly, is welcomed as a member, and it rests with the member to become a true Theosophist

THE THEOSOPHIST

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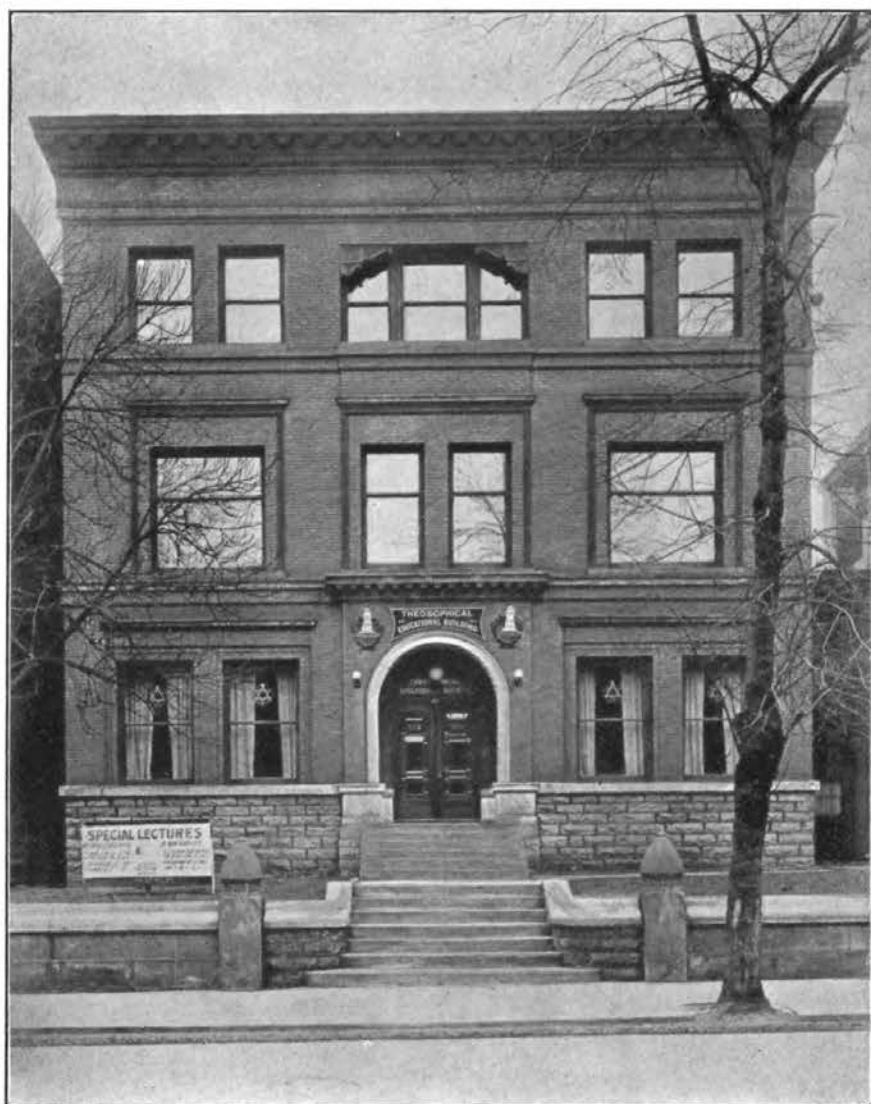
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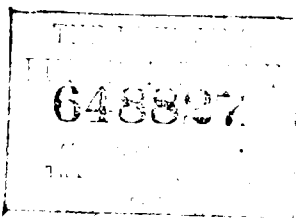
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(See page 413)



VOL. XXXVI

No. 10

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

IN these days of sore distress and tense anxiety, in the midst of a gigantic War, shaking civilisation to its centre, we are verily supremely fortunate who know that our earth is ever encircled by the highest Wisdom and the tenderest Love, and that naught but good can result from the frightful carnage on the battle-fields and the anguish of loss in the homes. Were the world a mere straw, tossed upon the rolling billows of everlasting Time, and blown hither and thither by the stormy winds of purposeless natural forces, then would the outlook indeed be gloomy, and men's hearts might well despair, sinking like stones into an abyss. Western civilisation has been thrown into the melting-pot, and, like many a civilisation before it, its very life is threatened. And for the same reason as in those earlier cases. The civilisation has disregarded the Law of Brotherhood, and the Law, which cannot be broken, shivers that which strives to contravene or to ignore it.

*
* *

The Law of Brotherhood is the expression of the Unity of the Spirit in a world of differentiation. It is the spiritual Rock on which must be built every house that may endure. And the reason why India has out-lived every civilisation that was contemporary with her; and is still throbbing with life and emulous of progress to-day, is because her first spiritual Teachers built her polity on this Rock, and thus gave it a permanence beyond all others. For her caste system, as originally designed—the system which has become the negation of Brotherhood, and is therefore now breaking up under the action of the very Law that built it—was a perfect expression of Human Brotherhood within a single Nation. Like the human body, Hindū Society was formed with its various organs, co-operating with each other for the health of the whole, all working in harmonious interdependence for the common good. In all castes the Self was seen, equally dwelling, and, as sharers in that one Life, all formed one great family of brothers; but the natural fact was recognised, inevitable in a world in which Evolution is law, that all the brothers, though sharing in one blood, are of different ages, and therefore at different stages of development, suitable for different kinds of work. As in the human body, the head must plan, the hands must execute, the stomach must nourish, the legs must carry, otherwise the body could not live, so in Society. And on that plan the caste system was formed, and mutual love, interdependence and service were its law of life. And because of this India lived on through the ages, and even when the spirit for the most part passed away, the mould was so strong that the national life still flowed into it, and a few kept to the old spirit, and

thus enabled it to linger on. For its true and full working, it needed the help of the Devas—the Angels—guiding souls to rebirth in fit bodies; and while love and service ruled, they guided thus, and the older wiser souls were guided to take birth in Brāhmaṇa families, and the strong executive souls in Kṣhaṭṭriya bodies, and the shrewd careful souls in Vaishya bodies, and the souls young in experience in Shūdra bodies, and elder and younger brothers worked happily in the National household, and all did the work they liked best, because most suitable to their type and therefore enjoyable, and thus a mighty fabric was built up, and lasted long.

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But then pride crept in, and pride springs from the root of Hate, and separateness developed, and pride in the older was answered by envy and jealousy in the younger, and the Law of Brotherhood was disregarded. But the system lasted on, despite the seeds of evil in its bosom, and fighting was left to the Kṣhaṭṭriyas, and the Vaishya accumulated wealth, and the Shūdra produced it, whatever might be the disturbances round them; and while some Brāhmaṇas grew rich in royal Courts, the mass remained poor and learned paṇḍiṭs and teachers of youth, and guides of elders in religion, morals and philosophy. So India remained wealthy beyond all other Nations, and prospered despite all invasions and all wars.

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But with the decay of caste-duty the steady helping of the Devas failed, and no longer did they guide souls socially but rather individually, and for this and other cognate reasons the value of caste

gradually was lost, and when the Brāhmaṇa trampled on the outcaste, its doom was sealed. Then the western Nations, who cared naught for Brotherhood, came to work out the results of the disregarded Law, and battled with each other for trade, and intrigued against each other for power, and used unbrotherly hatreds for their own profit, and turned the sword of brother against brother, until—as the High Gods saw best—the British triumphed, and from the middle of the 18th century grew strong. And stronger still they grew, and ruled; and they took Brāhmaṇas and turned them into clerks, and Kṣhāṭṭriyas they turned into sepoy, and treated all, high and low, as their inferiors, and made a white caste and a coloured caste in India, grinding all the coloured castes together; for the old castes were dead, save in out-of-the-way places; and thus was the Law of Brotherhood avenged.

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But because India has purged her faults by bitter suffering, because for two centuries she has been the wronged and not the wronger, the victim not the oppressor, the spoiled not the despoiler, therefore is she not flung as a Nation into the seething crucible of agony into which Europe is plunged to-day. For Europe has utterly disregarded the Law of Brotherhood, alike in her internal National organisations, and in her relations with other countries. She has colonised, and conquered, and tyrannised, and thought herself the chosen of God, while all the rest of His world was given to her for a prey. In her Nations some grew rich extravagantly, while the masses were miserably poor. The labouring classes shared not in

the comfort, and the beauty, and the splendour which they created, and, as in India, the high poured contempt upon the low. Both outside her borders and within them, she lived as though no Law of Brotherhood existed, as though her own poor might for ever be exploited, and as though the coloured races were given to her for her prey. And so the tears of the weak and the sufferings of the oppressed gathered into a mighty underground stream, and undermined the thrones of Europe, and European civilisation is tottering, and all men see to-day the result of the denial of God in the denial of Brotherhood, and the misery that treads on the heels of successful wrong.

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And some are learning the lesson. Britain has realised, as *The Times* has pointed out, that Germany is only showing in completer form her own past errors, her arrogance, her conquering spirit, her desire for supremacy over all others. In that recognition lies her salvation; and because she and France and Russia had been less wicked than others in their treatment of Asiatics and Africans, in them arose the intuition to fling themselves on the right side in the Continental War. Belgium has expiated the Congo in her ravaged land; and in her Hero-King, who, in his royalty remembered Brotherhood and went among the poor that he might understand and succour, she has the pledge of her redemption. Britain has her opportunity offered of standing on the side of Liberty and Justice in Asia as she is doing in Europe, and her ultimate destiny depends on her renoucal of that blackest crime against Brotherhood, the thought that a coloured skin deprives a man of the right to liberty and self-government in his

own land. As Britain deals with India, so will the High Gods deal with her.

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Out of this Hell of War will arise a New Era, a New Earth. A new civilisation will dawn from the very horror that the older civilisation has brought upon the world. Science shall no more prostitute its genius to the creation of new tortures in the slaying of men, but shall turn it to its rightful purpose—the increase of happiness, leisure and wealth. Competition in trade shall give way to co-operation. Mutual respect shall replace pride and jealousy. Nobleman, gentleman, tradesman, artisan, peasant, are bound in the blood-brotherhood, fighting side by side, and shall remain brothers when Peace shall dawn. So out of misery shall bloom the flower of Joy, and the World-Teacher, coming to a devastated continent shall “make the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose”.

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Our readers will note with interest the new Theosophical centre in Louisville, Kentucky, U.S.A., of which we give a brief account, illustrated by some photographs. It is a very charming home that has been raised by the devotion of our Kentucky friends, and we trust that the light of Theosophy may spread from it far and wide.

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Over here our Theosophical Educational Trust is doing much good and useful work, though hampered a little in the South by the constant malevolence of the missionaries, who are all-powerful in the Madras Education Department. The High School at Madanapalle was lately approved by the Senate for affiliation as a

College, after a violent attack on Theosophy; then Dr. Nair, my old persecutor, made a spiteful objection, in order to cause delay, and the Senate, according to the rule, appointed a Committee to examine the objection, and the Committee reported unanimously in favour. Now the recommendation of the Senate is being delayed in its passage up to the Governor, who, as Chancellor of the University, has the final granting. The object of the delay is to prevent the affiliation being completed by the beginning of the College year, so that students may be afraid to join—to such depth of meanness do the opponents of Theosophy in South India descend. When we applied for a building grant, we were told that we could not have it until we were affiliated; when we asked for affiliation, we were told that we must first have sufficient buildings! We have succeeded in collecting money enough for buildings, the public contributing; meanwhile the missionary school in the same place is given Rs. 6,000 to build a laboratory, to help it to rival our school, which has a good one. Then we were told we must have our College staff complete, and a number of other exactions were made, beyond those of other Colleges; we have met them all, and gained at last our affiliation. Now that is not allowed to reach the Governor for confirmation, and we have 150 young men waiting to be admitted. This is how Christianity shows itself in South India. The Education Department pours money into missionary institutions—Hindū and Musalmān money, be it noted; the other day, when we had been refused a building grant for a poor school on the ground of “want of funds,” I saw a big grant was given to a S. Patrick’s institution for European boys, as though Europeans

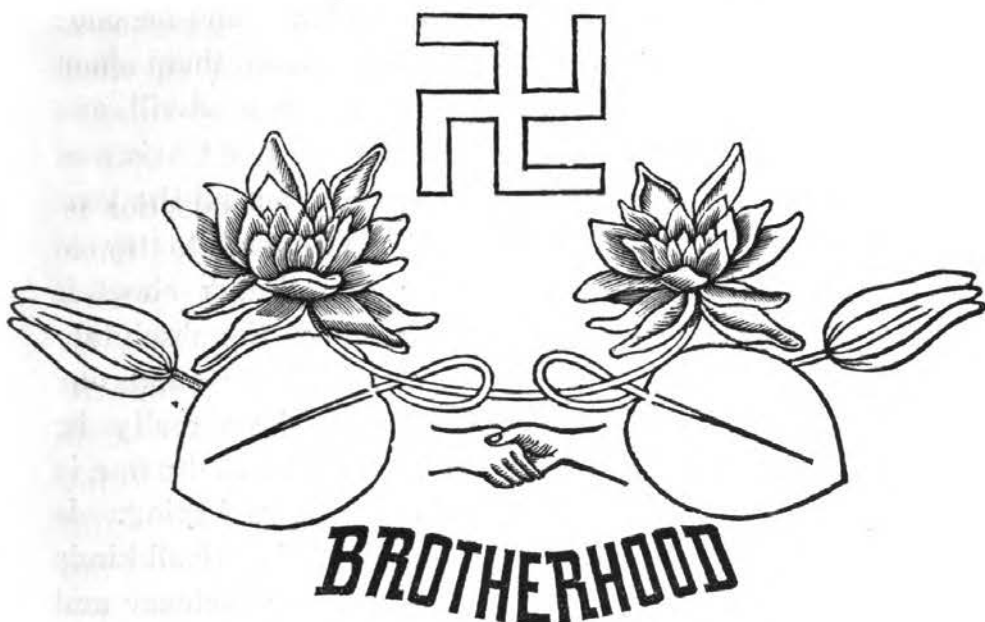
were not rich enough to support their own schools. Such are some of the educational results of an alien Christian Government in India.

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The objection to myself in relation to education is rather comic, in view of the educational work I have done in India, but that was in the North, where missionary influence is negligible. There, in the Act now before the Imperial Legislative Council, establishing a Hindū University, a special clause is inserted, in order that I may be placed in the Governing Body of the University, the only non-Hindū. But in the South, there is so much opposition to my having a place in education at all! It is all very funny.

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A very vigorous effort is being made to strangle higher education here; the examinations for admission to the colleges and for the higher classes within them have been suddenly made so cruelly severe that only $27\frac{1}{2}$ per cent have been allowed to pass into the higher college classes, and only about 10 per cent the examination which admits to the colleges. This again is only in the South. It cannot be supposed that all schools and colleges have become suddenly inefficient, or all boys stupid. And this action is peculiarly cruel in India, where the desire for education is a passion, and is strongest among the poor, for wealth and learning have not gone together in India. Exorbitant fees, examination barbarities, do not stem the rush of pupils. And such a "slaughter of the innocents" as we have had this year fills the air with wailing.



“THE GREATEST OF THESE”

A NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS

By C. W. LEADBEATER

WE have close upon us now the New Year—a time, more or less, of renewing our resolutions. Some of us, fully pledged already to our Masters, do not need to make new ones for ourselves; they are already made. Still, with all our efforts, we may not always succeed in keeping our pledges perfectly, and therefore it is quite a good thing that we, like the rest, should review at the New Year what we have been able to do, and make our resolutions to try to make such pledges a more living reality. So it is surely fitting that we should not allow this week between Christmas and the New Year to pass without self-recollection.

When we decided that we should have this additional meeting, I asked one who stands very near to our

Masters: "What shall I say to them?" and he said: "Well, there is only one thing; talk to them about love." This is the season of love and of goodwill, and we of all others should be showing forth that Christmas spirit of love—not at Christmas only, but all the year round; so it was good advice. We need to try to understand what love really is; we all talk about it freely enough, but there are few outside the absolutely Inner Circle of those who stand close round our Masters, very few, who know what love really is. What passes here in the outer world by that name is only a faint and sullied reflection of the real thing. It is grasping and selfish; it is intermingled with all kinds of desires and other emotions, such as jealousy and pride; it is not the real thing at all, and we should know something of what that real emotion is.

You must not make the mistake, as beginners in Theosophy not infrequently do, of thinking that we who try to follow the Path should have no emotions: assuredly we must have emotions, but we must be careful that we have only those that we definitely choose to have. We must not let our astral body formulate emotions for itself and then run away with us, and sweep us off our feet with them; that is all wrong. But to say we should have *no* emotions would be to make of us monsters instead of men: to make, perhaps, intellectual giants, but men utterly incapable of sympathy, and therefore useless for the Masters' work.

If you will look at the plates in *Man Visible and Invisible*, you will see that the astral body of the savage and even that of the ordinary man are examples of what the astral body ought not to be; they show it formulating its own emotions, some of them very bad,

and sweeping away the ego from his path, and acting entirely without his control. If you will look at the astral body of the developed man you will see that it is an exact mirror of his mental body, and that means that he has emotions, profound and beautiful emotions, *but* he has those which he allows himself to have, and no others. The astral body has become a reflection of the mental; it is a servant instead of a master; and the astral body, like fire and some other things, is a very good servant but a very bad master.

The moment you allow it to take control it spoils everything, but it is an absolutely necessary vehicle for your work, and when under perfect control, it can enable you to reach much which without it you could not reach, because, remember, the astral body corresponds to and is a mirror of the buddhic vehicle, and as the buddhic vehicle is not developed in any of us *yet*, it is only through the astral body that we can obtain touch with the buddhic plane—not through the mind. Through the mind we can obtain touch with the ego; the lower mind can come into contact with the higher mind; but it is through the emotions that we can touch that still higher vehicle. Therefore you need to feel emotions, but you must strictly curb these emotions; you must see that they are of the right kind, and that only those which are of the right kind are allowed to play through you.

So is it with this love, the key-note of which is, as Christ absolutely insisted, that you must forget yourself in that which you love. That ought not to be difficult; but it is. There are many who seem unable to do it; and yet, if the feeling be only strong enough, the result must follow. Remember, this question is one of those with which every one of us will

be faced in the future. When the Lord comes, His gospel will be a gospel of love. He Himself is known as the Lord of Love, of Compassion, of Kindliness; that that is one of the features which must be most prominent in His teaching is stated in this new book by Mr. Jinarajadasa; you will find it laid down very clearly; and remember that Mr. Jinarajadasa is one of those who is on the special line of the World-Teacher, and specially closely linked with Him. He says here:

There is a power that makes for strength, and it is love; in many forms it grows in men's hearts, but with each appearance it brings strength: strength to transmute cruelty into sacrifice, lust into worship, pride into devotion—this love brings. This is the first truth that you and I will teach, in His name.

There is a power that makes all things new, and it is Beauty that is Joy. Love, and you shall see the Beautiful; worship, and you shall be one with Him; serve, and you shall be His Anointed for the salvation of your fellow-men. This is the second truth that you and I will teach, in His name.

There is a power that unifies all, and it is sacrifice. Through action that is sacrifice comes life to love that is strength and to beauty that is joy. This is the way for all to tread, the path the One Lover has made for His Beloved. This is the third truth that you and I will teach, in His name.

Now these words are not only beautiful, as you all have heard, but they are profoundly true; that is precisely what you must do, if you are to take part in the future which is opening before us. All our modes of thought, all our methods, and all our ideas are of the past—all those that come naturally to us; we must learn to live in and for the future, the future which the Lord will make when He shall come, and this Love is the key-note of that future. It is no new teaching; He gave it when He was on earth before; He gave it as Shrī Kṛṣṇa; He gave it as the Christ; and His disciple S. John, following in His steps, preached this also. They insist strongly upon it.

S. Paul has given, perhaps, one of the best definitions of Love in the 13th Chapter of the *First Epistle to the Corinthians*. You can do no better than take that chapter and read it, and see how far your conception of Love agrees with that of that great Apostle and Initiate. Remember how he spoke of it: "Love," he said, "suffereth long and is kind." That is to say, it bears all for the sake of him whom it loves; it never thinks of anything as a trouble or a worry or a difficulty, that can be done for that one. "It suffereth long." He says in another place, "It beareth all things; believeth all things; hopeth all things." So of the loved one, it bears all, whatever may come. Of him it believes all, believes the noblest and the best always, and hopes for the grandest and most magnificent. So it devotes itself wholly and solely to the object of its love; it never thinks of itself at all. He says, "Love seeketh not her own"; it does not even ask for that which well might be expected; or it thinks nothing of itself, but only of him.

That is a beautiful conception—all must see that; but I suppose many people in the outer world would think of it as an impossibility: Well, it is a counsel of perfection, it is Utopian; the outside world would say that there is no one who feels like that. Wait, you who are striving upwards. Wait till you enter into the Inner Arcanum, and you will find that there *are* those who feel just like that. You will find that the love of our Masters is love such as that, and when you come to the consciousness of the Great Lord of Love Himself, you will find that He loves His world in just exactly that way, never thinking what it thinks of Him, thinking only of what can be done for it. It is wonderful, it is

glorious, but it is true; this attitude can be reached by men, and it has been reached by men; therefore *you* can reach it every one of you. I do not say that you can do it at once—that you can cast aside all your old habits in a moment; you *can* cast them off, but they will come back again and again, because you have established a sort of evil momentum; you have created ruts in which your thought moves, and it is not easy to pull it away out of those in a moment. It is not easy to change yourself, because your habits in these matters are not those of this life only; they have existed for thousands of years, and a habit you have been forming for twenty thousand years takes some changing; but it must be done, and therefore you had better set about it at once; the sooner you begin the better.

When Love is strong enough, you have that attitude even now. You have all heard of the most wonderful self-sacrificing actions performed by those who truly love—by a mother for her child, by a husband for a wife, or a wife for a husband. You know that there are wonderful instances of splendid heroism that seem superhuman; but, after all, those who do these things are men like ourselves, and if they can do them, surely we can do them too. It is only a matter of shaking oneself free from the old fetters and trying to understand, and it is not so difficult. All that S. Paul says, beautiful as it is, glorious as it is, well worth reading as it is, every word of it is already in the heart of any person who really deeply loves. He forgets, he must forget, himself; he can think only of the object of his love; and that being so all the rest follows. All these other qualifications which S. Paul mentions come, if the love be true and pure. It is no use saying that at

our present level we cannot have such a thing; we can and we must.

If I were continuing my regular series of talks, I should be speaking to you of the qualifications which are necessary for Initiation; but of all the qualifications this is the greatest, for it includes all the rest. S. Paul ends his chapter, "And now abideth Faith, Hope, Love, these three; but the greatest of these is Love," and this is the new gospel. The old one—I mean that of the previous World-Teacher—was the gospel of Wisdom; if ignorance could be dispelled, he said, if man could only know and understand, then evil would be gone. That is perfectly, absolutely true; but this presentation is also true, and this is the presentation of the present day—that when men live as brothers, when they put aside their lack of love, their suspicion and their lack of comprehension, their woodenness and their stupidity, the whole world will be different. When men have learned to trust one another, to live together by common-sense arrangement, instead of every one having to be restricted by law from doing this and doing that, the one great Law of Love will be restriction enough for every man.

It will be a long time before all the world can come to that stage; but it will be longer still if somebody does not begin, and we are precisely the very people whose business it is to be setting that example, for we are awaiting the coming of the Lord of Love. If we are to be His helpers, His disciples, His apostles even, perhaps, when He comes, we must be studying His method already—what we know of it—and this at least we know of it, that Love will be its central feature. At least we can accustom ourselves to that central feature, at least we can begin to live the life which He will

expect us to live, and most certainly the more we live it now, the more we shall prepare ourselves to be His helpers when He comes. If we can permeate ourselves with His spirit beforehand, that will be an enormous advantage to us in acting as the channels of His grace and His power when He comes. Until then the most we can do is to practise all these virtues, and to try in that way to make ourselves ready.

We must put away all unworthy ideas; it is an insult to the glorious name of Love to use it for the sort of emotion with which many of us are familiar; it is not the right word at all. The real thing is spiritual, truly, beyond the comprehension of many, but glorious beyond all words to tell. Reach, if you can, the buddhic consciousness; touch it even for a moment; you will have to experience it when you reach the period of Initiation. Happy for you if you can attain it before, and so save on that mighty occasion some of the trouble to those who are in charge.

Enter, if you can, into some stage of this higher consciousness; it will be a revelation to you, something you can never forget. The world will never again be the same to you when once you have seen that. Such experience is not for all of us yet, because it means an effort, a stupendous effort—an effort for which few are yet ready. It has been made by some, but only at considerable risk and considerable strain. I have seen a strong man faint in the making of an unsuccessful effort to perform that Yoga; yet there are others to whom it comes naturally and easily. It will come to all of you at one stage or other—most likely first in your meditation some time. It may be by a definite effort, it may be simply in the course of the evolution

of your power of meditation that it will come to you, and then you will know.

Until then you must simply imagine this higher love; but get as near to it as you can; try to see, at least, that not even the tiniest tainting speck of selfishness shall remain in your emotion, that you live only for the object of your love. Pour out your love upon our Masters; there indeed there can be no selfishness, for you cannot be wondering what They feel for you, or what They can do for you; you know that beforehand. You know that when the pupil is ready the Master is ready also, and that Their love is as wide as the sea. The only limitation and difficulties are those which we make ourselves; there is no difficulty on Their side, no limitation to Their power of affection.

S. Paul said: "Love envieth not." It is rare to find that sort of love, the love which envieth not, which vaunteth not itself, which is not puffed up; those are among his definitions. However splendid may be the achievement of one whom we love, we feel only the purest pleasure in it, never the least touch of envy; and if in some way we can do something which the loved one cannot, we do not boast about it, we are not puffed up about it; we think only of his feelings, and never of ours. It is all so simple if you always keep in mind the key-note of unselfishness; but failing that key-note everything goes wrong; that is inevitable. "It is not easily provoked," he says, "and it thinketh no evil."

There is a great deal in that. It is not easily provoked; you know how difficult it is to live through all the little strains of ordinary life, and not to be annoyed; it is almost impossible for the average man. Even for the more developed it is very hard, and that

for many reasons. First, as I have said, we have a habit of irritability which we have been industriously cultivating for many thousands of years; that has to be conquered. Secondly, we are living in an age of great nervous strain, such as the world has never known before until now; consequently our nerves are all out of tune, most especially those of us who have to live in big cities, and so it is exceedingly difficult to preserve an even balance all the way through; still, we must try. It is, I admit, an almost superhuman thing to expect, but at least we must try. We are attempting what no one else has essayed; all who have striven to live the spiritual life, as we wish to do, have begun by retiring from the world—by living in the jungle, becoming hermits, or living in a monastery among monks, so that they may either be free from all other vibrations or surrounded by vibrations which shall be entirely harmonious. We are, so far as I know, the first people who have made an attempt to lead this higher life without in any sense retiring from the world, living in the midst of it—in the midst of what may be called a very aggravated form of it.

It is true there have been great cities in times of old; Rome was huge; Babylon was a great city; the City of the Golden Gate in Atlantis was enormous also, but at least there was not the pressure then that there is now. I have looked back, in the course of clairvoyant investigation of various sorts, at a large number of the older civilisations; some of them were far from good, some of them were distinctly evil, for there was much of unpleasant magic: some on the other hand were magnificent, were our own equals in most respects; but at any rate there never was one of them that I have

seen, where we had so terrible a hurry and pressure as we have now. It all comes from our new methods of communication, from our railways and our steamers, our electric telegraphs and daily papers; all these things tend towards hurry.

All that has its good side; it is teaching us to crowd into a short time a vast amount of concentrated work, and to manage many different things at once; it is not without its benefit; but in the meantime it is wrecking the health and the constitutions of many people, and it distinctly makes all spiritual progress much harder. It does develop mentality and intellectual power, but it makes anything in the nature of meditation or yoga much more difficult, because the very essence of those things is that one should be quiet, that one should be able to abstract oneself from the world and concentrate on higher things. Meditation can be done; to some extent many are doing it—though without much success in many cases, I know. You need not wonder at your lack of success in meditation—at the fact that other thoughts thrust themselves in, and that it seems to you almost impossible to carry out your meditation perfectly. Only remember, if you succeed under these conditions, you have made a great step—for you are proof against most difficulties that will come in your way. A man who has proved himself a fine Yogī under convenient circumstances, away in a cave or a jungle, might well be thrown off his balance if he had to live in a great city like this; so if you can do your work perfectly under such conditions, you have secured your footing on that pathway of yoga.

What you are trying is a very hard thing; but it assuredly can be done, and if done, it gains much more

for you than the following of the easier way would gain. It is one of our difficulties that our nerves are all strung up by this great rush and activity round us. Some of you may think that you do not take part in it; unfortunately you cannot help doing so to a certain extent; if you are living in the midst of it you must feel it. The vibrations of a million men are all around you; those must be a powerful factor, and you, an individual, setting yourself against such a current as that, will have a heavy piece of work in keeping yourself steady. I say again, it can be done, for it has been done; but to reach this state of which the apostle speaks—the condition incapable of provocation—is always difficult, and it is doubly, trebly difficult under these present conditions. Nevertheless we have to attain to it. As you progress along the Path you have to gain something far higher than that along the same line; the last fetter but one which the Arhaṭ casts off before he attains Adeptship is the possibility of being disturbed by anything whatever. I must say I have looked at that condition with a certain amount of mild envy! But when it is attained there is only one more fetter to be cast off—that of ignorance. To be *perfectly* free from irritability brings us near to the highest, and that is still in the future, but in the meantime we must try to do what we can to follow S. Paul's advice, and aspire to the love which is not easily provoked and which thinketh no evil.

Of course it thinks no evil: how should one think any evil of a loved one? "It rejoiceth not in evil, but rejoiceth in truth." It is popularly said that love is blind: I suppose there is such a love, but I know there is a later stage which is preternaturally keen—which

expects far more than the ordinary from the object of love in the way of achievement and of behaviour—which sets a high standard just because of the love it bears—or love which is quite the reverse of blind; perhaps this is a reaction from the other. The perfect love will be neither of these; it will have passed beyond them both, and it will judge of everything just as it is, without fear and without favour, knowing well that nothing whatever that the loved one could do would change or alienate the love. This feeling of love does not depend upon the character of the person loved at all: if you love a person, you love him, and whatever he may do will not affect your love; it may cause you pain if he does evil, because you love him; it may cause you sorrow and suffering; but it cannot affect your love. That again is a thing which people do not seem to understand. "How can I love a person who has treated me in such and such a way?" they say. Do not you see that his treatment has nothing to do with it? True love is not between personality and personality; it is between ego and ego—perhaps between monad and monad: how do we know? we know so little yet of those stupendous heights, but at least we see that it is absolutely independent of what is done by the loved one.

Such love can be felt by man; I know that myself, because I have seen it; because we see it in the Great Ones and we see it in Their disciples. A beautiful and a wonderful thing it is to see. This kind of love, it is said, "never faileth". This is S. Paul's final characterisation of it; it never faileth whatever happens; whatever is done, it is still the same, the one unchangeable thing in this changeable world. Changeless,

because love is God. "He that loveth not knoweth not God, for God is love." It is by this fact, says an apostle again, that "we know that we have passed from death into life, because we love". Not only is it a most important factor in life—it is life itself. It is the life of God in man, for God is love.

We do not perhaps think of all that that means; if we love, God dwelleth in us and His life is perfected in us. That is an idea that I should like you, if it may be, to take away with you—that if you are happy enough to feel the true, the glorious love, it is not *you* who love, but God who loveth in you. It is the life of the LOGOS Himself; and in the proportion in which that life pulsates through you, in that proportion may you pour it out as love to your fellow-men. Again, it is said in the Christian Scripture: "He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?" If you wish to show forth the power of God, you can do it only by absorbing into yourself the love of God, and pouring it out again upon all these others. You must be His almoner in this greatest of all charities, the pouring out of His love; that is the true Christmas thought; that is the birth of the Christ within us; and surely there can be no better New Year resolve than to carry that with us all through the year, and to show that because we love God, and because we are thankful to Him, we show forth in our daily lives the love for our brothers which is the mark of our unity with Him.

C. W. Leadbeater

HAMMER AND ANVIL

THE MAKERS OF REVOLUTIONS

By L. HADEN GUEST

(Concluded from p. 225)

ACCORDING to this theory, physical heredity has to account for the physical body man uses, but the mental and moral qualities belong to the man himself; he brings these with him, (expressed in finer matter, matter of a kind beyond the physical) as the result of his past experiences of life. Thus we have, so to speak, two lines of heredity. The heredity of the body into which a man is born; and the heredity of the Man himself which he brings with him. The personality we know as a human being expresses in the world the combination of both lines of evolution, physical and superphysical. And it is, of course, conceivable that the physical body may not be well adapted to express the consciousness of the man clothed in its garment of superphysical matter. In fact, experiments in hypnotism, by revealing powers of sense-perception and of mind unsuspected as a rule, show clearly that the body does not express more than a small part of the consciousness of the man using it.

If we apply the reincarnation theory to particular cases, it certainly gives an easy explanation. Take the case of musical prodigies. How do they arise? In

musical families frequently, but in mediocre musical families as a rule. Whence the genius? How is it that the young child is able to show himself an accomplished musician? Because he is an accomplished musician who has done the work of study and practice in previous existences. He is born in a musical family in order to secure the advantage of a physical instrument musically useful. But the physical heredity ends there. Similarly the mathematical, philosophical and scientific, prodigies are those who have studied before.

DIFFERENCES IN MENTAL CAPACITY

But apart from prodigies, all the differences among men in ordinary life are more easily explained by this reincarnation theory than by any other, ordinary differences in mental capacity and in mental tastes, for instance. People brought up in the same environment, coming from similar homes and educated at the same school, develop in quite different ways. One is keenly interested in art, but cannot make any progress with science; another is all on fire for science, but regards art as sentimentality. One is attracted to the study of some special branch of knowledge and gets hold of it in a very limited period; another equally hard-working must slave for years to acquire the rudiments.

The differences are not only differences of the body, but of the consciousness behind the body, and are to be explained as the expression of the particular line of interest or of thinking which has attracted the man over a series of lives. The man interested in scientific work life after life has science in him and can easily "tune up" his new body to respond to considerations of scientific

interest. His brain not only takes in from outside but is worked on from inside, and so learns quickly and well.

What is learned easily, what interests a man, is that which he has already within him. The process of learning is then a process of "tuning up" the body, of bringing the brain into touch with the memory of the consciousness behind. The knowledge, the memory, within is called out by the study of books, or hearing of lectures, or experience of life. And this is the function of all things in the physical world, first to present to the man all kinds of possible sensations, experiences and thoughts, so that those within him may be called out by responding to their like in the outer world, and secondly, to help on the man, the inner consciousness, to further experience and to the further expansion of powers already gained.

DIFFERENCES IN MORAL CAPACITY

This is seen particularly well with regard to moral qualities. Whence the differences among men? Take two children detected in a lie, and let it be put to them that lying is objectionable, against the order of civilised life, the destroyer of confidence, or in any other way indicating its moral undesirability. One child sees at once what is meant, understands the value of truth, because the proclamation of the idea to his brain wakes up the memory of the man, enables it to "tune up" the brain and a step forward is made. Not so the other child, who will argue that so and so lies, that Mr. Thingummy told such and such a lie, that this or that lying practice is common, and who is not impressed, because not yet is the ideal of truth stamped into the inner

consciousness—the lesson has still to be learned. The same with cruelty, the same with the many kinds and disguises of the attraction of sex; the one man chooses simply and clearly, he has learned his lesson in other lives; the other is torn and tossed hither and thither—he has yet to learn. Such, in brief outline, is the theory of reincarnation and the explanation it offers of some of the most insistent problems of life.

THE LAW OF JUSTICE

It will be readily seen that if the theory of spiritual evolution, as outlined herein, be true, then the causes at work in human existence are only to a small extent the physical causes studied by the chemist, physicist and biologist. Indeed, we know, apart from any theory, that in individual life and in the life of nations and of civilisation as a whole, the causes which have to do with the feelings, passions or desires and the causes which have to do with thought, are the most potent of all causes. Materialistic philosophy traces back feelings and emotions to modifications of physical matter; the more widely embracing philosophy, usually known as Theosophy, of which the theory of spiritual evolution is a part, postulates the existence of matter finer than the physical in which thought and feeling have their form expression. From the Theosophical standpoint, therefore, the world is a much bigger and more complicated mechanism, and the results we see in the world are the results of the interaction of forces acting on both physical and superphysical matter.

That is to say that the conditions of a man's life, for instance, are not only caused by forces

acting in the physical world, but also by forces acting in the world in which thought and feeling more readily express themselves. In a sense this is a commonplace, but the Theosophical theory enables one to see how dominatingly important thought and feeling may be. Every one recognises that a violent temper is a handicap in life, but think of this violent temper not only as being a handicap on the occasions when it is physically obvious, but always a handicap because it prevents the smooth and satisfactory working of the superphysical part of man. And also, the bad temper being primarily a sort of explosion in superphysical matter, sends out waves of force in all directions, whenever it is in evidence, which affect other people and predispose them to bad temper and to acts of violence. If those people are around the man, talking or discussing with him, the bad temper he arouses in them will react on him at once either through blows or words, or (if physical manifestation is suppressed) in a return wave of anger in superphysical matter, still further deranging him. This is by no means a matter of speculation merely, it is an every-day experience. Every one who is at all sensitive to outside impressions, and who has attended a meeting or a conference, when feeling has "run high" will remember how he felt "in the air" something electric, something that made him quiver. The usual explanation of this is that similar events excite men in the same way and that they sympathetically work themselves up into a condition where the "electric tension" is felt. But we know as a matter of fact that a meeting, or a crowd, is not a mere addition of units; the units to a certain extent fuse, and the power, the humour, or the anger, of a crowd is not only different

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from the added power, humour or anger, of the individuals, but greater than this addition. When two flames are brought near to each other, the resulting heat is more than the sum of the separate heats; the invisible heat rays, or heat vibrations, of each flame call out more from the other. The same with emotions and feelings at a meeting; the emotion or feeling vibration of each calls out more from every other. The sum of the vibrations is greater than the addition of the units. And it is because every man has in him matter of the superphysical kind that he can feel the "electric tension" of a meeting, the "feel" of audiences (a thing so well-known to every speaker), and it is largely this capacity of response (directly) to feeling and thought vibrations, which attracts us to, or repels us from, individuals whom we meet.

Man, then, according to Theosophical theories, is living in a world played on by physical forces acting through physical matter, and by forces of thought and feeling acting through superphysical matter; and the chain of cause and effect is as continuous in the superphysical as in the physical worlds. In the physical world we look on the process of evolution as the continuous production of forms, the one growing out of the other, causes and effects following in an unbroken sequence. In the superphysical world, the world of thought and feeling, the same unbroken chain of causes and effects is found; the thoughts and feelings of the man grow out of those of the child, the thoughts and feelings of the nation to-day grow out of what it has been in the years and centuries that are past.

The theory of spiritual evolution, however, means more than this, for it implies that the real man, existing in a form of superphysical matter, is

a continuing consciousness, existing from the beginning of the human stage of spiritual evolution until the end, when the man enters upon a new chapter of the unfolding of life. Therefore the chain of causes acting in superphysical matter, has been acting on the consciousness which is man continuously since the beginning of his evolution. That is to say that not only is the thought of the man founded on that of the child, but the powers and capacities of the grown up soul—the saint or the genius—are founded upon those of the child soul such as the primitive savage.

To understand a man's body aright you must think of it as the product of an evolutionary process; to think of a man's feeling, mind and spirit aright you must think of them as the result of an unbroken evolutionary process stretching over millions of years and hundreds of separate births into physical bodies. All causes which have acted in the past may still be producing results in the present. The why and the wherefore of man's life, therefore, is to be understood by remembering that he is the product not only of the physical causes which mould his physical environment (including those which mould his own body), but also of the much more powerful feeling and thought causes which, to a very large extent, he moulds himself. And man is master of his fate, for although he cannot escape from the trammels of the past, he is free to build his future thought and emotion world and this will react on the physical and mould that too. The man who himself is free, no bars can imprison, no misfortunes overwhelm.

We look, then, for the explanation of man's life not to physical causes alone, but to the interaction of causes working in physical matter, and those of thought

and feeling, working in superphysical matter. And we find that out of the apparent tangle certain broad outlines of certainty emerge. The purpose of the scheme of evolution, so far as man is concerned, is to enable him to evolve to a condition in which the powers of his being, at present latent, hidden, shall be manifest and realised. Man is to develop by the road of spiritual evolution into Superman. The world is the school of the soul, and the law of learning the simple one that all experiences are offered freely, experiences of good and experiences of evil, with one proviso—that the man who takes the experience pays the price for that experience. Every evil action a man performs sets causes at work in the world of thought and feeling which continue to act and react upon him until once more the balance of nature, which the evil action had upset, is readjusted. And in the process of this readjustment there is suffering, and the consciousness of man looking over a period of lives, sees that the evil action has caused the suffering and learns by experience to do well. Every “good” experience a man enjoys brings in its train happiness, peace, fullness of life, and here too the soul learns. There is no accident in life, all is the result of law.

Take a broad sweep of thought and think of the whole mass of the many million human forms at any one time, as the days’ representatives of the eternally changing garment of humanity. There it is Chinese, Indian, Tibetan ; here it is Negro, Italian, English. But it is all part of one great garment of flesh that humanity as a whole puts on ; it is the great Body in which humanity incarnates. Some parts of that garment are dragged in the dust, are fouled with noxious vices, are debauched

with cruel lusts; some parts of that garment are exalted to the high heavens and strain to take and touch the immortal stars. But all are parts of one thing.

Now think of the million souls of men, at all stages of development, with all kinds of possibilities; some have striven hard in the past to overcome the "sins of the flesh," some have idled and given way, some have battled on the fields of mind, and some have tamely accepted the stamp of the popular and commonplace; some have striven for a morality based on the realisation of spirit, some have pandered to low appetites; some have thought much, others little, some felt deeply others vaguely only. Of all the million souls in which the soul of humanity is expressed there are all these differences. And the garment of the flesh of humanity and the garment of the mind and feelings of humanity (the garment of the soul of humanity) have to be brought together. How must it be done? Inevitably according to law. Each individual is, however slowly, striving toward a greater life and he will have allotted to him, so to speak, that portion of the garment of humanity's flesh which is the nearest to what he needs. Remember the physical social conditions on earth are very strictly limited in their variety. A man may be fit for a very much finer garment of flesh than the body he obtains, but if this be the nearest to his requirements possible, it is the only one he can have. The demoralised slum-dweller may be capable of benefitting by a very much superior body than he gets, but humanity does not provide it. He must take the best there is.

Absolutely invariable law rules, absolute justice rules all the conditions of life, but it is ours to change, ours to build better in the future, ours to grow

into a greater realisation of our oneness in humanity's body and in humanity's soul, and realising this unity, to make clean, fine and healthy all parts of that body, noble, clear-minded and spiritually-aspiring that soul. The body of Man is as the causes of the first have made it, the soul is as the causes in the past have made it too. But the future is with us and we can do with the future what we will. The body of the slums we have made and the mind of the slums, the body of the rich and the mind of the rich. The way of change is by growth, by evolution. The body of humanity and the soul of humanity can only change by knowledge. Let us apply the knowledge we have, lay the foundations secure, make the body we need, make the soul we desire, for we are humanity and can do as we wish, if we but dare to will the means.

The War is forcing us to face the realities of life and of man's nature—and our response to this outward compulsion is a fine way of living in which courage, service and lives in sacrifice are poured out for the Empire. Can we live as finely in Peace as now we are living in War? Only by facing realities and living in the greater way the policy of which we have now proved. But in Peace there is no outer compulsion. We must live finely in Peace of our own will and that effort can only be founded on knowledge. If we are to cast aside materialism and choose the life of spirit, we must know and act on that knowledge. There is the great choice to be made: Are we for materialism or are we for the philosophy of Spirit? We must choose—the War makes the conflict concrete before our eyes—and live according to our choice.

L. Haden Guest

THE CITY OF SOPHIA

By NINA DE GERNET

Russia is a church, a holy place where the Western can smooth out his ruffled mind. . .

Undiscovered Russia—GRAHAM

TO judge a man—or a people—you have to take them at their highest. Thus only can you judge rightly. Even then human frailty will allow room enough for criticism.

Now, the French say truly: “The future is formed by the past.” In the traditions and the movements of the past of a nation you may foresee the shadow of its future, as if it were a double-faced Unity.

Many have been the travellers from foreign lands, who have gone over Russia’s realm and described it. Many have depicted the holy cities of Kief and of Moscow, these former heads of Northern and Southern Russia, very like Memphis and Thebes over Lower and Upper Egypt. But few, if any, have spoken of the heart and head of ancient Russian freedom, the chief of the North-Russian Republics: Novgorod the Great. And yet, while Moscow has largely “improved” on European lines and its shrine of the Tversky Madonna, Russia’s Holy of Holies, at the Kremlin gate, is about the only place of worship which no Russian passes without

kneeling or praying to the Ikon inside—be he ever so “European”—(indeed the thought strikes one that this must be the abode of the Deva of the Race)—Novgorod remains still, as a thousand years ago, the City of Sophia. Still, as in the oldest chronicles, “Novgorod is where S. Sophia is”.

Almost a thousand years it is—the whole span of Russia’s young life—that Russia’s greatest ruler, Yaroslav the Wise, Grand Duke of Kief, having been formerly one of the elected princes of the Novgorod Republic, sent his most beloved son to rule there in his stead—so far as Novgorod allowed itself to be ruled—and erected there the first shrine of “Sophia, the Divine Wisdom,” a sister church to the Sophia of Kief. When the first church was built, a sign appeared over it in the skies, frightening very much the people of the city. The temple was struck by lightning later on—a symbol, maybe, of the impending loss of Novgorod’s freedom—but was rebuilt at once. It stands, still the centre of Novgorod’s thoughts, one of the most revered shrines of Russia, the only temple holding the Image of the Angel of Wisdom.

Novgorod stands near the lake Ilmen and the Valdai hills, the cradle of the Volga—the Russian Nile—on the rapid and tumultuous river of Volchow, which saw all its fights for freedom or for supremacy with Moscow, with the Tatars, with its own citizens too! It is divided into two parts and to reach S. Sophia in the Kremlin, one has to pass the old bridge from the “civil” town to what was the holy part of Novgorod. On that bridge an ancient cross, wreathed with legends, still lifts its arms as if to bar the way to things of the earth earthly.

And then the domes of Sophia begin to grow, and in the heart of the Kremlin the cathedral becomes visible.

To reach Novgorod, especially in summer, the traveller had to go down the river amidst green silence, domes on domes of white convents guiding the way to Sophia. Now he faces her simple, silent, white walls, and some echo of the Slavonic past goes through him. It is the heir of Arcona, this silent temple in the quiet city. The walls have no longer the red rose tints of the pagan sanctuary, the tints of the Love Supreme. But within radiates a light that spreads on and on, and maybe gives, thousands of miles away, at the Volga's Delta the colour of the mystic Rose to the lotus-flowers dreaming on its waves, flowers born of the Wisdom.

The Image of Sophia, the Divine Wisdom, is one of the most ancient of Russia. It is now all plastered with precious metals and stones, but reproductions of it exist where the central figure is fully seen, the Image of a Youth, an Angel with "Wings of Flame," seated on a throne and overshadowed by a Christ—with hands uplifted to bless him. On his right stands the Virgin Mother of the World, with head bowed in reverence, and on the left a Saint stepping forward as if to proclaim the glad tidings.

The Image is not on the High Altar, yet it is the centre of worship to all pilgrims, for all Russia knows whose hand placed it there, when and how. The altar has, like most churches, five planes, so to say; five rows of holy images, one rising above the other, and high above a Dove spreading its wings in space, the sacred Dove of the Slavs—for throughout orthodox Slavia no dove may be killed, under heavy penalty—

the reincarnation of Ilamayun, the Bird of Wisdom sacred to the Pagan Slavia of old.

On the north door of the altar shines out an Image still more curious—the Ikon of holy Prince Jasaphat, who is none other than the Prince Siddhārta, the Buddha!

The beautiful and sacred legend of the Lord of Compassion has sunk so deeply into Slavia's soul, that her mystic legends have made Him one of our Saints. Slavia believes Him to have been a Hindū Prince “converted” to the “Christian” ideals (before Christ) by a monk travelling in India. And she worships Him there, at the side of the ever young Incarnation of the Wisdom.

Facing it are the two high seats of the Tsar and of the Chief of the Church, with low barriers enriched by holy images, one of them again that of Prince Jasaphat.

Then, by the “Silver Door” one goes out and a new image fixes the eyes—the stormy Volchon river; the “eternal silence” of Russia broods over this city, so busy of old, transacting indeed business with all the world then known. The two opposites are personified by Russia herself. Stormy was the course of the Slav Falcon throughout the history of the fierce Republic. The more astounding would be the quiet, entire resignation to its fate of conquered Novgorod when Moscow set her imperious foot on its liberties, if it were not for the spirit which shone in the deeper resignation of an older race of the same breed, of whom Novgorod knew nothing, though in touch with its descendants from Venice—with a people who also call themselves Rus, whom Europe knows as Etruria.

The deep faith of olden times saw rightly, clearly that, when a being—youth or nation—was called to bear

as Palladium the Flag of some great cause and to be the herald of victory to his land or to his race—his hands had to be pure, his life had to be sacrificed. When not killed in the struggle he had to go into the silence of the convent walls for the rest of his days. If a nation, carrying to the world the first gleams of a new truth, a new aspect of truth, the sparkling, radiant wave had to die and be engulfed—

The main coming in.

It is but the falling open of the lotus leaves which hide the Jewel inside.

Novgorod guarded for Russia the cult of the Wisdom. The wild delight of adventure and lawlessness stopped ever at the threshold of the great temple. Here Bishop Lukas Jidiata, one of its first high priests, preached the Inner Law; here, too, a young Prince of Yaroslav's race, was brought to die as a Saint. Hither high and low, old and young, now flock at all solemn hours of the Nation's life, and the monument of Russia's first thousand years is reared under its shadow. Freedom of the body and surrender of the soul clashed; the hand of fate pressed the free city under the yoke of rigid, religious Moscow, and the Republic died. But Sophia lives. The wings of flame are still outspread, awaiting the Hour that comes, and under the gentle gaze of Him on the north door, all fear of the Divine Reality that is near, nearer, ever nearer, all fear ceases.

When the first silver streak of light touches the sky and in the hush of morn, on higher planes, the Mass of Dawn goes on, before the soundless sound awakens all Nature and greets the coming forth of Day—there is one second when the one white Note contains all heaven and all earth and all the "impossible

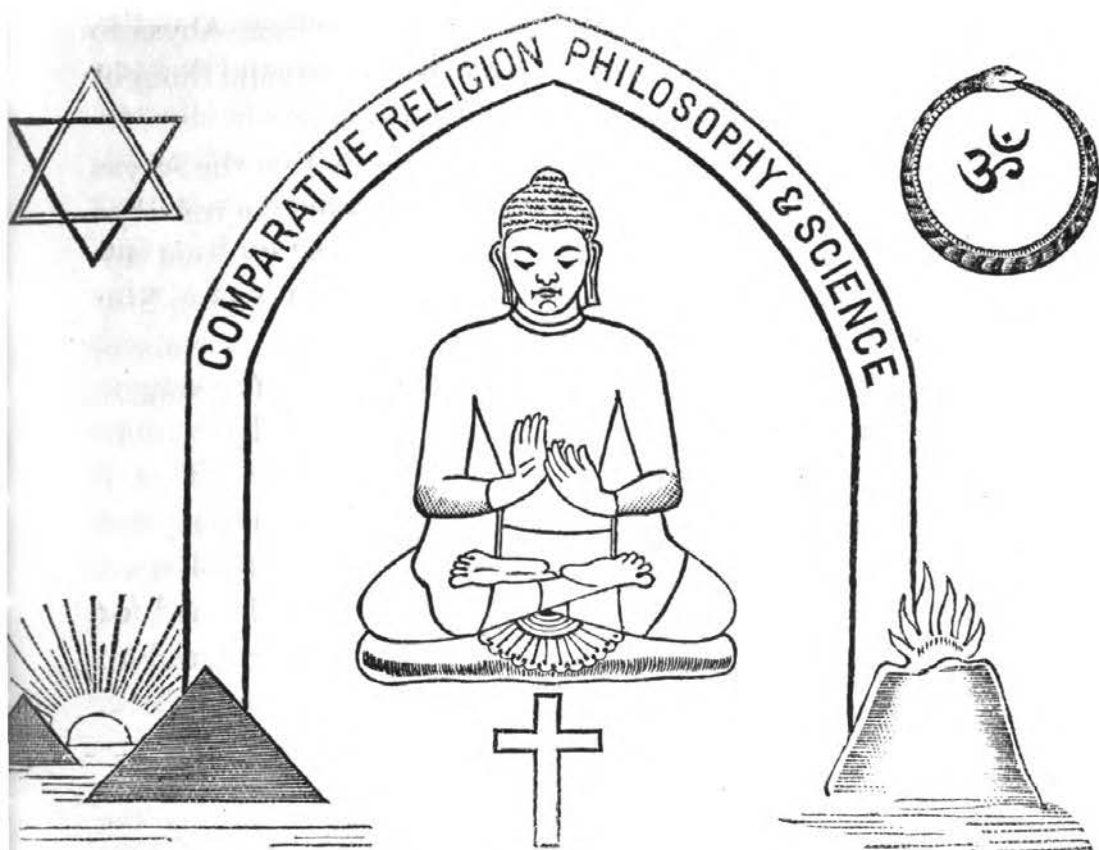
dreams'' of genius; the symphony of the Universe and Ceugant,¹ the Inaccessible Realm, opens, for life is ever a Rule of Three with the X of the Great Abyss to conquer. And this is the Root of Music, beyond thought and beyond number that only guides sound.

Yet the legends of Russia ever tell us that the Abyss *has* a Path to ever receding shores,² and the music of Russia, the very core of its soul, sounds forth that all-pervading, all-irradiating Note that the Morning Star knows, and the high Deva who dwells in the Holy of Holies in that land of silence, in the shrine of Sophia.

Nina de Gernet

¹ Druids.

² When Dawn rises dew-drops glitter over the Earth, in the Depth the eternal atoms, the future Logoi, the Path of the Gods.



SHRI DASBODH—A STUDY

By M. V. KIBE

SHRI Ramdas, the author of the *Dasa Bodh*, is known in history as the spiritual preceptor of Shivaji, the founder of the Maratha Empire in the seventeenth century. Among the many religious teachers who flourished in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, in the Maratha country, Ramdas holds a unique place. Although evidence has now accumulated to show that

Shivaji was inspired with the idea of establishing a Hindū Empire quite independently of Ramdas, whose acquaintance he made at a much advanced period in his career, yet Shivaji, as a warrior, was as much the hero of his epoch as Ramdas was as an author. Both affected their generation simultaneously and to the same end. Ramdas was found to bear the title of Samartha, which his contemporaries unanimously bestowed on him and which he himself thus defined: "Samartha is one who possesses all the best qualities."

Ramdas's principal work is *Shri Dasbodh*—advice to a disciple, or advice of Das, *i.e.*, Ramdas. Not unlike the *Bhagavad-Gītā* in many other respects, it is a didactic work. In both, philosophy is made subservient to action in life, in which respect they both stand apart from their contemporary productions. It is claimed for the *Gītā* and the *Dasbodh* that they are both based on the Upaniṣhats and the older authorities on the subject of philosophy. Of the former it is said :

The Upaniṣhats are cows; the cowherd's son, that is Kṛṣṇa, is the milker; Prthā's son, that is Arjuna, is the calf; the wise man is the drinker; and the nectar-like *Gītā* is the excellent milk.

As regards the *Dasbodh*, the author himself enumerates the several works consulted by him and affirms that they bear out his statements. But both the *Gītā* and the *Dasbodh* have their own doctrines to preach. The author of the *Gītā* identifies himself with the Supreme Self, while Ramdas appeals to his own experiences which, he avers, are capable of being undergone by others. Not only does he base his advice on authority, but he attaches due importance to perception.

Shri Dasbodh is a voluminous work written in simple Marathi of the time. It is in the form of a discourse

between a disciple and his preceptor. It consists of twenty chapters each containing ten sections. The first eight chapters expound philosophy, and the rest discuss the doctrines, as well as lay down rules for guidance in life. It is said that the work was being composed for fifteen years. A literary association of Dhulia, in the Bombay Presidency, which has undertaken to publish the works of Shri Ramdas, brought out some years back an excellent edition of *Dasbodh*, copied from the original manuscript which was dictated and revised by the author himself. Besides a suggestive preface, written by the learned publisher, Mr. Shankar Shrikrishna Deo, B.A., LL.B., copious notes are given on difficult words and passages in the text. In doing the latter, he had the advantage of the help of devotees and scholars who have had meanings and explanations handed down to them for generations. All these circumstances make the edition externally as valuable as the importance of the contents of the work would justify.

The philosophy preached in the *Dasbodh* follows the general trend of what goes by the name of Advaita. For instance :

The universe appears to be in Brahman, which is in the former. By getting experience [knowledge], it can be felt a little (7-4-16).

There are, according to the *Dasbodh*, four kinds or degrees of salvation, *viz.*, (1) being with, (2) obtaining the form of, (3) being near, and (4) being one with the Supreme Soul or Brahman. Ramdas condemns the three former, as presupposing a personality, which is bound to disappear with the universe, and holds the last as the goal to be reached.

Ramdas's final state of liberation is subtler than that preached in the *Bhagavad-Gītā*. In its fifteenth

discourse, having spoken of the Banyan tree of the world, Shrī Kṛṣṇa says :

Having cut asunder this firm-rooted "Ashwatṭha" with the strong sword of dispassion, there is that goal to be sought for, whither, having gone, none returns again. One goes to that Primal Puruṣha, whence the ancient energy streamed forth. Free from pride and delusion, with the evil of attachment conquered, ever living in the spirit, their desires completely turned away, liberated from the pairs of opposites, known as pleasure and pain, the wise reach that eternal goal. That the sun illuminates not, nor the moon, nor fire—that blessed abode of Mine to which having gone, none returns.

The goal described here presupposes the existence of an Ādya Purush. Ramdas affirms :

Devotion to one with attributes wavers, but faith in Brahman is firm.

The way to know this fully is through a true Guru, that is to say, one who has attained the goal himself. Ramdas, therefore, believes in renunciation, *i.e.*, oneself becoming free from passion, etc., knowing the vanity of this world, nay, the instability of this universe. Therefore he advises :

He, who wants to be happy, should be devoted to God and should sever his connection with all his people, who are the root of all grief (3-10-63).

Again :

We have neither seen nor heard that anybody has received happiness by attachment to the worldly life (4-3-109).

Therefore "one should give up the worldly life".

In spite of this obvious teaching the *Dasbodh* contains admonitions for not giving up the worldly life, at any rate for some time :

One should lead an efficient worldly life first and then follow the path of the goal (12-1-1).

And yet more strongly :

If you will follow the goal, leaving the worldly life, you will come to grief (12-1-2).

Is the latter advice then based on the following reasons ?

If one goes after the goal, without fulfilling the worldly life, then he will not get anything to eat. How then can such a wretch realise the goal ? (12-1-3).

In the *Gītā*, too, when Arjuna found a similar contradiction between the teachings of Shrī Kṛṣṇa, in the Second Discourse, the former was puzzled and demanded an explanation, to which Shrī Kṛṣṇa replied :

Nor can anyone, even for an instant, remain really actionless: for helplessly is every one driven to action by the qualities born of nature.

And for another worldly-wise reason, “ whatsoever, a great man doeth, that other men also do; the standard that he setteth up, by that the people go”. For such reasons he would advise even the liberated man to follow the ways of the world. For he says :

There is nothing in the three worlds, O Pārtha, that should be done by Me, nor anything unattained that might be attained; yet I do action. For if I joined not ever in action unwearied, men all around would follow my path.

Moreover, unlike the *Gītā*, the *Dasbodh*, which, as has been already shown, holding the Nirguṇa Bhakti—faith in the Brahman—as the goal, also preaches devotion to Saḡuṇa—One with attributes. This contradiction is pointed out in the work itself. The disciple asks :

If knowledge has rendered the visible an illusion, then why should I feel devotion [to God], what do I gain by it? If there is nothing higher than knowledge, then where is the reason for devotion? What do people gain by it? The ultimate goal is Nirguṇa; Saḡuṇa has no place in it, tell me the use of devotion then. You tell me that Saḡuṇa is liable to destruction and yet you preach devotion to it. For what, then, should I practise devotion? (6-7-1-3 & 71).

To these pertinent questions, Shrī Ramdas replies in words which are partly a paraphrase of the answer given by Shrī Kṛṣṇa to Arjuna, which has been quoted

above. Shri Ramdas, in his characteristic plain and forcible language says :

Properly speaking, tell me the results of knowledge. Tell me whether you are compelled to do anything or not, e.g., obeying the calls of nature. [Moreover] in order to satisfy people, you have to differentiate between yours and others'; then is this knowledge that you should simply give up devotion? By discrimination knowledge becomes illusory (as in the above instance) and everything is not given up. Then what has devotion alone done to deserve desertion? You bow before your master and act like a slave [before him], then please tell me, why do you forsake devotion (6-7-15 & 19).

If these were the only answers which either the *Gītā* or *Dasbodh* furnished for the contradiction in their preaching of renunciation and also a life of action, they would considerably fall from their position as guides of humanity. For these answers are unsatisfactory for several reasons. Writing about the *Gītā*, Pandit Sitanath Tattwabhusan, in his learned discourses on *Krishna and the "Gītā"*, says :

If a liberated man is bound to act for the good of others, though not for his own good, action is essentially involved in liberation and it cannot be said that the liberated man has no duties, that in case he cease from all duties, he incurs no sin and his liberation remains complete.

"I do not know," exclaims the Pandit, "how to exonerate the author of the *Gītā* from this self contradiction." The more worldly-wise answer given by the *Dasbodh* is based on nothing but expediency, which should have no place in a work of pure reason.

That unflinching critic of the sentiments designated by the expression "compromise," Lord Morley, highly condemns any action based on expediency. He beautifully sums up the arguments of the advocates of expediency thus ;

The question is whether it is expedient that the more enlightened classes in a community should upon system not

only possess their light in silence, but whether they should openly encourage a doctrine for the less enlightened classes which they do not believe to be true for themselves, while they regard it as indispensably useful in the case of less fortunate people.

Lord Morley specifically notes six arguments, three of which cover the reasons given by the *Gītā* and the *Dasbodh*, in support of the above contention and refutes them one by one.

1. That all minds are not open to reason (*Gītā*, Third Discourse and the following four stanzas). The argument is that since all men are not open to reason, in order that they may do right things, the conduct of those who know better may be at variance with their opinions. To this Lord Morley replies that the very cause of the people's not being able to listen is ignorance, which is fostered by erroneous ways of thinking on all subjects. Therefore the remedy is worse than the disease.

2. That a false opinion, considered in relation to the general mental attitude, may be less hurtful than its premature demolition (*Dasbodh*, Third Discourse).

The learned man should not create a diversion in the understandings of the ignorant, who are inclined to outward works. He, by industriously performing all the duties of life, should induce the vulgar to attend to them.

To this Lord Morley replies that apart from the value of making character organic, which is the result of coherency, interdependence and systematisation of opinion and motives, the fact that an error gives birth to another, and so on, it is quite necessary that the original error should be stamped out, regardless of consequences.

3. That a certain thing is inevitable (cf. the passages quoted above from the *Dasbodh*). Lord Morley contends that in doing that which one thinks to be right, no

account need be taken of the fact that errors in opinion and motive are inevitable elements in human growth, "because," he says, "the inevitable does not coincide with the useful. Pain can be avoided by none of the sons of men, yet the horrible and uncompensated subtraction which it makes from the value and usefulness of human life, is one of the most formidable obstacles to the smoother progress of the world. And as with pain so with error. The moral of our contention," continues his Lordship, "has reference to the temper in which practically we ought to regard false doctrine and ill-directed motive."

4. That a false doctrine may be clothed with good associations, *e. g.*, the doctrines of the Saḡaṇa. Lord Morley urges two arguments against the utility of this view. (1) In making false notions the proofs or close associates of true ones, you are exposing the latter to the ruin which awaits the former. As, for instance, if you preach that, Saḡaṇa form is to be believed until you are sufficiently advanced to realise the Nirḡaṇa you may begin to doubt its existence. How are you to believe in a false thing temporarily? Such an attempt leads the human mind to doubt everything. (2) For all good habits in thought or conduct there are good and real reasons in the nature of things. For all good things there is either a reason inherent in the human nature or an external one. Therefore "the unreal defence must be weaker than the real one and the substitution of a weak for a strong defence, where both are to be had, is not useful but the very opposite".

5. That mere negative truth is not a guide. To this the reply is that to have been deprived of the faith of the old dispensation, is the first condition of

strenuous endeavour after the new, and hence the superiority of even a mere negative truth over a falsehood supporting a right conduct.

6. That error has been a stepping-stone to truth. But how can this prove the utility of error? Ought we not to consider, how much truth has been missed by error, which, as has been already shown, is fissiparous, in its very nature.

The conclusion to which his Lordship leads is “whether, reason or affection” (by which he apparently means devotion) “is to have the empire in the society of the future, when reason may possibly have no more to discover for us in the region of morals and religion, and so will have become *emeritus* and taken a lower place, as of a tutor whose services the family, being now grown up, no longer requires—however this may be, it is at least certain that in the meantime the spiritual life of man needs direction quite as much as force. This direction and light can only be safely procured by the free and vigorous use of intelligence”. In the opinion of Lord Morley then, intelligence is sufficient to direct the spiritual life of man, provided it is not trammelled by “a mortal fear lest its conclusions should trouble the soft tranquillity of spirit”.

The attitude commended here was taken up by Tukaram, who was almost a contemporary of Ramdas. Speaking of his conduct he says :

Having made intelligence responsible for discriminating between truth and untruth, I did not mind the opinion of the majority.

And elsewhere he says :

He should be worshipped, who acts what he says.

But is intellect alone capable of explaining everything? Since the days of Spinoza, it is only in our own times that European philosophers have tried to discuss this question. Henri Bergson is perhaps the most notable among them. His speculations are akin to those of the Indian Vedānta. He comes to the conclusion that there are other, deeper, more important phenomena which lie beyond the reach of our intellect. They cannot be classified or described by the intellect. They must be *felt*. Rudolf Eucken takes his place by the side of Bergson. He, too, shows the emptiness of the bare intellect. According to him, life and its needs must constitute the test of reality, not the demands of the bare intellect. It is in and through action that we come into direct contact with reality and intelligence has value only as directing action. Unlike the two philosophers, whose views have been just noticed, Friedrich Nietzsche devotes his attention more to the practical application of metaphysics than to its mere speculative side. His views are worthy of some note, as his was a strange personality. He is described as follows :

He abounded in affliction, aspiration, family pride, fortitude, individualism, intelligence, lyricism, melancholy, paradoxes and receptivity. He lacked balance, common sense, humour, modesty, originality, patriotism, and sympathy. He liked aphorisms, chloral, Dionysus, Greece, long sounding words, music, solitude, strength, the Old Testament and war. He disliked alcohol, anarchism, anti-semitism, Apollo, constraint, Christianity, the crowd, history, Prussia, romanticism, socialism, specialists, the New Testament, tobacco and women.

It is no wonder that such a personality as is described above, should hold that there is no fixed, changeless eternal reality. According to him "there is no being behind doing, acting, becoming. The doer is only a fictitious addition to the doing; the doing is

all". The Spirit of man, says Nietzsche, passes through three stages, those of the camel, the lion and the child. The first phase is that of a beast of burden. Submissiveness is here the greatest virtue. The next phase is that of a lion. The will to power is predominant in it. The last phase is that of the child, which is Superman. It is easy to identify these three phases with the three guṇas—tamas, rajas, and saṭṭva, respectively—of Indian philosophy. But his Superman, too, cannot be described by the intellect.

It will be seen from the above discussion that scholars who have gone deeper into the subject than Lord Morley, have arrived at the conclusion which coincides with that of the Upaniṣaṭs and the *Gīṭā*. According to them, the Supreme Self is beyond the reach of the intellect; for it is that "from which the intellect returns, accompanied by the mind without reaching it". Also, "It is beyond the intellect," says the *Gīṭā* (Third Discourse, 42). The *Dasbodh*, too, follows this line and expounds it at length.

How, then, that which is beyond the intelligence, is, or is to be, known, is the task to which Indian philosophers, from time immemorial, have set themselves to discover? Dr. Rabindranath Tagore, whom the present Viceroy of India, Lord Hardinge, has rightly called the Poet Laureate of Asia, in a book entitled *Sādhana: The Realisation of Life*, has, in his own inimitable way, beautifully described this and its achievement. The book, which deserves to take its rank above, or at least by the side of, the author's more famous book, *Gīṭāñjali*, requires to be read in fragments and then again at a sitting re-read and so on.

According to the considered opinion of this great and cultured devotee, the spirit of the greatest of the Upanishats is: In order to find Him—Brahman—you must embrace all. The key to cosmic consciousness—God-consciousness—is in the consciousness of the soul. To know our soul apart from the Self is the first step towards the realisation of the supreme deliverance. We must know with absolute certainty that essentially we are Spirit.

In another place, the Doctor says :

Some modern philosophers of Europe, who are directly or indirectly indebted to the Upanishats, far from realising their debt, maintained that the Brahman of India is a mere abstraction, a negation of all that is in the world. Instead, it is the practice of realising and affirming the presence of the infinite in all things, which has been its constant inspiration. Thus our soul must soar in the infinite and she must feel every moment that in the sense of not being able to come to the end of her attainment is her supreme joy, her final freedom.

“The ideal that India tried to realise,” observes the Doctor, “led her best men to the isolation of a contemplative life, and the treasures that she gained for mankind by penetrating into the mysteries of reality cost her a good deal in the sphere of her worldly success. Yet, this, this also, was a sublime achievement. It was a supreme manifestation of that humane inspiration which knows no limit and which has for its object nothing less than realisation of the infinite.”

Men who had attained this are thus described :

They who having attained the Supreme Soul in knowledge, were filled with wisdom and having found Him in union with the Soul were in perfect harmony with the inner Self ; they having realised Him in the heart were free from all selfish desires, and having experienced Him in all the activities of the world, had attained calmness. The Rshis were they who having reached the Supreme God from all sides had found abiding peace, had become united with all, had entered into the life of the universe.

“But can it then be said,” the devotee asks, “that there is no difference between Brahman and our individual soul?” “Brahman is Brahman,” is the reply, “He is the infinite ideal of perfection. But we are not what we truly are; we are ever to become true, ever to become Brahman. There is the eternal play of love in the relation between this being and the becoming; and in the depth of this mystery is the source of all truth and beauty that sustains the endless march of creation.”

At any rate the advice contained in the *Gītā* and the *Dasbodh* is based on the conviction that the intelligence, which is Lord Morley’s standard of criticism, is not capable of explaining or guiding what Eucken calls the life and its needs, which is the subject of these works. It is, therefore, to be judged from another standpoint. The *Gītā* and the *Dasbodh* were written primarily to guide their generation. Although the *Gītā* may be anachronous, yet references made in it fit in with the history of the period, which has been assumed for it. The whole of the First Discourse, and the concluding stanzas of the last, are expressly meant to give the *Gītā* a place in the events of *Mahābhārata*. There is, however, no doubt that the state of mind of Arjuna, as described in it, was typical of the period when the work was composed, with the sole object of removing the prevailing torpor and despondency. Similarly the *Dasbodh* contains numerous references to the contemporary state, which it is its aim to improve. The following two stanzas are typical of the author’s object:

Since a long time the bad Musulmāns have been
subverting our religion. Therefore one must be always on
the alert (18-6-12).

Well, whatever was to happen has happened and passed. Now at least the Brāhmaṇas should make themselves wiser (14-8-1).

It will therefore be seen that whatever practical advice they had to give was to be not only compatible with the philosophy they taught, but it was to be of use in their contemporary needs.

Much misapprehension as regards the teaching of the Hindū philosophy, with which that of the two works under reference is identical, is caused by the wrong meaning attached to the word *Māyā*. It is generally held to mean illusion. The late lamented S.A. Desai, Professor of Philosophy in the Mahārāja Holkar's College, Indore, whose premature death is a great loss to the study of Indian philosophy, has conclusively shown that this meaning of *Māyā* is wrong. He says "thus, then, we see that neither is *Māyā*, as Shankra conceives it, illusion or power of producing illusion, nor is the world or the individual soul unreal or a mere illusory existence. On this theory," the Professor continues, "*Māyā* is Brahman's power of creating the world, and the world is real for all practical purposes". This is the view which finds support in the *Gīṭā* as follows :

This, my divine power of creation, endowed with these [enumerated in previous stanzas] qualities is hard to pierce. They who come to me cross over it.

The *Dasbodh*, too, regards *Māyā* as a power of Brahman. It says :

The universe is in the Brahman [and] in the universe is the Brahman [By trying to know it, it is felt a little]. Therefore Brahman is like the sky and *Māyā* is like the earth, [which is felt but not seen] (7-4-24).

Leaving aside the matter enclosed within brackets, as a detail, the respective relation between the Brahman

and Māyā is clearly seen to be that of the principal and action. Air could not have existed without sky, which may be said to embrace it and govern it. In the Upanishats, air is said to be produced from the sky, and this Ramdas had in view when describing the relation between Brahman and Māyā.

The statement in the *Dasbodh* that “the construction of the universe is false like dreams,” which seems to conflict with the view that Māyā is only the creative power of Brahman and the world is real, is not really conflicting because Ramdas only refers to what Bergson calls change in, or flux of, matter. Ramdas says :

In water scenes are reflected in as many bulbs as arise in it. But in a moment the bulbs are destroyed and with them the scenes, which are false (6-8-1).

Behind all manifestations of Māyā, there is Brahman :

Wealth has been kept hidden. The servants do not know the fact. They simply know the outward form. Reality is kept hidden. Appearances are things. The wise find out what is behind the scenes. Similarly what we see is the creation of Brahman. Those who reflect it alone know its heart (6-9-1 to 3).

Therefore “without giving up the world and without leaving the trammels of it, one attains his object by reflection”. As the world is real, the fetters it imposes are also real and therefore as the former is to be lived, the latter must also be heeded. But by reflection alone one knows the reality and the object one must gain in the end. In the meanwhile the most significant fact in this life is death :

No reliance can be placed on the body. It is not known when life will end. Who knows what may come to pass at any time? None should doubt that this is the famous world of death. All know this quite well (3-9-4).

Consequently "knowing all this, the soul should justify itself by leaving fame behind it".

This is then life and its needs. How are we to satisfy them? According to B.G. Tilak, of Poona, who has a treatise on the subject in preparation, the *Gītā* enjoins the doing of all work, without regard to its fruit. It says:

Thy business is with action only, never with its fruit; so let not the fruit of action be thy motive, nor be thou to inaction attached (2-42).

Shrī *Dasbodh*, however, first enjoins the doing of good actions and the leaving of bad ones. After this is done, one gradually begins to know how to perform a work, as if it were a duty.

Who is to distinguish between an action done with a desire, or without a desire, for its fruit; or between a good action and a bad one? In other words, what is the sanction for morality? The hedonism, intuitionism, utilitarianism and other theories have been examined and found wanting. The late Professor T. H. Green, in his great work entitled *Prolegomena to Ethics*, taught that the essential element in the nature of man is the rational or spiritual principle within him. To the question, how we are to determine which is the higher and which is the lower universe of our desire, Green's answer is: "The highest universe is that which is most rational."

Both the *Gītā* and the *Dasbodh* are at once in agreement with Green's teaching. The former says:

The Lord dwelleth in the heart of all beings, Oh Arjuna, by his creative power causing all beings to revolve, as though mounted on a potter's wheel (18-61).

And the latter:

If a man understands that he is one with the Brahman, he will feel strengthened (6-9-32).

It is because the rational self is not equally developed in all that there is the necessity of suggesting steps for reaching that goal. The *Gītā* very well brings out the obstacle in the way of arriving at a rational conclusion in men who are not fully developed. In impressing upon Arjuna the futility of his wish to abstain from fighting, Shri Kṛṣṇa says :

If, feeling conscious of your strength you think that you will not fight ; to no purpose your determination ; nature will constrain you. Oh son of Kuntī, bound by thine own duty, born of thine own nature, what from delusion [or ignorance] you desire not to do, even that you shall helplessly [or involuntarily] perform (18-59, 60).

How to train this nature so as to arouse the rational principle, is the task to which the teaching of the *Gītā* and the *Dasbodh*, and for that matter, of all the religious literature of Hindūism, leads. The conclusion of the *Dasbodh* is that this knowledge cannot be obtained without the medium of a Guru, *i.e.*, one in whom the rational principle, rational Self, is fully developed.

By the words of the Guru all doubt is dispelled ; otherwise one does not feel sure of the truth. Doubts arise through ideas (6-9-34).

Consequently much space is devoted in it to distinguishing between a true and a false Guru. As beautifully portrayed in the Upanishats, the disciple goes to the Guru, who is as God Himself, and prays : "Lead me from the unreal to the real, from darkness to light, from death to immortality." The Guru impresses upon the disciple : "That thou art," and the latter feels, "I am the Brahman."

One who has imbibed this truth alone can realise how to give effect to the advice of the *Gītā* to do action

without desire for fruit, that is to say, duty for duty's sake. As the *Dasbodh* concludes :

The fruit of discipline is obtained, and the worldly life has been successful, when one realises the attributeless Brahman in his mind. *Māyā* has been accounted for ; principles have been explained ; therefore, having reached the goal, the steps have been forgotten (20-10-26).

The whole body [or universe] has been resolved into elements which have disappeared, then what thing shall we call ours ? (20-10-36).

Therefore in the words of the *Gītā* :

Flee unto Him for shelter with all thy being, Oh Bharata ; by His grace thou shalt obtain supreme peace, the everlasting dwelling place (18-62).

M. V. Kibe

MAIṬRI BODHISAT IN THE HINDU AND BUDDHIST SCRIPTURES

By F. L. WOODWARD, M.A.

WHAT is said of Maiṭri Bodhisat in the sacred books of the East? In Hinduism three books refer to that great Rishi. The book called *Vishṇu Purāṇa* was given by Rishi Parāsara to Maiṭreya, his disciple. He says :

By the blessing of Vāsishtha I have been acquainted with it, and have faithfully related it to you, O Maiṭreya. You will teach it at the end of the Kāli age to Sāmika.

In the *Srīmad Bhagavata*, Maiṭreya appears as a teacher of Vidusa.

The ascetic Maiṭreya should be worshipped by you ; for he was instructed thus in my presence by the Deity (Kṛishṇa) Himself, on the eve of his departure from this land of mortals.

Maiṭreya, "of unclouded intellect," is found at Haridvāra. He becomes teacher of Vidura and is called a Muni (sage).

Again, in *Mahābhārata* (*Vana Parva*, 10) we find :

O King, here cometh the holy Rishi Maiṭreya with the desire of seeing us. That mighty Rishi, O King, will admonish thy son for the welfare of this race.

It is interesting to read, following this passage,¹ quotations referring to the Manu also; but I shall now proceed to quote from the Pāli books the few existing references to Metteyya, the Blessed One to come, the Lord of Love. Such references, put in the mouth of the Buddha, who alone could speak with authority of His successor, are few. In fact, it is only in the *Dīgha Nikāya* (Long Section) of the Tipiṭaka's (canonical books) that we find The Lord definitely foretelling the coming of Metteyya.

We read in *The Discourse of the World-Ruler and the Lion's Roar*² thus :

Now when the term of human life is eighty years,³ He who is named Metteyya, the Blessed One, shall arise in the world, that Saint, that fully-enlightened One, who knoweth all and leads the righteous life. Auspicious He, World-Knower, incomparable Charioteer of men who would be tamed, Teacher of Gods and men, The Buddha, Blessed Lord; just as now I have myself arisen in the world, that Saint, that fully-enlightened One He shall teach this world and the world of Gods, also the realm of Death and the world of the Gods Supreme, all beings, both monks and Brāhmana's alike, as well as Gods and men, by His own powers sublime realising His knowledge; just as I do now teach this world and the world of Gods He shall proclaim the Teaching pleasant in its beginning, pleasant in its middle, and pleasant in the end thereof, and shall make known its spirit and its letter; in its perfection and in all its purity He shall proclaim the holy life, just as I myself have done and do. He shall gather round Him a following of monks that number many thousands, just as I have gathered round me a following of monks of many hundreds.

¹ *The Purānas in the Light of Modern Science*, p. 133, by K. Nārāyaṇaswāmi Aiyer, T. P. H., Adyar, 1914, a most valuable book, from which I quote here.

² D. N., p. 75, par. 25, Pāli Text Society's edition of the Pāli, vol. 3.

³ In the time of Vipassī Buddha, 91 kalpa's ago, the span of life was 80,000 years.

The 24 Buddha's immediately preceding Gotama, the fourth of our cycle, were: Dipankaro, Koṇḍañño, Maṅgalo, Sumano, Revato, Sobhito, Anomadassī, Padumo, Nārado, Padumuttaro, Sumedho, Sujāto, Piyadassī, Atthadassī, Dhammadassī, Siddhattho, Tisso, Phusso, Vipassī, Sikhī, Vessabhū, Kakusandho, Koṇāgamano, and Kassapo. I think most of these must have been Pacceka or "Private" Buddha's.

But these things are not yet. Metteyya does not come forth in His last incarnation and attain to Buddhahood till long ages are past. In the Pāli scriptures we are not told of His intermediate appearances as Bodhisatta since the time of Gotama, the Buddha, except in one instance. Thus, orthodox Buddhists of to-day maintain that He rests in the Tāvātimsa heaven-world till the final coming. Perhaps this is a vague realisation of the teaching that the Higher Ego is always functioning on that high plane and only puts down a "portion of Himself" in a human body from time to time.

The other reference in the Pāli books, so far as I know, is in the late non-canonical *Anagata-Vaṁsa* (*History of the Future*),¹ and reads as follows:

Glory to Him, the Blessed Saint the All-enlightened One. Thus have I heard. Once on a time the Blessed Lord was dwelling at Kapilavatthu in the Banyan grove on Rokini riverside. Then the Venerable Sāriputta questioned the Lord about Him who should come [*anāgatajānam*]:

And He that cometh after Thee,
The Mighty One, the Enlightened One,
Say, Lord, what sort is He?
How I long to know it surely!
Thou who seest, tell it me!

To the elder questioning,
Thus the Blessed Lord replied;
"I will tell thee, Sāriputta.
Do thou list what shall betide.
In this auspicious period
There have been Leaders three—
Kakusandho, Koṇāgamano
And Kassapo the Guide;
I am the fourth, Buddha Supreme;
Metteyya yet shall be
In this auspicious period,

¹ This is a Burmese MS. in Roman characters published by Prof. Min-ayeff in the Journal of the Pāli Text Society, 1886, from which I have translated some passages. See also Warren's *Buddhism in Translations*, p. 481. The author is said to be Kassapo, an Indian, and a commentary was written by Upatissa, a native of Ceylon.

While yet the end we bide ;
 Metteyya, All-enlightened One,
 Supreme on earth is He."

But there are Buddha's and Buddha's. Not all Buddha's are Fully-enlightened Ones (Sammāsambuddha's). Some are Pacceka-Buddha's (retired Ones, who do not teach the world). Such Great Ones, we are told in Theosophical books, are Manu's or world-rulers. There are also periods or kalpa's, eras, æons, when no Buddha's at all are in the world. In the cycle of Dīpaṅkaro, under whom "our Buddha" took the vow to save the world (on the moon, as we read in *Man: Whence, How and Whither*) there were three other Buddha's. H. P. Blavatsky tells us that Gotama the Buddha was the "first-fruits of them that slept," *i.e.* the first man of our *human* family who roused his latent faculties and attained the great height of Buddhahood, the other Buddha's having been the fruits of other planets and cycles.

To return to our quotation: Next follows the history of Metteyya in former births during the age of twenty-seven previous Buddha's, till, finally, He was Ajātasattu, Prince of Ajita, about B.C. 600. (We read in *Man* that He was born next as Shrī Kṛshṇa, and again, about B.C. 100, He is said to have come as the Christ, occupying the body of His disciple, the Rishi Jesus.)

Then follows an account of the gradual decay of the Buddha-Dhamma (the Doctrine), and it is said that when five thousand years have passed since the Parinibbāna, or final passing-away of "our Buddha" (Gotama), *i.e.*, about A.D. 4460, the Buddha-relics will disappear. Finally we read of Metteyya that He will be born as a

prince on earth, renounce the world like His predecessors, attain enlightenment under the sacred tree and pass away for ever. Then follow the words :

Tam pana Metteyyam Bhagavantam ke na passissanti? ke passissanti?

“But who shall not behold Him, the Blessed One; and who shall behold Him?”

Devadatto [the Judas of Buddhism, who even tried to kill the Lord Buddha], the schismatic, is doomed to Hell for the whole kalpa, and the others born in Avīci who are guilty of the five sins of which the punishment is immediate; also the followers of utterly false doctrines, and those who slander the noble disciples shall not behold Him; also those naked ascetics who break up the order by refusing lawful rights to the monks.

But other beings who are charitable, who keep the precepts and observe the Sabbath days, do their religious duties and build temples, plant bo-trees and make parks and groves; who build bridges, make level the highways, stand firm by the precepts, dig wells and irrigate—they shall behold Him.

Those who aspire for the existence of the Blessed Lord and shall offer in charity even a handful of flowers, a single lamp or a morsel of food—they shall behold Him.

They who delight in the meritorious deeds of others—they shall behold Him.

They who spread the Doctrine, who prepare the preaching-canopy and the preacher's seat for the expounder of the Law; who bear the fan, who offer cloth, canopies, flowers, scents and lamps and are very zealous followers of the Teaching—they shall behold Him.

They who listen to the *Vessantara* birth-story¹—they shall behold Him.

They who minister to the Order by gifts and who wait on father and mother and serve the elders of their kin—they shall behold Him. They who give food to the monks by ticket and on Sabbath days, and who do meritorious deeds in the ten ways—they shall behold Him, and having heard the Teaching of the Lord they shall reach the state of *arahat*.

Then said the Teacher, predicting the future State of Buddhahood by the lips of our Blessed Lord [*i.e.*, with His own lips prophesying of the future Buddha's, who were then potential Buddha's or Bodhisatta's and were then contemporary with Himself].

¹ In His last birth but one, the Bodhisatta is always born as a great king.

Metteyya, Best of all, comes next ;
 Then Rāma ¹ and Pasendi ²
 Of Kosala, and Abhibhū ; ³
 Dighasoni and Samkacca,
 Subha, the Brāhman Todeyya,
 Nālāgiri, Palaleyyā ;
 These ten are Bodhisatta's now ;
 In future ages, finally,
 They shall attain Wisdom Supreme.

NAMO TASSA YATO MAHIMATO YASSA TAMO NA

F. L. Woodward

¹ According to Theosophical teachings, Rāma should be the Master K. H. called Devāpi in the Purāna list. Kalki, the tenth Avatāra, is to wed Kamalā, daughter of a king of Ceylon. Then Manu (Moriya) and Devāpi will jointly rule the world as Manu and Bodhisatta. (See p. 268 of Mr. K. N. Aiyer's book cited above).

² A king contemporary with Gotama, the Buddha, King Prasenajit.

³ The Conqueror.

THE TWIN POETS

By PROFESSOR V. RANGACHARI, M.A.

AMIDST the numerous and illustrious names that figure in the extensive annals of Tamil literature, the names of Ilañ-Shūrya and Mudu-Shūrya, or “the twins” (Iraṭṭayar), as they are more commonly called, have always attracted the attention of scholars and students. Nothing substantial is known of the private lives of these poets. According to one version, they were the incarnation of the Ashvins, born, thanks to Shiva’s grace, as the sons of a pious Vellāla of Conjiveram¹ who, for the sake of a virtuous and learned progeny, engaged himself in the pious contemplation and incessant service of the deity; while according to another,² they were the sons of a paternal aunt and a maternal uncle, and members of the Sheṅgundar community, of a village named Āmilanduṛai in the Chōla country. Both the versions agree, however, on the fact that the poets suffered from natural deformities; for one of them was blind and the other lame. Deprived early in life of their parents, they had nevertheless the fortune to become eminent scholars and keen devotees of Shiva. Affectionate and well-disposed towards each other, the twins, equals in erudition, in the capacity for literary

¹ *Abhidhāna-chintāmaṇi*, p. 104.

² K. Narayanasami Mudaliar’s *History of the Twin Poets* (Tamil Men of Letters Series), pp. 3. and 31.

composition and in devotion, used always to go together, the lame one riding on the shoulders of the blind and guiding him on the way. Constant company brought them from literary circles the name of "twins," and while their infirmities gained universal sympathy, their faculty of singing with ease and fluency, especially in the favourite style of Kalambagam,¹ gained the esteem and applause of the literary world. With fame and subsistence open to them from the beginning, they might have easily acquired riches; but they refused to take more than a paṇam² from any individual, king or ordinary person; and like the saints of old, they used to wander from place to place and spend their simple and pure lives by singing the glories of Shiva in local legends and as local incarnations.

It is not known when the Iraṭṭayar exactly lived. But certain incidents in their story enable us to fix, approximately at least, the age of their existence and activities. As we shall see presently, they lived for some time in the court of the well-known Varapati Āṭkoṇḍān, the Koṅgu Chief of Vakkapāhai, and have praised in undying verse his limitless generosity in feeding the poor. Now, this Varapati Āṭkoṇḍān was the patron and supporter of Villiputtūrār; it is clear, therefore, that the twins were the contemporaries of the great translator of the *Mahābhārata*. Villiputtūrār, again, is connected, in tale and tradition, with the Shai-va saint and teacher, Aruṇagirinātha. He, in fact, as I shall show in my next article, engaged him in

¹ For a very common Tamil verse recording this, see *ibid.*, p. 25. The verse says that Puḡalēndi was the best poet for the *venbā*, Jayakoṇḍān for *paraṇi*, Kamba for *Viruṭṭa*, Oṭṭakkoottan for *kōvai*, *ulā* and *andādi*, the Iraṭṭayar for *Kalambaga*, Kālamēha for *varsai* and Paḍikkāsapulavar for *Sandam*.

² The *Abiḡhāna-chintāmaṇi*. This seems to be an exaggeration.

controversy and annotated his *Kandar-andādi*. The twins should therefore have been the contemporaries of Aruṇagirinātha also. To this list of coeval workers should be added two other names—those of Sambandhāṇḍān, a Sāktēya teacher of Tiruvaṇṇāmalai, who was, according to one story, beaten by Aruṇagirinātha in philosophic disputation and, according to another story, vanquished by the Iraṭṭayar in a literary challenge; and of Kālamēhappulavar who, we are informed, composed, or rather completed, a stanza which had baffled the literary skill of the deformed poets of Ilandurai. When did these men live? The question is more easily asked than answered. One very strong view is that they must be assigned to the middle of the fifteenth century. The argument which has been adduced for this view is that Aruṇagirinātha had for his patron a king named Prauḍha-dēva,¹ and this Prauḍha-dēva was the Vijayanagar sovereign of that name who reigned, if we are to judge from epigraphical evidences,² about A. D. 1450. This view is evidently acknowledged as conclusive by the few scholars who have devoted attention to this subject; but there are certain difficulties, in my opinion, which make it difficult, if not impossible, to accept it. That Aruṇagirinātha was the contemporary of a Prauḍha-dēva may be accepted; and that a Prauḍha-dēva ruled the Vijayanagar Empire and distinguished himself by his pious donations to temples and literary men, in the middle of the fifteenth century, is certain. But it does not follow from this that Aruṇagirinātha and his

¹ For the part which Prauḍha-dēva played in the fortunes of Aruṇagirinātha, see *Abhidh.*, p. 64 and Satakopa Ramanujachariar's Editions of Villiputtūrār's works.

² Narayanasami's *Hist. Irat.*, p. 30.

contemporaries belonged to that period.¹ The term "Praudha-dēva" does not seem to be the name of a particular Rāya alone, as this school evidently think. Mallikārjuna Praudha's father, Dēva-Rāya II, for example, had the title "Praudha"² prefixed to his name; and it is not improbable that Rāyas previous to him had the same. The term "Praudha," in other words, was not the name of a particular monarch, but a fairly common title applied to a number of kings. It is impossible, under these circumstances, to say that Aruṇagirinātha had for his patron Praudha Mallikārjuna alone. He might have had him in Dēvarāya II, or possibly any other king before him. That the Praudha-dēva of Aruṇagiri's traditions was an earlier person than Mallikārjuna is proved by the fact that his contemporaries, Villiputtūrār and Iraṭṭayar, were patronised by a king named Sakala-lōka-chakravartin Rājanārāyaṇa Sāmbava Rāya, of Conjiveram, who, epigraphy clearly tells us, ruled from³ A. D. 1337 (s. 1260) to about 1360. Inscriptions are numerous, which enlighten us on the date and work of this King; but it is unnecessary to

¹ See Sewell's *Antiquities*, ii, p. 245, where Praudha-dēva is assigned the date 1456-1477; *Forg. Empe.*, p. 96, where, owing to the meagre knowledge of epigraphy then, the proper relation between Praudha-dēva Mallikārjuna, Virūpāksha, Narasiṅga, etc., is not clearly stated, but where the evidences given sufficiently show Praudha-dēva's date as the latter half of the 15th century. The *Epigraphical Reports* give more definite information. See *Epig. Rep.*, 1910, p. 113, where Mr. Krishna Sastri points out that Mallikārjuna or Immaḍi Praudha-dēva Rāya came to the throne after Dēva Rāya II; *ibid.*, 1909, p. 116; *ibid.*, 1911, where it is distinctly pointed out that Praudha-dēva Mallikārjuna ruled from s. 1369 (i.e., A.D. 1447) to s. 1398 (A.D. 1476), though in the latter period jointly with his son or brother Virūpāksha. See also my "History of the Nāika Kingdom of Madura," *Ind. Antiq.*, Jan. 1914, p. 11, foot-note 50.

² See *Epig. Rep.*, 1912, p. 78.

³ See *Epig. Rep.*, 1913, p. 127. Inscription 212 of 1912 describes the settlement in the order of precedence in temple service between *Dēvaraḍiyār*, *Ishabpattaliyitār*, etc., by Sāmbava Rāya in his 5th year (s. 1265-6). No. 203 of 1912 refers to Musalmān invasions. References can be multiplied, but are hardly necessary. See *Epig. Rep.*, 1903; *ibid.*, 1910; Sewell's *Antiquities*, i, p. 180 (Inscriptions 57-60 of Conjiveram).

refer to them here. It is enough for us to know that he lived at the time when the extreme south of South India became subject to the Musalmān invasions and that he helped the generals of the early Vijayanagar emperors to expel the invaders and restore the supremacy and independence of Hindūism. The Iraṭṭayar and their contemporaries, therefore, should have lived about A. D. 1350 ; and Aruṇagirinātha also may be said to have lived then, if evidence can be found to show that the first rulers of Vijayanagar, Harihara, Bukka or any other, had the term Praudha attached to them. At any rate, there can be no objection whatever to holding that Dēva Rāya II was the patron of the Shaiva teacher ; and the acceptance of this will not very much clash with the acceptance of Rājanārāyaṇa Sāmbuva Rāya's connection with these literary luminaries, as the latter king ruled between 1337 and 1360, and Dēva Rāya II from 1422 to 1449. My belief is that all these six poets and teachers should be assigned to the period between 1330 and 1430—a conclusion which is corroborated by the fact that Tirumal Rāya, the patron of Kālamēhappulavar, was the son of Saluva Goppa, the nephew of Dēva Rāya II, and the viceroy of North Arcot about 1430. It was the grandfather or father of this Sālava Goppa that distinguished himself by conquering the Muhammadan invader, and ruler¹ “and making him subordinate to Sāmba Rāya”.

To proceed with the life-story of the poets, tradition says that the first place the brothers visited was holy Chidambaram. There the impression they made on the people was so great that they were requested

¹ For a succinct history of the Sāluvas, see my article in *Ind. Antiq.*, Jan., 1914.

to compose a kalambagam on their God on the model of Tolkāppiyatēvar's¹ on Tiruppādirippuliyūr. The twins felt very diffident over the matter; but when, at the instance of the earnest residents of Chidambaram, the rope was passed in Tolkāppiya's poem, an auspicious verse was obtained. The poets saw in it a divine mandate and grace, and undertook the task, and brought it to a successful conclusion. From this time the reputation of the poets as composers of kalambagam spread throughout the land. The result was that, when they subsequently visited the village of Tiruvāmāttūr² on the Pambai, the people of that locality prayed them to compose a kalambagam on *their* deity. The poets agreed, and the story is that when the poem was finished and brought before the public for approval, an inaccuracy in one of the verses caused objection and ridicule, and stood in the way of universal approval. It was a stanza in which the temple was wrongly located on the west, instead of the east, of the river. The poets vowed to see their words should be true, and prayed accordingly to the Lord; and to the wonder of all, a torrential downpour of rain that night swelled the floods of the river to such dimensions that it took a perverse course and flowed east of the temple. The poet's words were now true, and the admiring public saw clearly the divine favour accorded to the poets and their poem!

After the adventure at Tiruvāmāttūr, the brothers went to Tonḍamaṇḍalam. Here in the sacred village

¹ Not to be confounded with the author of *Tolkāppiyam*. He was a later writer, but earlier than the Iraṭṭayar. See *Abhidh.*, p. 570.

² A village four miles off Villippuram station; one of the holy places of *Naḍu-nāḍu* or *Magadai-nāḍu* of Tamil literature. Sewell's *Antiquities*, i, 180. It was here that, according to one version, Appar renounced his Jain faith. See *S. Arcot Gazetteer*, p. 386.

of Nāngūr, they were destined once again to experience the grace of the Lord whom they always had in their hearts. Exhausted and worn out, they prayed to him to give them food and save their lives, and he, we are told, assumed the guise of a Brahmana and brought them, with his own divine hands, the much-needed refreshment! In gratitude the poets sang a poem on the deity. Continuing their journey, they reached the historic Conjiveram. The sacred associations of this place attracted them so much that they resolved to stay there for some time. It was in this period that they composed, besides a kalambagam on Ēkāmbaranātha, the *Ekambaranathar-ula*, a poem which gained celebrity by the fact that the introductory verse of prayer to Vināyaka in it spoke of a Vikāṭachakra-Vināyaka and a thousand-pillared maṅṭapa which never existed, and that the assembly of scholars before whom the poem was placed for approval, refused their approval on the ground that it was based more on imagination than on truth. The poets, however, stated that they themselves were unconscious of what they said, that the Goddess of Learning, who spoke through them, could not have spoken an untruth, and that they were prepared to bring the poem once again before the public, when the facts stated in it were proved true.

From Toṇḍamaṅḍalam the twins proceeded south. On the way at Māṅgāḍu,¹ it is said, they burned, by the power of a single verse, the houses and riches of an opulent Vellāla, named Omalanātha, whose haughty indifference they desired to chastise. In the Pāṇḍyan kingdom they had many adventures. At Tinnevely, for example, they saw a cowherd digging at a particular spot at the foot

¹ Seven miles W. of Saīdapet, and one mile S. of Poonamalle.

of a bamboo grove to see what it was that made him drop his milk-pot there every day. The superior instinct of the poets discerned a liṅga buried there and brought it to the notice of the cowherd and through him to the local king and people; and the result was the rising of a temple over the newly-discovered liṅga. At Madura, while washing their clothes in the golden lily tank, one of them dropped his clothes into the tank; but a hymn addressed to the God brought back, in the place of the vanished rags, a new robe; the local king whom they subsequently saw was about to give them, in recognition of their literary skill, an ample reward, when a miserly minister dissuaded him from it. The biting sarcasm of the twins, however, silenced the miser and won the king's admiration and reward. With the money they thus obtained they were proceeding to another place when, on the way, they lost it at a Vināyaka's temple and got it back tenfold after an address of prayer to the great Dispeller of Evils.

We next meet the brothers at Trinomali, the holy Tiruvaṅṅāmalai in Magadai Nāḍu. Here they came across a great Sāktēya teacher Sambandāṅḍān by name. A good but vain scholar, he treated the new-comers with indifference, and challenged them to compose a stanza with the expression "*mannen*" for the beginning and "*malukke*" for the end; and they did so, putting him, just then in the barber's hands, to ridicule and shame. The poets then came to the Koṅgu country, the rude behaviour of the women of which they have recorded in an undying, though vulgar, verse. The next place which the pair visited was Tiruvālūr, in the Chōla country. In the vicinity of this place they met the renowned Kālamēhappulavar. The singular gifts and

extraordinary skill of the latter, which had already impressed the world and won its homage, now recommended him to the twins. An incident which happened soon after went to deepen their admiration of him. While worshipping the God of Tiruvālūr, they gave utterance, as was their habit, to an extempore hymn, but for the first time felt themselves unable to complete it. The superior skill of Kālamēha accomplished the task and obtained, in return, the grateful panegyrics of the poets.

We then meet the twins once again in the court of Vīranārāyaṇa Sambu of Kūvam, whom we have already referred to. In the annals of literary patronage this chief will always occupy an honourable place. The two poets found in him an eminently enlightened man whose taste appreciated, and whose generosity rewarded, their skill; and they appear to have lived there for a comparatively long period. Once indeed they went to Tiruvānaikkāval, the Shaiva stronghold near Shrīraṅgam, to see Kālamēha once again, but to their sorrow, they understood that he had just breathed his last, and his body had been consigned to the flames in the cremation-ground. In spite of this bitter disappointment, their journey proved a blessing. For when returning by way of Conjiveram, they saw to their inexpressible joy and surprise, that the Vikaṭachakravīṇyaka and the thousand-pillared maṅṭapa, which they had unconsciously celebrated in their *Ekambaranathar-ula*, were after all found to exist. The Chōla King—evidently Vīranārāyaṇa Sambuva—was engaged in preparing the ground for the construction of a sacrificial altar (or temple, according

¹The *Abhishana* gives a slightly different version. It does not say that the poets met Kālamēha. They recorded their incomplete verse at Tiruvālūr and went on their journey. On their return they saw it completed, and understood it to have been made by Kālamēha in their absence. They went to see him, but he had just died.

to another version), when he came across the edifice and the image, buried in a mound of earth. Lost in joy and surprise, the King sent messengers to the poets, whose greatness he now fully appreciated, welcomed them in great pomp, and secured the public approval of their poem—hereafter honoured by the name of the divine *ulṛ*—in a special and well-attended assembly of scholars.

With their reputation completely established and the correctness of their poem vindicated, the poets seem to have spent the rest of their days at Conjiveram. It was in this period that they composed the *Svayambula* or the *Svayambu*, pictures of the various places they had visited, and the curious poem called *Mūvar-ammani*. The latter is a very original and interesting work, in *ammāni* style, and purporting to be written by three people. Each verse consists of five lines and celebrates, in the first two lines, the exploit of Shiva as embodied in local legend, the next two lines raise certain questions or doubts, and the third line gives an answer, as if from the mouth of Sarasvatī.

Such is the life-story of the *Iraṭṭayar*, as far as it can be gathered from traditions. It would be a sad lack of the sense of proportion to class them with the poets of the first rank. Their vulgarity, their lack of ideas, and at times even of expressions, are too patent. Their homely and easy style is due more to lack of capacity than deliberate choice; but if the style is homely, it is singularly pleasant. Their skill in versification, moreover, their character, which defied all material joys and comforts, and above all, their saintly devotion to Shiva, will always give them an honourable place in the long roll of poet-saints who have so singularly enriched the mediæval history of South India.

V. Rangachari

TO A PRIMEVAL LOVER

“ The Wisdom of this world is foolishness with God.”

Thou hast no words of note.

Recorded wisdom, for a world to quote,
No woven subtleties their brains to tire.
Naught but Love's ancient tidal rythm
of Desire.

Thou hast not any new philosophies,

Only, immortal youth within those eyes,
Only Olympic passion in their glow.
Æonian Memory, and the songs all lovers
know.

Thou giv'st no hostages to fame,

Only. . . one love, with never-flick'ring flame,
Only. . . a world of stars and flowers and fire,
Only. . . Urania . . . and thy heart her lyre.

LILY NIGHTINGALE

THEOSOPHY AND CHRISTIANITY

By ERNEST UDNY

(Concluded from p. 269)

IT may well be that so far-reaching and drastic a measure as the withdrawal of reincarnation was not adopted even by the Head of the Teaching Department in the great Brotherhood simply on His own responsibility. There is perhaps no irreverence in assuming that, when He did so, He well knew that it was part of the plan of the Supreme Being of our Solar System by whom the great drama of evolution, which is to be played in these worlds, is thought out in marvellous detail before the worlds are created.

And now the needed quality of strength has to a certain extent been developed, and the time has come for the building of the Brotherhood. The Christian religion was intended for the helping of the fifth sub-race. It was given at the time when the Roman Empire, which belonged to the Keltic or fourth sub-race, was to be dissolved within a few centuries ; and it has

been, and still is, the religion of the Anglo-Teutonic (the fifth) supplanting in southern Europe the older religion originally given to the fourth, and spreading with both sub-races wherever they have gone over the world—in the Americas, North and South, India (as regards its European population), Australia, and the Cape. The work of the seven sub-races in turn, as in a much more marked way of the seven Root Races, is to develop and strengthen, each in its turn, one of the subtle vehicles of man. The work of the fourth sub-race (which includes the Keltic race, as known to Ethnology, and also, broadly speaking, the Latin races of South Europe) was to develop and refine the astral body or body of passions and emotions. In her book *Man*, Mrs. Besant thus describes the new characteristics which were specially developed in the fourth sub-race (of the fifth or Āryan Root Race) in its original home in Central Asia before it was sent out to people North Europe. He, the Manu, or Divine Official who founded the Āryan Race, was striving to develop in the fourth or Keltic sub-race “imagination and artistic sensibility, to encourage poetry, oratory, painting and music. . . . Any one who showed any artistic talent in the schools was drafted off for special culture”.

The work of the fifth (the Anglo-Teutonic) sub-race is to develop the mind, and that of the sixth sub-race (the new physical type now in process of formation in the western States of North America) will be to develop the intuition, which is above the mind, which perceives instead of reasoning, which, by the power of

love and compassion, is able to look at the other lives from within instead of from without, and so to sense at will their thoughts and feelings.

Now mind is of two kinds—the lower or concrete, dealing with and reasoning about the facts of the physical world and kingdoms, human and other—and the abstract or philosophic mind, dealing with abstract conceptions, with generalisations derived from the working of the lower mind. At the present stage of humanity, it is the lower or concrete mind, rather than the philosophic or abstract, which is in course of evolution; and for this purpose it is necessary to accentuate the sense of separateness in the individual. Hence the strong feeling of individualism and competition, in fact, of selfishness or self-centredness, which is characteristic of Europe as a whole, including even the fourth sub-race, for it is characteristic of the whole fifth, or Āryan Root Race, to which the fourth and fifth sub-races alike belong, and the Christian religion, which was intended to accentuate individuality in the fifth sub-race (by the effort of the individual to “save his own soul”), has spread over all Europe, replacing in the South the earlier religion of beauty which was originally given to the fourth sub-race.

For convenience of reference the root and sub-races concerned, with their purposes, and the characteristic notes of the religions of the sub-races, may be tabulated somewhat as on the following page.

<p>Root Races</p>	<p>Corresponding Sub-Races of present 5th, or Aryan, Root Race.</p>	<p>Vehicles for development of which the Root Races and Corresponding Sub-Races were specially intended.</p>	<p>Characteristic note of the Religions of the Sub-Races of the 5th, or Aryan, Root Race</p>	<p>Founders of the Religions of the Sub-Races of the 5th Root Race.</p>
<p>4th Root Race—the Atlantean, who inhabited the lost continent of Atlantis, now beneath the Atlantic Ocean.</p>	<p>4th, or Keltic, Sub-Race (including the nations of South Europe).</p>	<p>Astral</p>	<p>Art and Beauty (the higher emotions generally).</p>	<p>Orpheus ("with His Lute") afterwards born in India as Gautama Buddha, Founder of Buddhism.</p>
<p>5th Root Race—The Aryan—now inhabiting Europe, America, Australasia, etc.</p>	<p>5th, or Anglo-Teutonic, Sub-Race including Flemings, Dutch, Nor-mans, Scandinavians and Slavs.</p>	<p>Mental</p>	<p>Intellect and Individualism.</p>	<p>The Christ (known in the East as the Lord Maitreya or the Bodhisattva)</p>
<p>6th Root Race—To be founded in Southern California about 700 years hence, and to inhabit later a Continent already beginning to rise from the North Pacific Ocean.</p>	<p>6th Sub-Race now forming in the Western States and ultimately to spread over North America.</p>	<p>Intuitional (in older Theosophical books called Buddhic).</p>	<p>Unity or Brotherhood.</p>	<p>The Christ.</p>

The quality of the sub-race now developing in America is to be "intuition," the possession of which will make men fit to be built into a Brotherhood, for in their fellow-men, aye, and in their younger brothers of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, they will see, as in themselves the one divine Life, and so seeing they will be ready to learn the great lesson of Self-Sacrifice, which will be the distinguishing note of the new religion. The Christ Himself, the Light of the World, is, we are told, about to come among us again in ordinary human form, to tread the common ways of man, just as He did in Palestine two thousand years ago. The exact time of the Coming is not known, but, if we put it at seven years hence, 1922, we shall, perhaps, not be very far out.

The President of the Theosophical Society announced during the Annual Convention of the Indian Section at Christmas, 1912, an interesting dream which she had had, and this dream may, of course, prove to be prophetic. It was to the effect that six years later she would be sitting in the same chair on the same platform and on a similar occasion—the Christmas Convention of the Indian Section—and that the course of lectures which is usually given by herself would then be given by Alcyone (Mr. J. Krishnamurti) who would afterwards go up and down India for some years, preaching and gathering together large numbers of people, and that some years later his Lord (the Christ) would come and Himself take up the work.

The religion of Self-Sacrifice which the Christ will found cannot fail to have a far deeper and wider influence and effect on the future of the world even than the Christian religion did ; and in saying this there is no intention whatever of minimising or depreciating in the

slightest degree the splendid results of Christianity. But while the latter has made its ordinary members religious and church-going, and more or less earnestly desirous of "saving their own souls," and has further produced a small, a *very* small percentage of saints, it is obvious that if the ordinary communicant of the new religion is as anxious to sacrifice himself for his fellow-men as the communicant of to-day is "to go to heaven," the practical results of such a religion will be nothing less than marvellous. When the ordinary Church member realises that he *is* "his brother's keeper," and sets to work to act on that belief, instead of contenting himself as at present with going to church on Sunday, and devoting nearly the whole of his spare time and money to his own pleasure and amusement and those of his family, then it will be possible to lead him to heights of achievement in the service of his fellows which are beyond the dreams of to-day. No longer shall we see large numbers of people bent almost entirely on selfish amusement, while the rest of the world is full of poverty and suffering, or at best leading dreary lives practically devoid of the opportunities of culture and refinement which, to a very considerable extent, are open to the rich and well-to-do alone. And who can doubt that the Christ, without solving for us all the human problems of the present, or depriving us of the valuable evolution to be gained from finding the solutions for ourselves, will at least give such broad general directions as may be necessary to enable us to find them? Then, at last, the nations will cease from their quarrellings, and some great organising and administrative genius of the past, such as Julius Cæsar, may be

reborn in the present to carry out the vast changes that are necessary, as indicated in the detailed glimpse of the future which Mr. Leadbeater has already obtained on higher planes (where the foreknowledge—not predestination—of the Supreme is at the command of the developed man) and has given to the world in the chapters on “The Beginnings of the Sixth Root Race” in his and Mrs. Besant’s book *Man: Whence, How and Whither?* In the chapter headed “The Federation of Nations,” Cæsar’s future work is thus described:

When he succeeds in forming the Federation, and persuades all the countries to give up War, he arranges that each of them shall set aside for a certain number of years half or a third of the money that it has been accustomed to spend upon armaments, and devote it to certain social improvements which he specifies. According to his scheme, the taxation of the entire world is gradually reduced, but notwithstanding, sufficient money is reserved to feed all the poor, to destroy all the slums, and to introduce wonderful improvements into all cities. He arranges that those countries in which compulsory military service has been the rule shall for a time still preserve the habit, but shall make their conscripts work for the State in the making of parks and roads, the pulling down of slums, and opening up of communications everywhere. He arranges that the old burdens shall be gradually eased off, but yet contrives with what is left of them to regenerate the world. He is indeed a great man; a most marvellous genius.

* * * * *

His work is largely made possible by the arrival and preaching of the Christ Himself.

Even those who are not yet aware of the possibility of foreseeing the future on higher planes may still accept this account of Julius Cæsar’s work as an interesting forecast of what might perfectly well happen.

It is interesting to note that part of the Christ’s great plan for helping the world is already in action,

namely the restoration to the western world of a knowledge of Reincarnation, with its sister teaching, the Law of Karma (literally "doing"), which means that whatever befalls us of weal or woe, of happiness or pain, of joy or grief, is our own "doing". It is the law of cause and effect in the moral world. This law, as it applies to spiritual evolution, is thus stated by S. Paul, "Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth, to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption" (meaning apparently that he will continue to pass in successive lives from birth to death—"the wages of sin is death but the gift of God is eternal life"—Romans, vi, 23) "but he that soweth to the spirit shall of the spirit reap life everlasting" (Galatians, vi, 7), by treading during a short series of lives the Path of Holiness, and finally obtaining the glorious state of Nirvāṇa, which means "liberation" from the long cycle of births and deaths—"salvation," not, of course, from hell fire but from the risk of failure to attain during the present world-period the goal of distinctively human evolution, Divine Manhood, the level of "the Masters". It is true that, even after that, he may if he choose still continue, as the Masters do, to incarnate; but, if he does, it is of his own free will and for service only, assuredly not for personal satisfaction.

The Law of Karma or "Doing" is stated by S. Francis of Assisi in its more general form, as it applies to all weal or woe, whether spiritual or worldly, and is worked out for each man from life to life during his long series of lives. He says :

Whatsoever a man doeth upon this earth, he doeth it unto himself, whether it be good, or whether it be evil.

He himself may have known in detail the law which he thus briefly stated, without attempt at further exposition; but the time had not yet come when the full teaching was to be given to the world, for apart from reincarnation the law cannot be properly expounded. It is obvious that, so far as one life only is concerned, the wicked often flourish, while the righteous mourn. As the Psalmist says, "I have seen the wicked in great power and spreading himself like a green bay tree" (Psalms, xxxvii, 36).

These twin-sisters, the Laws of Reincarnation and Karma, will probably be taken as axioms by the Christ in the teaching to be given on His reappearance among men. The work of restoring a knowledge of them is being done by the Theosophical Society, of whose teaching they form a fundamental part. This work, however, is only one of several purposes for which the Society was founded in New York, in 1875, its ostensible Founders being a Russian lady, Madame Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, and a retired American Officer, Colonel Henry Steel Olcott. The true Founders, behind the veil of ignorance which is upon our eyes, were two of the Divine Men, members of the Great Brotherhood, and Elder Brothers of our race, who have completed Their purely human evolution, and unified, or "at-oned," Their wills with that of the Supreme Being of our Solar System, and now continue to incarnate simply in order to assist in carrying out His great plan of evolution. The names by which these two Masters are known in Theosophical literature are Morya and Koot Hoomi, and we are told that they are the Divine Ministers who have undertaken the task of founding, developing and guiding

a new type of humanity, a new Root Race, of which They are to be respectively the Ruler and the Spiritual Teacher—or, to use the Samskr̥t technical terms, the Manu (from the same root as the English man and mind, meaning the thinker) and the Boḍhi-saṭṭva (meaning either Wisdom and Purity or He whose nature is Wisdom).

The new Root Race will not be founded until some seven hundred years hence, but the work of preparation is already afoot. This will be the Sixth out of the seven Root Races which succeed one another, and to a large extent overlap in point of time each its predecessor and its successor. Like all the other Root Races, it will have its own type of bodies—physical, astral, and mental—its own religion, and its own type of civilisation. The watchword and distinguishing characteristic both of the religion and civilisation will be “Unity”—a full recognition of and conscious acting upon the great fact that, little though they may know it at present, all men are truly of one and the same essence, brothers indeed, though of very varying ages and capacities, for they are sons of the same Supreme Being, from whom they all emanated (and the so-called lower kingdoms—animal, vegetable, and mineral—no less) and to whom they must all one day return. As S. Augustine said:

God, Thou hast made us for Thyself, and our hearts are ever restless till they find their rest in Thee.

And S. Paul, in his sermon at Athens on the Unknown God, bears emphatic testimony to the sonship of all men and the Fatherhood of God.

Neither is (God) worshipped with man's hands as though he needed anything, seeing he giveth to all life and breath and all things. And hath made of one blood all nations

of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth that they should seek the Lord if haply they might feel after him and find him, though he be not far from every one of us : for in him we live and move and have our being, as certain also of your own poets have said, for we are also his offspring. Forasmuch then as we are the offspring of God, etc. (Acts, xvii, 25-29).

And again, as regards the ultimate return to Him from whom we came forth :

For he hath put all things under his feet. But when he saith all things are put under him, it is manifest that he is excepted which did put all things under him. And when all things shall be subdued unto him, then shall the Son also himself be subject unto him that put all things under him, that God may be all in all (I Corinthians, xv, 27, 28).

This is the Divinely appointed, and therefore sure, end of all evolution—that God may be all in all.

The Poet Pope has remarked in his *Essay on Man* :

In human things, tho' laboured on with pain,
A hundred movements scarce one subject gain :
In God's one single can its end produce
And serve to second still some other use.

Similarly, if the Theosophical Society is indeed an instrument created for the purposes of Their work by two appointed Agents of the Supreme, we may expect to find that it serves more purposes than one ; and such is actually the case. There may, of course, be purposes which They had in view, and of which at present we know nothing ; but there are at least four which are already clearly visible.

First, to comply with a wish uttered, we are told, by the World-Teacher some six centuries ago, that in the last quarter of each century, as time rolled by, a special effort should be made for the helping of the West. The Society was founded punctually to time towards the close of the last year of the third quarter of the nineteenth century.

Second, to act, as already stated, as a channel for the restoration of the knowledge of Reincarnation and Karma.

Third, to play the part of S. John the Baptist by acting as the herald of the return of the Christ. This statement needs, perhaps, some further explanation, for it is well known that the Society has no creed, and that its members, as such, are in no way committed to a belief in that return. Yet in a very real sense it *is* acting as such a herald, inasmuch as large numbers of its members do believe in the return, and from its ranks have been drawn the bulk of the members of two Orders—"the Order of the Star in the East" and "the Temple of the Rosy Cross"—founded respectively in 1911 and 1912, for the avowed purpose of preparing the way for His Coming. Further, the Master Koot Hoomi (one of the real Founders of the Society) is, we are told, the immediate Lieutenant (in the Teaching Department) and the destined successor of the World-Teacher; and, as the plans of the Masters are always laid long, sometimes thousands of years, beforehand, there can be little doubt that this function of preparing the way for the Christ was clearly in His mind when the Society was founded—only forty years ago. The Orders named are, of course, in their infancy, but their progress has been so surprisingly rapid that they are already well established in many countries, and bid fair to become important and world-wide organisations, as indeed they must be if they are to do the world-service of preparation for this unique event.

Fourth, the Society was intended to act as a net for the selection of the souls who are to be the pioneers under the Masters Morya and Koot Hoomi in the work of

founding the Sixth Root Race. The note of Brotherhood, which is to be the note of the coming race, civilisation, and religion, is sounded by Them in the world through the medium of the Society, and the souls choose themselves, in virtue of their being attracted by and responding to it. It is not, of course, to be supposed that every member of the Society will be chosen to act as a pioneer of the new Race; but from its ranks, and still more, perhaps, from the Esoteric School which is the heart of the Society, will the pioneers be chosen. The Society has three avowed objects:

(1) To form a nucleus of the Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, class or colour.

(2) To encourage the study of comparative Religion, Philosophy and Science; and

(3) To investigate the unexplained laws of nature and the powers latent in man.

But of these three the first alone is made compulsory for acceptance by candidates for admission; and this was no doubt done deliberately, in order that the Society might act as a net for the first rough selection of souls—from among whom a further selection might afterwards be taken to be the pioneers of the coming Sixth Root Race.

The true relation of Theosophy to the existing religions of the world may best be understood by looking upon it as in the nature of a special Mission from the Metropolitan Church of the world—the Great Brotherhood who are the real Founders of every Religion in turn—a Mission intended not for the benefit of any one religion in particular, but to aid them all impartially, as indeed it does in two ways: (1) by re-proclaiming in

terms of modern thought and language the fundamental verities of religion, which had become overlaid in course of time by the inevitable tendency to materialise and to substitute for the spirit the outer husk of symbolism in which the truths were originally conveyed; and (2) by bringing to the aid of the orthodox priesthood who are conscientiously handing on a lamp of tradition derived from books, the living and forcible testimony of seers—the teachers in the Society—who speak from first-hand knowledge. These are able and willing to throw a flood of light on the mysteries of God, Man, and Nature, with a host of details, many of which are now for the first time given to the world—details as to the existence of higher planes, subtler and to us invisible worlds of matter, and their relations with the physical world—the conditions of after-death life in purgatory and the heaven-world—the process and machinery of reincarnation—the Divine Hierarchy and their work—the existence and nature of the Path of Holiness—and the qualifications necessary for treading it.

The Theosophical Society, which now has branches in nearly all the countries of the world, is in perfect harmony (on its own side at least) with all religions, and does its best to help them all in so far as they will allow themselves to be helped. “Theosophy does not ask a man to leave his own religion but to live it.” People of all faiths are welcomed, and find in Theosophy a common platform of sympathy and study, while remaining free to hold the faith and follow the practices of their own religions, if they so choose, as many do. The practice of imposing certain articles of belief as a condition of membership is so universal in religious bodies that it comes as an agreeable surprise to inquirers

about Theosophy to be told that no person's religious beliefs are asked upon his joining, nor is interference with them allowed, while, on the other hand, he is expected to show to the religion of his fellow-members the same respect which he receives for his own. The three avowed objects of the Society are such as may well be accepted by all tolerant persons. They commit the members to no belief except the desirability of doing three fairly reasonable things, and even of these objects it is only the first—to form a nucleus of the Universal Brotherhood of Humanity—of which acceptance is compulsory. Tolerance in religious matters is thus carried to its farthest point, and the leaders of the Society teach (but the acceptance of this, as of every other teaching save Brotherhood, is entirely optional) that the virtue of tolerance should be carried to the point of not wishing to change other people in any respect, except in so far as they themselves wish to be advised. It is held that—

What another man does or says or believes is no affair of ours and we must learn to let him absolutely alone. He has full right to free thought and speech and action, so long as he does not interfere with any one else (*At the Feet of the Master*).

The Society is thus a body of students, committed to no common belief except Brotherhood, and desirous only of helping the world in the pursuit of Divine truth. In the fact of its having been founded—"behind the veil"—by members of the one Great Brotherhood, it is exactly like all the religions of the world; but in its special method of working it differs, inasmuch as each of them separates its adherents from those of other religions, while now for the first time the experiment is being tried of creating a body of men which shall know no borders, shall insist on no ceremonial, no

particular method of work, and be bound to no belief, save only that in nature and essence all men are brothers. In its strong insistence on brotherhood, the Society is doing its best to promote love in the world, and is, of course, in perfect accord with the Christian religion—“Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. Love worketh no ill to his neighbour : therefore love is the fulfilling of the law ” (Romans, xiii, 9 and 10). It is thus manifestly doing the will of God, and must have His blessing upon it. The Divine Men who were the true Founders continue to give it Their blessing and to be for it a channel of divine grace, which must flow through the members of the Society, exactly as it flows through the members of each religion from the Divine Man who, “behind the veil,” is the living and duly appointed Head of that religion. That subtle but all-compelling power, never forces its way into any heart : “Behold I stand at the door and knock : if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him ” (Revelation, iii, 20); but every son of God (*i.e.*, every man in the world) can and does make himself a channel for it, in proportion as he attempts, however feebly, to “open the door,” by bringing his own will into harmony with that of the Supreme. Of this power, subtle in its action but very manifest in its results, the Christ said :

The wind bloweth where it listeth and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth ; so is every one that is born of the Spirit (John, iii, 8.)

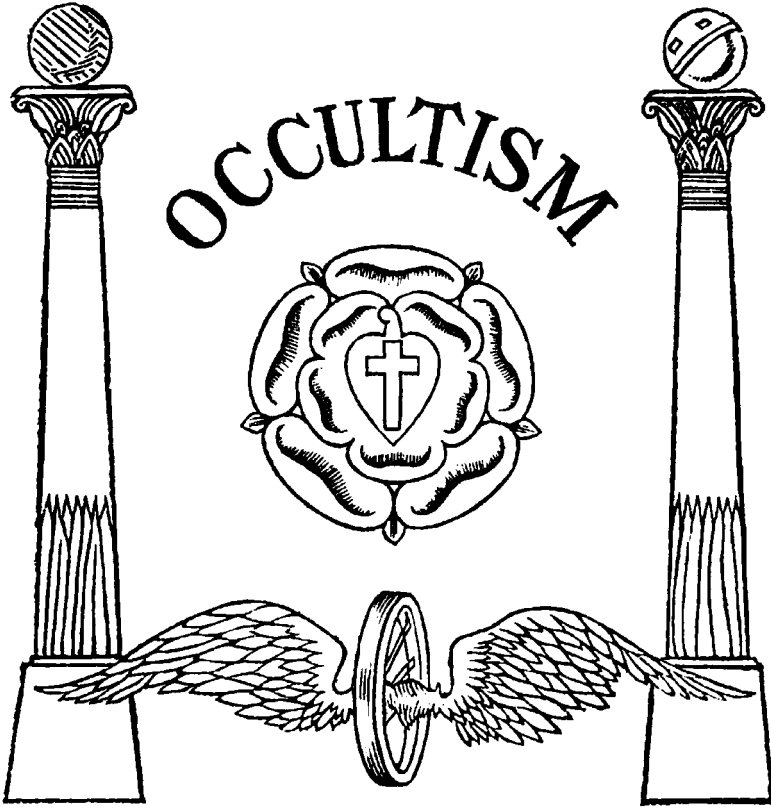
And to quote another religion, the same thing is expressed differently but very beautifully in the *Sayings of Mohammed* :

God saith whoso seeketh to approach me one span, I seek to approach one cubit ; and whoso seeketh to

approach one cubit, I seek to approach two fathoms; and whoso walketh towards me, I run towards him.

Just in proportion as the Society is successful in acting as a channel for the blessing of its true Founders, so must it bring effective help to the world at large and to the religions of the world. It is still small in numbers compared with the religions, but it has branches in all parts of the world and exerts an influence out of all proportion to its numbers, not only through the people who come into it without leaving their own religions and are thus able to spread its teachings among their fellow religionists, but quite as much through the numbers of earnest and thoughtful people who without actually joining its ranks study its literature, and become permeated with its splendid tolerance and most helpful teachings.

E. Udney



HOW WE REMEMBER OUR PAST LIVES

By C. JINARAJADASA, M.A. (CANTAB.)

(Concluded from Vol. XXXVI, Part I, p. 182)

REINCARNATION as it affects large groups of individuals is a fascinating study to one with a historical bent of mind. I have mentioned that the English race as a whole is largely a reincarnation of the ancient Roman; but here and there we find a sprinkling of returned Greeks in men like Byron, Ruskin,

Matthew Arnold, and in those English men and women who have the Greek joy of life and are as strangers in a strange land. Let a returned Greek, wherever he be born this life, but go to South Italy or Greece, and he will begin to remember his past life in the instinctive familiarity he will feel with the hidden spirit of tree and lake and hill; as none but a Greek can, he will find a joy in the sunshine, in the lemon groves and vineyards and waterfalls that in a Greek land give the message of nature as in no other land.

Others there are who, born last life in the middle ages somewhere in Europe, perhaps in Italy or Spain or Germany, when they revisit the land of their former birth, will have a strange familiarity with the things that pass before them. In striking ways they read into the life of the people, and understand the why of things. To some this mysterious sense of recollection may be strongest in Egypt, or India or Japan; but wherever we have the intuitive understanding of a foreign people, we have one mode of remembering our past lives.

It is in the characteristic intellectual attitude of the French that we see the reincarnation of much that was developed in later Greece. The French intellectual clarity and dispassionate keenness to see things "as they are" (whether they bring material benefits or not) is typically Greek. And perhaps, could we know more fully of the life of the Phœnicians, we should see them reborn in the Germans of to-day; and then the commercial rivalry between England and Germany for the capture of the markets of the East would be but the rebirth of the ancient rivalry between Rome and Carthage for the markets of the Mediterranean.

An eruption of Greek egos is fairly evident in the United States of America. On the Pacific coast specially there are many men and women of the simple Greek temperament of the pre-Periclean age, and yet their ancestors were not infrequently New England puritans. It is in America, too, we have the Sophists of Greece in full strength in the "New Thought" writers that spring up in that land month after month. In them we have the same characteristics as had the Sophists of Greece—much sound sense and many a useful wrinkle, an independence of landmarks and traditions, an unbounded confidence in their own panacea, and a giving of their message of the Spirit "for a consideration". The lack of distinction in their minds in Greece between Sophism and Wisdom returns in the twentieth century as a confusion between the New Thought ideas of the Divine Life and the real life of the Spirit. Let us hope that as the Sophists helped to bring in the Golden Age of Greece, so the "New Thought-ers" are the forerunners of that True Thought that is to dawn, which is neither old nor new.

Here and there in India we find one who is distinctly not Hindū. For the most part the modern Hindūs seem scarce to have been in other lands in their late incarnations; but now and then a man or woman is met with for whom the sacrosanct institutions of orthodoxy have no meaning, and who takes up western ideas of progress with avidity. Some of these are "England-returned," in this present incarnation, and we can thus account for their mentality; but when we find a man who has never left India, was reared in strict orthodoxy, and yet fights with enthusiasm for foreign ways of thought, surely we have here an

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“ Europe-returned ” ego, from Greece or Rome or from some other of the many lands of the West.

We must not forget to draw attention to the egos from Greece that returned to Europe to usher in the age of art. To one familiar with Greek sculpture and architecture it is not difficult to see the Greek artists reborn in the Italian masters of painting and architecture. The cult is no longer that of Pallas Athene and the gods ; there is now the Virgin Mary and the saints to give them their heavenly crowns. Whence did the Italian masters gain their surety of touch if not from a past birth in Greece ? It is striking, too, how the Romans who excelled in portraiture should be reborn in the English School of portrait painters, Gainsborough, Reynolds, Lawrence, and the rest.

Nor must we forget the band of Greeks that like an inundation swept over the Elizabethan stage. Marlowe, Beaumont, Fletcher, Peele, Johnson, and the rest—are they not pagans thinly veiled in English garb ? They felt life in un-English modes ; they first felt and then thought out the feeling. The Greek is ever the Greek, whatsoever the language that is given him to speak, and his touch in literature and art is not easily veiled.

Strong impressions made on the consciousness in a past life appear in the present often in some curious mood or mind. Sometimes fears of creeping things, fire, cutting implements, etc., are thus to be accounted for, though sometimes these “ phobias ” may only be subconscious remainders of this life. In the cases where we have no subconsciousness of the present body appearing, there is sure to have been some shock, resulting it may be in a violent death, in a past life ;

and the after effects appear now in an uncontrollable fear or in discomfort in the presence of the object that caused the shock. More strange is the attitude of one individual to another brought over from a past life; sometimes one sees the strange sight of a girl of ten or twelve taking care of her mother in a maternal way, as though the positions were reversed, and almost as if she had the onerous duty of bringing up her mother in the way she should go. Of a deeper psychological nature is it when, as sometimes happens, a wife mated to a husband that causes her suffering finds charity towards him possible only when she looks on him not as her husband but as her child; here we have a reminiscence of a life when he was indeed her child, and his better nature came out towards her in the relation that he bore to her then.

A rather humorous instance of past recollection is found when there has been between the last life and this a change of sex of the body. In the West specially, where there is a more marked differentiation temperamentally between the sexes than in the East, not infrequently the girl who dislikes playing with dolls, delights in boy's games, and is a pronounced tomboy, is really an ego who has just taken up a body of the sex opposite to that with which he has been familiar for many lives. Many a girl has resented her skirts, and it takes such a girl several years before she finally resigns herself to them. Some women there are on whose face and mode of carriage the last male incarnation seems still fairly visibly portrayed, as indeed a similar thing is to be seen in some men who bring into this life traces of their habits of thought and feeling when last they had women's bodies.

A consideration of the many psychological puzzles I have enumerated will show us that as a matter of fact people do remember something of their past lives. Truly the memory is indirect, as a habit or a mood, but it is memory of the past nevertheless. Now people willing to accept reincarnation as a fact in life naturally ask the question, "But why don't we remember *fully*?" To this there are two answers, the first of which is: It is best for us not to remember directly and fully, till we are ready for the memories.

We are not ready for remembrance so long as we are influenced by the memories of the past. Where, for instance, the memory is of a painful event, up to a certain point the past not only influences our present but also our future, and in a harmful way; and so long as we have not gone beyond the sphere of influence of the past, our characters are weakened and not strengthened by remembrance. Let us take an extreme case, but one typical nevertheless. Suppose that in the last life a man has committed suicide as the easiest way out of his difficulties. As he dies, there will be in his mind much mental suffering, and a lack of confidence in his ability to weather the storm. The suicide does not put an end to his suffering, and after death it will continue for some time till it slowly exhausts itself; but there will be a purification through his suffering and when it ends there will be a keener vision and a fuller response to the promptings of his higher nature. When he is reborn, he will be born with a stronger conscience; but he will still retain the lack of confidence in his ability, because nothing has happened after his death to alter that. Confidence

can be gained only by mastering circumstance, and it is for that very purpose he has returned. Now, sooner or later, he will be confronted with a situation similar to that before which he failed in a past life. As difficulties crowd round him in the new life, once more there will be the old struggle; the fact of having committed suicide will now come in as a tendency to suicide, as a resignation to it as the easiest way; but on the other hand the memory of the suffering after suicide will also return in a stronger sense of conscience that this time it must not be. In this condition of strain, when the man is being pulled to one side by the past and to the other by his future, if he were to know, with vivid memory how he had committed suicide in the past in a like situation, the probabilities are that he would be influenced by his past action and his lack of confidence would be intensified, with as a result suicide once again. We little realise how we are being domineered over by our past, and it is a blessing for most of us that the kindly gods draw a veil over a record which at our present stage of evolution cannot be anything but deplorable in many ways.

So long as we identify ourselves with the past, that past is hidden from us, except in the indirect modes as tendencies. But the direct memory will come, when we can dissociate our present selves from our past selves. We are ever the Future, not the past; and when we can look at our past, of this life first, and after of past lives, without heat, impersonally, in perspective, as it were, like a judge who has no sense of identity with the facts before him for judgment, then we begin to remember, directly, the past in detail; but till then,

We ranging down this lower track,
 The path we came by, thorn and flow'r,
 Is shadowed by the growing hour,
 Lest life should fail in looking back.

The second reason for our not directly remembering our past lives is this : The I who asks the question "Why don't I remember?" has *not* lived in the past. It is the Soul that has lived, not this I with all its limitations. But is not this I that Soul? With most people not at all, and this will be evident if we think over the matter.

The average man or woman is scarcely so much a Soul as a bundle of attributes of sex, creed, and locality. But the Soul is immortal, that is, has no sense of diminution or death ; it has no idea of time, that it is young, wastes away, and grows old ; it is neither man nor woman, because it is developing in itself the best qualities of both sexes ; it is neither Hindū, nor Buddhist, nor Christian, because it believes in One Divine Life and assimilates that Life according to its temperament ; it is not Indian, or English, or American, and belongs to no country, even though its outermost sheath, the physical body, belongs to a particular race ; it has no caste for it knows that all partake of One Life, and that before God there is neither Brāhmaṇa nor Shūdra, Jew nor Gentile, aristocrat nor plebeian. It is this Soul that puts out a part of itself, a personality, for a life, "as a mere subject for grave experiment and experience" ; through a *persona*, a mask, of a babe, child, youth or maid, man or woman, bachelor, spinster or householder, old man or old woman, it looks out into life, and, as it observes, eliminates the distorting bias its outer sheath gives ; its personalities have been Lemurian or Atlantean, Hindū or Roman or Greek, and

it selects the best out of them all and discards the rest; all literatures, sciences, arts, religions, and civilisations are its school and playground, workshop and study; its patriotism is for an indivisible Humanity, and its creed is to co-operate with God's plan, which is Evolution.

It is this Soul that has had past lives. How much of this Soul are we, the men and women who ask the question, "Why don't we remember our past lives"? The questioner is but the personality, and the body of that personality has a brain on whose cells the memories of a past life have not been impressed; those memories are in the Divine Man who is of no time, of no creed, and of no land. To remember past lives, the brain of the personality must be made a mirror on to which can be reflected the memories of the Soul; and before those memories can come into the brain, one by one the various biases must be removed—of mortality, of time, of sex, of creed, of colour, of caste. So long as we are wrapt up in our petty thoughts of nationalism and in our narrow beliefs of creeds, so long do we retain the barriers that exist between our higher selves and our lower; an intellectual breadth and a larger sympathy, "without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour," must first be achieved before there breaks, as through clouds, flashes of our true consciousness as Souls. There is no swifter way to discover what we are as Immortals out of time than by discovering what is our Work in time.

Let but a man or woman find that Work for whose sake sacrifice and immolation is serenest contentment, then slowly the larger consciousness of the Soul descends into the brain of the personality, and with that descent the direct memory of past lives.

As more and more the personality presses forward, desiring no light but what is sufficient for the next step on his path to his goal of work, slowly one bias after another is burnt away in a fire of purification ; like as the sun dissipates more clouds the higher it rises, so is it for the life of the personality ; it knows then, with such conviction as the sun has about its own nature when it shines, that “the soul of man is immortal, and its future is the future of a thing whose growth and splendour have no limit”.

Then come back the memories of past lives, and how they come those who live the life know. There are many kinds of knowledge useful for a man, but none greater than the knowledge “that evolution is a fact, and that the method of evolution is the constant dipping down into matter under the law of adjustment”. This knowledge is for all who seek, if they will but seek rightly, and the right way is to be a brother to all men “without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour”.

C. Jinarajadasa

AN ESOTERIC ORGANISATION IN INDIA

By SIR S. SUBRAMANIA IYER, K.C.I.E., LL.D.

NEVER since the day when the Headquarters of the Theosophical Society were transferred from America to Bombay, in 1879, have the founders of that Society escaped the charge of fraud with reference to their assertion of the existence of Mahāṭmas, of Initiates, and of the possession by them of occult powers and the like. Scepticism on these points has not been confined to outsiders only. Even a very large majority of the members of that Society itself have refused to believe, or have refrained from believing, that a White Brotherhood exists and that some of the members of that Brotherhood were the real originators of the Society, and continue to be its unseen Guides. And the very limited number of the members of the Society who, by joining the Esoteric Section, signified their belief on those points, have been held to be utterly credulous persons who have allowed themselves to be imposed upon by Mrs. Besant, the present Outer Head of that Section. What one, like her, whose whole past proves her absolute devotion to what she believes to be true, and her utter selflessness, can gain by such an attempt to impose upon others, passes my comprehension. My present object, however, is not to vindicate her but to draw attention to an Organisation

which is not her Esoteric Section, but an ancient Indian one that has long served a purpose similar to that which the Esoteric Section has been aiming at in its own way. I do so as, apparently, it is now the wish of the Occult Heads of this indigenous Hierarchy that the existence of their Organisation should be more widely known than it is at present. From the information in my possession, there is not the slightest doubt that those Occult Heads Themselves belong to the great body of the White Brotherhood, whose sole concern is the welfare of humanity.

The Organisation in question has two sides or phases—Dhakshinā Mukha and Uṭṭarā Mukha. The latter, to which alone I wish to confine my remarks, has reference to Āryā-Varṭa, or India. It is the Vaidika form and gives yogic training according to certain immemorial methods. The training is indeed a lifelong one. Those who undergo such training fall under four groups. The lowest class are known as the Dāsas, the next higher as Ṭhīrṭhas, the next higher as Braruhams and the highest, as Ānandas. A member on admission to each class will be given a name indicated by a letter, or letters, so that his identity will remain undisclosed to the public. The period of training fixed for each class is twenty-four years. That period is made up of three terms of seven years, each devoted to a particular training; the remaining three years are for the purpose of recapitulating and assimilating the training of the preceding three terms. There is no trace in the whole course of the training of any Hatha Yoga practice whatsoever. The discipline is entirely mental and meditative. The highest purity of life and character is insisted on,

celibacy being enforced except during the first three and a half years of the first term in the lowest class, when family life is permitted. No wonder that, with such restrictions, aspirants to this mode of training are few indeed and throughout India the number at present under training does not appear to be over a thousand.

The Madras Presidency is part of a division which forms a triangle with Cape Comorin in the south, Gokurnam in the west, and Bengal in the north-east. Within this division there are six representatives of the Organisation through whom admission can be obtained, with the permission of the higher Officers. Such admission takes place only after the candidate has been examined occultly by those higher Officers. Of course, the examination takes place invisibly, time and space being no obstacle to the higher Officers looking into the subtle bodies of the candidates, and their history in previous lives.

Those who have the good fortune to obtain admission, have not long to wait for proofs of occult powers claimed by the Heads thereof, and of the possibility of the persons under training themselves acquiring in due course capacities and faculties absent in ordinary men. Power of communicating by thought transference with others under training and with higher Officers, is acquired in a year or two from the date of one's admission, provided, of course, the interval has been diligently used in following the life and meditation prescribed. Any such student may obtain advice and directions from those above him; as, for instance, by writing down his question on a slip of paper, and he will either instantly, or at the most

within three days, find an answer in writing on the same piece of paper without the slip having left his pocket.

As in the case of the Esoteric Section of the Theosophical Society, the members of this Organisation are under a pledge of secrecy as to certain matters which are, however, very few. What they are, will be found stated in the Book of Instructions that will be furnished to each candidate on his admission, and which is called *Anuṣṭhāna-Chandrikā*.

Though, as stated, the training is entirely on Raja Yogic lines, yet it is accompanied by the necessity to observe certain very simple rites on particular occasions, in the shape of fire or water oblations. The fortnight which ends with the Vaishākh full-moon is, for instance, a period for the observance of such rites. The reason for this particular period being chosen is that on that full-moon day the White Brotherhood bestow special blessings on the world, and the members of the Organisation are expected thus to prepare and make themselves as receptive as possible for the coming Benediction.

Every member learns the fact that the Brotherhood send Their Benediction, as stated, from the following verse which he will find in the *Anuṣṭhānā-Chandrikā* :

Vishālē Badari Khaṇḍē Mahātmānō Hītaiṣiṇaha ;
Vaishākha Pūrṇimāyām ṭu Kurvaṅṭi Jaganmaṅgalam.

I have referred to this in particular in order to show to the members of the Esoteric Section of the Theosophical Society that they are not the only persons who are aware of the fact that the full-moon day referred to is an occasion when the Great Ones meet to pour down spiritual force for

the protection and uplifting of the whole world. I trust what I have said will serve somewhat to re-establish the immemorial belief in India in the existence of an indigenous Occult School, in which the very highest Yogic training can be obtained by an aspirant who treads, under guidance which is unerring, the path spoken of in our Scripture as the Narrow Path. And let me add that I am permitted to bring to the notice of one of the Higher Officers of the Organisation the name of any one who wishes to become a candidate for such training, irrespective of caste, creed or sex. It is scarcely necessary to say that what follows such introduction will be directly between the candidate and the Officer of the Organisation who is qualified to undertake and direct the candidate's training.

S. Subramania Iyer

THE TEMPLE

Priest

Awake ! it is Love's radiant hour of praise,
Bring new-blown leaves his temple to adorn,
Pomegranate buds and ripe sirisha sprays,
Wet sheaves of shining corn.

Pilgrim

O priest, only my broken lute I bring
For Love's praise offering.

Priest

Behold ! the hour of sacrifice draws near,
Pile high the gleaming altar-stones of Love
With delicate gifts of slain wild forest deer,
And frail white wounded dove.

Pilgrim

O priest, only my stricken heart I bring
For Love's blood offering.

Priest

Lo ! now it strikes Love's solemn hour of prayer,
Kindle with fragrant boughs his blazing shrine,
Feed the rich flame with spice and incense rare,
Cream of rose-pastured kine.

Pilgrim

O priest, only my riven soul I bring
For Love's burnt offering.

SAROJINI NAIDU



A THEOSOPHICAL BUILDING

THE photographs which are here reproduced will show our readers what a suitable and pleasant home for Theosophical work has been raised in Louisville, Kentucky. Louisville is in the very centre of the United States, and thus is peculiarly well situated for work, and Mr. L. W. Rogers, one of the most energetic workers in the propagandist field, is to live here, if a person of such very peripatetic habits can be said to live anywhere.

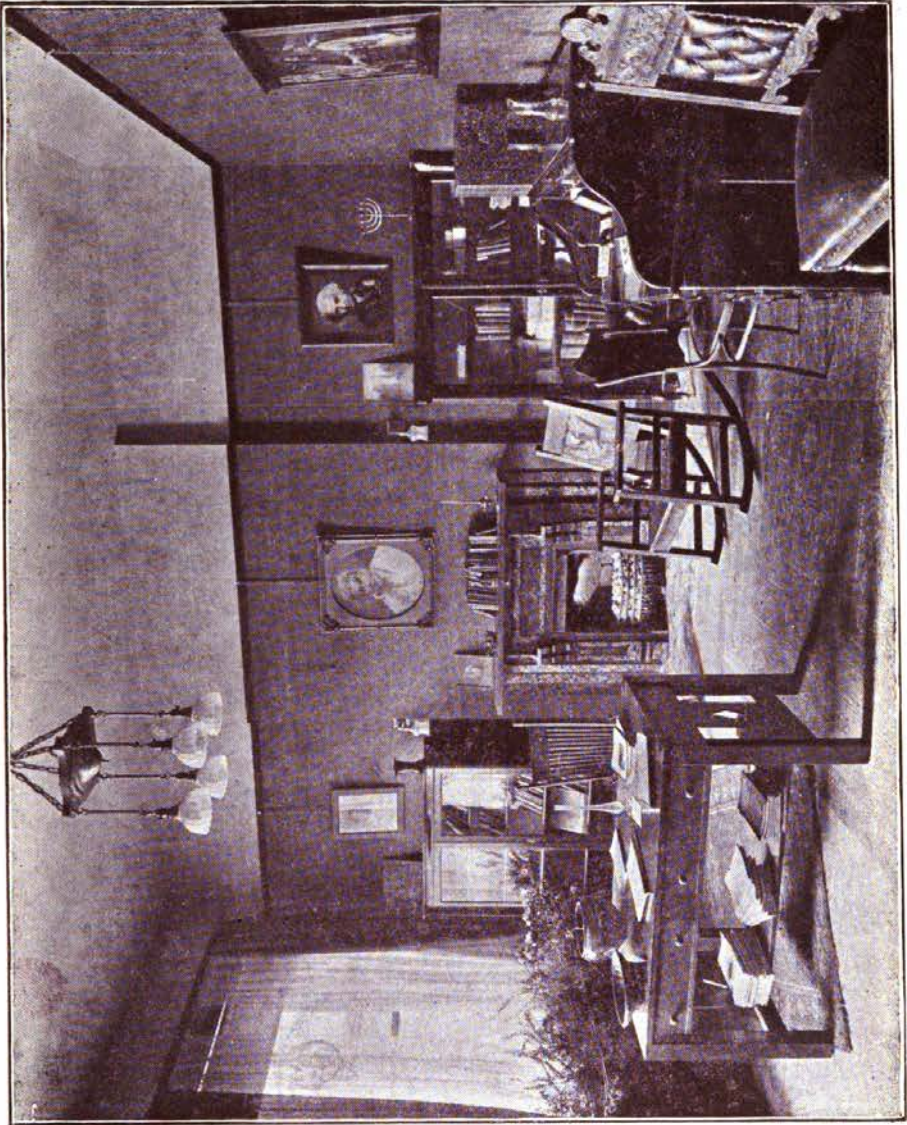
Mrs. Courtwright, known to many in Southern India for her active and self-denying work in Colonel Olcott's Pañchama Schools, has put her hands and heart into this useful venture, and with the co-operation of Mr. Rogers and other friends, this delightful home for the work of the Masters has been raised. It is an offering of pure love to Them, to be used for all purposes that are pleasing to Them because useful to men, spreading knowledge abroad, and lightening human sorrow with the glory of an eternal hope.

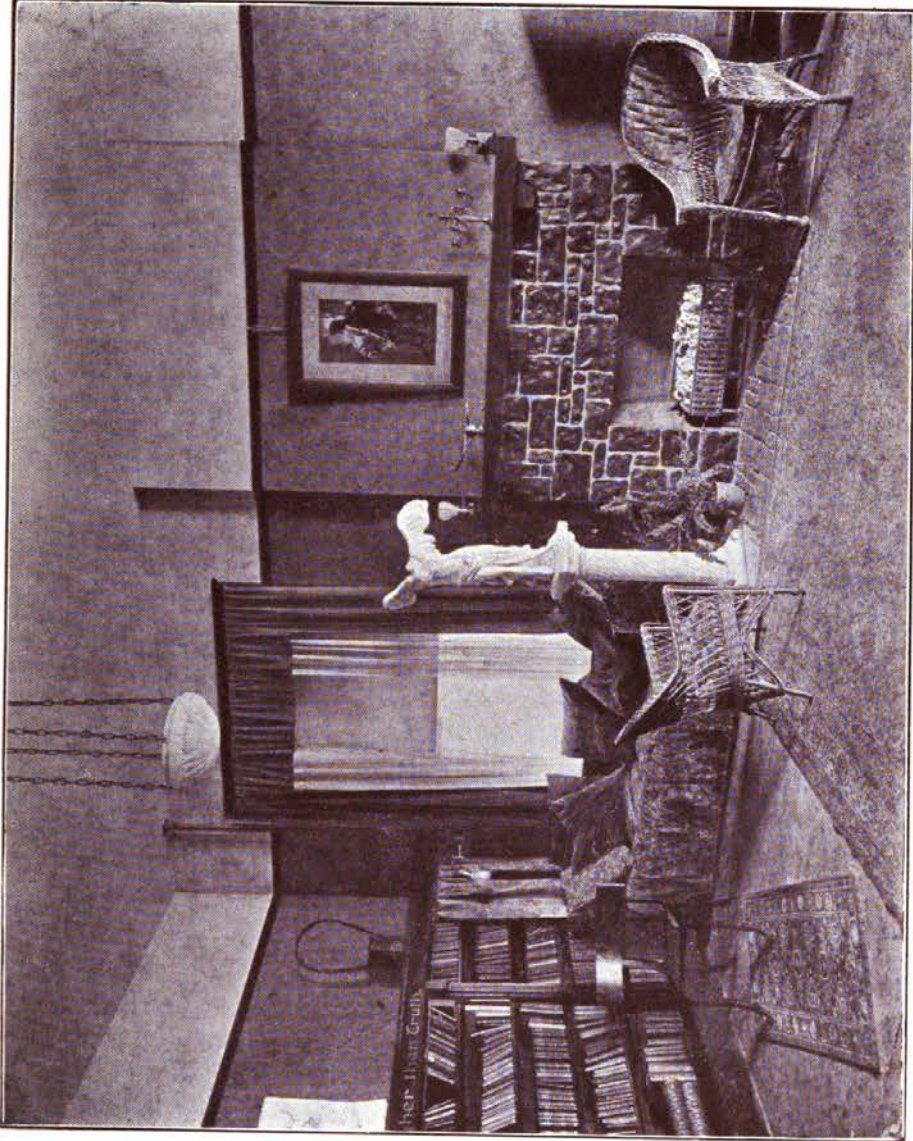
The beauty of the rooms speaks for itself as to the skill and artistic taste which have presided over all arrangements. On the second floor of the building are a Members' Library, rooms for classes and study, and the smaller lecture room. The third floor is given up to the E.S., the Co-Masonic Lodge, and the Order of the Star in the East.

The T. S. Lodge—a newly chartered one, with between forty and fifty members as applicants for the charter, a good beginning—is, of course, quartered in the building, and there are some living rooms for a few workers. A Lecture Hall is also provided, with 200 seats; Mr. Rogers has been holding a series of lectures, which proved to be a great success, and Mrs. Courtwright reports that the outlook is most encouraging.

May all blessing rest on this new centre of the Great Work, and light and joy pour through it to many hearts and minds eager for truth.

ANNIE BESANT, P.T.S.





CORRESPONDENCE

RE "WATCH-TOWER" NOTES FOR NOVEMBER

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

It is indeed a singular state of mind of which we just now see traces in various writings, and into which the letter "To the Editor of THE THEOSOPHIST," published in the March number, gives us a fairly complete insight.

This state of mind places Theosophy outside life, outside humanity, it refuses the representatives of Theosophy the right to proclaim the truth—although the motto of the Theosophical Society has always been—"There is no Religion higher than Truth"—it refuses them the right to defend an Ideal of Justice, when the fate, not merely of this or that nation, but of the whole of humanity is at stake.

It insists and, in the case of the leader, insists imperiously, on there being in the words of a Master "only faded flowers between the leaves of a book of profound poetry", Mejnour isolated from the world for the exclusive benefit of a small number of elect, chosen to share his solitude.

I know well the basis of this theory. It maintains that the present War is but a conflict of purely material interests ; instead of acknowledging what actually is, it prefers to imagine what might have been, and it gratuitously attributes to England, to France and to Russia, that policy of domination and extermination which during many a year Germany has loudly proclaimed as her own.

It refuses to know what her publicists, her professors, her philosophers and her ministers have written, professed, and preached on this subject, it refuses to know the deeds resulting

from the application of this theory. For never has premeditated violence, merciless and unrestrained, been so openly stated in word and speech, and never has thought been so literally carried out in deed.

Briefly, by shutting their eyes, ears and reason to the many witnesses in the past and in the present, they have been able to attain, as far as actual events are concerned, the enviable attitude of an inhabitant of Sirius. This is indeed easier than to strive to attain that "discrimination" which is held to be the first of the essential qualities. It remains to be seen whether this attitude is indeed that required of us by Theosophy. Theosophy, we are told, "is not for any nation or group of nations but for all". No one ever said the contrary; but when one nation announces its intention of swallowing up another and strives to realise that intention, does it really follow that the role of Theosophy is to sing Amen?

Does Brotherhood make it our duty to remain impassive when, in virtue of the German dogma that a weak nation has no right to existence, the weak is strangled by the strong? because forsooth both are our brothers? Does impartiality demand that we should put the aggressor and the victim on the same footing? No! for absolving the one necessitates condemning the other.

Truly Theosophy knows no local barriers. But there are barriers that she cannot ignore without failing in her task and acknowledging herself powerless. They are the barriers that separate Good from Evil, Justice from Injustice, Barbarity from Humanity.

In Mrs. Besant we acknowledge the ever-vigilant guardian of these barriers, the "*gentil chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*" of every noble cause.

When she speaks, it is not the Englishwoman that speaks in her, but the Champion of Humanity.

We know that many others raised obstacles in her path before Mr. Van Manen and we are most grateful to her for having always followed her path unswervingly, and this to the greater glory of the work which has been entrusted to her.

And you who hope to collaborate later in the reconstruction of society, do you indeed think that the work will be done

without struggles and blows? and that you will never have to say—this must be, because it is right; this must not be, because it is wrong—and never have to act accordingly?

If now you refuse to discriminate between Good and Evil and to work for the one against the other, do you expect to be chosen then, at the time that you have been pleased to choose, to accomplish the work that it will then please you to accomplish?

In very truth the Guardians of Humanity know how to turn to Their uses the worst of events. But it is to you, O Men, that falls the physical part of the work. And whoever fails to-day to respond to Their call has little chance of being called to-morrow to other work.

And since Judas Iscariot has been named, let me say, in conclusion, that if there is one character more odious than his, it is that of Pontius Pilate.

Paris

G. CHEVRIER

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

OPEN LETTER TO MR. PRENTICE

Referring to your letter in the March THEOSOPHIST: Although you rather stultify your plea for the neutrality of Theosophists by implying that the German Emperor has betrayed the Son of Man, your letter gives the impression of honest conviction and heart-felt distress over what you conceive to be a great wrong done.

There are conditions in this War that justify a certain measure of departure from the forms of neutrality on the part of T. S. members. Your endorsement of the lofty counsel of the *Bhagavad-Gītā* with regard to impersonal fighting implies assent to such departure so far as the work of the battle-field is concerned. If, in the exigencies of war, Mrs. Besant were forced to fire a cannon-shot that killed and wounded many German soldiers, you doubtless would approve, provided she did it in the "spirit of the *Gītā*". So would many of us. But

when, instead of firing a cannon, she fights with her pen in a way that may wound German sensibilities, you object—for one reason, apparently, that you are sure that she is not impersonal about it. Perhaps her language did sound like the language of passion. But a cannon-shot tearing through the vitals of soldiers is the “language of passion,” though it may have been fired in the “spirit of the *Gitā*”. Mrs. Besant may have been passionless and impersonal in writing those Watch-Tower notes. I believe that she was. It is easy for some natures to use passionate language dispassionately.

That question aside, you still object because you conceive that that line of writing stirs up hatred, strife and anger, and tends to involve Theosophy in the dust of conflict, etc. From one point of view, the fighting at the front and the devastation of war are of less importance than to set men thinking and feeling aright. War is nothing, as has been well said, but an outcome of the working of the human heart. There is important work for the future being done here and now on the hidden battle-field of human nature. There is need for the creation of a mighty world-embracing thought-form that will help to bring about right results from the War. The need for justice, right and brotherhood, as between nations, must be burned into human consciousness. Theosophy is playing and will play an important part toward this end. Unquestionably there is a right side and a wrong side in this War. Mrs. Besant conceives that the forces of evil, the dark powers that fight against human evolution, are arrayed on the side of Germany. Not the least of Germany's accomplishments is her organised system for obscuring facts and issues, and misleading public opinion. There is nothing to compare with it among the other nations involved. Herein is a danger. The public needs to have its eyes opened and kept open, that it may see things as they are, and not as Germany wants them to be seen. It must be made to know what the spirit of German militarism stands for, its relation to human rights and progress, and the future of civilisation. Mrs. Besant's efforts in her Watch-Tower notes impressed me as being directly along that line. Incidentally, her words may tend here and there to “stir up hatred, strife and anger”. So do flying bullets. Some things are inseparable from war. But it must be remembered that

it is sometimes wise to take a course that makes for a larger good, even though some evil be involved. In this case the possible evil would seem to be decidedly minor compared to the potentialities for good in her stirring lines. Germany's sinister propaganda for poisoning public judgment must be met and checked on the literary battle-field, as her legions must be overcome on the physical battle-field. What if some one's feelings are hurt? Undoubtedly you have hurt German feelings by coupling the name of the German Emperor with that of Judas Iscariot. I can see nothing amiss in that, albeit you chose to do it in a Theosophical journal. Let us have free discussion.

The whole question comes down to this: Shall the President of the Theosophical Society, in her role as Editor of *THE THEOSOPHIST*, give her views on the War in that journal or not? It seems to me that in the face of an emergency in which the fate of nations and the welfare of humanity are at stake, the argument against her doing so in the way in which she has done it, loses its force. She deemed it important that Theosophists in particular should have her views on certain matters. I for one am thankful that we received them. It makes all the difference in the world whether one is advocating truth or error, as to how, where and when it is done. It, of course, is wise that the T. S. as an organisation should remain neutral as to the War. Any member who may be met with the charge that the action of its President in her role as Editor means that the Society has violated that spirit, can truthfully say, as Mrs. Besant herself insists, that the Society is not bound by the expression of her personal views. When we imagine dire calamity flowing from her utterances about Germany, are we not forgetting how obscure is the Theosophical Society, and are we not making a fetish of neutrality? The President of the T. S. is not in the position of the President of the United States. Were the latter to say unneutral things he might involve his country in war. Essentially a student- and teaching-body, the Theosophical Society could formally and unanimously promulgate a resolution condemning the cause of Germany and upholding the cause of the Allies—and still not be wrecked, nor see its usefulness ended. From the way in

which Germany is carrying on her side of the War, it may not be long before she has lost the goodwill of practically all of the nations. This should remove still further the danger of the complications you fear for the T. S., although, in my opinion, they are not serious, in any event.

Truly the mission of Theosophy is constructive; the spreading of peace and unity among its main concerns. None knows this better than Mrs. Besant. Magnificent and deathless is the work she has done along these lines—a fact not to be overlooked in a discussion like this. Her output of work is so enormous, constant and varied, her knowledge and devotion are so great, her outlook so wide, what wonder that she sometimes upsets a cherished tradition? No great soul ever succeeded in not doing things that ordinary people frown upon as “irregular”. What an exceedingly small part of her work are her remarks about Germany, and yet, withal, how pregnant with meaning they may be. If the German Power embodies the spirit of Antichrist (and I think Mrs. Besant believes that it does)—that “great enthroned antagonist, foretold in the Scriptures, who, as some have understood, is to precede the second coming of Christ,” should not Theosophists, of all people, know it? If acquainting them with the evidence is dragging Theosophy in the “dust of conflict,” Theosophy will survive it.

There is one thing, and one only, that can justify your attack on Mrs. Besant, and that is the occurrence of the evil that you think will result from her action. If it fails to occur, will you admit, I wonder, that there was something wrong with your point of view?

The fact that your harsh letter is printed in THE THEOSOPHIST is evidence that Mrs. Besant is not opposed to criticism of herself. She has always welcomed it. She has never claimed infallibility. No one with any sense credits her with it. She undoubtedly makes mistakes, but I think that you will not have long to wait to see her course vindicated in the present case.

Buffalo, N.Y., U. S.A.

GEORGE B. HASTINGS

REVIEWS

Comte de Gabalis, by the Abbe N. de Montfaucau de Villars. Newly rendered into English with commentary and annotations. (William Rider & Son, Ltd., London. Price 7s. 6d. net.)

Those readers who have been long enough in the Society may remember how some twenty and more years ago the *Comte de Gabalis* had quite a reputation in consequence of reported utterances of H. P. B. on the booklet, and the work circulated amongst the enthusiasts in a shoddy and flimsy little French reprint, in yellow backs, of no splendour or dignity whatever. The new edition before us is vastly different. Excellently printed, on paper so glossy that it might nearly serve as a mirror; well bound, strangely and well illustrated on most impartial principles of selection, and above all enriched by voluminous notes and a plethoric commentary—this edition stands as a prince to the miserable beggar that was its predecessor to which we alluded.

Lovers of the mysterious and the confused will find in the volume all ingredients needed for thorough mystic revelry. The cautious student of occult traditions, on the contrary, may be not quite so easily contented with it. The Count de Gabalis is with so many others—Cagliostro, Bacon-Shakespeare—a subject of most vivid controversy and complete uncertainty. Here the form of the problem is: Is the fictitious personage of the Count meant by its author to be taken as serious or not? Is the book to be taken as a defence of certain occult theories or as a skit on them? That point has been hotly debated since its appearance in 1670. The anonymous editor and annotator of the present edition takes the attitude that the work is veritably an occult one and explains with the most imperturbable seriousness even the most waggish passages treating of the amorous habits and desires of the sylphs, etc., on the one hand and man on the other.

What is very noticeable, however, is that where in the original waggishness goes a step further and leads to statements and expressions which it is difficult to English in elegant, amusing and at the same time inoffensive forms, the occult translator has after all decided to omit such phrases and doctrines, notwithstanding their presumed occult truth and value. That is strange and raises distrust. Either everything in this book is highly occult, and then it can be left out as little as Rahab from the Bible, or the book is good-natured chaff and not to be reconciled with the deadly earnest of the commentary. The editor does not mention this boulderising, but is very explicit in his views as to the serious nature of the book. In conformity with these views, he rejects the second part added in the second edition of the book and only gives the translation of the text of the first edition. That may be right or wrong but, anyhow, we might have expected at least the insertion of the witty introduction to the new part of the book. It covers only a few pages, but might make many admirers of the Count open their eyes and gape.

J. v. M.

The Triple Ply of Life and Other Essays, by Minnie B. Theobald. (G. Bell & Sons, Ltd., London. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

Science, Art, Religion—these three constitute the triple ply of life, according to the author, and in especial ages one or other of the three is dominant. The present time is the age of science; in the past religion was the most prominent factor in life; and in the future that stretches out before us, art will claim the foremost place. In art, the author sees “why there is hope for man”.

The scientific mind is concerned with the world of matter outside; the religious mind is concerned with the world of Spirit within. The artist blends the two.

Science and Religion have been, as it were, two magnificent structures, separate, apart, unbridged. Art must now come into play, and, with her synthesising power, achieving her best by her power of returning to unity, bridge the gulf that *seems* to divorce science from religion. The author looks forward to

a time when we may return to an age of religion, but this will only be when Science and Religion are enthroned side by side on equal terms, and the religion will be "not the old religion of slavish obedience, but religion founded upon a scientific as well as a miraculous basis".

There are several other interesting little essays included in the volume, and in her preface the author states how they came to be written; in most cases they appear to her to have been partially inspired. Be that as it may, *The Triple Ply of Life* will be likely to interest many people, and although perhaps there is nothing particularly original in the work, yet it is a fair specimen of a type of literature which is coming very much to the fore nowadays.

T. L. C.

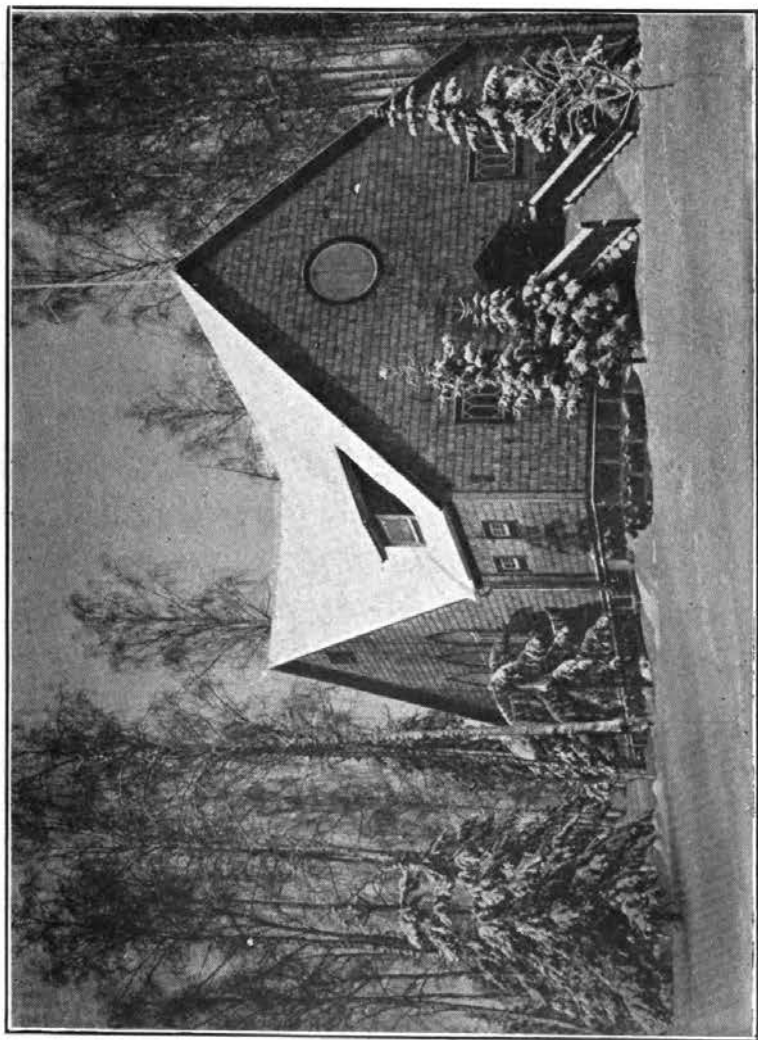
Ahasha Sprookjes. (Indonesische Drukkerij, Weltevreden, 1915.)

This is a volume of Theosophical fairy tales in the Dutch language and the collection fully deserves attention. The eighteen stories have nearly all real merits and many of them, are indeed excellent. The two main qualities of the stories are their simplicity and originality. The last story in the book ("The Black Magician") is an exception being somewhat artificial and unnatural. The book is meant for quite young children and many a parent should welcome the volume as containing just the kind of material fit for the very young in conveying Theosophical and ethical ideas in an attractive and pedagogically valuable form. The skill with which the author has avoided all dry, theoretic and pedantic ways of assimilating Theosophical conceptions is great and on the whole we regard this collection as a valuable addition to Theosophical literature. We should like to see some Dutch-knowing lover of children and fairy tales trying his hand at translating the best of these stories so as to find out whether little English children would show the same taste for these little tales which Dutch children have already shown. Our best wishes for the success of the book.

J. v. M.

BOOK NOTICES

Sūta-Samhitā in Tamil. (Addison Press, Mount Road, Madras, or N. S. Rajaram Aiyar, Chidambaram. Price Rs. 3 the series.) For the first time, *Sūta-Samhitā* which is very popular in Southern India has been translated into Tamil for the benefit of the Tamil-knowing public. It forms the second Samhitā of that big Purāṇa called the Skāṇḍa Purāṇa. It is itself divided into four Khaṇḍas, of which three are out and the fourth will shortly appear. The translator, Mr. N. S. Rajarama Aiyar, whose previous translation into Tamil of the Twelve Upanishats was reviewed in our journal a short time ago, is the son of the late N. P. Subramania Aiyar, a member of the Theosophical Society. The translation has been done in a simple and readable style. *The Secret of Achievement*, by Orison Swett Marden. (William Rider & Son, Ltd., London. Price 1s.) One of the cheery New Thought books which apparently supply a need of our times as they always find a ready sale. Mr. Marden is an incurable optimist and few people stand in any danger of taking too strong a dose of cheerfulness; indeed most of them are constantly making efforts to find the secret of how to be happy though human. The author suggests some ways to that end, turning the task of character-building into a game, and mental effort into health-promoting exercise.



Theosophical Convention Hall, Aggelby, Finland. (Erected 1913.)

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

THERE are many, in these sore days of trial and heavy loss, their own hearts bleeding with the agony of losing their dearest, who are more concerned for the Nations than for their own anguish, and are asking, anxiously and eagerly: "How are the Nations to make good this draining away of their best blood?" Large numbers of the most "fit," the bravest, the most unselfish, the most patriotic, are leaving their bodies on the fields of battle, or returning home maimed for life; the less vigorous physically, the "unfit," the more selfish, the more ease-loving are left behind, to be the fathers of the new generation. Happily, there are many who are loyally serving the country at home, and who remain there for no selfish reason, but because they are needed there for the country's work. Yet, the flower of the Nation, its young splendid manhood is dying, sacrificing all on the altar of the country. Is there any answer of illumination to pierce the darkness?

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The answer that to some of us turns the apparent loss of the world to the world's great gain is found in the fact that at this turning point of evolution, at which souls by hundreds and by thousands are needed for the building of the new type—the new sub-race, we call it—it is just this very cream of the European Nations that is needed, and, by this short agonising road of death by battle, a large number of the souls pass to swift rebirth, coming back into bodies of the new type, to build the coming civilisation. By this splendid heroism of sacrifice, the sacrifice of young life in the glory of its spring, by the giving of the fair body in the fulness of its joy in vigorous strength, by the renoucal of sweet love and happy days, of wedded bliss, of the pride of fatherhood, of peaceful years of home; by exchanging all this for the crashing turmoil of the battle, the scream of shell, the roar of bursting bomb, the long weariness of the trench, the exhaustion of the march, the anguish of thirst of the wounded, the loneliness on the corpse-strewn plain, the dying amid the dead; by sacrifice gladly made for the dear sake of country, for the Nation's plighted word, for faith inviolate, for honour untarnished, for chivalrous defence of the small against the great, of the weak against the strong; by all this the work of lives has been compressed into a few heroic days, or weeks, or months, and a "people hath been prepared for the Lord".

* * *

Out of the storm and the roar of the battle, out of the tumult of the charge and the fierceness of combat, these elect souls, who willingly offered themselves, have swiftly passed into the Peace. There they are welcomed by others of like mind who had gone before

them; there they meet dear friends of knowledge larger than their own; there is unveiled to them the splendid future they have won, the glory of the service they will render to the New World they are to build. And after brief space of rest and illumination, they turn towards the dear homes they had surrendered for the sake of Love and Duty, to bring back smiles to the lips that were writhen with anguish for the loss of them, and win by trick of look and gesture a warmer love born of unconscious memory. A splendid generation of the New-Born that shall come back to the countries for which they died; Australia, New Zealand, your "dead" shall come back to you, to lift you high among the Nations of the Free; Canada, Britain, France, Ireland, India—some of your beloved are also consecrate for swift rebirth; martyred Belgium, you shall not be forgotten. See how the long lines of "dead" pass into the long ranks of the Unborn, to be the New-Born of the coming race, to be of those who shall see and know the Christ come back to earth.

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A member writes of a beloved brother who fell on the Field of Honour :

I wrote to my mother I felt sure his sacrifice would earn him the right to be on earth again when the Christ came. I hope it may be so, for I feel sure he was doing his "bit" to prepare the way, for he was fighting on the side of Right against the side that would prevent His coming if they could; in other words I feel this war had to be before He could come, and that if the powers of evil won in the war it would retard that Coming.

Aye, but what can they do, these Powers of Evil embattled against the Lords of Light? "Lords of the Dark Face" come back to earth there are. Yet it remaineth true that He who sitteth on high laughs them

to scorn, for "who can abide the Day of His Coming, and who shall stand when He appeareth?" It is necessary to sweep away those who are the tools of the Dark Lords, and thus to lighten the earth of her burden. The destruction of evil precedes the triumph of good. And the worst types of the old civilisation must be destroyed ere the building of the new can be worked out.

* * *

Thus have the Manus wrought in the past, and why should we marvel if the Master-Builders build in the age-long fashion of Their craft? The great laws work ever, for they embody the wisdom of God, and the Master-Builders build by law, and the working tools are ever the same. Still are the stones tried by square, and level, and plumb-line, ere they can be declared to be well and truly laid, for the Temple riseth according to the plan of the Architect, and every stone must fit into its appointed place. Five stones have been laid, and the sixth is a-hewing, and the hewing is not wrought without blows of mallet on chisel. Let the chips fly from the sharp edge of the chisel; as they fall, they unveil more of the Beauty that shall be.

* * *

And in our little way we also may be builders, helping in the solution of the many questions that are rising round us, theory now, to be practice "after the War". Very unwise are they who would leave all questions over to discuss when the time for construction shall be upon us. This is the time for planning, for drawing, for measuring. Some there be who would put all this aside as "contentious," as "controversial" matter. But the time when we cannot act is the very

time that we can most safely plan and discuss ; for the very admission that the time for action is not yet should disarm feelings of hostility, and make it clear that we are only formulating for the future. The wise in Britain, in the Colonies, in India, are bending their thoughts towards "reconstruction," knowing that the drawing of the plan should precede the laying of the bricks. Passions may arise in the future to disturb the planning. Now is the quiet time for thought ; later will come the busy time for action.

*
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Turning to our own small concerns, let me tell you, friends, of the opening of the Madanapalle Theosophical College, our first nominally Theosophical College, situated in the birth-place of our Alcyone, the birth-place dear to many all over the world. Hills ring it round, and the air is fresh and pleasant. A pretty, gracious place, full of natural charm. Granite juts out all over the slopes and plains, and our College is built with the living rock of granite for a foundation, and hewn granite for the walls. It makes a fine pile, College and school, and small houses dotted about, with granite rocks breaking up everywhere. The T. S. Lodge is here also, and a Reading Room, built partly by the town and partly by us in memory of King George's Coronation. Looking back five years, I remember the little school then existing, and my laying the foundation-stone of a hoped-for laboratory, where then laboratory there was none, and no funds to build it. And now, all these buildings ! Mr. Ernest Wood planned them, and collected for them, and built them, and now, "if you want his monument, look around". H.E. the Governor opened the College

for us, and was very kindly and genial. It is the second Indian College with the founding of which I have had to do. May this develop, as did the other.

* * *

That other is now growing steadily into a University, planned on broader lines than at one time it seemed possible to hope would be sanctioned by Government. The Bill creating it is expected to pass the Supreme Legislative Council in September next, and the great venture will then be on its way. It is a step pregnant with the greatest possibilities, this launching of a University under National control, for though Government has retained power to interfere on emergencies, the virtual control is left with the University. I have dreams of a similar University here in the South, in which Pachaiyappa's College shall play the part that the Central Hindū College has played in the North, and shall become the nucleus for a University. It is building a splendid Hostel for its students just now, which will be a model for the whole Presidency, and when this is complete, a College is to be built beside it, leaving the present building for the School. Then our Madanapalle College might be affiliated to it, and there are other Colleges in the Presidency which would also come in. Sir Harold Stuart, a member of the Governor's Executive Council, has spoken very favourably of the growth of Universities in Southern India. Let us hope that we are dreaming true.

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We are already beginning in Madras the full activities of our normal life here; the High Courts have re-opened after the summer vacation, and the Colleges

and Schools after the holidays. Our Madras Parliament is busy, and two important Bills have passed their second reading, one for declaring valid Post-Puberty Marriage and one for Free and Compulsory Education. The debate on the second reading of a Bill for the better control of Religious Endowments is going on, and one for the creation of Village Councils is on the anvil. So we are busy in constructing our dream India, for the study of actual India. Some dreams materialise. Our daily paper, *New India*, is going on steadily, and we have broken through a bad custom here of taking in a daily paper and letting the subscription fall into arrears ever increasing. It is exercising a great influence, and is helping to hew out the road towards the realisation of the dream. Our weekly, *The Commonweal*, has a circle of readers composed of the leading men in the Indian political field; I have begun a series of articles, "How India Wrought for Freedom," the story of the Congress during its thirty years of life, drawn from its official records, and believe that they will prove both useful and interesting. They began on July 30th.

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The meetings of the Federations of Theosophical Lodges that are regularly held over the Presidency of Madras have done much towards stimulating the sense of corporate life in the Presidency, and the skeleton framework of associations for political and social reform is becoming clothed with muscles. There is a growing inclination to hold Conferences of the three kinds in the same place and at the same time, accommodating the hours to suit each other; each keeps to its own line of work, but members of all intermingle in

friendly fashion. If to these three an educational Conference could be added, the fourfold strand of the National Movement would be complete, and this will, ere very long, be brought about.

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I have received a circular from the General Secretary of our Theosophical Society in Germany, denouncing Mr. Sinnett and myself for our "un-brotherly attitude" towards Germany. I would readily give it publicity, as is my habit with regard to all attacks on myself, but cannot do so without running the risk of Government interference, justifiable under present conditions of War.

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There is one matter on which questions sometimes come to me. Ought our T. S. to be a Society on the regular business lines, the members dropped out when they do not pay their annual subscriptions, or ought their names to remain on our registers until they break the link? Ought we to make entrance easy or difficult? encourage them to come in or delay them? I can only answer as H. P. B. answered, as every Occultist must answer. The T. S. is not a business, but a spiritual, Society: none should ever be dropped for non-payment of subscription; the little shining thread made between them and the Holy Ones when they come in should never be broken save by their own act. They may be put on a suspended list, as it were, be sent no papers and lose their right to vote, for these things are of the physical plane, while membership is not. Entrance should be made easy. To touch even the skirts of the Society is a gain, and makes renewed touch in another life easier.



A DREAM OF THE WORLD-TEACHER

By THEODORE LESLIE CROMBIE

PRELUDE

LIFE stands before each one of us—a problem, an enigma, a riddle still unguessed. We read the history of the past, of the rise and fall of nations, of heroic deeds, and deeds of shame. We try to trace in that past some solution of the present, and even seek therein to find whereby we may construct the future. And we turn instinctively to the lives of the great Teachers of humanity—a Buddha, a Shri Kṛṣṇa, or a Christ—those great Beings, who in such a few brief years have left an inspiration with the world that has made itself felt throughout the ages even until to-day;

for they have founded religions which still hold sway, and men yet worship Them.

We think of the difficulties They encountered in giving Their message; for in those days travelling was no easy task, nor was continent joined with continent, as now, by the triumphs of modern science. So the sphere of Their teaching was limited; but, despite this, They triumphed gloriously.

Yet to-day, though millions worship Them, the world yearns for a fresh impetus. It knows not exactly what it wants, still in the hearts of men is a longing to hear the ancient truths reproclaimed—reproclaimed in language suited to modern needs, and reproclaimed with that wonderfully inspiring influence which the great Teachers' words ever hold.

It is perhaps this instinctive feeling of a large portion of humanity that has welled up in voiceless prayer to one of those great Teachers, welled up with such insistence that He has felt: "My people need me, I cannot leave them desolate."

But much must be done ere He can come amongst us, and there are dwelling with us chosen servants of His who, by purity of life and earnestness of purpose, have already learned, by ways unknown to the world, to rise to His presence and to hear His words. And He has given to them the gracious message to proclaim that He will come, and that shortly; theirs the task to prepare as well as may be a waiting but still unready world to welcome Him when He comes. And we who trust these messengers, and believe that their words are true, feel a thrill of hope and yet a weight of responsibility. How did the world treat Jesus, the Christ, and the Prophets who were before Him? Is the world

again to reject, after a ministry of but three short years, the One whose Wisdom is Supreme? As in the days of John the Baptist in Palestine two thousand years ago, so to-day ring forth in clear tones the words: "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight."

THE PREPARATION

We who have heard that cry feel within our hearts a great response, but we are troubled, for we do not know how best we may prepare for the longed-for Advent. Yet we are not left comfortless, for those who know have told us, albeit in outline, that first of all we should foster in ourselves three qualities: gentleness, steadfastness, and devotion. This for two reasons. Such are the qualities which shine forth most resplendently in the Lord of Love, and we, by trying to nourish within ourselves the germs of these qualities, shall be more able consciously to understand the perfect devotion, the unwearying steadfastness, and the supreme gentleness that He will show forth; just as the more trained is the eye of the artist, so the more he values and appreciates the masterpieces of a Rafael or a Michel Angelo.

We are told also that the individualistic development which has been the characteristic of western civilisation for the past few centuries and will be its characteristic for centuries to come, must at a future time give place to the principle of co-operation. All that is good and beautiful which has been learned through the individualistic training must be retained, and, as it were, be moulded for a wider service which

recognises the Self in all, realising the essential Unity in the apparent diversity.

To one who has dreamed of the Coming of the Lord, some helpful thoughts have come, some stumbling-blocks in the work have revealed themselves.

We are apt to forget that God's ways are not our ways and that the great Teacher, when He comes, may not—probably will not—act as we expect. He who views the world from planes which we cannot reach, He who sees our real needs more clearly than we can see them, cannot unfold His plan to an ignorant humanity. Hints may be, and are, given from time to time, and by these each individual soul must be guided in the work of preparation.

It has seemed to me that our first stumbling-block may be found in the very qualities themselves. Devotion, as we conceive it with our limited vision, may find a very different expression on the physical plane when shown forth by One who is Devotion. So with steadfastness and gentleness. Only two thousand years ago the Christ met with little response from a world that really hungered for His teaching, but could not recognise it when He gave it; for His devotion, steadfastness and gentleness were of so exquisite a quality, that men could not realise them in anything approaching their fulness. So we must bear in mind that, in developing the qualities within ourselves, as best as we may, the Lord will show them forth in a manner which may be strange to us, which may, perhaps, even bewilder us. And this is a warning to which members of the Order of the Star should take especial heed, for the more knowledge we have, the

more dangers are ours to encounter. If we retain the child-heart we cannot be deceived, for we shall sense the inner reality although the outer expression be unfamiliar; for the child-heart is not guided by exterior presentments.

We must therefore, above all, guard ourselves against preconceived ideas as to how the Lord will act. We pray to Him—and rightly so—to “speak the word of brotherhood which shall make the warring castes and classes know themselves as one,” but we must not allow ourselves for one moment to do more than speculate—and then only in the most general way—as to the form which that spoken word will take. For thus we may set up for ourselves a fixed standard, and if the Lord does not conform to this standard—and it is beyond all things likely that He will not—we may fall into the grievous error of judging Him. So we ought not to set up fixed standards as regards the qualities. If we meditate on those in a rigid way, define in clear-cut terms their attributes, decide uncompromisingly the form which their expression in the outside world must take, we shall have established within ourselves an unyielding attitude, and have made ourselves stiff, unplastic channels, through which He cannot work. To put it plainly, there is a great danger that He will not “come up to” our standards, and that we shall *disapprove of Him*.

So in His work of unifying the nations, of planting the seeds of the spirit of co-operation which, from the soil of individualism already prepared, will in future ages spring into fair flower, we must always keep alert, ready to receive new inspiration, ready to catch “hints of the proper craft, tricks of the tool’s true play”.

Amid the difficulties of our task, we have one refuge to which we can turn, and to which we must cling through times of doubt and stress. All that the Lord does will be done in strength, wisdom, and love. His devotion, steadfastness and gentleness will be so supreme that it will be required of us to give of our best, to rise to our highest, in order to gain the fullest measure of the gifts so lavishly poured forth; and as long as we are giving of our best, aiming at the highest we know, we cannot fail.

Humanity is a school in which we are all students. We should endeavour, therefore, to pierce through forms of expression and see the light behind. The God in man shines forth in varying ways, and if we search for the Christ-like qualities in our fellow men, we may see them showing forth in a manner undreamed of heretofore. Recognising them in our brothers, howsoever they be expressed, we shall be more apt to discern them in that Elder Brother, on whose Coming the world waits. Thus shall we have learned to sense the inner Reality that lies beyond all form.

Therefore, in working towards the ideal of co-operation, we must pour into such movements for the betterment of mankind in which we are engaged, all that we have of devotion, steadfastness, and gentleness. We do not know if the Lord will use our work as a channel, but we are sure of this—that if we give selflessly for our brothers all that is good, all that is high, all that is noble in ourselves, that which we have given can never be lost. We may not always give our gifts to the best advantage. The forms into which we pour ourselves may break, being forms that a wider knowledge deems unsuitable, but the life poured

forth will flow into other and more permanent forms, vivifying them, and thus in some measure preparing the Way of the Lord.

One other quality, which to a dreamer of the Coming seems to shine forth with splendid radiance in the great Teacher, is the quality of dignity; and, in the work of preparation we should try to cultivate within ourselves that quality, showing it forth in all our actions. In the rush of the present age much of the dignity of olden days has been lost, and although we must, to a certain extent, conform to the usages of the times in which we live, we should be careful in the choice of the means we employ to make known to the world the message of the Coming.

The emblem of the Order—the five-pointed Star—ought to represent to us our highest hope, and should ever be regarded by us with the spirit of reverence. To a dreamer there is something just a little “cheap” in the practice of private members placing this emblem on their writing paper. The motive, of course, is born of zeal, but is the action dignified? There seems, also, a tendency in the Order to employ too much the modern methods of propaganda. Advertisement is, of course, a necessity in commercial enterprise but—is the Coming of the Lord a commercial enterprise? The question as to how we should be heralds of the Star must be left to the good taste of each individual member. Nothing that we do can in any way touch His dignity; but if in our zeal we employ methods, in order to make known His Coming, which conflict with what we in ourselves feel to be dignified, by just so much, it seems to me, shall we hinder rather than help in the work of preparation.

THE COMING

When He comes! That is the one thought round which every other thought centres; and we can only speak in figure, as it were; for although all that we look for, all that our hearts yearn for must inevitably be, yet it may come in a guise we do not know. It is possible that in small incidents the power of the Christ may be revealed to us more really than in His larger work which our minds cannot grasp.

The dreamer dreams and this is what he sees.

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A huge hall in London; a crowded audience pressing against the still closed doors, waiting to hear the message of the new Christ. At last the doors are opened, and in brief time the hall is packed with a crowd, sceptical, amused, reverential, indignant, yet each individual member intensely curious. Who *is* this new prophet that has arisen amongst us? And then the noble figure of the Speaker, as by His presence and magnetism He holds enthralled the people around Him; not by His oratory, not by ideas startlingly new and arresting; the words are simple—but they bear a message to every heart. It is the magic presence of the Speaker that has woven the spell over the thousands about Him. The last words die down; the people file out in orderly manner; the tired reporters gather up their notebooks, and all is silence.

Let us follow the crowd and hear what we may of their impressions.

A small, pretty girl with an emotional face is talking to her lover, a stern and unbending Scotsman.

“O Harry, I know you must have been disappointed, but I thought he was lovely. He put things so beautifully that it seemed as if all that I had known and felt before was made new in some wonderful manner.”

“My dear, I am surprised *you* liked the speech—far too practical and full of common sense for you, I thought. No silly emotion, no sloppy talk.”

“But, Harry, you are very rude. Of course there was no ‘silly emotion,’ ‘or sloppy talk’; only I should have thought that some of the things he said would have annoyed you.”

“I don’t know how you could have thought so, Etta. The man was absolutely practical. They call him the ‘New Christ’. Anyhow, whatever he may be, he is a leader worth following. Why! he made me think of all sorts of new ways in which we could do good—and there was no religious cant.”

Let us pass on and read the thoughts of a millionaire, whose face is scarred with heavy lines, which give to him a hard, unyielding look. He is just stepping into his motor-car; there is a distinct frown on his face as he thinks of the Lecturer.

“Curse that boy! How dare he call me a hypocrite? How dare he say that I have made a tool of religion and good works to secure my worldly advancement? I’ll smash him yet.”

Through the speaking-tube he shouts an angry order to his chauffeur, the car turns down a corner and is lost to sight.

Then the dreamer lets his vision wander until again it rests on the young Scot, entering a small home on the outskirts of London. His mother and sister

welcome him, and his brother is deeply engaged in reading an account of the speech—already printed—which had been made this afternoon.

“Well! Harry, you *must* have been ‘sold’. This new man said nothing original. Etta must have found him dull too; he wasn’t half high falutin’ enough for her.”

Harry, with the magic of the presence of the great Teacher still clinging to him, turned to his brother:

“Go and hear him yourself, John, and then you will think differently.”

And there was that in his voice which forbade further comment.

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And so to all of us His words will have a special meaning, and work their magic, showing us to ourselves. The printed reports will bear their message to the world, but only the truly discerning will be able to catch their import. It is the living voice which will inspire and reveal, spurring the hearers to carry the good tidings abroad, nerving them to live the life which pours itself forth unstintingly for the salvation of the world. The millionaire will not read in the printed journal the truth which he learned in the hall, how he had climbed over the bodies of the starving and the wretched to a position of power in the world, using religion as a lever to respectability. He will breathe a sigh of relief when he finds his shame is not revealed to the world although, in the agony of self-realisation, he will work strenuously against the “blasphemer” who has come to give the Gospel of Truth to a waiting world.

To every one of us the World-Teacher's words will make their personal appeal, to the critical and sceptical Harry, to the emotional and artistic Etta—even to the millionaire, though the message must sear rather than heal, for in his struggle for worldly possession he has to learn his lesson through pain. But it is only for a time. In the distant centuries, he, too, will sit at the feet of the Lord, worshipping where once he reviled.

Theodore Leslie Crombie

THE BURMESE DRAMA

By MG. BA AUNG

THERE is practically no Burmese theatre, in the sense in which the English theatre, or the Greek, or the Roman theatre, is conceived by people in general. One has but to turn to English history to find the development of the English theatre. At present it is generally appreciated by every Englishman, though there was a time in English history when the drama was considered disreputable. It is known by the student of literature that it was during the seventeenth century that a High Church Bishop attacked all the celebrated dramatists of the day for the profligacy and indecency of their plays in his *Short View of the Profaneness and Immorality of the English Stage*. Again, a century later Macaulay, in his essay on Leigh Hunt's *Dramatic Works of Wycherley, Congreve, Vanburgh and Farquhar*, proceeded to describe them thus :

For in truth this part of our literature is a disgrace to our language and our national character. It is clever, indeed very entertaining, but it is, in the most emphatic sense of the words, "earthly, sensual, devilish". Its indecency, though perpetually such as is condemned not less by the rules of good taste than by those of morality, is not, in our opinion, so disgraceful a fault as its singularly inhuman spirit.

But things have improved now. Everywhere men and women of the theatrical profession are welcomed

and they all enjoy the appreciation of the people outside their profession. Among the Romans, the actors and actresses were a despised class, and were almost slaves of freedom. In Burma, too, the actors and actresses are a despised class, and during the régime of Burmese kings they were specially kept aloof by the majority of the people. But this tendency has been imperceptibly changing since the time of the annexation of Upper Burma by the English. Students of English literature know too well the importance of drama in relation to literature, for drama, in whatever language it may be, forms an ornament to, and a rich branch of, literature.

Religion has been, and is still, a bitter opponent of this particular branch of literature that its founders have again and again denounced as immoral. It is, indeed, one of the ironies of the history of literature that drama should be despised while her sister-arts are appraised by the more serious-minded. This irony is severer in Burma than in other countries, and what is more strange is that in the Burmese drama the plots are largely drawn from the sacred writings of the Buddhist religion. Despite this, it is under the ban of the Buddhist Church; in consequence, it gains little admiration and popularity even from its ardent advocates. It is true, indeed, that one finds at a "pagoda feast a sprinkling of priests," especially in Upper Burma, though the Holy Books clearly lay down the rules and regulations for priests. They know their duty better than the laity. It may be a sight of this or some other spectacle that has caused a superficial writer on the people of this land to make a sweeping statement. He has thus thought fit to make it the butt of his

ridicule in his book, *Among the Burmans*. Thus, he proceeds :

Buddhism, as it is seen in the life of the people, is *rotten to the core*. We have seen how its adherents craftily seek to evade the precepts and commandments of their "law," so far as possible; and then to balance their evil doings by works of merit. The priests prey upon the superstitions of their people, and grow fat. If offerings to the monastery do not come in so freely as desired, the wily priest conveniently has a remarkable dream in which a *nat* reveals to him that terrible calamities will befall the people if they do not increase their zeal.

It is not within the scope of the present article to refute such a statement, nor is it the aim of the writer to do so, but it is mentioned here *en passant*. Writer after writer on the people of this land has either extolled or depreciated them for their simplicity of manners and so on. It must be remembered that no religion can be justified by the actions and beliefs of its followers; and this test is one that could not be applied, for the simple reason that if one attempted to apply it there would soon be no Church at all. It does not, therefore, necessarily follow that because one man may violate a certain rite of the faith which he professes, he is to be regarded as a man outside the pale of that religion, nor that the religion is "rotten to the core". It is but natural for a foreigner to look at us through the spectacles of prejudice. It is verily the case of an outsider who judges a religion as he judges everything else in the world; he is sure to look to acts as proofs of belief, and to look to lives as the "ultimate effects of thought". He does not see with the eyes of the man who is within the pale of that religion. Therein he will find *via trita, via tuta*.

In Burma, it is too true that the Buddhist religion strictly prohibits the seeing of such performances, the

hearing of obscene songs, as they are likely to contaminate pure-thinking souls. Strict Burman Buddhists never go to theatres, nor do they encourage their children to go to all kinds of festivals. But the Burman is a jolly fellow. He sets aside the cares and sorrows of this hard world, and whenever he finds any diversion, he plunges into it. On festival-days where such *pièces* are exhibited, young girls and boys may be seen in their fine gaudy clothes with smiles on their lips.

In order to find out the traces of the development of the Burmese drama, we must, in the first place, collect all the materials that are available with regard to Burmese music. It is said that during the reign of King Alaungsithu, the Burmese made considerable progress in civilisation. We are told also it was this noble King who built the Shweku temple at Pergan, where may be seen the "magnificent temple *Ānanda*" built by his grandfather, and which is "the most remarkable," as observed by Yule in his *Embassy to Ava*. It was this King who "made many improvements in the administration of the law, and regulated weights and measures". He is said to have travelled as far as Bengal. It may be from Bengal that the King and his followers heard music and learned it, and imported it when they came back to their own country. One account tells us that he is said to have reached the place where grows the mythological tree, that is the *Zabu Thabye* (meaning *Jambūdvīpa*, or India). When one approaches the neighbourhood of this tree, one hears various sounds which exactly correspond to the sounds produced by musical instruments—sounds, of course, caused by the falling of fruits to the river which

flows past, and by the rustling of its leaves at every gust of wind. It would be a digression to write all about this mythological tree and its connection with Burmese music. Suffice it to say that in Burmese music, only seven notes are taken into account, and each of these notes has three distinct pitches. They are, in fact, the *do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si*, of Burmese music.

We have referred above to the fondness of the Burmese for what is amusing. It is chiefly, therefore, due to the temperament of the people that the Burmese drama has lived with the people, though their religion has tried its best to keep it down. In fact, it is implanted in the life of the people; it cannot be taken away from them, however sublime Buddhism may be. Therefore, we propose to represent in writing something of the drama of this quaint little people. We will now give a full description of a Burmese dramatic performance, which is quaintly called in Burmese, *Zat*, which will hereafter be mentioned in this vernacular name.

A Burmese *Zat* is more or less divided into three or four acts, each act having at least one or two or more scenes. It generally happens that when a drama is being acted, the story, or folk-lore, on which it is founded, is only half-told. Each scene is of about an hour's duration at most. The longest scene is one which is the most popular with the people, and which is called the Betrothal Scene. This scene is known in Burmese as the *Thitsahta* scene. Here one may enjoy varieties of songs, sung by actors and actresses in the *dramatis personæ* of "Prince" and "Princess". We shall hereafter go more fully into this particular scene.

It is a characteristic of the Burmese drama to begin with a Prologue. This is sung by an actress known as the *nat-ka-daw* (the spirit-inspired lady). She dances for some time and then she sings the Prologue, which is very beautiful indeed, in language and thought. Foreigners will miss very little of the original beauty in the lines of Mr. Grant, which are given below :

Blessed source of fourfold light,
 Wondrous rays that reach to Heaven,
 To the joyful hosts divine !
 On the crown of Mount Meru
 Tier on tier the place arises
 Where the Maiden Thuza Nanda
 Seitra, Seittadamma dwells
 With a thousand and ten thousand Queens.
 There above all worlds enthroned
 I, the Lord Thadya receive
 Worship from th' encircling throng.
 Now into this world of mortals
 Delegate of all the Gods,
 I descend, on pleasure bent,
 Where illustrious sons of men
 Have prepared in merry measure
 Dance and song for my delight.

Then comes the scene of jokes. Clowns enter and amuse the audience with the making of jokes. The Burmese clowns pride themselves on making jokes at a moment's notice. After spending half an hour or so at this, another scene ensues. A bevy of maids-of-honour to the King are seen chattering. The clowns announce their coming; jokes are exchanged on both sides, and one may imagine oneself to be in the halls of an imperial palace. One seems to revert to the pre-annexation times. The Ministers then arrive and tell their errand to one of the maids-of-honour, who has access to the presence of the King. She assures him that she shall be pleased to carry the message to the "golden ears" (meaning the King's

ears). The whole bevy of maids then entertain the audience with a chorus in a Siamese tune. It may be mentioned here that the whole scene may be taken to be in the palace. A Burmese king's palace fairly resembles the harem of an eastern Khalife. Maids-of-honour are kept quite apart from other inmates of the palace, far from the sight of male eyes. The Ministers, it seems, have to ask the maids-of-honour for the favour of an audience with the Monarch.

From this scene we pass on to another. We see the King and his Ministers holding an audience, and discussing the affairs of the country. Each one of the Ministers reports on his duties; the King passes royal orders, as he thinks best for the advantage of the people and the State. Such is in outline the description of a Burmese drama when staged. From this scene modern stage-managers have made departures. Putting aside all that is beautiful and quaint, as described above, the modern stage begins with the latter scene—the King and his Ministers holding audience, we may say at Act I, Scene 1.

After this scene another follows in which the King's Ministers proceed with a particular royal edict, or attend on the prince royal (usually the King's eldest son), who is spending his youth under the tutelage of the renowned Professor of Taxila of Indian fame. Having completed his course of study, comprising the eighteen arts and sciences, the prince returns to his father's palace, taking with him his princess. The princess is invariably the daughter of the Professor.

The scene is shifted, and we are ushered into another, known as the Betrothal Scene. The prince and princess dance, and the time occupies about two

hours or so, and the audience is entertained by the dances and songs of the prince and princess. The prince expresses implicit trust in and vows fidelity to the princess, who in her turn reiterates her suspicions and doubts of him. If the audience like to have a quarrel scene, the actor and actress act in accordance with its wishes. The clowns take their respective sides, one with the prince, the other with the princess. The clowns then set the prince and the princess to quarrel. Each clown begins to show the favours he has received from his own master or mistress. One envies the other, and worms himself into greater favour. The princess, tutored by her favourite clown, says she cannot proceed any further from fatigue in such a forest abounding with thorns, wild beasts and what not. Her clown takes her side and tells her not to move even an inch until the prince offers to carry her himself throughout the journey, as a test of his avowed love. This the prince will not do; his favourite clown persuades him and supports his arguments by saying that women are very artful. Then ensues the quarrel. The audience is amused with fitting songs. The gestures and movements indicating wrath are extremely clever. When it is time to close the scene, the clowns announce the fact with a clever innuendo, reminding them that it is past midnight, and they must go on with the main acting. This, in fact, is the *modus operandi* of all Burmese Zats, whether performed by the metropolitan or jungle companies.

But of late, as civilisation advances, there seems to be a change in the Burmese drama. The tide of progress has affected Burma, and Burmans, who never fail to adopt and follow innovations, keep apace with

the western peoples. So at present, Mg Po Sein, the famous actor and ornament of the Burmese stage, has not been behind others. He has borrowed much from the Pārsi and English companies towards the improvement of the Burmese Zat ; and in more ways than one he has succeeded in that line. His name is a favourite one with all classes of people. In acting he may be classed in rank with Sir Herbert Tree of the English stage.

We now therefore propose to give our readers the sketch of a drama (Zat) staged by Mg Po Sein and his company. We shall try and give the play in detail as staged by him at the Jubilee Hall, Rangoon. It is the play of *Sawrabala, The Outlaw*. The word "Sawrabala," is not a Burmese word; it is a Pāli word, meaning "a great (strong) thief".

Act I, Scene 1

The King of Benares and his Ministers sit in audience with all pomp and glory. They discuss all the affairs of the kingdom. As mentioned before, each Minister reports to the "golden ears" of the King. His kingdom is rife with oppression, and the people are suffering. The King asks for the report of the Minister of the Police Department. The Minister reports that one, Sawrabala, stepson of Danakawtala, the rich man of Benares, is oppressing the citizens with robbery and violence. The King enraged, passes his royal command that Sawrabala be outlawed, and a reward of ten thousand athapyas (rupees) be offered for his arrest.

Scene 2

The Ministers, after the King has retired to his chamber, go out, and make the proclamation in accordance with the royal command. The mother of

Sawrabala, who is the wife of the rich man of Benares, is seen in great anguish. She sends her son to escape and hide in the forest, supplying him with necessaries.

Scene 3

Sawrabala is seen with his gang of robbers who care for neither Gods nor men. They amuse the audience in various comic ways. Of course, the gang is composed of comedians.

Act II, Scene 1

In this scene, we have the phase of the old Burman days revived. The rich man and his wife sit together and both seem to be concerned with something that is evidently painful to both of them. The rich man is represented as dressed in up-to-date fashion, with a fur-lined coat, and with a flowing moustache. His wife is the proverbial mare which proves to be a better horse. He is represented as a man under petticoat government, and is dotingly fond of his wife, who is older than himself. The wife shows intelligence in everything, and in an aside she announces her plans with regard to her son who has been prosecuted by the King, and that after careful deliberation she is very anxious to bring about a marriage between her son, Sawrabala, and her stepdaughter, who is the rich man's daughter by his first marriage. And this she is fully determined to bring about.

Scene 2

The rich man's wife craftily devises a means of communicating her desired object to her stepdaughter; for this purpose she proposes that her stepdaughter shall accompany her to the river to perform the head-washing ceremony. With a kind mother's heart—she

is at least forced to assume such an attitude—the stepmother takes her stepdaughter to the river, and reveals her desired object. Santakonmari (such is the stepdaughter's name), however, is surprised at the suggestion; but replies with a pure maiden's heart, truly characteristic of the Burmese maiden, that she has always looked up to Sawrabala as to a brother only, and she cannot profess to love and adore him as a husband. The name of Sawrabala is enough to instil fear into any heart, to say nothing of a girl's sentiment towards him. But Santakonmari is bold enough to like him as her brother, since they were brought up together, under the same roof. Ma Pa Za, the rich man's wife, true to the character of the stepmother, gives vent to her wrath and pours out her hatred in abuse; she beats her in order to force her consent, but Santakonmari is firm in her resolution and, true to her maidenly instinct, refuses firmly to marry Sawrabala. Finally, Santakonmari is thrown into the river by the wicked stepmother, and is left either to sink or to swim. Here we have a scene of weeping as well. The part played by the stepmother is very realistic and the audience is inspired with awe and hatred at her action.

Act 3

We have now a very interesting scene. A hermit and four acolytes, who have set themselves up in sylvan abodes, far away from the haunts of men, come to the river to take air. Santakonmari shouts for help, and the sound reaches the ears of the little brotherhood of acolytes. Each one of them attentively listens to the cries. The audience is kept in convulsions of laughter by the parts played by

these acolytes, who, it seems, are roused to action at the sound of the cries. At last they have the idea that the sound proceeds from the river and take the risk of facing the danger, if there be any at all. They come upon the form of a woman drowning in the river, and a moment later there will be no hope of her ever being rescued. A life is precious indeed. The hermit, who is the head of the little brotherhood, decides to throw aside his responsibility in regard to his position, and makes up his mind to save the woman. The disciples with one voice protest against such a bold and rash undertaking, and remind him of the sacred life he has set out to follow. They think the hermit will meet with a watery grave, and his disciples ask him for inheritance—a scene altogether comic. The hermit, without hesitation, plunges into the river and brings the woman safely to the shore. Then with certain reserve and dignity, as befits his mode of life, and his duties he must not forget, he asks her her parentage, whence she comes, and whither she desires to go? The girl, who is no other than Santakonmari, relates her circumstances. The hermit promises to send her home safely. The audience is kept convulsed with laughter at the parts played by the acolytes, who now offer themselves to perform the duty of escorting her homewards. To the amazement of the acolytes, she refuses to go home, and will have none of them to escort her. But go she must, she is told so by the hermit whose word is entitled to obedience. She is faced with a dilemma, two equally dreadful prospects—the dread of returning home only to succumb to the proverbial wrath of a stepmother, and to marry the man whom she does not love. What appears to be

rather inconsistent, but is most probably arranged to fit in with dramatic propriety, is that she persuades the hermit to marry her. She pulls off his cloak and insists on his marrying her. The hermit is after all a man, made of flesh and blood. After some hesitation—just to comply with dramatic propriety—the hermit agrees to her proposal, presumably fascinated by the woman's charms. He then abandons his hermit life.

Then ensues the Betrothal Scene—a scene which is eagerly looked forward to by the audience. The hermit robes himself in the garb of a prince and commences singing. The prince and princess dance and sing to each other. This scene takes up the major portion of the time in the drama.

Act IV, Scene I

The hermit and his bride, after having acted as prince and princess, now go on with the main action of the play. They take to life earnestly, and earn their living as pickle-sellers. They wander about the town from place to place, from house to house, and at last they come to the rich man's house. The stepmother at once recognises Santakonmari, however shabbily dressed she may be. In her artful way, the stepmother sheds crocodile tears to see her daughter thus reduced to beggary. She tempts Santakonmari with gold ornaments to come into the house and promises to let her have all the jewellery she was wont to wear as a girl. Santakonmari is drawn into the snare. She is shut up inside the house. There is no hope of ever getting out of it. Once having her in her grip, the wicked stepmother knows no mercy. The husband left outside the house, and the wife shut up inside, sing to each other of their love and misfortune.

This very much reminds us of the lay of the huntsman in "The Lady of the Lake". Ma Pa Za, the wicked stepmother then drives away the husband, telling him that Santakonmari is under the lawful protection of Sawrabala, whom she has always loved since their childhood.

It must be mentioned here that the part played by the stepmother is very true to life and finds expression in the daily lives of the Burmese people.

Scene 2

Sawrabala, the outlaw, is brought into the town under the cover of night. There is a plan afoot to carry away Santakonmari to the forest. She is carried away to the forest. She is pressed by the outlaw with threats to marry him. She still refuses, and is firm and resolute, though she is in his hands. Santakonmari is the type of the woman so chaste that "no savage fierce bandit, or mountaineer will dare to soil her virgin purity". He beats her, but is compelled only to go away without obtaining his desire. He leaves her for a time to brood over his misfortunes and orders his men to guard her.

Scene 3

By a stroke of fortune, the hermit comes upon his wife in the forest while the guards are fast asleep. She swears to him her constancy and fidelity; a peaceful conversation seems to go on for a time between the husband and the wife. But misfortunes never come singly. Abruptly Sawrabala appears and binds the hermit to a tree and orders his men to have him killed at midnight.

Act V, Scene 1

This scene is a particularly exciting one. We find the guards who keep watch over the husband and the

wife to be in the land of Nod. Their guardian spirit comes to the aid of the unfortunate pair. The hermit is freed from his bonds and is set free. Ma Pa Za is substituted in his place. The husband and the wife are sent to the rich man's place by the guardian spirit. Under the cover of night, Ma Pa Za is done to death by the outlaws. To his utter grief, Sawrabala comes to know that his mother is killed, and hastens off to the rich man's house to wreak vengeance.

Scene 2

He meets them at the place. He takes hold of her by the hair. He is going to kill her. But the guardian spirit appears and intervenes, preaches to him the law of righteousness, tells him of the fortunes awaiting him and other characters of the play in future existences. Sawrabala is a villain of the deepest dye. He is bent on killing her in revenge, and refuses to listen to any argument whatever. But when he is just on the point of striking a deadly blow, the spirit causes the earth to open and swallow him.

Scene 3

It is night now. Santakonmari is fast asleep. Her husband is by her side and he gazes at her as she lies asleep. He tries to philosophise on the enigmas of this world. He broods on in a strain of mind imbued with Buddhist philosophy and sees the utter uselessness and impermanency of this world. Is this the eschatology? He tries in vain to find a refuge, which at last he finds in Buddha, the Law and the Saṅgha. Ah! such is the cancer that is eating into the fabric of human societies. Vanity of vanities, indeed! This world is indeed a misery after all. He leaves the house silently and the curtain falls.

This is the gist of a Burmese play staged. It will be seen from what has been mentioned above, that the play is simple in action. The story on which it is founded, as in the tragedies of the ancient Greeks, is very simple. In fact, simplicity of plot is characteristic of the Burmese drama. And these plots, as noticed above, are taken without exception from the writings of the Buddhist Sacred Books or from folk-lore, or from the stories passed down by tradition, and the consequence is that the audience, in most cases, knows all about the plots of the play, as if it required no staging at all. But in the Burmese drama, unlike the Greek tragedy, the plots are loosely connected, and sometimes even lacking. This is due to the fact that the Burmese do not treat the drama as an art. Notwithstanding this, there is something to learn, something to look at, something to admire, in the acts and plots of the Burmese drama.

The most interesting scene in the play, as noticed above, is the scene known as the Betrothal Scene. This we have gone into at some length, but we wish to say something more about it. In this scene, the actor and actress dress themselves up in the garb of a prince and princess. For some reasons, which we cannot account for, convention makes them do so. Indeed, they are the hero and heroine of the play. As in keeping with the qualities of a hero and heroine, they are represented as above reproach. They sing and dance to each other, and each tries to out-do the other. This scene has nothing to do with the main action of the play. It is virtually brought in without any reference to the dramatic propriety of the play. The actor and actress address each

other not by the names of the *dramatis personæ*, but by stage names, as they are known to the public. The songs, too, have no connection with the action of the play. It is in this scene that one hears the latest songs and the latest dance. The "prince" usually begins by singing one of the old ballads which is liked and appreciated by all music loving people.

I will say a word about the origin of this species of song that is much appreciated by the Burmese. The origin of this tune is somewhat interesting. It is known to the Burmese, by the name of Yodaya, or the Siamese tune. It is said that this kind of song was first heard sung by the Siamese prisoners of war during the reign of King Bureng Naung of Hanthawadi. From the Siamese the Burmese learned it. The date given by Phayre for the conquest of Siam by the Burmese during the reign of Bureng Naung is A.D. 1557. Coming to the song itself, there are many varieties of it. Now these lovely and majestic songs are usually in praise of hills, dales, valleys, forests, gardens, and they are so rich in language and imagery that even the best lyrics of the English language would find them hard to equal. The Myawadi, Minister of the Alompra Dynasty, was a composer of a great many songs. The famous Siamese song *Taung Taung yan Taw* (meaning hill-covered forest) was composed by him on the occasion when he accompanied King Tharrawadi to Rangoon. There are many varieties of Burmese songs, but it will be rather irksome to go into them at length. But we venture to mention here the most popular one, sung by every one, which may be called the modern Burmese sonnet, known as *Tay dut*.

When the prince has finished his first song he usually ends with another brisk Siamese song. Mr. Grant Brown, of the Burma Commission, has translated some of this species of songs into English.

The place is dim and grey, the darkness spreads :
 The feet of cloudland enter, the silver mists commingle.
 Sweet-smelling zephyrs whirl and kiss each other,
 And many a flower blossoms in the glades.
 Clusters of lilies deck the way,
 Clusters of scented lilies.
 But that I yearn for is not,
 And I am weary : yet 'tis sweet—
 The woods, the driven mist on the hill-sides—
 'Tis wondrous sweet!

So much for the Betrothal Scene.

Then we have other parts of the play to notice. It must be mentioned that the singing is not brought to a close with the Betrothal Scene. But such later songs have, however, their appropriate tunes as they arise out of the action of the play. The other parts of the play are of minor importance, as they all depend more or less on the characters.

I shall now quote what a foreigner thinks about our stage, and for this purpose the following passage is taken from Mr. Stewart's valuable paper, in which he has written what he thinks about it :

The *abandon* of pose, the thrill and break of the voice in a weeping song, would probably be hard to equal in the acting of any country. And indeed, in all moods, the actors succeed in so combining song and dance as to give passion its utmost expression. The brisk and debonair manner, the maidenly reserve, meanwhile, of the princess, who is merely showing her graces, and looking pretty, till her turn comes—the lightsome music and pretty dresses—convey a sense of exhilaration which should rejuvenate the most incorrigibly middle-aged.

Further, writing about a comic scene, the learned writer proceeds :

All things considered, the comedy scenes are wonderfully good. Quotation would be dangerous, for jokes, especially puns, which are much affected, do not translate well.

Writing about the acting, the same author says with much critical judgment :

When we have admitted that the clowns excel in broad farce and that the quarrels and lamentations of the prince and princess have considerable verisimilitude, we have said all there is to say. It is hard to recollect an instance of consistent impersonation of a character all through the play. Yet there are abundant indications that Burman actors have no mean histrionic ability. Why do they not use it? The reasons will probably be found in the traditions and conventions of the Burman stage. It is hard to be certain, but probably the prince and princess are expected to be perfect characters—the prince, the ideal lover, and the princess, the supreme embodiment of all feminine attractions. And so like many heroes and heroines in English fiction, striving to be perfect characters, they divest themselves of all character whatsoever. The convention demands that hero and heroine shall be, or be dressed as, prince and princess; they must wear clothes of a particular cut and as much jewellery as possible. . . .

Such is the opinion of a foreigner and the present writer thinks that it is more valuable than that of a Burman, when the subject itself is one which relates to things Burmese. There is no affectation, there is no partiality in the foreigner's opinion. It will be indeed dangerous for one to pass any criticism when he is only a passive listener who is only a casual playgoer. And moreover, one regrettable thing in Burma is that newspapers and periodicals do not devote any space to dramas. It is to be hoped that at no distant time, there will be improvement in this line, and when Burmans do take to this profession seriously, they may excel any other nation of the globe. For by nature the Burman is an actor; but it remains to be seen how the Burmese stage will develop and improve in the future.

Mg. Ba Aung

CONCERNING SINS

By E. GILBERT

AT sunset this evening I thought of my sins. After sinning, the next best thing is to meditate on the sin. The conclusion was that not all sins are important. Only those really matter which we cannot help committing. The train of thought led to a review of the natural history of particular sins as they appear to me, sometimes in my own case and sometimes in the case of other people.

To-day I saw a driver of a bullock-cart beaten by the owner of a motor-car. The latter made the utmost possible noise to herald his approach, and actually drove for some distance just a yard behind the cart, until the cartman noticed he was there. The motor-driver deliberately alighted, took the cartman's whip and beat him: it was a sin, but done apparently after some thought and not in passion. Meditating on his sin made me wonder just how far it is wrong to cause pain to any of God's creatures: Perhaps it is wrong so long as the creature is young and pliant enough to be teachable without physical pain and if the pain is given without thought for the sufferer's good. What exactly is the part that pain plays in each of our recurring lives? Suppose, for instance, if, knowing it to be wrong, I deliberately defraud a bank, not because I want money,

or want to injure the bank—simply because I want to do it. If a child commits deliberate and wanton offences punishment, to be prohibitive, must be out of all proportion to the offences, whereas a short argument might make the creature repentant: there is a temporary kink in the brain, or the circulation of life in the mental body has become disturbed. As the results are sins that are committed only once in a lifetime with no temptation to repeat them; either they do not matter at all, or very little. I knew the author of a trick on a bank which amazed the country by its audacity and cleverness: it was done by him just to see whether it was possible. It was a sin, but a trivial one which gives no indication of a vice. Perhaps the sins which do not matter are mere casual individual sins; those do matter which tend to become habits.

The commonest types of obvious vices are drink, drugs, and sensuality. In all three cases it appears that the desire arises from the condition of the physical body: in all three bodily satisfaction removes the desire, but if the desire arises in the astral body, how is it satisfied by physical means? Those who see say that it is so; but how does it work? Really the first two vices are in a separate class, for the desire for drink always remains simple, while sensuality appears to rouse in addition a sort of hunting instinct, a desire for unlimited variety of experience, and there can be no end to the desire when the hunting instinct is roused until the individual is utterly crushed.

In my earlier years cash was hard to come by honestly and I did not know how to acquire it dishonestly. In later years I regarded my earlier self as thrifty to the point of meanness, but as now I gain pleasure

from giving what I do not need I have ceased to fear the reproach of meanness. Those who suffer from low vices such as real, inborn, meanness are not likely to read this and need no more than bare mention. The only cure that I can see in this life is intense devotion—probably to a child—or in the next an atmosphere of love to soften and widen the man's interest. For greed of money is merely due to an intense lack of interest in other things, and will disappear as the outlook widens.

I know a Theosophist who, some years ago, was shocked by a criticism on shooting birds and beasts for their flesh, skins, or other trophies. Having been brought up to think shooting one of the pleasures of life, he could not understand the change and that no hunter of animal may become a disciple. Not long ago I learnt his experience on shooting a black buck. When taking his rifle he felt it was wrong, and stopped again and again on the way, distracted by the desire to see whether he could shoot as well as in earlier days and yet preferring to obey the law of love. He said that he laid down his rifle, ready to give up the chase if he might inherit at once the reward of lives of love—if the animals would come near and let him stroke them. He shot one creature, but would not touch the body nor eat the flesh. The skin he kept, but the head which hunters often set store by he could not bear to look at. I think he is near the end of his desire to shoot, and that this sin brings the end nearer. The Christian Scriptures say that the disciple must obey his Master's commands if he would know his doctrine, that is, by forming habits he trains his bodies to the state when they can *see* that the doctrine is right. Is not this the way only for those who are

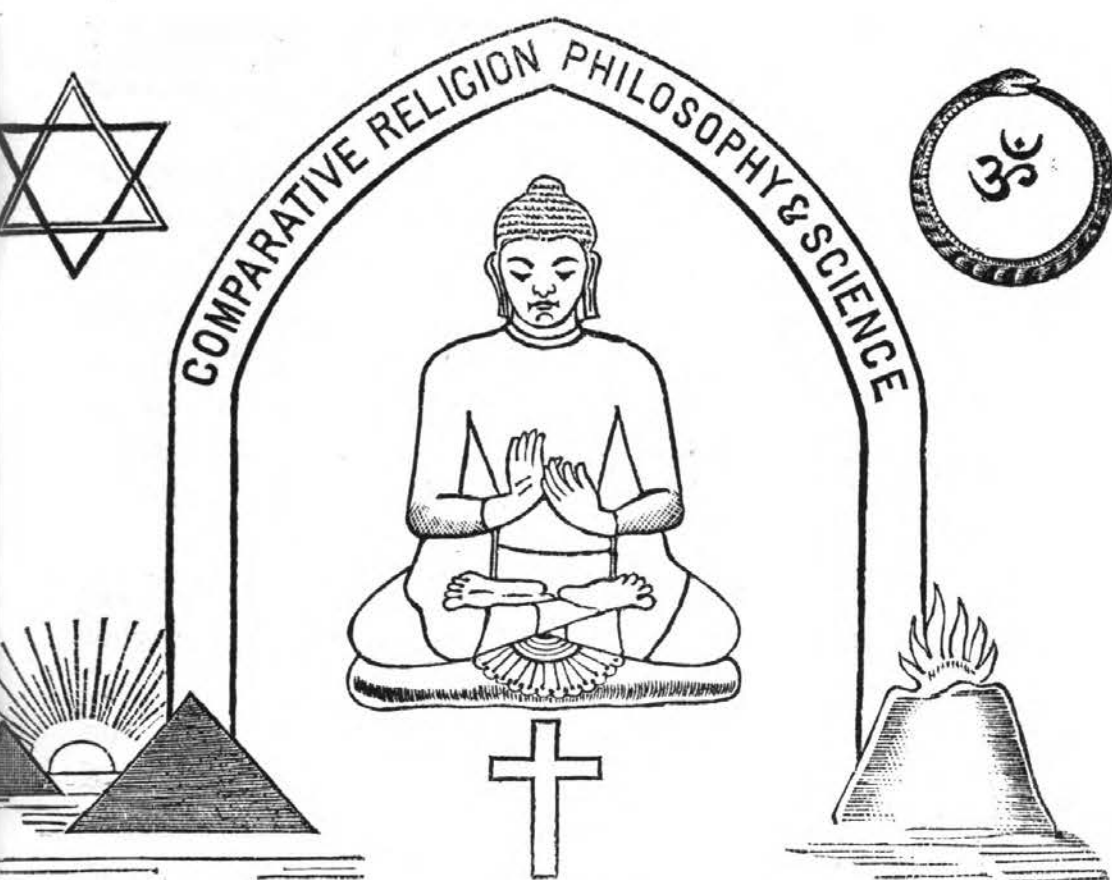
drawn by love? Others hear the law which seems to them contrary to what all the best people do: yet the word remains in the mind, and every time the law is broken it is broken deliberately, until the balance seems in favour of the law and the sin is gone for ever. To be able to sin deliberately is to be about to cease from sinning.

Why do we sin at all? In most cases because we do not know all the facts, or because we do not attach the correct value to each fact. For instance, the manufacturer of ammunition will desire war which improves his profits, but he rarely knows the hard facts of suffering caused to the wounded or bereaved: very few know the effects of their acts on wounds in any world but the physical and we are therefore all acting in the dark. One party says that to become a wealthy manufacturing nation should be our aim: another pleads that wealth cannot atone for the loss of health, freedom, and beauty, when agricultural pursuits give way to the whirr and grime of a factory. Whoever is wrong errs because he attaches too great a value to the points on which he is right, and too little to those on which the other party is right.

Of all sins the greatest is laziness. Taking our costume, diet, thoughts and the colour of our skin from our ancestors and environment, we do as others do, and rarely reach the point where we can sin deliberately: sinning deliberately simply means the pros and cons appear nearly equal, and the pros have it. We are lazy because we have not interest enough to gain new experiences by making new experiments—our lump of curiosity is small. The story of the Garden of Eden attributes sin to curiosity:

experience suggests that sin is mainly due to lack of curiosity. Can it be that curiosity is alike the cause and cure of sin? I remember a schoolboy who held that all experience was useless to those who could profit by it, that sinning once was right, sinning twice leads to perdition: he had not been brought up in a Theosophical home but when I think over his dictum it appears as true as a paradox can be. We are in this world to gain experience, and that gained on the respectable highroads of life will not make heroes of us. Those of us who survive the unpleasant necessity of slaying our fellow-creature in man will probably come back better men, and should be thanking God for the Boer, the Japanese and the present wars. The drunken gambling soldier is laying the foundation of courage—courage to be a teetotaller and anti-vivisectionist in lives to come. Is it that in each life we have to learn just one page of our textbook, and for the time the earlier and the later pages do not matter?

E. Gilbert



THE STORY OF CHATTA

(Translated from the Pāli)

By C. JINARĀJADĀSA, M.A.

[Readers of my *Christ and Buddha* will remember the little story there of "Chatta and the Buddha". I translate below the full story out of the Pāli Scriptures of Buddhism. The verses alone, without the narrative part, appear in that section of the Buddhist canon known as the *Vimāna Vatthu* of the *Khuddhaka Nikāya* of the *Sutta Piṭaka*; the verses, with the story of their composition, appear in the commentary of *Dhammapāla* called *Paramattha Dīpani*. My translation is directly from *Dhammapāla's* commentary.

I should not have been able to translate the difficult verses but for the help of my learned friend, the young Buddhist monk, Sūriyagoḍa Sumaṅgala Thero, Vice-Principal of Parama Dhamma Cetiya College of Ratmalāna, Ceylon, now Examiner in Pāli to the University of Bombay. To him I desire to express my best thanks for enabling the readers of THE THEOSOPHIST to know the full story of Chatta.]

WHEN the Lord was dwelling in the Jeta Grove at Sāvatti, there lived at Setavya a Brahman laḍ called Chatta, the son of a certain Brahman who had long been childless. When he grew to school-going age, he was sent to the town of Ukkaṭṭha by his parents to be with Pokkharasāti, a Brahman instructor. As he was clever and diligent, he very quickly mastered the Vedas and the Sciences, and became accomplished in the culture of the Brahmans.

Then with obeisance he thus addressed his teacher: "I have learnt from you the sciences; what shall be my teacher's fee to you?"

"The teacher's fee is in accordance with the means of the pupil; bring me a thousand pieces of gold."

Chatta then bade good-bye to his teacher, and returned to Setavya to his parents. They welcomed him with delight. After due salutations, he mentioned the matter to them and said:

"Will you give me what is fitting? I can return at once to-day."

His father and mother replied:

"Dearest, it is not lucky to travel to-day; do not go till to-morrow."

Then they collected the gold pieces, and put them in a bag and gave them to him.

Now certain robbers heard of this matter, and hid themselves in the glade of a forest through which

Chatta had to go. "For," said they, "we will kill the boy and take the gold."

Now the Lord at dawn after radiating His great compassion on men, examined the world, and saw that if Chatta could be established in the Refuges and in the Morality,¹ he would then immediately enter heaven when killed by the robbers; and that further if he were to return with his Deva-mansion,² he could establish in the Truth the assembly to whom he appeared. So the Lord went in advance and sat down at the foot of a tree on the road that Chatta would take.

The boy, when he had received the present for his teacher, left Setavya and took the road to Ukkaṭṭha; and on the way thither he saw the Lord seated. He came near and stood on one side.

"Whither art thou going?" said the Lord.

"O Gotama, I am going to Ukkaṭṭha to give the teacher's fee to Pokkharasāti," replied Chatta.

Then the Lord, "Son, dost thou know the Three Refuges and the Five Precepts?"

"No, Lord; what are they and what is their use?"

"They are these," said the Lord; and He explained to him the "Entrance to the Refuges" and the "Practice of the Morality". He then said:

"Son, learn now first how to enter into the Refuges."

"Lord, I will learn them well, teach me," said Chatta.

¹ These are fully explained later on in the story. The Refuges are Buddha, His Truth, and His Brotherhood; the Morality is the Five Precepts for the laity.

² This Deva-mansion is in Pāli "vimāna". Presumably it is the aura of a Deva, as it is said to extend for miles, and he travels with it.

Thus prayed by the boy, the Lord recited, in poetic form to suit the boy's inclination, these verses that describe the way of entering the Refuges.

The Supreme Teacher of teachers among men is the Lord, the Sage of the Sākya; He has achieved perfection and attained Nirvāna, and is full of strength and energy.

To Him, the Blessed One, go thou for Refuge.

The Truth brings freedom from passion, desire and sorrow; it is self-begotten, inviting, sweet, plain and logical.

To the Truth go thou for Refuge.

Four Grades there are of the Holy Ones, and eight Ranks they make; Service to them verily brings great reward.

Go thou to the Brotherhood for Refuge.

The Lord taught with these three verses the Attributes of the Refuges and the Modes of Entering the Refuges; and immediately afterwards the boy repeated those verses, "The Supreme Teacher of teachers" and what follows, to show that he had firmly grasped them. In the same manner he repeated what was told him concerning the Five Precepts, the nature of each and its consequence; with understanding he "took the Precepts" in due form.

With swift realisation and with gladdened mind, "And now, Lord, I shall depart," he said. He then proceeded on his way, recalling the virtues of the Three Gems.¹

The Lord then returned to the Jeta Grove, saying, "Sufficient is the powerful merit of this to give him birth in the Deva World."

Now the boy determined that he would obtain the virtues of the Three Gems, and he established himself in the Refuges as taught by the Lord. As then

¹ The Buddha, His Truth, and His Brotherhood.

he went on his way rejoicing, and repeating, "I go for Refuge," he was set upon by the robbers; he was quite unaware of their presence, for he was wrapt up in the thought of the virtues of the Three Gems. One of the robbers slipped out of a bush, and swiftly let fly a poisoned arrow and killed him. Then picking up the bag of gold, he went away with his fellows.

The boy, the moment he was dead, was born in the Tāvātīṃsa heaven with a Deva-mansion of thirty yojanas¹; its splendour further extended to twenty yojanas more.

Now when the dwellers near by Setavya saw that the boy was dead, they hastened to Setavya and broke the news to his father and mother; and dwellers near Ukkaṭṭha went to Ukkaṭṭha and told the Brahman Pokkharasāti. At the news, the father and mother and relations and friends, and Pokkharasāti, and their attendants arrived at the scene, lamenting with streaming faces; there also gathered in great numbers the inhabitants of Setavya, Ukkaṭṭha and Icchāmaṅgala, and they all made a great gathering. The boy's parents then made a funeral pyre near the roadside and began the ceremonies for the dead.

Then the Lord thus thought: "The boy Chatta will come to pay reverence to me, if I go there; I shall make him describe all that happened and demonstrate the result of Karma; so I shall proclaim the Truth, and a multitude will comprehend what it is." So thinking, He went to the place, accompanied by a large number of His disciples, and sat down at the foot

¹ A yojana is about twelve miles. The old mind of the Orient did not challenge exaggeration so long as it was picturesque.

of a tree, flashing out the six colours of the Buddha rays.¹

Now Chatta looked at his own beatitude, and sought for its cause; he saw that it was due to Entering the Refuges and Taking the Precepts. Filled with delight and full of reverence for the Lord, he thought in gratitude, "Indeed I will go and worship the Lord and His disciples, and I will proclaim to the assembly the virtues of the Three Gems." So he came with his Deva-mansion, and lit up with radiance the whole country round; stepping then out of his mansion in a glory, he revealed himself. He approached the Lord and prostrated at His feet in worship; then raising his hands to his forehead stood on one side.

When the assembly saw him, they exclaimed in amazement, "Who is this? Is he a Deva, or Brahmā himself?" and came up to the Lord and gathered round Him. The Lord thereupon addressed the angel² as follows, in order to make manifest the result of a meritorious Karma :

Nor shines with such splendour the sun in the sky, nor the moon, nor Phussa,³ as shines this thy incomparable radiance. Why hast thou come from heaven to earth?

Twenty yojanas and more spreads the radiance of thy mansion, immaculate, pure, and beautiful; it surpasses the sun's rays and makes night to day.

Myriads of lotuses, white and red, and flowers of many a hue adorn it; roofed over with beauteous nets of gold, it shines in the sky even as the sun.

¹ These are the colours in the aura of the Lord, which extended to some three miles; many seeing the colours in the air knew the Lord was near. The colours are arranged in concentric spheres, and are blue, yellow, rose, white, golden orange, and "gleaming"; the last, the colour of the outermost sphere, is made up of the five colours in succession.

² Chatta in his Deva-body.

³ A star in Cancer, whose light is said to persist for ever.

As thickly move the stars in the sky, so move there slender goddesses in crimson robes and golden veils bedecked, with complexions like unto gold, and scented with perfumes of sandal, piṅgala and aloes.

There gods and goddesses move, many-hued and innumerable, clad in gold, with golden ornaments adorned; joyful they are, and decked in garlands that scatter scent as the breezes move them.

How hast thou come to possess such an abode? What was thy purification that brought thee this fruit of Karma? Speak, son, and answer.

The angel replied in these verses:

The Lord met a boy here by the roadside, and in His compassion gave him instruction; "I will obey," said Chatta, when he heard the teaching concerning Thy noble Gems.

"I take Refuge in the Mighty Conqueror, in His Truth, and in His Disciples."—I know them not, I said, when at first questioned; but after, I followed the teaching Thou gavest then, Lord.

"Take thou not life in any way whatsoever; a sin it is, and the wise praise not heedlessness to creatures."—I know it not, I said, when at first questioned; but after, I followed the teaching Thou gavest then, Lord.

"Think thou not to take what is not given thee and is possessed by another."—I know it not, I said, when at first questioned; but after, I followed the teaching Thou gavest then, Lord.

"Go thou not to another's wife, that is under his protection; that is a dishonour."—I know it not, I said, when at first questioned; but after, I followed the teaching Thou gavest then, Lord.

"Speak thou not any falsehood whatsoever; the wise praise not words that are untruthful."—I know it not, I said, when at first questioned; but after, I followed the teaching Thou gavest then, Lord.

"Abstain thou from all drink that robs a man of his mind."—I know it not, I said, when at first questioned; but after, I followed the teaching Thou gavest then, Lord.

Thus I took Five Precepts, and set my feet on the way of the Lord's Truth. Where two roads met robbers awaited me, and for the sake of the gold they killed me.

My act of dedication alone I remember; other than that there is now nothing in me. By the merit of my act I was born in joy-fulfilling heaven.

Behold the merit of fulfilling the Law even for a moment; and many are envious when they see me shining in glory.

Because of brief instruction, see how heaven is my reward and I am blissful; whoso will daily follow the Doctrine I think will attain to peace and immortality.

Great is the reward even of a little action, for great is the fruit of following the Lord's Doctrine. Behold now Chatta who through his merit floods like the sun the earth with brilliance.

"What is Virtue, and how shall we attain it?" Thus men ask when they come together. Now that again I bear a human form, firm in achievement may I live observing the Precepts.

"The Lord is full of loving-kindness and compassion." Thus I remembered all the while [I was being murdered]. Behold me now come to Thy Truth's appellation; be Thou gracious that we may hear Thy Doctrine.

Thus he spoke in thanksgiving, and also to show that there could be no satiety in serving the Lord or in listening to the Doctrine. The Lord observed the angel's desire on behalf of the audience there assembled, and delivered to them a sermon; and finding them receptive He expounded gradually the higher truths.

When the sermon was over, the angel, and his father and mother, obtained the fruit of the First Stage,¹ and the multitude comprehended the Truth.

Established now in the fruit of the First Stage, the angel saw the advantage to his parents if they advanced further on the Path, and with a view to that he thus spoke.

¹ The first of the four great Stages on the Path, known in our Theosophical studies as the great Initiations.

Those who cast aside lust and desire for life and delusion¹, never more at birth shall be imprisoned in a womb. Unto the Peace they go, unto Nirvāṇa.

Thus the āṅgel made known that by accepting the teaching as to the attainment of Nirvāṇa he had achieved the fruit of the First Stage. Then thrice he walked round the Lord in worship, and to His disciples gave due reverence; and taking leave of his parents he returned to heaven.

The Lord arose and departed with His disciples, and the boy's parents and the Brahman Pokkharasāti and all present accompanied Him awhile and then returned. When the Lord arrived at the Jeta Grove, He explained all in full to the assembled Brotherhood. And the assembly received the Discourse with great advantage.

C. Jinarājadāsa

¹Three "fetters" on the Path; the stage referred to is that of the Anāgāmins, who "do not return", *i.e.*, who attain Adeptship in that same life.

THE HOLY GHOST OR THE PARACLETE

By A. GOVINDACHARYA SVAMIN, C.E., M.R.A.S.

“**H**OLY Ghost” is the same as “Holy Spirit”. It is the Third Person of the Trinity, the First Person being God, the Second being the Son. The function of the Holy Ghost is to be the Paraclete, or Advocate. Let us trace the several ideas intended to be conveyed by the Third Person in the development of Christianity; and then compare them with parallel ideas in other religions.

In the Old Testament, we have in *Genesis*, i, 2, the Spirit of God, or Spirit of Jehovah, “moving upon the face of the waters”. This may mean God’s Spirit Itself, or the Spirit in God. Whichever it be, it is the active Divine Principle in nature. This meaning is strengthened by *Psalms*, civ, 30: “Thou sendest forth thy spirit, they are created.”

In I. *Samuel*, xvi, 13, we read that Samuel anointed David, and “the spirit of the Lord came mightily upon David from that day forward”. This shows that the Spirit is the power by which higher energies of the human soul are aroused; and in *Isaiah*, lxi, 1, we read “the spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek,” showing that the energy, or one of the soul’s energies, so roused is the prophetic faculty.

Now referring to *Joel*, ii, 28 ff., we read :

And it shall come to pass afterwards, that I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh ; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions.

And also upon the servants and upon the handmaids in those days will I pour out my spirit.

This shows that the Prophets looked forward to a Messianic age as the special time for the full manifestation of the Spirit. This you will find repeated in the *Acts of the Apostles*, ii, 17-18.

In *Acts*, ii, 1-4, we learn that it was the Feast Day of Pentecost.

And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting. . . . And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance.

And in *Acts*, x, 44 : " While Peter yet spake these words, the Holy Ghost fell on all them which heard the word." This shows that the early Christians saw a personal Spirit dowering them with extraordinary gifts.

Coming to *Romans*, viii, 11, ff., we find S. Paul saying :

But if the Spirit of Him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you, he that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies by his Spirit that dwelleth in you.

This shows that to S. Paul, the Holy Ghost is the principle of the Divine Life in the community.

Next, in *Galatians*, v, 22-23, we find the Holy Ghost as the Generator of all spiritual graces--thus :

But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long suffering, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, meekness, temperance.

The Spirit's, or Ghost's, proper personality is first clearly implied in *Matthew*.

Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

In *John*, xiv, 16, Christ says :

And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever.

In *John*, xiv, 20, Christ says :

At that day ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you.

In *John*, xiv, 26, He says :

But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you.

And Paul in II. *Corinthians*, xiii, 14, apostrophises with the benediction :

The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all. Amen.

Considering all the several ideas in these passages conveyed by the expression "Holy Ghost," it will be easy to understand how the two great divisions in Christianity, *viz.*, Trinitarian and Unitarian arose. The Unitarian doctrine which is the doctrine of the undivided unity of the Divine Nature, is also the distinguishing doctrine of the Old Testament. As to Christ, the Unitarians hold two views: One that He is an emanation from the Supreme; the second called the humanitarian view, namely, a mere man made Lord and Christ by His resurrection from the dead. The present tendency generally of the Unitarians is towards a simple theism with Jesus Christ as its Chief Prophet. (Put Muhammad in lieu of Jesus and

you have Muhammad-anism). This is the reason why Unitarianism is more congenial to the tenets of Brāhmanism, which, however, is a theism bereft of all the traditional trappings constituting what is called Hindūism.

The Trinitarians affirm a Deity but as having a threefold Personality, Father, Son and Holy Ghost; or the One God in three aspects, mainly based on the passages of the New Testament. The Trinity is also distinguished as essential and economical; the essential with reference to the inner metaphysical relations of the Three Persons, and the economical with reference to the redemptive activities of Deity.

Whether the Holy Ghost proceeded from the Father alone, or from the Father and the Son, was a matter which separated the Greek and the Roman Churches. However, *filioque*, "and from the Son," was a phrase added by the western Church, the Roman, in the sixth century A.D.

Here it is apropos to state the Roman or Latin idea of God as a Power outside of the course of nature, or extra-cosmic, occasionally interfering with it; and to state the Greek idea of God as the Power working in and through nature, without interference or infraction of law, or intra-cosmic. Now in the idea of the Holy Spirit, or Holy Ghost, viewed progressively (as above) from the Old to the New Testament, it will be observed that the idea of God in both these aspects is evidenced in various forms; and the one solid Truth is made manifest, *viz.*, the continuous approach of God and man, not a mere physical or metaphysical approach, but a moral *rapprochement*. Rationalistic writers endeavoured to reduce the Holy Ghost to no more than the moral

faculty in man—buddhi. But what, after all, it can mean we shall now examine in the light of eastern Scriptures, or the Vedānta.

The Vedāntic conception of God is that He is both outside nature, and inside it, and *a posteriori* in man; hence it is a union of the partial conceptions characterising the Latin and the Greek Churches as shown above. Whether the Spirit of God moving over the face of the waters, indicates supra-natural God, or the active Divine Principle in nature, the fact is clear, that the breath breathed from outside came to dwell in the inside. If the “breathing” of *Genesis* indicates the first beginnings of the motions of a soul, by the time that Christ is reported to have said in *John* that the Holy Ghost, or Comforter, should abide in the community after His passing away, and that Paul said his benediction in II. *Corinthians*, the soul had shown great progress in the evolution of the divine nature; in other words, God, latent at the stage of the first “breathing,” had gone far in manifestation in man by the time of Jesus Christ and the Apostles. Evolution of soul *pari passu* with the manifestation of God has never ceased, but has been going on in the body of the Church. So it may be reasoned.

Christ is the Son of God, and also the Bride of God—both being figurative expressions. Whether Son or Bride, it simply indicates the several kinds of kinship the soul holds to God, as the child of God or the heir of God. Be it Son or Bride, it ever dwells in the bosom of God. Hence *John*, i, 18 :

No man hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him.

And Christ is one with the Father, according to *John*, x, 30: "I and my Father are one." "Son," "Bride," "in the bosom of God," "in my Father," "I and my Father are one," are all expressions to show the divine nature of the soul, and its most intimate, inextricable, loving relation to Deity. In this way we may understand Dante's lines in the *Purgatorio*, xx:

What I was saying of that only bride,
Of the Holy Ghost and which occasioned thee
To turn towards me for some commentary.

In the Bible itself, the story in *Matthew*, 25, of "the virgins going forth to meet the Bride," and *Revelations*, xxii, 17, "the Spirit and the Bride say, Come," are quite significant in this connection. In *The Song of Solomon*, the Church in turn, in which the Holy Ghost abides, is the Bride of Christ.

Both Christ and the Holy Ghost represent the Grace of God operating on the soul in different manners—Grace as Christ is Grace made manifest in flesh, and Grace as Holy Ghost is Grace invisibly operating on the soul both from outside and inside, but more abidingly and abundantly inside. Of Christ it is written in *Matthew*, i, 18, that Mary "was found with child of the Holy Ghost," and i, 20, that "that which is conceived in her is of the Holy Ghost". From this it may be conceived that the same principle of Grace, invisible as Holy Ghost, becomes visible as Christ. Consulting the Evangelist John, he tells us in i, 14, that what became flesh was the Word. Hence both Christ and the Holy Ghost are intimately referent to the Principle, or Word, which eternally abides with God. Hence John is found stating in i, 2-3:

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God.

Here we come to Plato's eternal ideas, and the eternal Word, the Veda. The Word, or the Veda, never dies. It becomes dormant at one time and is revived at another time according to the passage :

Inspired men obtained the Word by their austerities from the Self-Existent—the Word that was hidden.

Hence the Word externally abides in God; its meaning, guiding souls, is the Holy Ghost; and its becoming flesh is the great fact of Incarnation—the Christ.

The primeval surface of the idea "Ghost" is literally found in the Vedic passage: "The *Rgveda*, or the Holy Word, is but the breathing of this Great Ghost (*bhūta*)." Firstly, there is no word without the breath; and secondly, breath and spirit are closely allied in human thought. The first meaning is therefore expressed in such passages of the Upaniṣhaṭs as: "Ṛk indeed is Speech (Word), Sāman is Breath; the union is the Holy Word Aum (Om)—the *Udgītha*," or the song of the soul going out in prayer to its Father.

As to the origin of the word Christ, it is traceable to *Shrī* of the Vedas. The Hebrew Word, Messiah, means the Anointed. Christ is a translation of that Word. In the early years of the Church, Christians were often referred to as Chrestians. In Greek, *Christos* means excellent, and is cognate with the Samskr̥ṭ, *Shreṣṭha*, which is derivable from *Shrī*. Also if the component of the word Eucharist, *vis.*, the Greek, *Charis*, be considered, it means Grace.

It is therefore possible *Charis* is philologically connected with *Chrest*, Christ, *Shreṣṭha*, *Shrī*, all meaning Grace. And that *Shrī*, or Christ, is the Bride of God, eternally dwelling in His bosom, is borne out by many passages of the Hindū Scriptures, of which one occurring in the famous *Puruṣha-Sūkṭa*, may be mentioned: "Hrī [material] and Lakṣhmī [spiritual] are Thy Brides." Lakṣhmī, very much akin to Logos is a synonym of Shrī, Puruṣha being Nārāyaṇa (see *Nārāyaṇīya*, *Shānti-parva*, *Mahābhārata*).

In the beginning of this paper, it was stated that the function of the Holy Ghost is to be the Paraclete, or Advocate; *i.e.*, the Mediator between the soul and God; in other words, the Saviour. As Christ is Mediator and Saviour, and the Holy Ghost is only the subtle form of Christ, Shrī, in Hindūism, is the Mediatrix. She is called the *Puruṣhakāra*, which almost sounds like Paraclete. In all probability they have a family connection, *i.e.*, philologically. It means the Interceder between the soul and God. It is Grace which prevails with the soul to turn it Godward, and prevails with God to pardon the soul and turn Him soulward. In the *Kenopaniṣhaṭ* (iii Khaṇḍa) a story is told how the celestials asked Agni and Vāyu, who were very proud, to discover God (*Yakṣha*). In their pride they attempted, but ignominiously failed. And they asked Indra, a yet higher deity among the minor Gods and he was humble. Seeing his humility the Holy Word, in the form of a Female, appeared before Indra, and interceded on his behalf with God. In a work called *Shrī-Vachana-Bhūṣhaṇa*, by Bāla-Lokāchārya, translated for the Chicago Parliament of Religions (1893) by Pārthasārathi Yogī, at the Rev. Dr. W. Miller's instance, a

matchless discourse on the functions of the Paraclete is found. It would be therefore superfluous in this paper to enter largely into that subject. God and Grace are a united Principle. They are spoken of differently on account of the different attributes of the Deity manifesting or operating in different ways.

A. Govindacharya Svamin

(To be concluded)

A CHILD OF NATURE

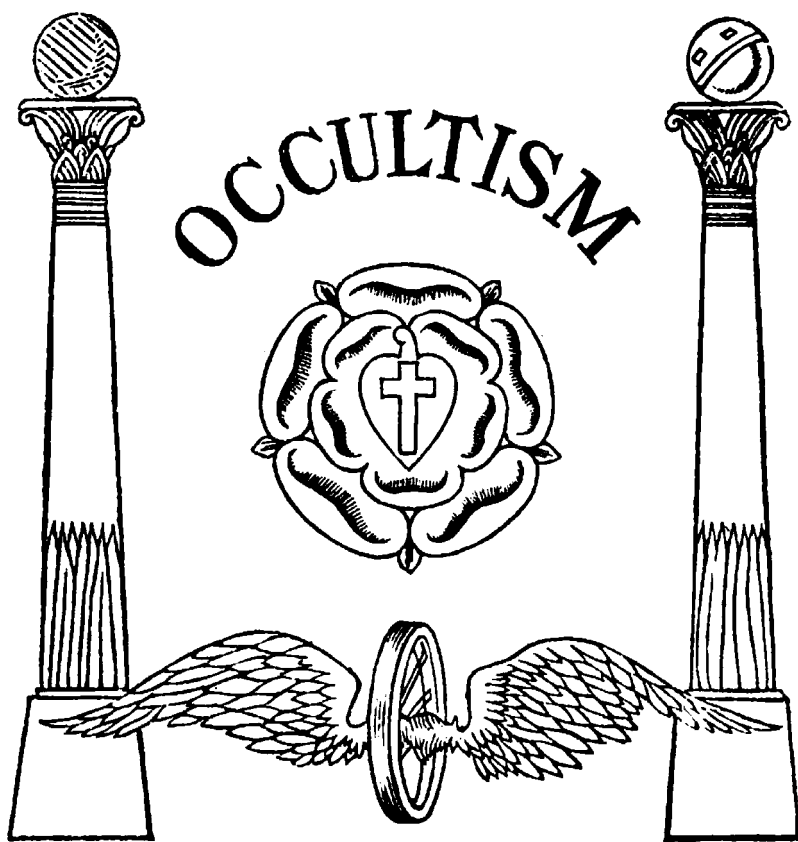
The soft brown earth around me lies
 So sweet and clean,
 The fresh green grass all gently sighs
 To the breeze unseen.

The new-born elm-leaves dance in glee
 Like a thousand butterflies ;
 They are happy and pure in their liberty—
 Pure as the cloud-flecked skies.

For Nature's filled with purity
 Holy and fair ;
 Nought that doth own Her sovereignty
 Doth foulness wear.

I know nought sweeter than the earth,
 I know nought purer than the skies ;
 O let me take of Her new birth
 And be Her child, clean, fair and wise !

F. GORDON PEARCE



THE BUDDHIC CONSCIOUSNESS

By C. W. LEADBEATER

ALL students are theoretically acquainted with the idea of the buddhic plane and its wonderful characteristic of unity of consciousness; but most of them probably regard the possibility of obtaining any personal experience of that consciousness as belonging to the far-distant future. The full development of the buddhic vehicle is for most of us still remote, for it belongs to the stage of the Fourth, or Arhaṭ, Initiation;

but it is perhaps not entirely impossible for those who are as yet far from that level to gain some touch of that higher type of consciousness in quite another way.

I was myself brought along what I should describe as the ordinary and commonplace line of occult development, and I had to fight my way laboriously upward, conquering one subplane after another, first in the astral world, then in the mental, and then in the buddhic; which means that I had the full use of my astral, mental and causal vehicles before anything came to me that I could define certainly as a real buddhic experience. This method is slow and toilsome, though I think it has its advantages in developing accuracy in observation, in making sure of each step before the next is taken. I have no doubt whatever that it was the best for a person of my temperament; indeed, it was probably the only way possible for me; but it does not follow that other people may not have quite other opportunities.

It has happened to me in the course of my work to come into contact with a number of those who are undergoing occult training; and perhaps the fact which emerges most prominently from my experience in that direction is the marvellous variety of method employed by our Masters. So closely adapted is the training to the individual that in no two cases is it the same; not only has every Master His own plan, but the same Master adopts a different scheme for each pupil, and so each person is brought along exactly that line which is most suitable for him.

A remarkable instance of this variability of method came under my notice not long ago, and I think that an explanation of it may perhaps be useful to some of our

students. Let me first remind them of the curious inverted way in which the ego is reflected in the personality; the higher manas, or intellect, images itself in the mental body, the intuition, or buddhi, reflects itself in the astral body, and the spirit, or ātmā, itself somehow corresponds to the physical. These correspondences show themselves in the three methods of individualisation, and they play their part in certain inner developments; but until lately it had not occurred to me that they could be turned to practical account at a much earlier stage by the aspirant for occult progress.

A certain student of deeply affectionate nature developed (as it was quite right and proper that he should) an intense love for the teacher who had been appointed by his Master to assist him in the preliminary training. He made it a daily practice to form a strong mental image of that teacher, and then pour out his love upon him with all his force, thereby flooding his own astral body with crimson, and temporarily increasing its size enormously. He used to call the process "enlarging his aura". He showed such remarkable aptitude in this exercise, and it was so obviously beneficial to him, that an additional effort along the same line was suggested to him. He was recommended, while holding the image clearly before him, and sending out the love-force as strongly as ever, to try to raise his consciousness to a higher level and unify it with that of his teacher.

His first attempt to do this was amazingly successful. He described a sensation as of actually rising through space; he found what he supposed to be the sky like a roof barring his way, but the force of his

will seemed to form a sort of cone in it, which presently became a tube through which he found himself rushing. He emerged into a region of blinding light which was at the same time a sea of bliss so overwhelming that he could find no words to describe it. It was not in the least like anything that he had ever felt before; it grasped him as definitely and instantaneously as a giant hand might have done, and permeated his whole nature in a moment like a flood of electricity. It was more real than any physical object that he had ever seen, and yet at the same time so utterly spiritual. "It was as though God had taken me into Himself, and I felt His Life running through me," he said.

He gradually recovered himself and was able to examine his condition; and as he did so he began to realise that his consciousness was no longer limited as it had hitherto been—that he was somehow simultaneously present at every point of that marvellous sea of light; indeed, that in some inexplicable way he *was* himself that sea, even though apparently at the same time he was a point floating in it. It seemed to us who heard that he was groping after words to express the consciousness which, as Madame Blavatsky so well puts it, has "its centre everywhere and its circumference nowhere".

Further realisation revealed to him that he had succeeded in his effort to become one with the consciousness of his teacher. He found himself thoroughly comprehending and sharing that teacher's feelings, and possessing a far wider and higher outlook on life than he had ever had before. One thing that impressed him immensely was the image of himself

as seen through the teacher's eyes; it filled him with a sense of unworthiness, and yet of high resolve; as he whimsically put it.

“I found myself loving myself through my teacher's intense love for me, and I knew that I could and would make myself worthy of it.”

He sensed also a depth of devotion and reverence which he had never before reached; he knew that in becoming one with his earthly teacher he had also entered the shrine of his true Master, with whom that teacher in turn was one, and he dimly felt himself in touch with a Consciousness of unrealisable splendour. But here his strength failed him; he seemed to slide down his tube again, and opened his eyes upon the physical plane.

Consulted as to this transcendent experience, I enquired minutely into it, and easily satisfied myself that it was unquestionably an entry into the buddhic world, not by toilsome progress through the various stages of the mental, but by a direct course along the ray of reflection from the highest astral subplane to the lowest of that intuitional world. I asked as to physical effects, and found that there were absolutely none; the student was in radiant health. So I recommended that he should repeat the effort, and that he should with utmost reverence try to press higher still, and to raise himself, if it might be, into that other August Consciousness. For I saw that here was a case of that combination of golden love and iron will that is so rare on this our Sorrowful Star; and I knew that a love which is utterly unselfish and a will which recognises no obstacles may carry their possessor to the very Feet of GOD Himself.

The student repeated his experiment, and again he succeeded beyond all hope or expectation. He was able to enter that wider Consciousness, and he pressed onward and upward into it as though he were swimming out into some vast lake. Much of what he brought back with him he could not comprehend; shreds of ineffable glories, fragments of conceptions so vast and so gorgeous that no merely human mind can grasp them in their totality. But he gained a new idea of what love and devotion could be—an ideal after which to strive for the rest of his life.

Day after day he continued his efforts (we found that once a day was as often as it could be wisely attempted); further and further he penetrated into that great lake of love, and yet found no end to it. But gradually he became aware of something far greater still; he somehow knew that this indescribable splendour was permeated by a subtler glory yet more inconceivably splendid, and he tried to raise himself into that. And when he succeeded, he knew by its characteristics that this was the Consciousness of the great World-Teacher Himself. In becoming one with his own earthly teacher he had inevitably joined himself to the consciousness of his Master, with whom that teacher was already united; and in this further marvellous experience he was but proving the close union which exists between that Master and the Boḍhisattva, who in turn had taught Him. Into that shoreless sea of Love and Compassion he plunges daily in his meditation, with such upliftment and strengthening for himself as may readily be imagined; but he can never reach its limits, for no mortal man can fathom such an ocean as that.

Striving ever to penetrate more and more deeply into this wondrous new realm which had so suddenly opened before him, he succeeded one day in reaching a yet further development—a bliss so much more intense, a feeling so much more profound, that it seemed to him at first as much higher than his first buddhic touch as that had been above his earlier astral experiences. He remarked: “If I did not know that it is impossible for me to attain it yet, I should say that this must be Nirvāṇa.”

In reality it was only the next subplane of the buddhic—the second from the bottom, and the sixth from the top; but his impression is significant as showing that not only does consciousness widen as we rise, but the rate at which it widens increases rapidly. Not only is progress accelerated, but the rate of such acceleration grows by geometrical progression. Now this student reaches that higher subplane daily and as a matter of course, and is working vigorously and perseveringly in the hopes of advancing still farther. And the power, the balance and the certainty which this introduces into his daily physical life is amazing and beautiful to see.

Another phenomenon which he observes, as accompanying this, is that the intense bliss of that higher plane now persists beyond the time of meditation and is becoming more and more a part of his whole life. At first this persistence was for some twenty minutes after each meditation; then it reached an hour; then two hours; and he is confidently looking forward to a time when it will be his as a permanent possession—a part of himself. A remarkable feature of the case is that this prodigious daily exaltation is

not followed by any sign of the slightest reaction or depression, but instead produces an ever-augmenting radiance and sunniness.

Becoming gradually more accustomed to functioning in this higher and more glorious world, he began to look about him to some extent, and was presently able to identify himself with many other less exalted consciousnesses. He found these existing as points within his extended self, and he discovered that by focussing himself at any one of these points he could at once realise the highest qualities and spiritual aspirations of the person whom it represented. Seeking for a more detailed sympathy with some whom he knew and loved, he discerned that these points of consciousness were also, as he put it, holes through which he could pour himself down into their lower vehicles; and thus he came into touch with those parts of their lives and dispositions which could find no expression on the buddhic plane. This gave him a sympathy with their characters, a comprehension of their weaknesses, which was truly remarkable, and could probably have been attained in no other way—a most valuable quality for the work of a disciple in the future.

The wondrous unity of that intuitional world manifested itself to him in unsuspected examples. Holding in his hand one day what he regarded as a specially beautiful little object, part of which was white, he fell into a sort of ecstasy of admiration of its graceful form and harmonious colouring. Suddenly, through the object, as he gazed at it, he saw unfolded before him a landscape, just as though the object had become a tiny window, or perhaps a crystal. The

landscape is one that he knows and loves well, but there was no obvious reason why the little object should bring it thus before him. A curious feature was that the white part of that object was represented in the sky of his picture. Impressed by this wholly unexpected phenomenon, he tried the experiment of raising his consciousness while he revelled in the beauty of the prospect. He had the sensation of passing through some resisting medium into a higher plane, and found that the view before him had changed to one which was strange to him, but even more beautiful than that which he knew so well. The piles of white cloud had become a towering snow-covered mountain, with its long line sweeping down to a sea of colour richer than any that in this incarnation he has seen. The rocky bays, the buildings, the vegetation, were all foreign to him, though well-known to me; and by a little careful questioning I soon ascertained without room for doubt that the scene upon which he was looking was that which I suspected—a real physical view, but one many thousands of miles from the spot where he sat gazing at it. Since that hallowed spot is often in my mind, though I assuredly was not thinking of it at that moment, what the student saw may have been a thought-form of mine. I imagine that up to this point what had happened may be quite simply described. I presume that the student's emotion was excited by his admiration, and that the heightened vibrations which were caused in this way brought into operation his astral senses, and this enabled him to see a view which was not physically visible, but well within astral reach. The endeavour to press on further temporarily opened the mental

sense, and by it he was able to see my thought-form— if that second view *was* a thought-form of mine.

But the student did not rest satisfied with that: he repeated his attempt to push on still higher, or (as he put it) still deeper into the real meaning of it all. Once more he had the experience of breaking through into some exalted and more refined state of matter; and this time it was no earthly scene that rewarded his effort, for the foreground burgeoned forth into an illimitable universe filled with masses of splendid colour, pulsating with glorious life, and the snow-covered mountain became a great White Throne vaster than any mountain, veiled in dazzling golden light. A strange fact connected with this vision is that the student to whom the experience came is entirely unacquainted with the Christian Scripture, and was unaware that any text existing therein had any bearing upon what he saw. I asked him whether he could repeat this experience at will; he did not know, but later on he tried the experiment, and succeeded in again passing through those stages in the same order, giving some additional details of the foreign landscape which proved to me that this was not merely a feat of memory; and this time the awe-stricken seer whispered that amidst the coruscations of that light he once had a passing glimpse of the outline of a Mighty Figure Who sat upon the Throne. This also, you may say, might be a thought-form, built by some Christian of vivid imagination. Perhaps; but when a few days later an opportunity occurred, and I asked a Wise One what significance we might attach to such a vision, He replied:

“Do you not see that, as there is but One Love, so there is but One Beauty? Whatever is beautiful, on

any plane, is so because it is part of that Beauty, and if it is pushed back far enough, its connection will become manifest. All Beauty is of GOD, as all Love is of GOD; and through these, His Qualities, the pure in heart may always reach Him."

Our students would do well to weigh these words, and follow out the idea contained in them. All beauty, whether it be of form or of colour, whether it be in nature or in the human frame, in high achievements of art or in the humblest household utensil, is but an expression of the One Beauty and therefore in even the lowliest thing that is beautiful all beauty is implicitly contained, and so through it all beauty may be realised, and He Who Himself is Beauty may be reached. To understand this fully needs the buddhic consciousness by which our student arrived at its realisation; but even at much lower levels the idea may be useful and fruitful.

I fully admit that the student whose experiences I have been relating is exceptional—that he possesses a strength of will, a power to love, a purity of heart and an utter unselfishness which are, unfortunately, far from common. Nevertheless, what he has done with such marked success may surely be copied to some extent by others less gifted. He has unfolded his consciousness upon a plane which is not normally reached by aspirants; he is rapidly building for himself a capable and most valuable vehicle there—for that is the meaning of the ever increasing persistence of the sense of bliss and power. That his is a definite line of progress, and not a mere isolated example, is shown by the fact that even already the abnormal buddhic development is producing its

effect upon the apparently neglected causal and mental bodies, stimulating them into action from above instead of leaving them to be laboriously influenced from below as is usual. All this success is the result of steady effort along the line which I have described.

“Go thou and do likewise.” No harm can come to any man from an earnest endeavour to increase his power of love, his power of devotion, and his power to appreciate beauty; and by such endeavour it is at least possible that he may attain a progress of which he has not dreamed. Only be it remembered that, in this path as in every other, growth is achieved only by him who desires it not for his own sake but for the sake of service. Forgetfulness of self and an eager desire to help others are the most prominent characteristics of the student whose inner story I have here told; these characteristics *must* be equally prominent in any who aspire to follow his example; without them no such consummation is possible.

C. W. Leadbeater

AN ESOTERIC ORGANISATION IN INDIA : II

By SIR S. SUBRAMANIA IYER, K.C.I.E., LL.D.

IT was stated in my last article that there was a wish on the part of those connected with the Organisation referred to therein, that its existence should be widely known. Some of the reasons for the wish are the following: It would seem that by the close of the year Nala, that is some twenty-one months hence, a small cycle would come to an end, and during the next cycle, which will be one of twenty-four years duration, there is a likelihood of an increase in the number of persons who would seek spiritual training such as that imparted to members of the Organisation. And therefore it is the duty of those in charge of it to make known to the public such facts as intending candidates should be acquainted with. I may add that it is not expected that those who are altogether orthodox in their ways of thinking and life in the Hindū Community, at present, would be likely to seek training as members of the Organisation. It is however believed that Indians who have had the benefit of education on western lines will be more disposed to seek such training, provided they are imbued with a reverence for Brahma-Viḍyā, as happens in some instances. In other words, it is understood that the latter will

more readily accept and appreciate the great truths which underlie the teaching and training obtainable in the Organisation than the former, who, owing to caste and sectarian prejudices, will be quite impervious to such truths.

As the closing words of my last article will show, admission into the Organisation is not fettered by considerations of nationality, race, caste, creed or sex. Its whole aim and object is, as it has always been, to train and maintain a body of Yogīs intent on the welfare of all humanity, nay, of all creation in the world. This is stated again and again in the *Anuṣṭhāna-Chandrikā*, a book which, in my humble judgment, is one of absorbing interest to every true student of Yoga in this country, and especially so to the Hindū members of the Esoteric School of the Theosophical Society. I feel sure that by getting it published to the extent to which its publication, I understand, will be permitted, those members will be rendering a real service to the cause of Theosophy which has conferred an inestimable boon on the whole world. For, in the first place, the book will furnish the most striking evidence as to the existence of the Great White Brotherhood, two of whose members founded the Society and have been guiding it through all these years, in spite of every obstacle in the way of its progress. The book will also make it absolutely clear that, in founding the Esoteric School, the late Outer Head thereof, H. P. Blavatsky, was acting but as an instrument in the hands of the Founders of the Theosophical Society, and constituted a school for Yogic training on lines suited to modern conditions. It is scarcely necessary to say that the discipline prescribed in the Indian Organisation is such as

to make it almost impossible for anyone in the West to go through it; for it involves meditation and the observance of rituals requiring leisure and freedom from the worry of worldly concerns, neither of which conditions can be secured by one out of a thousand in Europe or America. Even in this country but few will find themselves in a position to go through that discipline. The formation of the Esoteric School with a discipline far less rigid was thus indispensable to the existence of the Theosophical Society as a living one; for, there can be no doubt that it is through that School that vitality has been flowing to the Theosophical Society from its Founders and but for the life, which thus flowed, the Theosophical Society would have been long ago dead.

Turning now to this *Anuṣṭhāna-Chandrikā*, the book may, in one sense, be said to consist of four parts. The first part deals with certain matters of a general nature, and with the course of discipline prescribed for the class of students known as *Ḍāsas*. The second part deals with the discipline of *Ṭīrṭhas*. These two parts only are actually available in writing. The instruction to the remaining two classes, *Brahmans* and *Ānandas*, is imparted only orally, and the notes made by those who receive such instruction never pass out of their hands. These oral instructions, it is scarcely necessary to say, are of so practical and special a character as to preclude their being communicated to anyone but the particular individual actually instructed.

I shall, on the present occasion, as also in a future article, endeavour to draw attention to some of the contents of the two parts referred to. There are four

Aḍhyāyas, or chapters, in the first part and among other matters, they purport to contain a report of the proceedings of an Assembly of Sages which took place, just on the eve of the commencement of Kali-Yuga, in that part of the Himālayas spoken of as Baḍarī Vana. This Vana refers to a large tract of country divided into two parts, the Southern and the Northern Baḍarī. It was in the latter that the Assembly met, the particular spot being Shambalam, (Shambala) the chief of the five places or seats in that division occupied by Sages. The names of the other four seats are stated to be Kalāpam, Pāmalam, Brāhmalam, Shaṅkhalam.

The three most prominent characters in the Assembly were Bhagavān Nārāyaṇa, Nara and Yoga-Devī. Who these three were, there is enough in the book clearly to indicate. The verse in which Nārāyaṇa describes His own nature runs thus :

अहं ब्रह्मांशसंभूतो ब्रह्मज्योतिर्मयो ऋषिः ।

विष्णोर्लोकहितार्थाय यातोऽहं बदरीवनम् ॥

I am a fragment issuing from Para Brahmam and radiant with Its Light—the R̥shi, come to Baḍarī Vana from Viṣṇu for the protection of His world.

In other words, He is the representative of the Ishvara engaged in the spiritual government of the world and, according to the well-known custom of the country, the representative appropriates for the title of his office the Ishvara's well-known name, Nārāyaṇa. Members of the Esoteric School will have no difficulty in identifying this Great Being with Him who is spoken of in the Theosophical literature as the Lord of the World, the One Initiator, and referred to in *The Secret Doctrine* (Volume i, p. 207, 1st Edition) as

the "Root-Base" of the Hierarchy of Arhats of the Fire-mist, the Ever-living Human Banyan. Next, as to Nara, he is described as लोकप्रवादक and जनप्रतिनिधि which mean, the representative of humanity. He played the part in this Assembly that Arjuna played in the *Mahābhārata* scene referred to in the *Bhagavad-Gītā*, and it is well known that one of the many names which Arjuna bore was Nara. Lastly, as to Yoga-Devī, She undoubtedly represents the Light of the Ishvara, referred to as the Lady of the White Lotus in Mabel Collins's book, *The Idyll of the White Lotus*. For in this *Chandrikā* also she is represented as sitting on the lotus growing in the Kusumākaram, or lotus tank, situated in Baḍarī Vana. In a hymn, addressed by the Sages present to this Devī, reference is made to nearly a couple of hundred occult powers which She is said to possess. This enumeration seems to be suggestive of the occult powers exercised by the Hierarchy as a body. For, from what She herself states, She is no other than the mighty Centre from and through which the Light of Ishvara flows and circulates in the Hierarchy in the threefold aspect of Ichchhā Shakti, Jñāna Shakti and Kriyā Shakti.

Passing now to the proceedings at the Assembly, in reply to certain questions by Nara, Nārāyaṇa states that, having regard to the characteristics of the coming Kali age, a change of Dharma in the world has become necessary and that henceforward acquirement of Yoga Brahma-Vidyā should be within the power of every human being, without any reference whatsoever to Varṇa, Āshrama, sex and the like. In view of the attainment of this end the book states that Nārāyaṇa constituted and established an Association of Sages,

Yogīs and Ṛṣhis called Shuddha Dharma Maṇḍalam. This body unquestionably is no other than what is spoken of in the Theosophical literature as the Great White Brotherhood—the Great White Lodge. Surely no happier name could have been chosen for it, and no better rendering of that name into English could have been suggested, than the one current in Theosophic literature. For the Sages, Yogīs and Ṛṣhis who constitute the Association care for all and work for all; and Their work therefore is eminently Shuddha—pure and spotless—and their Association Shuddha Dharma Maṇḍalam, *par excellence*. And again, in ascribing a colour to it, what can be more appropriate than the term “white”? I venture to think that this felicitous rendering emanated either from that Master who translated for Madame Blavatsky the *Stanzas of Dzyan*, or the Master who dictated *Light on the Path*, both of whom wield the English language with marvellous power.

Now as to the details of the constitution. The Head of the Association, or Adhiṣṭhātā, is Nārāyaṇa Himself. Its Secretary, or Kāryadarshī, is Nara. In addition to these two, it contains seven Adhikāra Puruṣhas, or Hierarchs. Of these Nārada represents the Saṭyaloka, His function being that of Jñānāchārya or the highest expounder¹ of Yoga Brahma-Viḍyā. Vāmadeva represents Ṭapoloka. He expounds, according to the needs of the age, Yoga Brahma-Viḍyā to the subordinate grades of teachers thereof. Kashyapa

¹ No wonder that it was from this Teacher of Teachers that on the eve of the composition of the immortal epic, *Vālmiki*, the Mahā Ṛṣhi who knows the path as Kālīdāsa puts it, sought inspiration and instruction as stated in the opening shloka beginning with the words: तपस्वाध्यायनिरत्तं. The late Mr. T. Subba Row used to say the work was far more than an epic—a storehouse of profound occult wisdom.

represents Janaloka and attends to the special evolution of those who are to become teachers of Yoga Brahma-Vidyā. Chaṇḍabhānu represents Maharloka and has to look after the due observance of Yoga Brahma-Vidyā discipline. Kālaḍeva represents Svarloka with the duty of neutralising all obstacles arising in the course of time to the attainment of Yoga Brahma-Vidyā by aspirants. Subrahmaṇya represents Bhuvanloka with the work of purifying the emotional bodies of those engaged in the teaching of Yoga Brahma-Vidyā and their pupils. And lastly, Ḍevāpi represents Bhūloka and is in it Nārāyaṇā's representative and King, as it were, of the whole body of persons connected with Yoga Brahma-Vidyā therein.

The names of these seven Hierarchs, it would seem, contain in them the clue to the nature of their respective functions. Take for instance Nāraḍa. *Nāra* has two meanings: (1) Wisdom divine; (2) Nescience; *ḍa* also has two meanings: (1) bestowal; (2) cutting and destroying. The two together thus mean the destroyer of Nescience and the bestower of Wisdom divine. Each one of these Hierarchs is stated to have eighteen subordinates under Him, and the names of all 126 are given, one of those under Ḍevāpi being Maiṭreya. Besides all these there are thirty-two Siddhas, next only in rank to Nārāyaṇa Himself, engaged in looking after, on His behalf, the spiritual welfare of all in the different parts of the world. The first shloka which every member of the Organisation has daily to address by way of salutation is so composed as to contain in it the first letter of the name of each of these thirty-two, while the verse itself purports

to be a salutation only to Nara and Nārāyaṇa. It runs thus :

नमस्ते नरदेवाय नमो नारायणाय च ।

बदरीवननाथाय योगिनां पतये नमः ॥

Salutation to Naradeva and Nārāyaṇa, the Lord of Baḍari-Vana and the Patron of Yogis.

The other verses which follow the salutation, and which I omit, state the names of the thirty-two fully.

After the completion of the constitution of the Association, Nārāyaṇa caused Yoga-Devī's coronation to be carried out with instructions that the work of the Association should be carried on under the auspices of the Devī Herself. The meaning of this apparently is that Nārāyaṇa provided the Centre from which, adapting the language of Mr. T. Subba Row, flows the force that creates and maintains the bond of spiritual brotherhood and sympathy running through the long succession of the Hierophants of the world. In other words, Yoga-Devī may be most aptly described as the Sūtrāṭma, the thread-soul of the Shuddha Dharma Maṇḍalam, or the Brotherhood. After the Coronation, each of the seven Hierarchs get a Yogaḍaṇḍa,¹ presumably a magnetised rod, intended for purposes which are however not disclosed. Thereupon the territorial jurisdictions of their respective subordinates were defined. And all the Brotherhood were enjoined to meet on the Vaishākh full-moon day of every year in Baḍarī in order to

¹Swāmi Shivānaṇḍa, an Officer of some standing in the organisation carries with him during his tours a Yogaḍaṇḍa, a golden rod of two feet and a half in length, about an inch in thickness, with the figure on the top of two interlaced triangles within a circle. His last visit to this Presidency was two years ago. The retinue which accompanies him consists of Samnyāsīs only who do all the work that has to be done, no servants being employed for any purpose. His postal address is Bharadvāj Ashramam, Prayag, Allahabad.

arrange for the plan of work to be carried out till the next Vaishākh full moon.

Passing now from the details of the Association's constitution, I shall turn my attention to the discussion which takes place in the course of the Assembly. During the sittings of the Assembly, Nara and some of the Sages present raise a number of questions with a view to elicit Nārāyaṇa's opinion on them. There is much matter in the discussion that thus takes place that will greatly interest Theosophists. I can here refer only to one point, raised by the Sage called Hamsa Yogī. He gave expression to his grave apprehension that the adoption of the course resolved upon at the Assembly might lead to the neglect of the injunctions of Shāstra, and thus eventually result in the utter decay of Ḍharma in the world. Nārāyaṇa stated in reply that Yoga Brahma-Viḍyā, which it was his great object to promote, lay at the very root of all Ḍharma, and consequently there was no ground for the Yogī's fear. Nārāyaṇa went on to explain that Ḍharma was divisible into Ḍharma, Paraḍharma and Paramaḍharma; that the first had reference solely to the special circumstances of particular individuals, that the second involved the interests of others in the world at a particular stage of evolution and that the third transcended such limitations and formed really the true support of the other two. Quoting the Shruṭi text—*तस्य प्रियमेव शिरः ।* (Love verily is Its [Brahmam's] head)—Nārāyaṇa argued that they who acquire Yoga Brahma-Viḍyā will exercise universal love and thereby become the practisers of the highest Ḍharma. With reference to the study of the Shāstras, to which also Hamsa Yogī had referred, Nārāyaṇa laid emphasis

on the necessity for understanding the inner teachings contained in such writings as the *Chhāndogya* and other Upaniṣhaṭs, etc., *Mahābhārata*, *Rāmāyaṇa* and certain leading Purāṇas. By way of illustration Nārāyaṇa explained the esoteric significance of a well-known verse occurring in the *Mahābhārata*, one in the *Rāmāyaṇa*, one in the *Bhagavad-Gītā*, and one in *Viṣṇu Purāṇa*. He wound up this part of the discussion with the observation that he had on a former occasion given the esoteric interpretations of a large number of important passages in the writings of the class referred to and those interpretations will be found collected in a treatise known as *Kāṇḍarahasyam*. It may be worth stating here the effect of the explanation given as to the verse from the *Mahābhārata*. Translated as ordinarily understood, the verse would run thus :

After making salutation to Nārāyaṇa, Nara, Naroṭṭama Saraswaṭī Devī, and Vyāsa, *Bhāraṭam* is to be recited.

The key is applied in this instance twice. The first turn of the key yields the following meaning : Nārāyaṇa is Para Brahm, the All ; Nara, humanity, a ray from Para Brahm, Naroṭṭama humanity made divine, made superhuman ; Saraswaṭī Devī, the Jñāna Shakti of Para Brahm, the fount of all Wisdom ; and Vyāsa the cosmic power that arranges for the distribution of that Wisdom from time to time—only he who realises all this, having subjugated his own Ahamkāra, can proclaim his success. The result of the second turn of the key is this : Nārāyaṇa is the Maharṣhi who, for the time being, is in charge of the spiritual Government of the world—the Aḍhiṣṭhāṭa of Shuddha Dharma Maṇḍalam ; Nara, the humanity on the globe ; Naroṭṭama, the representative of that

humanity in that Maṇḍalam; Saraswatī, the Yoga-Devī; and Vyāsa the Hierarch in charge of the department of learning and education; only he who knows this truth can proclaim his success. It is the term “Namaskṛtya” in the verse that serves as the key-hole for the application of the keys for the esoteric interpretation. The term by itself means “having made salutation”. But Namah split into “Na” and “Mah” means “self made nothing,” that is Ahamkāra subjugated, as the indispensable step for spiritual illumination. It is when such illumination takes place that the end of life is gained and “Jayam,” true success, is achieved. Of course it must be remembered that spiritual illumination does not consist of a mere understanding of Shāstra. Brahma-Vidyā without Yoga will be nothing more than verbal knowledge of the great teachings of the Upaniṣhats and the like; it is through Yoga alone that the Real is known. It is in the highest state of Samādhi that true bliss is enjoyed and the mystery of existence unravelled. It is to this transcendent state, Gaudapādāchārya, one of the greatest of Indian Teachers and the spiritual grandfather as he is called of Shaṅkara, the philosopher, makes allusion in the closing stanza of his *Māṇḍūkya-Kārikā* accepted by all in the light of an Upaniṣhat itself. The stanza runs thus :

दुर्दर्शं मतिगम्भीरमजं साम्यं विशारदम् ।
बुद्ध्वा पदमनानात्वं नमस्कुर्मो यथाबलम् ॥

Most difficult of comprehension, extremely magnificent, uncreate and immortal, of equal effulgence; having thus known the state of non-duality, do I make the obeisance possible.

Hence it is that throughout the *Chandrikā* the word used is not Brahma-Vidyā simply, but—Yoga Brahma-Vidyā. And in the verse which follows that in which

Nārāyaṇa describes his own nature, He expresses his determination to promote this Yoga Brahma-Vidyā with the co-operation of Yoga-Devī and the Sages assembled. And as I already stated, the founding of the Shuddha Dharma Maṇḍalam was for ensuring the promotion of that Vidyā in the Kali age, making the necessary change in the Dharma to be observed so as to bring within the reach of all, without the least distinction of nationality, race, caste, creed or sex, the attainment of this supreme Science.

This attempt on my part to give an idea of the contents of the *Anuṣṭhāna-Chandrikā*, will be incomplete without a brief description of the Anuṣṭhāna, or discipline, prescribed for the Dāsas and the Tīrṭhas. Such description, however, must stand over for the present. But before concluding this article, it may not be out of place to say that the existence of the Esoteric School of the Theosophical Society in no way makes the work of the Organisation superfluous. It is the only institution to which aspirants to Yoga, who for one reason or another are unable or are unwilling to join the Esoteric School, must resort to in order to obtain true training. Furthermore, there are always some to whom the rigid and the old discipline in the Organisation will be most attractive by reason of the fact that as a rule it ensures a certain amount of perceptible results, provided, of course, there is no lack of perseverance in undergoing the discipline. One reason for this is most likely the constant use of mantras and rituals as part of the discipline. And there can be no doubt that from a theoretical point of view also the course of meditation prescribed is perfect. It must therefore be gratifying to all in this country interested in Rāja-Yoga that the

Authorities connected with the Organisation have seen fit to draw the attention of the public to its existence and thus have caused the veil which hitherto had been thrown over it to be partially lifted.

Now I wish to remark that the precise time when this lifting of the veil was allowed to take place is to my mind curious. For it was almost simultaneous with the temporary closing of the door of that part of the Esoteric School known as the Esoteric Section, as was made known the other day. Considering that the Organisation in question and the Esoteric School are not rival institutions, but flourish under the protection of the same Brotherhood for the same purpose, what could be the reason for such a concurrent happening? One in my position can only make conjectures. It may be that the Esoteric Section has just reached a stage of compactness and unity when the due discharge of its special responsibilities requires a suspension for a time of fresh accession to it. Or possibly it was considered that the systematic efforts made by the local public to bring the Section into unmerited disrepute, were calculated to retard its utility for the time being as a school for new-comers, owing to the state of the moral atmosphere in this locality tainted, as it has been, with malice, untruth and ingratitude. Hence, probably, the temporary step taken in reference to it. At the same time it may have been felt that the general public should not suffer for the misconduct of a portion of it. And the lifting of the veil was considered a suitable remedy in these circumstances inasmuch as the race and colour hatred which found vent against the Head of the Section, could not operate against the indigenous agency in the Organisation. Furthermore,

it must have been assumed the discipline in it would specially commend itself to the community by reason of its ancient character, and thus tend to keep the door a little more open in this country to aspirants to Yoga than hitherto. I should not fail to remark that in taking such a step the agency concerned has no intention of relaxing the discipline, as will appear from the nature of the questions to be answered and the pledges to be taken preliminary to the admission into the Organisation set forth in the appendix hereto. Nor should I omit to request my readers not to do me the injustice of thinking that I am posing as an Occultist capable of initiating anyone into any mystery. I am merely the mouthpiece of Those who wish that the existence and character of the Organisation shall no longer remain unknown to the extent to which they have been till now. Whilst disclaiming all pretensions to the position of a teacher in the Organisation, I ought not to shrink from saying that none who has the courage to seek admission into it would, but for his own fault, have the least occasion to regret the step he takes. On the contrary he will soon find that he has planted his feet on the lowest rung of the ladder that leads to the highest goal and that the benediction of Shuddha Dharma Maṇḍalam would ever be with him.

S. Subramania Iyer

APPENDIX

THE true disciple, desirous of hearing the Guru's words, takes his seat in front of the Guru, having saluted him with raised palms.

The Teacher proceeds to give a brief explanation regarding Shuddha Dharma Maṇḍalam.

Teacher.—Know thou that the all-transcending, eternal and all-pervading Para Brahm dwells in the heart, capable of direct perception.

Dost thou with purified mind desire to perceive It by the Path of Yoga? If so, take, filled with delight, this hand of mine, the dwelling-place of Brahm.

In this Shuddha Dharma Maṇḍalam, Nārāyaṇa, the Deva, of His own will, under the auspices of Yoga-Devī and with the co-operation of Nārada, other Maharṣhis and the Siddhas, resident in the five villages, and who are intent on the welfare of the world, provides in a manner suited to the Kali age for the upward evolution (Ūrdhvasṛṣhti). They who avail themselves of that provision will enjoy eternal bliss. Rṣhi Nārāyaṇa, the Deva, confers boons but never receives. This Shuddha Dharma Secret will benefit those who are of equable mind. This truth I affirm by command of the Guru.

Disciple.—Making salutations to Them who constitute Shuddha Dharma Maṇḍalam, to Them whose sole aim is the practice of Shuddha Dharma, to Them who preach Shuddha Dharma, I am desirous of learning from you to the best of my ability that Shuddha Dharma. May Nārāyaṇa the Great protect me who have surrendered unto Him.

THE NINE PROMISES

(To be made with hands clasped. The disciple's palm below and that of the Teacher above, so gripped as to make the two thumbs press against each other erect.)

Teacher.—1. Will you feel as your own the pleasures and pains experienced by all others? Will you, wishing good, abandon all harm to living things?

Disciple.—Henceforward daily will I pray for the welfare of the world and I renounce all harm to living things by deed, thought or word.

Teacher.—2. Teach not this Yoga Brahma-Vidyā to doubters, evil-doers and to those otherwise unfit.

Disciple.—I shall obey the command.

Teacher.—3. Will you refrain from taking the wealth of others unlawfully, from slandering others, Yoga Brahma-Vidyā and the Teachers thereof?

Disciple.—I shall obey the command.

Teacher.—4. Will you give up such Varnāshrama Dharma as is opposed to the principles of the Teachers of Shuddha Dharma Mandalam? Should you, however, adhere to the same, will you act up to it only in so far as public interest warrants?

Disciple.—I shall obey the command.

Teacher.—5. Will you follow this discipline, wishing the welfare of the world and serving it, abandoning all distinctions between yourself and others at all times and places, being equable in mind, advancing the cause of righteousness according to the needs of time and place?

Disciple.—I shall obey the command.

Teacher.—6. Will you, purified in mind, avoid evil company, unclean food and bad ways?

Disciple.—Yes, I shall.

Teacher.—7. You will not give up this righteous discipline by reason of any good or evil which may befall you in this life, but hold on to that discipline with a firm heart,

convinced that such experiences must necessarily be undergone?

Disciple.—With the conviction that whatever happens must be experienced, never will I become a discarder of this righteous discipline. This I declare in truth!

(N. B.—The whole of the following discourse of the Teacher refers to the symbol constituted by the act of the disciple taking the hand of the Teacher as above explained. Its name is Brahma Muḍrā.)

Teacher.—8. This is the highest symbolic form (Parā Muḍrā). It explains the secret of Para Brahm and was invented to auspiciously mark the union, or marriage, which takes place between the disciple and the Maṇḍalam on his admission into it. It is the symbol not only of the union but also of Para Brahm itself. It signifies the merging of all in that Para Brahm. Through this symbol, Yogashakti makes its entry into the highest place in you (Brahma-ṛaṇḍhram).

Disciple.—I place it on my head.

(He then raises the two palms united and places them on his head.)

Teacher.—9. O disciple! A Brahma-marriage has now taken place between you and the Knowers of Para Brahm. It is not capable of disruption for any reasons whatsoever under any circumstances.

Disciple.—I affirm that by Brahma Karma I have become the subject of this union and marriage. I shall not transgress the words or orders of the Teacher.

THE FIVE PROMISES

1. The Teacher asks whether he will lead the life of perfect celibacy after the period of three and a half years from the date of his admission and whether even during these three and a half years his family life will be subject to certain restrictions which the Teacher mentions.

In the event of the disciple's answer being in the negative with reference to his ceasing to lead a family life after that period of three and a half years, the disciple is told that he

will not be given instructions other than those received by him during the three and a half years and that he must remain content with them.

Teacher.—2. During the course of your discipline, if you should wish to perform any religious rites for the purpose of securing worldly benefits or for averting evil happenings to you, will you follow the plan prescribed by Shuddha Maṇḍala Achāryas in such matters ; and not otherwise ?

Disciple.—I shall act accordingly.

Teacher.—3. You will not abandon your duties as householder by reason of your observing Yoga Brahma-Vidyā discipline ? You will not break your ties with wife, children or relations, without their consent ? You will not fail in doing whatever civil duty you owe to your children, your parents and your King ?

You will refrain from appropriating any portion of the property acquired by you in relation to this Yoga Brahma-Vidyā, beyond an eighth share thereof ? Though poor, you will support your family to the best of your power ?

Teacher.—4. Will you observe whatever special rules the Teacher lays down with reference to place and time ?

Disciple.—I shall act accordingly.

Teacher.—5. You will promote the advancement of the creed of Shuddha Dharma Maṇḍalam ?

Disciple.—I will do so to the extent of my power.

THE THREE ACCESSORIAL QUESTIONS

Teacher.—1. Do you enter into the Shuddha Dharma Maṇḍalam along with your wife ?

(The answer is one or the other.)

Teacher.—2. Should there accrue any benefit from Shuddha Dharma Maṇḍalam, would you like it to go to yourself or to your family also ?

Teacher.—3. Would you endeavour so far as you can to uplift in whatsoever way possible all who are inferior to you in knowledge or status ?

Disciple.—Heartily so.

After certain instructions by the Teacher to the disciple with reference to the discipline to be observed thereafter, the disciple takes the following pledge :

“ In the presence of Iṣhvara in the heart, possessed of all power, and in the presence of the Sun, Moon, Fire, Wind and Ether, I truly declare that I shall not disclose to any unfit person, the secret of Shri Viḍyā, or the Science of Yoga, or the seat of the Preceptor, or the methods of discipline, or what are known by the name of Vāmaḍevam. I vow that if I break any of these promises, I may be subject to the penalties attaching to killing a black cow in Benares, to the crime of infanticide, patricide, matricide and to the loss of all Brahma-Viḍyā and of higher worlds and births.”

S. SUBRAMANIA IYER

TO H. P. B.

After reading "The Secret Doctrine"

Reader of dark riddles priestess of Mysteries
Wonder-worker friend of the dazzling Host
Thy fearless hand withdrawing the veil of Isis
Disclosed vast vistas undreamed-of worlds.

Backward through ages uncharted in history
Gazing we watch the huge drama unfold—
Continents races long merged in oblivion
Rise from their ocean-grave to the light of day.

There stride colossal the dark-browed Atlanteans
Builders artificers weavers of spells
Constraining the Elementals to dire bondage
Confronting with fierce pride the impending doom.

Beyond, sexless and mindless forms the Lemurians
Loom phantasmal—anon divided in twain
They lose the benign ray of celestial vision
Plunge into ruinous orgies of mad lust.

Faintly we glimpse the divine Kings the Progenitors
Shimmering sons of the sevenfold Light
Sowing the seed garnered from past cycles
Tracing the paths to be trodden by those to come.

Their brightness veiled in mystical garments woven
By the Lords of the Lunar Sphere they people the Earth,
The veils thicken, the luminous forms darken
Lost are the tranquil joys of the Golden Age.

Slowly recedes the tide of divine Wisdom
Dark the night of the soul but the stars remain :
Thou showest the flaming torch of Initiation
Handed across the centuries flaming still.

Cromlechs tombs temples gigantic statues
Mutely proclaim the lore of the men of old
Jealously hoarded scrolls of strange inscription
Pyramids carved hieroglyphs tell their tale.

Doctrines drowned in the murk of grey tradition
Hints obscurely breathed by adept seers
Symbol myth legend Zodiacal portent
Never baffled the quest of thy strong soul.

Undeterred by the sevenfold rings of darkness
Undismayed by the watchful dragon's maw
Stripping the harsh rind from the radiant kernel
To a thankless horde thou profferedst Wisdom's fruit.

And the curse fell. The venomous tongue muttered
The false friend struck the treasonous blow—
Transfixed by the shaft of the world's derision
Thy heart knew the pangs of despair and shame.

But the work stands impregnable Cyclopean
Its Tall Towers fronting the Eastern sky
The night wanes and the dawn comes inevitable
Of the day that shall immortalise thy name.

CHARLES J. WHITBY

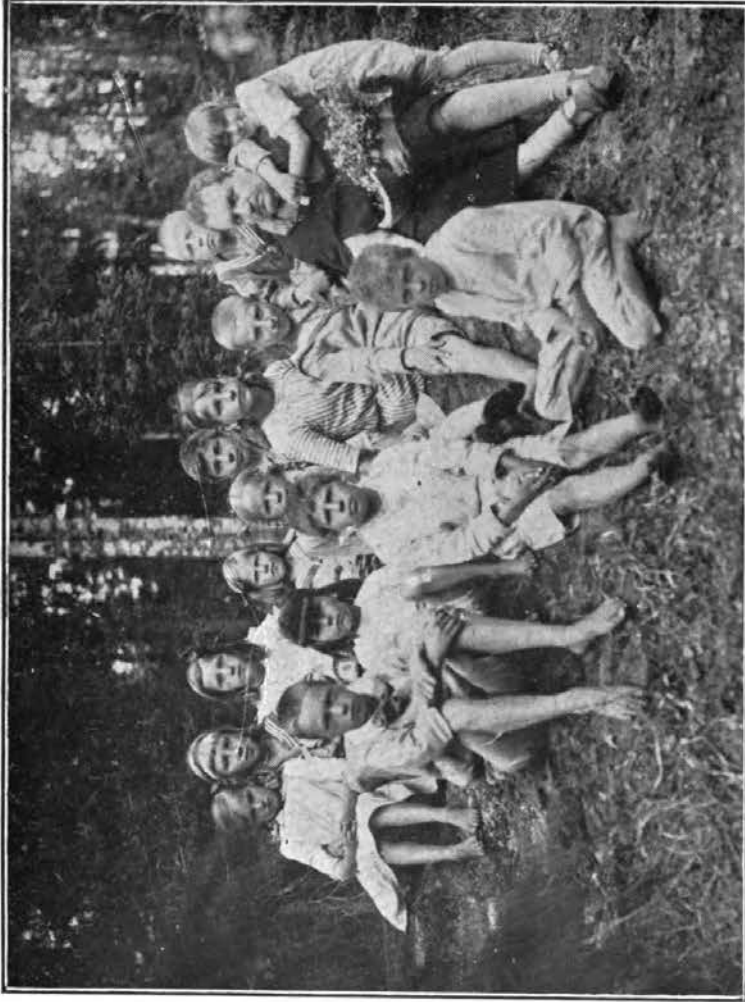
THEOSOPHY IN FINLAND

A WARM MESSAGE FROM A GOLD COUNTRY

[The following interesting letter is from Mr. V. H. Valvanne, Assistant Secretary of the T. S. in Finland. It speaks of our movement in that far-off country, which we reprint as it will interest our many readers.—ED.]

THE last letter from Finland was sent December 16th, 1913, by my younger brother, who acted as Assistant Secretary, Theosophical Society in Finland. I think he was going to write a lengthy letter in the summer of 1914, telling of our Annual Convention and the Summer School, but then the War broke out and great confusion prevailed in all countries for some time. The communications were much endangered, and that condition remains even now. But at the same time we are more than ever before in need of spiritual community and sorely miss the news from the Headquarters and our President. We have not received THE THEOSOPHIST, nor yet any direct report of the last Annual Congress at Adyar, but through other Sectional Organs we have had some information about the progress in the Theosophical world.

Now we have lost our hope to see the President among us, which hope we have cherished for many years. Seeing the great need of the world and of the more suffering nations, we cannot even ask her to visit



The little ones gathered around the General Secretary, Mr. Pekka Ervasti, at the Convention of the Theosophical Society in Finland, June, 1914.



our distant country in the near future. And yet, who knows, how things will develop? In all circumstances, we are sure of not being left without guidance by Those who know and who love.

It is with pleasure we learn that our Annual Report has reached Adyar. So I need not speak about the main facts contained in it. May I only tell some personal impressions from the Annual Congress of the Finnish Section in the midsummer of 1914 and of the Summer School, which followed closely upon it. Both were held here in Aggelby, at our little Headquarters, and I enclose some photographs to illustrate our places.

The Annual Meeting, which lasted for four days, was very successful and harmonious. Some years ago we passed through the same trial which shook the northern countries in Europe. We lost some fifty members, most of them Swedish-speaking, but most of these had been incongruous elements in our Section. Now we feel a greater freedom and confidence in each other than ever before and not even a shadow of discord is felt. Accordingly the formal transactions of the Convention ended very soon and we had enough of time to discuss together Theosophical questions, which before were always put away for lack of time. We had a large E. S. meeting, and short meditations every morning, all held in our special E. S. room, in the "upper storey" of the temple.

For the general members there was a theatrical performance of Maeterlinck's play, *Beatrice*. We have among our members several actors and actresses from the Finnish National Theatre, and with their help the play made a very great impression. It was preceded

by a short exposition by Mr. Pekka Ervast of the symbolical meaning of the play.

But the greatest feature of the Annual Meeting was assuredly the Order of the Star in the East meeting, with which it ended. It was open for all, even outsiders, and the programme was carefully prepared months before by the National Representative, Dr. V. Angervo. I enclose the printed programme, from which you will see that Dr. Angervo and his wife sang many songs together. They stood on the platform, both clad in white, both of them accomplished singers—really, it was delightful. Then followed three speeches, made by V. Angervo, V. Valvanne and the Secretary of the Order, Toivo Vitikka. It ended by a reciting of a prose-poem, specially composed for the occasion, in accordance with the words: “Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it.” It told of the Coming of the Great Master among us, and never have I felt such strong vibrations as then were filling the great audience. It seemed as if all the powers which had worked for the Convention were concentrated in this moment, and the reciter, Mrs. Hilda Pihlajamäki, seemed a proper channel for those great forces. Her voice did not tremble, the words went into every heart with a mighty force.

Immediately after the Convention there was held a Summer School in Aggelby. Some forty or fifty persons were present and every day was filled with lectures and discussions. Two ladies, Mrs. Tyyne Vuorenjuuri and Miss Helmi Jalovaara, were among the speakers, and the latter gave a permanent impulse to a new movement, “Marjatan rengas,” which seems

to be the key to many new activities. I don't exactly know how much is told about this organisation in the Annual Report, but all who were present at the Summer School felt that this was the beginning of a new period in our Finnish Theosophical movement. It is essentially a movement of the women and a work for the children, but it includes many offshoots. It left a great inspiration and responsibility for all present, and a new section was opened in the Sectional Organ *Tietäjä* for "Marjatan rengas". The name is taken from the old Finnish mythology, *The Chain of Marjatta*, i.e., of the Holy Virgin Mary.

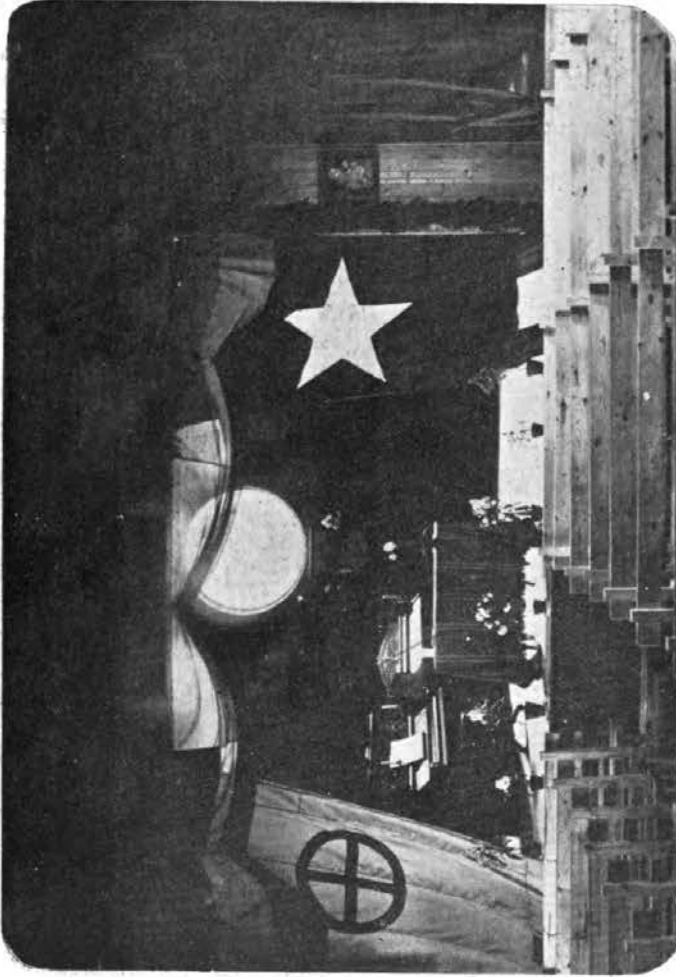
Scarcely had we started this new organisation, quite informal in the beginning, when the great War broke out. Here at Headquarters we are living in the closest proximity to the Fort of Sveaborg and therefore we were for long in suspense and fear lest our little place should be taken hold of. Regular literary work seemed impossible in the first days or weeks, and many moved to the interior of the country. There was an astral vortex of conflicting emotions, but when "the place of Peace" was once more regained, we did not lose it. You can imagine how grateful we are to the Lords of Karma that we are not dragged into this great conflagration, but permitted to stand outside and preserve peace and firmness. That is our special Dharma, and I think our people have splendidly fulfilled this ideal. We have no military power of our own, but have performed our duty only by tending our wounded Russian brothers, and that we do heartily and with great sympathy. I think we have felt an even nearer companionship with the great Nation to which we are united, and hope never to come into discord with it.

Perhaps the time will come soon when all nations, who stand at a similar stage of culture, will recognise each other and treat each other with brotherly reverence.

Our regular Theosophical work in the Lodges began little by little during autumn and even the regular Sunday lectures in Helsingfors were allowed. No serious disturbance has been experienced, though the circumstances do not permit any great expansion of the movement in this time. We are content to stand where we are and to preserve the inner spirit of the Society uninjured.

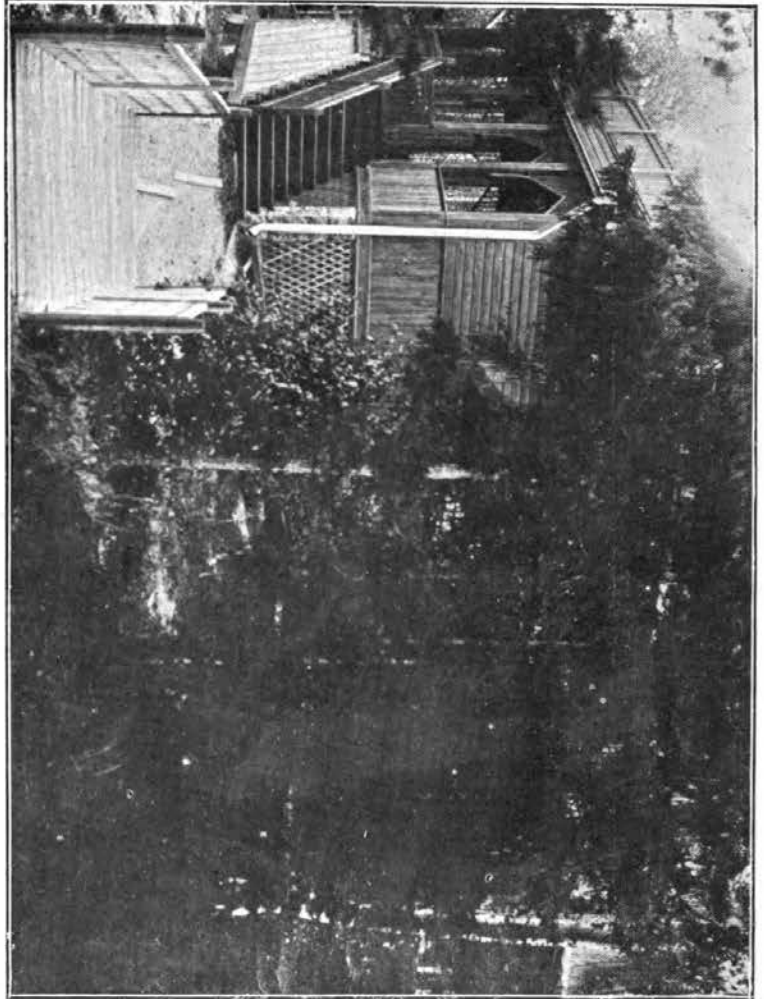
The Lodges in the country are suffering through the lack of able lecturers. This time is a time of preparing and slowly the Finnish mind is accepting Theosophical concepts. In our University a compulsory textbook is adopted by the Theological Department, *What is Theosophy*, written by a doctor. The book is not wholly unsympathetically written, though it contains the false reports initiated by Soloviev and others. It contains many extracts from our books. The public is showing respect for our movement and for our General Secretary, who is very well known as lecturer and author everywhere in this land.

On February 28th, a great many Theosophists were assembled in the house of Mr. V. Palomaa, who has been a steady worker in our Society since its first days in Finland. He is an original philosopher and lives quite alone, without taking part in outer activities. His greatest vigour is shown in the thought-spheres and for many years there has been a regular contribution from his pen in every number of *Tietājā*. Also, he has lectured in Helsingfors and in the country. He uses the pseudonym "Aate," *i.e.* "Thought". For the



Theosophical Lecture Hall, Aggelby, Finland. (Interior.)

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Entrance to the Residence of General Secretary of the Theosophical Society
in Finland, Mr. Pekka Ervasti, including the Theosophical Library,
Book Concern, etc.

first time he received visitors at his home, when celebrating his fiftieth birthday. A gift reached him from the General Secretary, some 670 Finnish Marks, collected by the Theosophists. He follows his own lines of thought, but the Theosophical ideas are innate in him and he has seldom been in dispute with others, because he recognises a perfect liberty of thought, not only in theory, but in strictest practice. Our General Secretary made a speech addressed to him, where he pointed out his great originality, how he stood untouched by all Theosophical and non-Theosophical authorities, and never followed anyone blindly, but preserved a respect for all. Such natural philosophers are seldom found, who resemble this old man with the long beard and the big stick in his hand.

One of our workers, Mrs. Hanna Ruuskanen, was lately called to Norway by Miss Eva Blytt, who sorely needed co-workers in her devoted activity. Mrs. Ruuskanen is self-educated like many of us, but in a few months she has succeeded in learning the Norwegian language and is now doing good work in going about and selling books.

The Order of the Star in the East, which was constituted in Finland only in 1913, has developed very little outer activity, mostly for lack of able organisers. The National Representative, Dr. Angervo, is living long away from the Capital, Helsingfors, and yet there surely is none who better fills this office. In his own town he is lecturing before great audiences and conducts the work of two Lodges. He has built a little house, named "Tähtelä," *i.e.*, "the home of the Star," and there are held smaller meetings.

For two years we have published at Christmas *Idān Tāhti*, i.e., "The Star in the East," and distributed five thousand copies. I send one copy of the last publication, which went out of print before Christmas, so that we have not had any copy to send before. This booklet aroused very great interest and I hope it will be continued in the future and be a commencement for a periodical.

Quite recently there was held a public meeting for the discussion of the following question: "What is the meaning of the Order of the Star in the East and how is it justified?" All dissenting parties were called to attend the discussion and it was very lively, but yet quite gentle. There it was clearly felt how deeply the idea of the Order of the Star in the East has impressed itself on the common people, in the stillness of the heart. The first Sunday in the month a "Star" meeting is held in Helsingfors, open to the public, and this holds the torch burning, though we are waiting for a greater and more illuminating flame. Dr. Angervo has deigned to appoint me as his representative in Helsingfors, but very little I have been able to do, and have not had power or courage to enforce the new idea too strongly upon the minds of others, but rather waited for their voluntary response.

Our movement is in accordance with the nature of our people, quiet, unobtrusive, tending more to devotion than to powerful mentality. The only thing I can say without reservation is, that we steadily hold our eyes fixed on the great ideals, which we have received through Theosophy, and our heart is burning with love and gratitude for those Guides, and Leaders, whom

we do not see with our physical eyes but yet feel near to us.

I write only to persuade you to send a letter to us, bringing a message from the heart of our Society, telling how the great new thoughts shape themselves in the mighty crucible, what the beloved President is doing and how you are living at Adyar at this time. Don't be wearied by this long letter, my unknown brother. The greetings of our General Secretary, Pekka Ervast, and the Theosophists living here, are sent to all our co-members at Adyar.

P. S.—I must add something that was a great surprise to me. It was with an aching heart that I told about the slow progress of the Order of the Star in the East in Finland. So you can imagine my amazement when, the same afternoon, when I had finished this letter, quite unexpectedly Dr. Angervo and Mr. Toivo Vitikka, the two deputies for the Order, called here at Headquarters. They had come purposely to discuss and arrange "Star" matters. Dr. Angervo, who is a very busy man, had come from S. Michel in the northern part of the country. We discussed together and many good resolves were made for the progress of the Order of the Star and for each place where several members were resident, one was elected to be an agent. In Helsingfors and Aggelby two new agents were chosen, Mrs. Anna Arvidsson and Mr. Edward Leimu, to confer together with Toivo Vitikka and myself on all matters, and to have in charge the practical affairs. There was a sense of security gained by these arrangements, and new publications were discussed, which should be issued in the near future.

Dr. Angervo made a remark, that I cannot forbear from telling. He said: "Have you observed how great a blessing has followed all meetings and assemblies held in the name of Order of the Star in the East in Finland?" There has never been said one ill word about them, and the Spirit of the Lord has ever been with us. We both confirmed his impression. My own personal experience is that I have returned from these meetings quite invigorated, although the meeting had been formally and seemingly unimportant.

The group of children whose photograph faces the first page of this report are all resident at or near the Headquarters, and they had just been singing their songs to "Uncle Pekka" when a passing photographer caught them.

V. R. V.

CORRESPONDENCE

BROTHERHOOD AND WAR

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

I read with great interest your remarkable article on "Brotherhood and War" in the June number of your magazine. It is written indeed in a comprehensive way, trying to meet various aspects of War in its relation to Brotherhood and from both the view-points of the body and spirit of man. However, it leaves one point out of consideration and it is this.

You say that War is justifiable "in defence of the country against invasion, in defence of National pledges by treaties and other engagements; in defence of a weak State oppressed or invaded by a strong one, to help a struggling nationality to throw off a tyrannical yoke". This statement is clearly right. Now the question arises as to how a man should behave when the country which has given him his body engages itself in an unrighteous War? Whether he is to fight on behalf of his country engaged in waging manifestly wrong war, serving the country with his body which he derived from its soil and thus discharging the bodily debt with the body, always keeping his sympathies for the right cause, *i.e.*, his opponents, evidently following in the footsteps of the great Bhīṣma, the embodiment of Ārya Dharma, or is he to stand neutral? or is he to go over to the side of the righteous cause and fight against his own countrymen, thus trying his best to uphold the right cause, following the example of Vibhiṣaṇa, the brother of Rāvaṇa, who went over to Shri Rāmachandra's side? If a German is convinced that his country's cause is wrong, what is he to do on the principles

laid down in your article? On page 211, while dealing with a "healthy vital realisation of Brotherhood," you say: "The only service we can do to the cruel and the tyrant is to *actively* stop their cruelty and tyranny, they are heaping up misery for themselves and it is *brotherly* to deprive them of the opportunity to continue their ignorant madness!" etc., etc. This would mean that the above German should fight on behalf of England against his own country. This mounts us on the horns of a dilemma: Who was right? Vibhīṣhaṇa, or Bhiṣhma, the embodiment of Dharma?

Dhulia

W. L. CHIPLONKAR

SPENCER v. MILL: THE CRITERION OF BELIEF

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

The contribution of Mr. Abdul Majid to the May number of THE THEOSOPHIST helps to clear up the obscurity surrounding the question of the criterion of belief; yet I cannot help thinking that his conclusion is in some respects destructive of his arguments. Mr. Majid throughout his argument supports, as against Mill, the doctrine of Spencer, that "the ultimate test of a belief is the inconceivableness of its opposite". And his conclusion is "that the terms 'inconceivable' and 'unbelievable' in their ultimate analysis mean one and the same thing". I think this conclusion is perfectly sound when we speak of the inconceivability of a *proposition*, for I cannot see any meaning in such a phrase except that the proposition is, on its face, and in virtue of its terms, unbelievable. If this is so, it follows that when Mr. Spencer says: "A belief which is proved by the inconceivableness of its negation to invariably exist, is true," he should have said, "the unbelievableness of its negation." Mr. Spencer uses the word "inconceivable" when applied to a proposition as meaning that the two terms of the proposition which are two concepts, will not coalesce, will not harmonise, in the mind of the person making the

examination—but this is precisely the condition we have in mind when we say a proposition is unbelievable. Mr. Majid, in defending Spencer against Mill's charge of confusing the two terms, quotes a passage in which Spencer states his view of the meaning of each. He regards a proposition as unbelievable when the union in thought of the subject and predicate is very difficult, and when this is impossible the proposition is inconceivable. The difference between the terms being thus a difference of degree only, it becomes less surprising that Mr. Spencer should sometimes unwillingly confuse the two, in spite of his own clear definition of the sense in which he intends to use the terms. And it seems to me that Mr. Majid has entirely failed to vindicate Spencer from this confusion, or to convict Mill of ambiguity. Mr. Majid says: "All that Spencer meant to assert was not that there could be formed absolutely no ideational representation of darkness, but that it was impossible for a person to *conceive himself as actually looking into darkness*, while his consciousness was, on the other hand, employed in finding himself looking at the sun. Spencer's language was plain enough; and it is not a little surprising that a thinker of Mill's acuteness should have so completely misunderstood it." And Mr. Majid quotes, "the still plainer language of G. H. Lewes—'during the state of consciousness produced by looking at the sun, it is impossible for the opposite state of consciousness to emerge'".

To my mind the above statements are "not a little surprising," for I can see no difficulty at all in causing "the opposite state of consciousness to emerge," unless indeed it is meant that the sun's glare is so overpowering that I am unable to entertain any other idea. Will any one tell me that if I am broiling under tropical sunshine I cannot conceive myself as swimming in a cool stream, and earnestly wishing that the conception could be realised? The "opposite state of consciousness" emerges almost as a matter of course. Mr. Majid says that Mill's treatment of this point "is admittedly feeble". I do not know who has made this remarkable admission, but the arguments of Spencer and Lewes appear to me like laboured attempts to evade the conclusion that when they talk of the inconceivability of a proposition they only mean that it is unbelievable, and in this attempt Mr. Majid aids

and abets them, notwithstanding that he himself comes to the conclusion that these terms, "in so far as they are used in connection with the ultimate criterion of belief, signify one and the same mental state."

But is it not time to ask whether there is not something incongruous or paradoxical in making our own imbecility or incapacity of mind the ultimate criterion of positive truth? Am I not permitted to believe that a whole is greater than any of its parts until I have exhausted myself in vain efforts to conceive a part that shall be bigger than the whole of which it is a part? Is it not simpler to say that as soon as I have learned what is meant by the terms "whole" and "part," I see that the whole is greater than the part, and because I see this I cannot believe its contradictory? A question may arise here which seems to threaten our conclusion as to the identity of "inconceivableness" and "unbelievableness" in relation to a proposition, for it may be asked whether a proposition of which the truth is inconceivable may yet not be believed. Nothing is more inconceivable to me than a fourth dimension in space. I can conceive two straight lines crossing each other in a plane, and a third line drawn vertically at right angles to both of them, but to conceive a fourth straight line at right angles to all the other three is rather beyond me. Yet that eminent mathematician, the late Professor Kingdon Clifford, seemed to have grasped the idea, or rather the idea grasped and fascinated him, and Mr. Hinton, whose writings I have not read, fearing too great a shock to my mental equilibrium, has, I am told, thrown a flood of light upon the subject. Moreover the late Professor Zellner declared that by knowing how to use the fourth dimension it would be quite easy to understand the performance of the medium, Slade, who make a knot appear on an endless cord on which there was no knot previously. And if I remember rightly, Mrs. Besant told us some years ago that on the astral plane, where the fourth dimension is a recognised thing, when you face a man you can not only see through him, but you can see the back or further side of the buttons on the back of his coat, as if they were turned towards you. Now, do I believe or disbelieve in these, to me, inconceivable propositions? The case stands thus. Feeling, as I do, much confidence in

Mrs. Besant, and being already predisposed to suspect the illusory nature of the things we call space and matter, I am not prepared to reject as untrue any statement she may make from her own knowledge and experience, merely because the terms of her proposition "offer an insurmountable resistance to union in (my) thought". Then, do I believe an inconceivable proposition? No; what I believe is that things which are inconceivable to me now may become obvious truths to me at some future time when my environment is changed, or my mental and psychic faculties have expanded. The proposition, then, that I believe is, not that there is such a thing as four-dimensional space, but that my inability to conceive it is no proof that it does not exist.

Spinoza postulates four degrees of belief and knowledge, as illustrated in the acceptance by the mind of the truth of mathematical proportion. In the first case a "rule of three" sum is done by following the rule given by the teacher. The second is when one "of nimbler wit" puts a particular case to the test of experiment, and, finding it come right, accepts the principle without reflecting that a single experiment is not enough. A third person examines more carefully, and finds that the property of proportion guarantees the result in all cases. A fourth case is given in which a higher intuition is supposed, but, leaving that, we may ask whether one who has discovered that $1/2=2/4=3/6$, etc., believes in this principle of proportion because he cannot conceive it to be otherwise, or rather, whether he cannot conceive it to be otherwise because he *knows* the principle of proportion to be true?

It seems, then, that while the correctness of a belief may often be usefully tested by trying whether its negation is conceivable, yet the inconceivableness of its negation does not prove the truth of the proposition, or, in Mr. Spencer's words: "That what is inconceivable cannot be true, is postulated in every act of thought."

I will not occupy space by defending Mill's view that experience is the true ground of our beliefs, except to say that Mr. Majid only adduces an old argument which in the sphere of ethics has been over and over again employed, and as often

refuted, when he asks: "Who of us has ever time to go through the record of his experiences while accepting or rejecting a proposition?" As if the sum of different classes of experience had never been embodied in an ethical, mathematical, chemical, etc., formula!

But if Mr. Majid could see his way to tell us a little more about "the ambiguities" that have alienated "the inductive school from their allies, the evolutionists," I, for one, should feel grateful, for I suspect that Mr. Majid has read and thought on these subjects much more up to date than I have done, and I should much like to know what ground of quarrel there is between those who believe in inductive reasoning and those who believe in evolution.

Auckland, N.Z.

J. GILES

REVIEWS

The Book of Talismans, Amulets and Zodiacal Gems, by William Thomas, and Kate, Pavitt. (William Rider & Son, Ltd., London, 1914. Price 7s. 6d.)

We would specially commend this book to all those who regard astrology as an illegitimate brother of astronomy. "Gems owe their origin to the stars," said Plato; and from the remotest ages, they have been regarded as media for the transmission of astral forces and vibrations. And modern research tends to confirm the old belief. Biologists talk of the world-law of evolution by which animals and plants develop, step by step, from a few simple to various complex and higher forms. What is the fountain-head of this law of progress? How does it operate? It takes its source, it obtains its driving power, from that Primal Force or etheric influence, which in the form of wavy vibrations penetrates the universe. And it helps or nullifies development according as the condition of the medium through which it moves favours or resists such action. It operates most powerfully on man, the highest evolved of living forms, and serves him as the channel through which he can act on animals and plants, and receive desired vibrations from them. It is this etheric influence Plato attributed to Gems, as "acting on the auriferous matter which forms their composition".

This is the reason why precious stones and talismans have always been so much prized as tokens of confidence and joy by humanity; so much coveted as the repositories of occult forces. The former have been esteemed because of their beauty; the latter on account of their virtues, as transmitters of good luck and their power to avert misfortune. Gems have been the accompaniments of power, civil and religious; they have played an important part in the lives of the great; and with their substantial money value, they have combined the

allurements of antiquity and of mystery. They had their origin in the remotest past. As forewarners of danger, as inspirers of courage and faith in the fearful, they have, it is believed, exerted marked influence on the lives of individuals and nations, and played a part in some of the world's greatest romances and tragedies. Spiritual and material powers, and medicinal and curative qualities, have been attributed to them. It is believed that their translucent lustre is due to the action on them of the floods which preceded the fiery volcanic period.

It is probable that precious stones were first worn as ornaments in India. The famous Regent diamond, which was purchased by Thomas Pitt, Governor of Madras, for £20,400 and sold by him to the Regent of France in 1717 for £135,000, was found by a coolie in a village south of Golconda. The Koh-i-Noor, the history of which Tavernier traces back to half a century B.C., is believed to have passed into the hands of the Kings of Delhi from their conquest of Malwa in A. D. 1304. Many Indian rulers owned the gem, who believed that the safety of their dynasties depended on it. Ranjit Singh, the last Eastern potentate who wore it, was so convinced of its mystical powers, that he bequeathed it to the shrine of Jagannath, expecting to get benefits for his soul after death. The jewel was, however, subsequently presented to the late Queen Victoria by Lord Dalhousie in 1850. The Crimean War and the Mutiny of 1857 have been attributed to its influence by Indians. They imagine that misfortune will attend all those who may own it until it is restored to the line of Vikramāditya. But as England is under the influence of the Zodiacal House of Aries, the House of the diamond, we need attach no importance to this belief, and may rest assured that the British Empire will still flourish and prosper. The Hope diamond was, we believe, purchased by Tavernier in India, and sold by him to the Grand Monarque. His arrogant favourite, the Duchesse de Montespan, wore it at a Court ball, and from that moment lost her influence over that fickle sovereign. The superstitions attributed the terrible fate of Louis XVI, his Queen Marie Antoinette, and the Princesse de Lamtelle, her dearest friend, all of whom had worn it, to its evil spell. The authors might well have added to this list of

diamonds with long and tragic histories, the Orloff diamond. Formerly an eye of the image in the Shrirangam temple, it was purchased by Catherine II and now adorns the sceptre of the Russian regalia.

The present work covers a wide field, and is evidently the outcome of many years' study of Occultism. The authors have delved deep into ancient and modern writings on symbolism, mythology, folk-lore, ceramic art, gnosticism, astrology, the Zodiac, and the virtues of precious stones, and supplemented the information obtained from these sources by personal experience and experiments. The first part of the work is devoted to a systematic description of the multitudinous forms of prehistoric amulets and talismans, their nature, uses, antiquity, popularity and psychic and magnetic influence. They appertain to all nations and all ages of the world, to Egyptian, Chinese, Japanese, Tibetan, Indian, Etruscan, Greek, Roman, early Christian and mediæval civilisations. The second part, which comprises half the volume, deals with the characteristics, influences and significance of the gems, symbols and glyphs of the Zodiac. These characteristics vary according to the remaining planetary influences, such as may be learned from one's horoscope. The information should help people to know generally something of their own particular dispositions and of their companions, and thereby lead to much mutual sympathy and understanding.

The subject is rich in romantic interest and is calculated to make a very wide appeal. The illustrations are an important feature of the book. The gems of the Zodiac are strikingly reproduced as a frontispiece. This is an imaginary belt in the heavens wherein the planets move and form aspects. The sun takes a year to travel through its twelve Houses, his entry into Aries marking the beginning of the year. The symbols of these various Houses are vividly described, and their meanings explained in a popular, even fascinating manner. Here is a dimly understood occult force scientifically interpreted by the authors :

Chemical evidence reveals the fact that the human body is composed of separate elements, common to all physical formations, and that the differences between individuals is caused by different and varying combinations of these elements, portions of which are vivified to a greater or lesser degree by the

Planets of our solar system. The influence of this force should be taken into account when the relative effect of one person's mind qualities, or magnetic emanations, on any other person is under consideration.

The characteristics of persons born under the influence of each of the Zodiacal Houses vary. Thus Aries people are born leaders, the brain being the most active part of their bodies. They are possessed of the true Martian spirit—the love of conquest. The gems of this House are the bloodstone and diamond, which will not be good for people born between June 21st and July 21st—the period during which the sun remains in this House—unless Mars was very favourable at their birth. The Gnostics wore the bloodstone as an amulet to prolong life; and the ancient Greeks and Romans, to bring renown and the favour of the great, as a charm against scorpion bites and also for success in athletic games. A chapter is allotted to each of the twelve Houses. A note on real and artificial gems explains the qualities of the former, and should enable intending purchasers to distinguish them from imitation or coloured stones.

As a clever and interesting attempt to explain and interpret the little known subject of talismans in a popular but scientific way, the book is a remarkable piece of work. It is well worth the attention not only of the scientifically minded few, who are imbued with a fervent and reverent appreciation of the abstract and the hidden, but of anybody who, from whatever point of view, is interested in this curious subject.

U. B.

The Unknown Guest, by Maurice Maeterlinck. (Methuen & Co., Ltd., London. Price 5s. net.)

The book under review is an examination of some of the problems which occur in life, and the explanation of which lie somewhat without the limits of what we term our normal consciousness. The author had hoped to be able in *The Unknown Guest* to include all his material within the scope of one volume, but in his introduction he tells us that this was impossible, and he has in preparation a second volume which will deal with "the miracles of Lourdes and other places,

the phenomena of so-called materialisation, of the divining-rod and of fluid asepis, not unmindful withal of a diamond dust of the miraculous that hangs over the greater marvels in that strange atmosphere into which we are about to pass”.

In his published volume, Mr. Maeterlinck reveals himself as a poet and dreamer with an unmistakable admixture of the spirit of scientific inquiry which is the characteristic of the present age. He has collected numerous instances from the cases published by the Society for Psychical Research, and examines the validity of the explanations for these phenomena offered by the spiritualists, and others who are interested in such matters and have theories to offer. The book is full of stories authenticated, as far as authentication may go, dipping carefully into the problem of psychometry, telling the strange tales of prevision which comes in dreams and other ways and gives to some mortals a knowledge of the future; the wonderful Elberfeld horses—now victims of the War alas—have a whole chapter devoted to their intelligence. A Poet and Mystic, with an intuitive belief in the “things that lie beyond,” throughout the whole volume the author endeavours to find some intelligible solution of why these things should be, what is their nature, what their import. But for this, he must have evidence which will scientifically satisfy him, and so phenomenon after phenomenon must be collected until a theory that satisfies the facts can be woven. And yet the Unknown Guest, that indefinable something, remains hidden, and the riddle is still unguessed.

We need not go into a detailed examination of this book. It is a beautifully wrought translation by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos from the original, the poetry and beauty of which the translator has faithfully preserved. It will make an appeal to many readers and introduce them by its charm to subjects of absorbing interest which otherwise they might have impatiently passed over. Mr. Maeterlinck's name is a sufficient guarantee of good work, and we are glad that he has interested himself so much in matters in which we, as Theosophists, are interested, and which, for us, are satisfactorily, if not as yet completely, explained by Theosophy.

T. L. C.

The Ritual Unity of Roman Catholicism and Hinduism. (Adyar Pamphlets, No. 54.) By C. Jinarajadasa. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India. Price As. 2 or 2d. or 4c.)

This pamphlet should prove of considerable value to those who look for identity of teaching in the different religions, and to those who are trying to feel after the esoteric significance of rituals which are apparently meaningless in their "dead-letter" performance. Its value lies largely in the fact that Mr. Jinarajadasa does not theorise, offering possible explanations merely, but give us valuable facts, carefully and clearly sorted out from his own studies of Occultism.

The sacrifice of Prajāpati, the Lord of Creatures is the basic ritual of Hindūism and the doctrine of the Atonement, the Son of God crucified, of Christianity. The esoteric significance of the Mass is studied in detail, and many interesting points are brought to light, such as the origin of the word Mass. It is derived, he tells us, from the phrase "Ite, missa est," "Go, you are dismissed," used in the old Church when the converts who were not yet "the faithful" were dismissed as unprepared for the Mystery to follow.

The Mass, as performed in the Roman Church, when studied in its occult aspects, leads us into deep mystic realms where we join hands on the one side with Hindūism, and on the other with Masonry.

In the latter connection one interesting section refers to the many marks and signs that Masonry has in common with the Roman Church as, for instance, the mark of the 33° and that on the pastoral staff of an archbishop; also to the mystic parallel in Masonry of the killing and raising of the Master. Parallel with the story of Calvary is the Eastern story of Prajāpati, the Victim, whose death for mankind is daily commemorated in the sacrifice of the fire-altar. The description of this ceremony is both interesting and beautiful.

The Real Presence of God, the writer tells us, during a certain part of the ritual, is not only found in the Roman Catholic, but in rituals of Egypt, Greece, and India. "The Real Presence," he says, "is the heart and soul of a ritual, and in all true rituals He is there."

Finally I will quote the following passage, written with the author's own beauty of style and expression, and showing something of what takes place in the invisible worlds during the ceremony of the Mass :

What is the real significance of the Mass? It is that of a wondrous outpouring. As the Host and Chalice are elevated and priest and people adore the Lord, the Logos sends down an outpouring and blessing. The particles of physical substance glow with His fire and there shines a radiant Star flashing to all sides. There to one at the far end of the church a Ray will shoot out, and here to another at the altar not one. It is only to such as are at one in utter belief of His presence, then, that He can send His quickening—a quickening that touches the man in his inmost nature, for a moment making his causal body to glow as a new-born star, for a moment waking that of a child-soul out of its dreaminess to the reality of the Life of the Logos around. To many a child-soul after death the only touch of the heaven world will be from this quickening at the Mass, for it may be no other activities of his life of passion will give him an ideal that will flower in heaven.

C.

Kāthakōpanishad, with the Commentary of Sri Sankaracharya, translated into English, by M. Hiriyanna, M.A. (Sri Vani Vilas Press, Shrirangam, 1915.)

This is the third of Mr. Hiriyanna's excellent translation of Shankarāchārya's Commentaries on the Upaniṣhaḍs. The *Kēnōpaniṣhaḍ* and the *Ishāvāsyopaniṣhaḍ* have preceded the present volume which, like those two, is exceedingly well printed and executed. Two tikās have been used in the translation and the work of translation has been as careful and painstaking as on the former occasions. A very clear typographical disposition renders the distinction between text and commentary very clear and the repetition, in the Samskr̥t form, of the words explained in the latter must be very welcome to the student. This little volume is a decided addition to English literature on the Upaniṣhaḍs and is also a decided improvement on the previous attempt by Mr. V. C. Seshachari to present the main Upaniṣhaḍs with Shri Shankarāchārya's bhāṣhya in English, however thankful we were at the time for that laudable undertaking. This new publication is at the present time indispensable to all such serious students of the Upaniṣhaḍs who cannot read the original with any ease.

J. v. M.

Religion as Life, by Henry Churchill King. (The Macmillan Co., New York. Price \$ 1 net.)

In this as in his earlier books, Dr. King gives his readers practical Christianity and his teachings are coloured by his own vivid personality. It is evident that he has been greatly influenced by the modern thinkers who base their philosophy upon biological foundations. To him God is Life, a supreme energy, and the greatest men are those who share that Life most fully. All his effort is directed to bringing this supreme Source of Life into relation with human activity, or, in other words, to giving religious satisfaction to the practical demands of his own time and country.

No religion "in the clouds" can have permanent value or motive power for the matter-of-fact American; therefore beyond all else Dr. King indicates lines of action, a policy, if the term may be pardoned in this connection, of spiritual realisation rather than of vague mysticism. He sees the life of the follower of Christ as a life of strenuous religious work both objectively and subjectively.

The danger with which the Christian world is threatened is not the conscious choice of sin (he regards sin as the failure to express the highest that is in one); but "the peril of the lesser good". Passion, possessions, and power may prove pitfalls or opportunities in the search for fulness of life. The problem whether the seeker will choose the highest form of self-sacrificing love or be blinded by the lower passion; whether he will have the strength to make "the great refusal" or missing his opportunity prefer the more comfortable conditions of worldly prosperity; whether he will allow himself to be dominated by the meaner ambitions or the more splendid which are "wide as the kingdom of God".

The frank simplicity of Dr. King's writing is very attractive. There is no straining for effect and though his view-point may be perhaps too pronouncedly Christian for the Theosophical reader, the latter cannot but find pleasure in the broad humanitarianism which permeates the teachings and is so characteristic of this author.

A. E. A.

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

THERE is no break as yet in the dark cloud of War that lowers over Europe, lit up only with flashes that herald the bursting shells. From every side comes the grim news of unparalleled slaughter, and the ablest scientific brains in each country are dedicated to the one ghastly work of wrenching from Nature new ways of killing her children. Science, hailed forty years ago as man's greatest benefactor, has become his bitterest enemy, devising methods of torture ever more excruciating, ways of slaying ever further reaching, and causing agony more long drawn out. Science is the modern Tapas, and it forces Nature to obedience; as Rāvaṇa won boons from Mahāḍeva enabling him to triumph and to rule, so does grim intellect compel all natural forces to work at its command horrors undreamed-of in more ignorant days.



And what is the lesson that Humanity is to learn from this welter of horror and of death? Surely that Intellect unilluminated by Love must ultimately bring our race to naught. Many years ago it was that a Master warned the modern world that knowledge had outstripped conscience, and was undirected by morality. To those clear eyes, wise and compassionate, there was nothing admirable in the spectacle of turning knowledge to the service of competition, and of stimulating the brain while the heart was unfed. For human happiness and human misery lie in the right and wrong use of the emotions, and intellect will work as readily for the spreading of misery as for the spreading of joy. Knowledge and Love should walk hand-in-hand in evolution, for knowledge without love has no compass for its guiding, and love without knowledge may become a destroying torrent instead of a fertilising stream. Hence is Wisdom—the blending into one of Love and Knowledge—the highest achievement of the man who stands on the threshold of Immortality.

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The next step forward of the human race sets its foot on the path which ends in the Temple of Wisdom; and He who is Wisdom Incarnate shall lead the children of men into that path of peace and joy. How in those coming days which shall dawn as the clouds of War are scattered, shall we look back upon the terrors of these nights of sorrow, those days when the Dead shall be the Reborn, and the world shall have burst out into more splendid life, as the vine-stock cut back by the sharp pruning-knife of the gardener bears its splendid weight of purple fruit. The measure of her present grief shall

be the measure of her future joy, and brimming over as is the cup of her woe to-day shall be the over-flowing chalice of her bliss to-morrow. Crucified is she in her anguish upon Calvary, but splendid shall be the morn of her resurrection.

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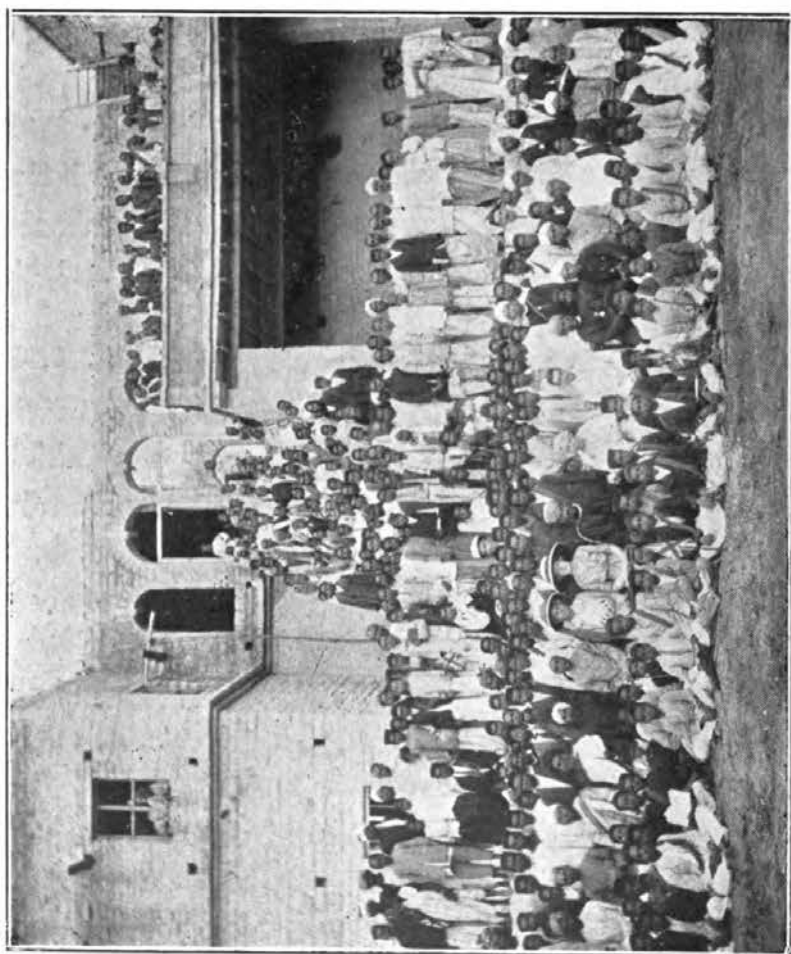
Alas for those, who in the present horror of great darkness that has fallen upon the world, cannot pierce it with the eye of either knowledge or intuition, and thus realise "the far-off heritage of tears". If, as the old Hindū taught, "the universe exists for the sake of the Self"—the Spirit—is the womb in which is maturing the mighty Man-Child who is the Self made manifest, God in human form, then all the slaughter of gallant lives in the splendour of their strong young manhood, all the life-agony of bounding youth confined in mutilated form, all the maimed bodies, armless, legless, eyeless, who have offered up all physical joy on the altar of the Country, and who come back from the altar mutilated but smiling, ruined in body but radiant in Spirit, knowing that highest and holiest sacrifice of ungrudging, nay joyful, renunciation of all that makes physical life a delight—then all these are seen as the shortening of evolution, the climbing straight up the mountain-side to the perfection of Divine Manhood instead of limping upwards by the long winding road that turns round and round on its way to the summit. These men have done the work of a dozen lives in one, and have risen far up the mountain-side by one splendid leap. But if it be otherwise, if this one life be all, if there be no permanent element in man fed by the sacrifice of the temporary—the hidden Deva, who grows by feeding on the mortal lives—if, as

a French materialist wrote, beauty and religion and morality are bye-products only of evolution, if patriotism and love and sacrifice are all heroic follies, then indeed is this War a tragedy, and the death of the noblest ensures the decadence of the Nation who bore them.

* * *

But if the other view be the true one, then will the sacrifice of these lift the whole Nation to a higher level of evolution, and set its face sunward. Britain and India, Australia and New Zealand, Canada and South Africa, France and Russia, Serbia and Italy, shall rise triumphant when this death-grapple is over, and shall lead the coming evolution of Humanity. It may be that the physical bodies of the children of these Nations may suffer somewhat from the early death of these trained young vigorous bodies, but that will be a passing loss, and may largely be made up by the training of the bodies of many who will come out of the War uninjured. Even under our eyes, the fruitage of a less awful sacrifice has been seen. The France of Napoleon III was decadent; he had poisoned her life-blood and prostituted her body. She passed through the agony of 1870, was defeated, drained of her treasure, shorn of part of her territory. It is said that that War has left its physical traces in the shortening of the stature of her manhood. It may be so, but how the Inner Life of France has grown! She was ever gallant, daring, courteous and chivalrous; now to these noble qualities she has added a patience, an endurance, a self-control, a discipline, that have set the world a-wondering. The anguish through which she passed in 1870 stopped her on the downward path that was

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Madanapalle Theosophical College.

leading her to the tomb, and wrought out her redemption, marvellous and splendid. This is she "who was dead and is alive again, who was lost and is found". No other such miracle has been wrought for thousands of years.

* * *

So we need not fear as we gaze on the battle-fields where noble lives are being poured out like water. It may be that there will be for a while some slight check in physical development, though I doubt it. For there has been evolving, as though in preparation for the holocaust and the renewing, an extraordinary vigour and robustness and stature and strength of Womanhood; all have noticed the change, though unwitting of its meaning. And these, be it remembered, are the Mothers of the coming race, with bodies finely developed and emotions raised and purified by anguish, and tempered by long drawn-out tension of anxiety for the best-beloved. These are they who have gone down into the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and have seen the beloved go out into the Light while they have turned back to the darkened earth, reft of its gladness. These, the Martyred in Life—so much harder a martyrdom than that of the Martyred in Death—these are the consecrated Mothers of the coming Nations, on whom rest the peace and the blessing of the Most High.

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Coming down from the heights of Pisgah, from which is seen stretching out fair and sunlit, the promised land, let us glance at some of the small events nearer home. Here is a picture taken at the back of the new Madanapalle College, where the big staircase, running

upwards, gave convenient standing room for some of the crowd of boys. On my right hand is the Principal, Mr. C. S. Trilokekar; and I wonder if English friends will recognise in the figure on my left Mr. Ernest Wood, known well as a lecturer in England before he came over here to do such good service to the Theosophical Society and to India alike. If I can obtain some good photographs of the Madanapalle buildings, our readers will be able to see how much he has done in this one place. On his left is the Head Master, Mr. Giri Rau, whose long and patient work under most discouraging circumstances laid the foundations on which the present prosperity has been built. The two ladies on the Principal's right, are Miss Noble, a graduate of S. Andrew's College, Scotland, who came to us from South Africa, and is now Professor of English at the College, and Miss Horne, a very experienced teacher from New Zealand, who is taking English composition for her work among the lads.

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The general work in India, so far as Theosophy is concerned is going on well, and there is an ever-widening recognition of its value religiously and educationally. We have in the Society, of course, men of all shades of opinion, and we include many very orthodox Hindūs as well as many who shade off gradually into all intellectual forms of Free Thought; Social Reformers, Political Reformers are also with us. On these two last mentioned lines there are, of course, the widest differences of opinion, and, especially in India, the great lesson of tolerance is being strenuously taught to our members. If the T. S. can succeed

in forming a strong body of public opinion in favour of a real civic equality without regard to a man's religion ; if it can persuade the public that no form of religion should give a civic advantage, and no form of religion should entail a civic penalty ; then it would add another great service to its many services to India. A citizen should neither be rewarded nor be penalised because of his religious beliefs. Only thus can religion cease to be a cause of civic disturbance.

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We received, too late for this number, an interesting article from Mrs. Charles Kerr about Mr. C. W. Leadbeater and the Australian work. It will appear next month. She gives the most delightful account of his daily life and work, and of the extraordinary progress of the Theosophical Society in Australia under his inspiring and vitalising influence. In vain has a small and active band of conspirators in America, with offshoots in other countries, using all the well-known German methods of slander and bribery, circularised Australia, as they circularised India and other countries, against him. The Australian is a sturdy common-sense creature, with a strong and healthy contempt for all crawling underground methods, and he judges for himself. Christian missionaries in India made useful work here impossible for H. P. Blavatsky, so she left India and built up the Society in Europe ; the same persecuting agency made useful work here impossible for C. W. Leadbeater, so he also has left India, and Australia has the inspiration of his presence, with surprising results. The same persecutors, headed this time by the Bishop of Madras, have tried the same plan with me, but I declined to go

because my work lies here, whereas the work of the other two was needed elsewhere. Here in India I stay; here is my earthly home, till I die. H. P. Blavatsky sent part of her ashes hither; C. W. Leadbeater will, perhaps, do the same; for me, all my ashes will stay here, for my past is Indian, as theirs was not to the same extent, and, in life and in death, I am consecrate to the Motherland.



ELEMENTAL FORCES IN STRINDBERG'S PLAYS

By HELEN M. STARK

STRINDBERG, after Nietzsche, the greatest Dionysian spirit of the age, "found the hope, the promise, and even the joy of life in the powerful, cruel struggle of life": he attempted in his plays to vindicate the various lines of force which, emerging out of a whole life-time—or even, as in the case of Miss Julia, out of the family heredity—converge at the critical point in the play, and work according to their natures. Personified, these elemental forces would take rank with the Gods of the Greek tragedies, for the power and the design that lie behind evolution do intrude themselves upon the plans and schemes of men, and they are as implacable and as invincible as when recognised, deified and enthroned upon Mount Olympus.

It is in Strindberg's three ultra-naturalistic plays (*Miss Julia*, *The Father*, and *Creditors*) that we see in all its naked horror the punishment that follows Nature's broken law, a law which ever demands expression, growth, and greater freedom within the new-built forms. Nature is careless of the single life, but she carries her own life through type after type, ever to greater freedom and perfection. She is "red in tooth and claw," but she destroys that she may build better and find a fuller expression for herself in forms. At each stage in her long career of form-building she sets up a standard—"Conform to this or be destroyed," she says. This is the basis of our morality, a relative thing that varies according to the stage of our growth. Strindberg's recognition of these elemental forces is most apparent. "It is not enough to see what happens, we must know how it came to happen." Elsewhere he says: "The Naturalist has wiped out the idea of guilt; but he cannot wipe out the results of our actions—punishment, prison, or fear—for the simple reason that they still remain without regard for his verdict."

In the preface to *Miss Julia* Strindberg clearly states his theme. It is the tragedy of a woman who, disregarding the opportunities of birth in a fortunate class, fails even to meet the demands of decency in that class. Responding to her lowest hereditary possibilities, unbalanced, perverted, erotic, she accomplishes her own destruction. From the opening lines of the play we see symptoms of sex neurasthenia, of an over-ripe creative faculty, undisciplined, perhaps unrecognised. This, seeking an opportunity for expression, easily breaks the only restraint it has ever known, that of fear, and devastates her life. Miss Julia, failing to conform

to the law of her growth, turning back from the wholesome possibilities of transmuted passion that culture should bring, ends her career in a dishonoured death. Jean, up to the crucial point in the play, is her victim. She forces herself upon him, disregarding his hints as to impropriety, and even his very plain statements of what may be expected if she tempts him further.

This is a case almost, if not quite, unique in literature. It is clear that Jean will not suffer on account of this illicit connection, but his escape lies not, as usually in such affairs, in the greater freedom of men, but in Jean's own human status. He is a peasant, thrifty as a weed that grows in the mud; his environment is a befitting root-hold for the simpler human type. He is flowering into a fuller and more complex manhood, but he is too young a soul to be touched by degeneracy or perversion. Jean is on the way up. He knows this even as he knows that Miss Julia's real mistake lay in her descent to a class lower than her own. He says: "When upper class people demean themselves they become mean."

In *The Father*, it is the race-life acting through the mother that demands free expression and she does not scruple to grasp it even at a terrific cost. The father, who in the play is called merely "the Captain," is a material scientist who accepts the phenomena of a machine, the spectroscope, because he thinks he understands it, but rejects those of the human mind and soul because he has made no attempt to understand them. He is an egotist who is in addition an old-fashioned domestic tyrant, doling out the household money, demanding that a strict account be kept of it, and holding the fear of bankruptcy over the wife, yet, when

she asks about his own expenses, he replies: "That does not concern you."

There is much to indicate that the Captain has for years been developing paresis. He flies into rages, he suspects every one, he lives beneath the shadow of an evil premonition, he is losing his strength and his faith in himself. The successful, dominant egotist is the tyrant, the weak and unsuccessful one becomes the bitter and complaining pessimist. He describes himself as an unwanted child who came will-less into the world. His reminiscences of the early days of marriage betray the uxorious husband, a phase that is true to his type. First, he seeks to merge himself in the personality of the wife; later, devitalised, sated, he experiences the reaction which expresses itself as irritability and suspicion: he sees in the wife the cause of every failure. Men do not look upon women as natural enemies unless they, to quote from *Creditors*, "have been worshipping Venus a little too excessively".

But the real struggle, which has been going on for months when the play opens, is over the education of the daughter. In this matter the arrogance of the father is supreme. Discussing the child's education, Laura says:

Laura: "And the mother is to have no voice in the matter?"

Captain: "None whatever. She has sold her birthright by a legal transaction, and has surrendered her rights in return for the man's undertaking to take care of her and her children."

Laura: "Therefore she has no power over her child."

Captain: "No, none whatever."

He declares positively, defiantly: "I will do what I please with my own child," the natural and conclusive

reply of the race-mother being : "How do you know that she is your child?" The idea of fatherhood is of comparatively recent development in the race-consciousness. Man knew himself as a husband long before he knew himself as a father, and in primitive peoples the child took his descent from the maternal line. And ever in the last analysis, the rights, duties and privileges of a father can have no other basis than this, the mother's recognition and nomination of him as the father; whatever may be the legal, the conventional, the purely superficial arrangements of the age and country, it all comes back to this in essence. The honour and dignity of fatherhood is woman's to confer; the absolute seal of childbirth legitimacy is a mother's welcome; the unwanted child is Nature's bastard.

Laura lied to her husband, misled and deceived him, but the inevitable corollary of tyranny is deception; the bondswoman becomes the parasite; she who may not speak in the councils of her master becomes the trickster of the ante-chamber. Seek unduly to impose your thought and your will upon another, and in the degree of his strength, his ingenuity, and his subtlety will he frustrate your unlawful purpose. In reading this play it is well to remember that Strindberg, agreeing with Swedenborg, has said that there can be no true marriage between godless people. Strindberg adds: "In my plays I have written of the marriages of godless people."

Creditors is an investigation into the ways of a man with a maid, at least into two, and these surely the most harmful and unlawful of his ways. Strindberg's reputation as a relentless misogynist rests largely on this play, but it is an unsound foundation, since it is so

clear that Tekla, the woman of the play, is little more than a lay figure upon which in turn two men attempt to fit their masculine conceptions of what her relation to her husband and to the world should be. The one vital spark in Tekla is the commendable but rather feeble desire to live her own life. She is not a likable character, she seems to be cunning, selfish and vain, but tutelage such as produced her can achieve no other result. We know little of her as she really is. Our view of her is an indirect one, we see her as the two men see her, each blinded by his own prejudice in regard to woman. At Tekla's first marriage she "was a pretty little girl; a slate on which parents and governesses had made a few scrawls. . ." After marriage she is forced to deal with life in the only terms she knows, those taught her by her two husbands. Neither Gustav nor Adolph are personalities, they are types. They are "pure cultures" of a group of perfectly correlated mental and moral qualities; well constructed Frankensteins, psychologically correct, inhumanly horrible in their one-pointedness, in the logical completeness in which they develop each his own idiosyncrasy.

Gustav is an extreme example of that brutal type of masculinity that sees in woman only an under-developed man. "Have you ever looked at a naked woman. . .," he says, "a youth with over-developed breasts . . . a child that has shot up to full height and then stopped growing in other respects. What can you expect of such a creature?" He it is who boasts of having erased the few parental scrawls, and, instead, written upon the soul of Tekla whatever inscription suited his own mind. Animated by the jealous desire to be

revenged upon the woman who had escaped him, a condition quite characteristic of this type of man, Gustav attempts to arouse Tekla by speaking of his approaching marriage: "I have purposely picked out a young girl whom I can educate to suit myself, for the woman is man's child, and if she is not, he becomes hers and the world turns topsy-turvy." A more primitive man of Gustav's type would have murdered Tekla, for it is the man who believes that a woman may be possessed, that she is a slave or chattel and may be stolen from him, or by him from another man, who in jealous rage has recourse to uxoricide. Instead of this Gustav works by fiendish cunning upon the weakness of Adolph until he destroys him. To Tekla he says: "It has been my secret hope that disaster might overtake you," and he admits that he has planned to trap and ruin Tekla. "You do all this merely because I have hurt your vanity?" Gustav says: "Don't call that *merely*! You had better not go around hurting other people's vanity. They have no more sensitive spot than that."

Gustav displays the tyranny of the strong, hard, selfish man. Adolph's tyranny is that of the weak and sensual man. He is the uxorious husband who first idealises the wife, and seeks in her a master; later, exhausted and devitalised, the victim of suspicion and fear, he would use his weakness to enslave the wife. The end of such a man is easy to forecast. He shall perish miserably, ignominiously, smothered beneath the fallen petals of love's red rose. Adolph becomes contemptible in his supine feebleness and gullibility as we watch Gustav, the casual acquaintance of a week, play his infamous game of cat and mouse with him. With the diabolic skill of a vivisector he enters

the heart and mind of Adolph and plants his poison there; he reveals, defines and vivifies every dormant suspicion that disease and impotency had planted there. In the end we see, as in others of Strindberg's plays and stories, that these two men have been destroyed by inharmonious marital relations, but this has not been accomplished by Tekla's action in a personal or human capacity. She had the wit to recognise the serious danger of the condition, certainly not the strength or wisdom to correct it. In their ignorance and perverted egotism, these men attempted to thwart a law of human growth, but their heads beat against their own breasts. They failed to see in woman the eternal, incorruptible dignity of the individual, and they dashed themselves to pieces against the rising tide of an elemental force.

Strindberg was no misogynist; he needed woman too ardently to have been that. His demand for the feminine complement was imperative. A self-sufficient man survives the disappointment of a tragic failure in marriage, woman is only an incident in his life; but Strindberg knowing by intuition the possibilities of a true marriage, and desiring passionately to enter into it, sought among women endlessly, measuring, weighing and judging relentlessly. "I chide woman because I love her so well," he said. Though these plays deal in the frankest manner with the facts of physical life, none who read them can doubt that they were written by the impelling force of a great idea, and not for the purposes of frivolous or prurient entertainment. They differ from the popular play of amorous escapade and half expressed indecency, as a cold mountain torrent differs from a fetid pool iridescent with the

phosphorescence of decay. Strindberg's plays do not present that play-time of passion, the dalliance hour of sex, but depict with an awful completeness the inferno of those who degrade and misuse its power. Strindberg is misunderstood by many—even sometimes by himself in uninspired moments—because all his work is so deeply coloured by his own personality. He formulated a law of human growth, and embodied it in a detail of personal history. We see in Strindberg a chapter in the history of the soul-development of a prophet. It is the stage in which the light of great genius is dimmed by rebellion, bitterness and ill-adjustment, but these are the first dark steps upon the path that leads to the mount of Wisdom, and the crown of Compassion.

Helen M. Stark

IDEALISM

By E. A. WODEHOUSE, M.A.

[An Address given at one of the Sunday morning meetings at the Theosophical Society's Headquarters in London. The Address was preceded by the reading of the first chapter of Mr. C. Jinarajadasa's little book, *In His Name*.]

I HAVE read you this morning a very beautiful piece of writing. But it is also one which, being highly pregnant with meaning, is somewhat difficult, perhaps, to understand at first hearing. I wish, therefore, in the few minutes at my disposal, to try to explain a little of what this chapter seems to me to mean.

You will remember that the little book from which it was taken is addressed to an aspirant for discipleship, and that this aspirant is spoken of as already occupying a kind of middle ground between the ordinary life of the world and that of the pledged servant of the Master; you will recollect, moreover, that the name given to this intermediate stage was that of "Idealism". The would-be disciple is already an "Idealist".

It is the meaning of these words, as they are presented in this chapter, that I wish to study this morning.

If we were asked which is the more real, what a thing *is*, or what we think about that thing, we should probably say the former. And ordinarily we should be

right. When we speak of the sun "rising" in the morning, for example, we need only be a little instructed to realise that this motion of the sun is only apparent, and that the real motion observed is that of the earth. Here our thought is less "real" than the fact of the case. But there is a certain type of thought which is more real than fact: and this type of thought we speak of as an "ideal".

What do we mean by the word "ideal" in this sense? A complete answer to this question would need many volumes; but I think that we shall be safe in saying that, in every use of the word "ideal," as representing a higher reality than that of fact, there is a certain great world-theory involved; the theory, namely, that what are called ideas are, in the order of creation, prior to, and so more real than, phenomena: in other words, that the creative impulse of God, which brought the worlds into being, passed, as it descended into matter, first through the plane of Ideas or Archetypes, and only afterwards reached this lower world of physical things. The theory would maintain, therefore, that all forms and objects in this latter world are merely imperfect copies, or embodiments, of those archetypal Ideas, or Ideals; and that, in this sense, the Ideal is literally more real than so-called facts.¹

The person who perceives this superior reality is the "Idealist". And this is what was meant by that word, in the present chapter, when it was said: "For an Idealist, material forms exist only to body forth Ideas."

¹ The reader will, of course, recognise in this the famous Platonic theory of Ideas, the parent of all western Idealism. In the great controversy between the Nominalists and the Realists, which divided the thought of the Middle Ages, the Realists were those who maintained the view of the substantial reality of Ideas.

Idealism is thus, from this point of view, a truer form of thought; and it is in this sense that it may be thought of as an intermediate stage between the thought of the ordinary world and that of the real world of the Masters; for the Idealist is one who is beginning to see, through the outer form, the deeper truth and life of which the form is only an imperfect copy or representation. And the student will see that this is one way, at least, of expressing Viveka, the first of the specific qualifications for discipleship.

But the Idealist is the truer thinker in another, and very important, sense. For it will be seen that he is doing, in his thought, exactly what the evolutionary process itself is doing. He is not only going *back*, through the copy, to the original; he is also going *forward* to that which, in the course of time, is to be.

All evolution consists in the revealing of God's thought in and through matter. Thus, as a man evolves, more and more of the Ideal Man shows through him; more and more (as an Idealist would say) of the Idea, of which the outer man is the expression, finds embodiment and articulation in him.

To idealise, therefore, is to think along the lines of natural growth, to see the flower in the seed.

In the sense, then, that every moment in growth negates all moments that have gone before by the asserting of a fuller reality, the Idealist is here again the truer thinker. And it is, perhaps, particularly easy to see, from this point of view, why, in the judgment of the writer of this little book, Idealism stands as an intermediate stage between the life of the world and the life of the disciple.

The reason is that the disciple is the apprentice World-Helper ; and the whole work of world-helping consists in smoothing the way for, and bringing nearer, that which each thing in nature is destined to become ; in other words, in drawing the future of things into their present. We can see this readily in respect of every kind of self-improvement ; for, clearly, all effort at a higher way of living and thinking is the affirmation of the truth of what we shall be against the inferior reality of what we are at the moment. We assert the future against the present. And so it is with the helping of the world also. The Idealist is, by virtue of his Idealism, the embryo World-Helper, simply because his mode of thought represents one of the essential pre-conditions of such helping. By passing out of the thought which builds upon the present to the thought which builds upon the future, he has already set himself on the side of Those whose whole purpose and function presupposes this changed outlook.

What, then, does he need in order to become the accredited World-Helper, to pass out of the intermediate stage which he occupies into the stage of actual discipleship ?

This little book tells us.

Although, we are told, we must continually dream of the higher, yet "we must be true in our measurements of the lower". We must be Idealists, but we must base our Idealism on facts.

What does this mean ?

The secret of it is, I think, contained in the thought of a few moments ago : That Idealism is, from one point of view, a thinking along the natural lines of growth.

We have to recognise that, although the ideal be a higher thing, in one sense, than the fact, yet that an ideal can only be approached *via* facts, and, further, that the two terms, if we examine them, are fluid, and melt readily the one into the other. Thus, that which to-day we look upon as a fact was yesterday an ideal. That which to-day we regard as an ideal will, we hope, to-morrow become a fact. The whole of History, indeed, consists in the melting of ideals into facts, and the careful thinker will have no difficulty in seeing, therefore, that—taking the evolutionary process as a whole—we can no more disregard the passing fact than we can disregard the ultimate ideal. The two are inseparable, and truth in thought will thus consist in seeing not merely the goal at the end of the journey, *but every step of the road which leads up to it.*

This is the higher stage of Idealism, which belongs to the world of discipleship and of the Masters.

The uninstructed Idealist, not yet ready for discipleship, will be tempted to see only the goal and to ignore the steps between; and so he becomes the impatient dreamer, the visionary, the sentimentalist, and fails to be of much practical use to the world. It is true, of course, that it is in many ways better to be a man of ideals and to disregard facts, than to be a man of facts only and to disregard ideals. But best of all it is to be both: to see the ideal, and to recognise it as the real, and yet to recognise, and allow for, every step on the way to it. That is the third stage, according to my reading of this chapter, which, in the opinion of the writer, brings the Idealist right into the real World-Service and makes him a disciple.

We shall see this more clearly if we try to think, for a moment, how necessary is this dual vision. Think how it would fare with us, for example, with all our imperfections, if those great Ones, to whom we look for help, were to see only the goal and not the necessary steps which lead to it! We cannot but assume that Their vision extends to heights of growth and unfolding far beyond anything that our loftiest imagination can reach; or that our highest "Ideals" are far below the level of Their "facts". Ill, therefore, would it fare with us if the long evolutionary process of the transmuting of ideals into facts—which is the evolutionary path before us—were not recognised by Them as necessary. The help we crave is that which will enable us to take the several steps as they come; we know full well that we cannot leap to the goal.

And it is Theirs, by virtue of Their office as World-Helpers, to accede to this demand: to give us the next truth that we need, to help us over the next difficulty, to wed the acceptance of our lower facts to the higher wisdom of Their ideals.

This, then, is the task of the true Idealist: to realise both facts and ideals, means and ends, at once. In the words of the writer: "The Disciple must live consciously in two worlds all the time."

It is his task, and it is also his burden; and it is perhaps because the burden is so heavy, that this stage is seen as a higher stage than the other. For it is easy to dream dreams of perfection. It is very difficult to follow out patiently, one by one, the steps by which perfection is to be attained.

Perhaps there is only one thing that can make such a dual vision easy, and that is love; for it is the peculiar

mark of love that imperfections do not chill it but rather inflame it. And, viewed in this way, the highest Idealism and the truest thought work out as vision informed by love. To think lovingly is to think truly. To love is to see the ideal through the fact. To combine the fact with the ideal is the practical work of love.

The disciple is thus the one who, while holding to the ideal, can love the actual. And this is the third stage, in which the two former are gathered up.

That to think lovingly is to think truly, is not a new doctrine. It is one which has always been taught. But I do not think that the basic, the *ultima ratio* of it, has often been more strikingly or more beautifully expressed than in the concluding words of the chapter that I have read.

Loving thought is true thought, because Love is the expression of Unity, and Unity is the final, the basic truth of all. The doctrine of an ultimate Unity has often been expressed as an abstract philosophical formula. The striking feature about the concluding words of this chapter is that they express the Unity not as a dead philosophical abstraction, but in terms which make it leap and vibrate with life :

“ There is in the Cosmos but One Person, and we live but to discover Him.¹

“ He is yourself, for you are an expression of Him. But you cannot see Him as He is; His light would blind you and make you dumb. That is why for love of you He moderates His light, and looks at you through the faces of those you love; you love them for His

¹ I have always considered this sentence one of the most impressive single sentences with which I am acquainted.—E. A. W.

beauty in them. He helps you to discover the lovable in them that you may know of His love for you.

“More of Himself He shows in those castles you build in your ideal moods ; more still of Himself He will show you in your Master. That is why as you grow in Idealism you shall always find your Master, for the Master it is who will guide you out of the unreal world into the real.”

E. A. Wodehouse

ON A ROCK-BOUND COAST

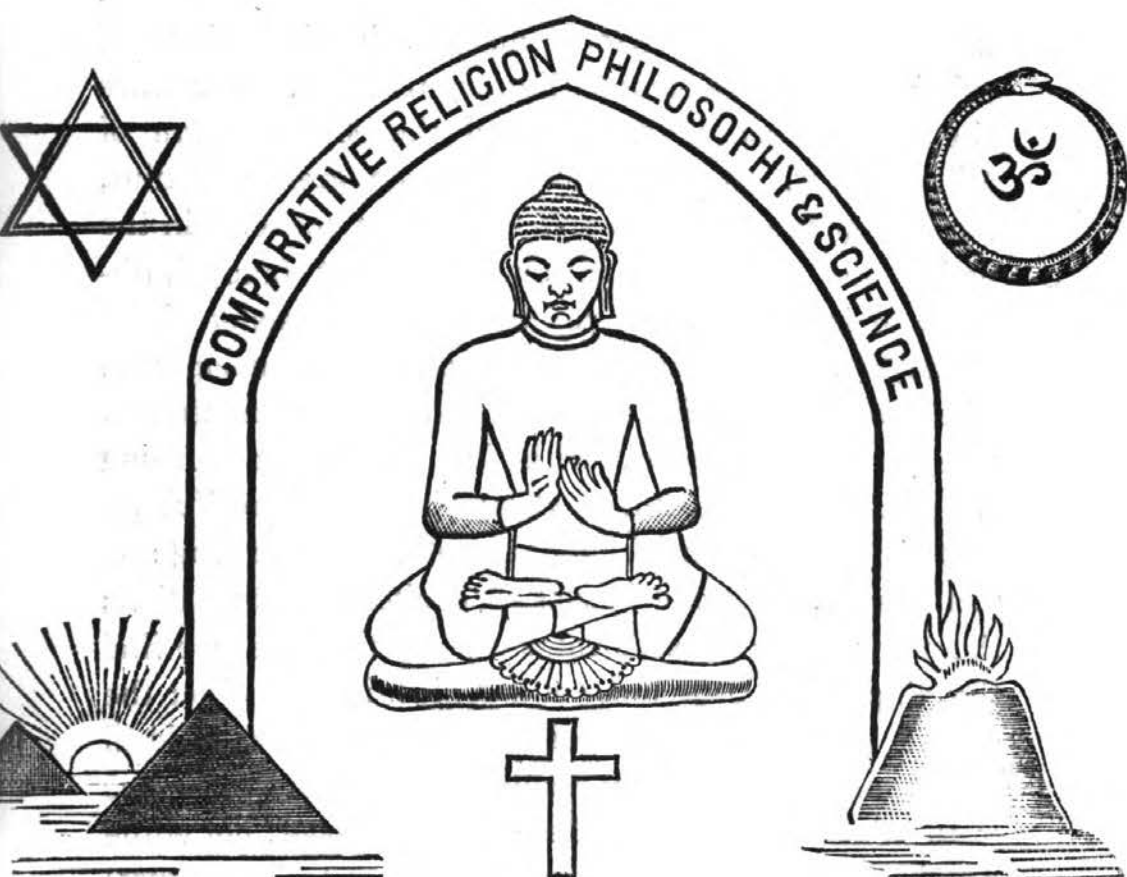
O wind-swept Silences !
In age-long rest
Ye seem to brood apart, inviolate,
The fretted life of man
Your passing guest
While of some guarded realm ye stand, the Gate.

O Majesties, rock-throned
In palaces
Built by Time's lean myrmidons of years
That knew no resting-place ;
Your solaces
Succour and save those whom Life's terror sears.

O Presences, revealed
Within the shrine
Of amethyst and lazuli and pearl
Lit by all Heaven's lamps,
Whose thurifers entwine
Gold chains of stars whereon night's censers twirl.

O Mighty Hands of God,
Artificer
Of sea-bound shores remote and desolate,
Man feels Your moulding too
And, if he err,
Knows YOU outstretched to clasp him soon or late.

E. M. G.



THE POET VILLIPUTTŪRĀR

By V. RANGACHARI, M.A.

IT will be acknowledged by every student of Tamil literary history that a good deal of attention was bestowed by the ancient and mediæval poets on the translation and popularising of the classical works of Samskrit in the Tamil land; and in almost every treatise the translation has been so skilful and so ingenious that it has ceased to be a mere translation, and risen to the

dignity of an original classic. But of the numerous examples of such achievements, two will always remain, as they have hitherto remained, in the minds of scholars, the very acme of literary triumph. These are the *Rāmāyaṇa* of Kamba and the *Mahābhārata* of Villiputtūrār. Kamba was perhaps a greater genius, but in depicting character, in describing scenery, in the delineation of pathos, in exuberance of fancy, Villiputtūrār is not inferior to the great translator of the *Rāmāyaṇa*. As a scholar he was perhaps even superior. The *Rāmāyaṇa* is like a natural and magnificent stream, noisy and voluminous, with full floods and surging waters; while the *Mahābhārata* is like a beautiful but artificial water-course, calm, smooth, easy-flowing and picturesque. The one dazzles us, excites our admiration; the other charms us, pleases us. In the one we find the impulsive brilliance of a genius, in the other the classic dignity of a man of culture. Both were ideal translators and successful restorers of Samskrit influence in the Tamil land and in the Tamil language; but while Kamba owed his extraordinary powers to his natural genius, Villiputtūrār seems to have acquired them by his application.

As in the case of the majority of Tamil worthies, we are unable to say when exactly Villiputtūrār lived; but a number of evidences, internal and external, enable us to arrive at an approximate estimation of his time. In my article on the Iraṭṭayar, I have pointed out how Villiputtūrār was their contemporary, on the one hand, and of Aruṇagirinātha on the other; and how, as the twin-poets lived in the time of Rājanārāyaṇa Sāmbava Rāya (1337-60) and Aruṇagirinātha in the time of Praudha Deva Rāya II (1422-49), all these writers should be

attributed to the period between 1350 and 1430 ; and I showed how this conclusion was confirmed by the fact that Kālamēhappulavar, who was a personal acquaintance of the Iraṭṭayar, had for his patron Tirumal Rāya, the son of Sāluva Goppa, the Viceroy of North Arcot, about 1430. It will be concluded from this that Villiputtūrār belonged approximately to the same period. He had, like the Iraṭṭayar, the Chief of Vakkapāhai for his patron, though curiously enough he does not mention them at all. He was, however, a rival and afterwards the admirer of Aruṇagirinātha ; but he does not make any definite reference either to Sambandha Āṇḍān or to Kālamēhappulavar who, as we have seen from other sources, belonged to the same age. It is this almost complete absence of mutual references among these writers that makes the dates of their existence problems and themes of controversy. In the case of Villiputtūrār, particularly, we should be interested to know the details of his life ; whether, for instance, he was younger—as he probably was—than the Iraṭṭayar and, if so, how much younger ; whether he lived after the death of Aruṇagirinātha or not ; whether he ever met Kālamēha at all ; and so on. But the desire will probably remain eternally unrealised. The late Pandit Satakopa-Ramanujachariar says that one of the contemporary chiefs of Villiputtūrār was a certain Vīra-Pāṇḍya ; but a reference to epigraphy shows that, between 1360 and 1500, there were a number of Vīra-Pāṇḍyas. Mr. Sewell points out,¹ from a Ramnād inscription, that a Vīra-Pāṇḍya ruled about 1383. Dr. Caldwell² mentions two

¹Sewell's *Antiquities*, i, 302. The inscription is in the Tiruttarakōsa-maṅgai temple, 8 miles S. W. of Ramnad. It is dated S. 1305, *Rudhirōtkāri*.

²See his *Tinnevelly*. From two inscriptions at Shri-Vaikunṭham in Tinnevelly and from *Mack. MSS.*

Vīra-Pāṇḍyas as having respectively ruled in 1437 and 1475-90, while Dr. Kielhorn mentions¹ a Vīra-Pāṇḍya Māravarman whose inscriptions are found at Teṅkāsi, Kālayār-Koil and Tiruvāḍi, who came to the throne, according to his calculation, between March and July, 1443, and ruled at least till 1457, and who was the contemporary of the celebrated Arikēsari Parākrama² (1422-65) of the Teṅkāsi dynasty. It is difficult to say which of these Vīra-Pāṇḍyas was the contemporary of the poet, though the sovereign that ruled about 1383 is the most probable person. It will now be clear that all that we can definitely say about the date of the poet is that, like his famous contemporaries, he lived between 1360 and 1450. A more exact demarcation is possible only with the discovery of further materials.

Villiputtūrār was a native of the Magadai Nāḍu or "the middle country" of tradition, practically identical with the northern part of the Trichinopoly and the southern part of South Arcot districts. His father was a Vaishṇava Brāhmaṇa of the name of Vīra Rāghava. Early in life, Villiputtūrār, it is said, established a name as an all-round scholar and a genuine poet, capable of singing all the five types of poetry with equal felicity. For some unknown reason he left, in course of time, his native village,³ and settled at a place called Saniyūr in the same district. To his great grief, the eminent scholar saw very many unripe

¹ *Ep. Ind.* vii. See also *Indian Antiquary*, February 1914, p. 35, where I have summarised all the epigraphical discoveries regarding the Pāṇḍyan dynasty.

² *Ibid.*, 35-6.

³ According to the *Tamil Ency.* he was born in this place. Still another version is that he was a native of Shrivilliputtūr which, I think, is incorrect and based on a wrong interpretation of his name. Mr. Purnalingam Pillai says that Panayūr has also been said to be the poet's birthplace, but I am not aware of any such tradition.

scholars and giftless versifiers posing as great literary luminaries, and wandering unchallenged and in haughty insolence throughout the country. Inspired by the desire to exterminate this odious race and to purify literature, he undertook, on his own initiative, a severe, if not terrifying form of censorship. Going on a tour to different places, he used to engage scholars in controversy and punish the defeated by depriving them of an ear. In the course of this cruel pilgrimage he came to Conjiveram, where he met a Vaishṇava scholar of the name of Anantabhaṭṭa, and challenged him to a disputation. The two scholars then prepared themselves for a tough battle. Each of them held a sharp instrument attached to the other's ear so that the least hesitation on the part of one to explain the poetic utterance of the other might be promptly chastised by mutilation. In this attitude they tried each other. Anantabhaṭṭa was eventually defeated, and was about to be chastised in accordance with the agreement when, it is said, he cleverly pointed out to his victorious opponent that, in trying to cut off the *ear* of an Ananta, an earless being, he was making an impossible attempt. The astute scholar meant that Ananta (*i.e.*, the serpent) had no ear and that the attempt to cut off a thing which did not exist was a feat open to ridicule. Villiputtūrār, it is said, was satisfied by the timely pun, and chivalrously left the vanquished uninjured.

Villiputtūrār then came to Tiruvaṅṅāmalai, where he is said to have engaged the celebrated Aruṅagirinātha in similar controversy. This time, the proud and insolent scholar was about to be made the victim of his own vow. For, while Aruṅagirinātha composed a series of alliterative verses on Skandha and asked his

opponent to explain them the moment each of them was uttered, Villiputtūrār was puzzled in regard to the 55th verse and asked for it a second time. The astute Shaiva scholar pointed out that that was not a term of their mutual agreement; and Villiputtūrār, unable to answer, had to yield himself to punishment. But the noble generosity of the victor, we are informed, saved the shame of the victim and, we may add, the honour of the scholastic world in general. For he waived the right of taking away Villiputtūrār's ear on exacting a promise from him to the effect that he would assume the same attitude towards his vanquished opponents in future. Villiputtūrār, for his part, showed his gratitude and his reverence by staying to completely hear the poem and compose the commentary on it.

After his defeat at the hands of Aruṇagirinātha, Villiputtūrār went to the courts of various princes, and showed his scholarly skill, receiving ample riches in reward. With these he returned to Saniyūr and led there a calm and quiet life of ease and honour. While so engaged, the King of the Magadai Nāḍu, Varapati Āṭkoṇḍān,¹ who, as we have already seen, was a great patron of literature, approached Villiputtūrār with the request that he should give an enduring name to the country of their birth by translating the *Mahābhārata* into Tamil verse. A great scholar both in Tamil and in Samskrit, Villiputtūrār readily undertook the task, and completed it in a monumental poem of 6,000 stanzas. The most remarkable feature of this truly grand epic is the unusual extent to which the mixture of Samskrit and Tamil vocabulary has been

¹ The *Tam. Ency.* calls him the King of Vakkapāhai Nāḍu, and says that he belonged to the Koṅgu line, and that he was called Varapati Āṭkoṇḍān Chēran.

carried. In no other Tamil poet do we find such a large number of Tamilised Samskrit words. Not only in the number of such words but in the remarkable skill with which they have been transformed, amended, or altered, so as to suit Tamil grammar and Tamil harmony, Villiputtūrār has no rival. In the history of the languages of South India, of the relation between Samskrit and Tamil, therefore, he will always occupy a foremost place. He has proved in an unmistakable manner that the Samskritisation of Tamil is essentially for the good of the latter, that the holy tongue imparts to the other a dignity and a rhythm which it can otherwise hardly possess. As regards the poem itself, the unique merit of which has reaped the reward of immortality, it is enough to mention that it is not merely a translation, but a condensation, of the *Mahābhārata*. It is therefore a more proportionate, symmetrical and artistic production than the original, so much so that by itself it seems to be an original work. From one standpoint it is an amplification; for it is an expansion of the old classic, the *Mahābhārata* of Perundēvanār. From another standpoint it was itself a condensation, a condensation not of the Samskrit *Mahābhārata* alone, but from the 18th century onward of a more extensive and complete Tamil work by Nallā-Pillai¹ of Madalampēḍu.

A number of anecdotes are current in the country as to the immediate circumstances under which Villiputtūrār performed his work. One story is that while engaged in disputation with Aruṇagirinātha he, in his fanatical orthodoxy,² refused to see his opponent in

¹ I hope to give an account of this writer later on in THE THEOSOPHIST.

² Satagopa Ramanujachariar; *Tam. Ency.* does not mention it.

person as he was a Shaivite; that the latter in consequence cursed him to become blind; and that Villiputtūrār composed the *Mahābhārata* as a propitiatory offering to the Lord for the recovery of his sight. Another story is that, while coming from an extensive pilgrimage, he happened to go by way of Kālahasti;¹ that, reluctant to even look at the hill of Shiva, he avoided its sight by using his umbrella as the screen; that in consequence he was struck blind; and that, at the instance of Aruṇagirinātha, he sang this poem with the object of recovering his sight. A third story says that Villiputtūrār was a greedy miser who refused to give his brother his share of ancestral property; that the latter brought the fact before the King's notice; that the King, aware of the poet's weakness, made him compose the *Mahābhārata* with a view to teach him an indirect lesson, and that he gained his object; for when Villiputtūrār completed his work and was expounding that part of it which related to Duryōdhana's refusal to give a share to the Pāṇḍavas on the occasion of Shrī Krishṇa's embassy (Udyōga Parva), his brother came to the learned audience and taunted Villiputtūrār, in their presence, with his own behaviour. The poet had to save himself from disgrace by the observance of greater equity towards his brother. A fourth version says that Villiputtūrār and his brother were very great friends, that the well-directed efforts of the King to induce Villiputtūrār to come to his court and sing the *Mahābhārata* failed, and that he sent an old woman, as much advanced in diplomacy as in age, who managed to make herself a servant or member of the family,

¹ *Tam. Ency.* says that it took place in Tiruvaṇṇāmalai immediately after his defeat at the hands of Aruṇagirinātha.

cleverly set intrigue afoot, and caused a misunderstanding, through the women, between the brothers, as a result of which Villiputtūrār parted with his brother, and came to the court. The King, of course, then managed to gain his object. Still another version gives a commercial ground for the whole undertaking. It is to the effect that Villiputtūrār was a debtor to Varapati; that the latter agreed to receive, in place of money, a translation of the *Mahābhārata*, each stanza carrying a certain value; that Villiputtūrār composed the whole work, but finding the king miserly in his calculations, vindictively tore away the latter portion of his MS., saying that the remaining part would, even by a most vigorous calculation, more than cover the debt.

It is difficult to say how far these versions are true, and how far they are myths. The first two of them trace the necessity to write on the part of the poet to his alleged fanaticism, the third to his greed, the next to his domestic unhappiness, and the last to his poverty. Unfortunately we possess no materials regarding the life of the great poet which enable us to make a definite pronouncement about his religious prejudices or his worldly prospects, his spiritual ideals or his material resources. But from the fact that his name is always combined, in a manner of course not favourable, with Aruṇagirinātha's, and from the scrupulous toleration which pervades the poem, many are evidently inclined to believe in the earlier rigidity and the later toleration of the great scholar-poet. As regards the story of his domestic unhappiness, it is impossible to say anything definite; but it *seems* that the poet was not endowed with the virtues and merits requisite in the responsible head of

a joint family. Indeed, he seems to have loved his books better than his people, and sacrificed affection at the altar of scholarship. A curious and, many will think, an incredible story gives an insight into this aspect of his character, into the extreme censoriousness he displayed in literary matters at the expense of his own paternal affection. The story concerns his son Varadāchārya, the well-known Varandaruvār of Tamil literature, who wrote a preface of twenty-five verses to his father's classic work, which remains to-day one of the biographical materials of the poet. While Varadāchārya was a boy and learning under his father's tuition, he displayed so much originality and independence, it is said, that the father mistook it for impertinence, and asked him not to darken his doors again by his presence! The sensitive boy resorted to another less illustrious, but more tolerant, teacher, and under his guidance, rose to the distinction of a sound scholar. Later on, while Villiputtūrār was first rehearsing his poem before a learned audience for the stamp of public approval and the audience expressed dissatisfaction at his omission of a verse of prayer to Vināyaka Deva—the poet's orthodoxy had avoided Vināyaka and invoked the Lord's grace in a broad and unsectarian manner—Varadāchārya, who was present on the occasion, rescued his father from embarrassment by composing a verse on the spot, and saying, with excusable effrontery, that his father had already composed it, and that he had not mentioned it as, in his opinion, a verse of a more cosmopolitan spirit would suit better a mixed audience like the one before him! The poet, we may be sure, was ashamed of the way in which he was rescued, but his gratitude welcomed back again his long-lost son to his

home. The whole incident illustrates perhaps the grim seriousness of the scholar which defied every natural feeling. However it might be, I think we can hardly put much faith in the theory that Villiputtūrār was a debtor and that he composed the poem in lieu of discharging the debt. We can hardly believe that the King was a creditor to one of his subjects in the position of Villiputtūrār, nor can we believe that he was so very particular and miserly in his dealings. The story is perhaps an invention purporting to give a rational explanation for the incomplete nature of Villiputtūrār's work.

Nothing is known of the later life of Villiputtūrār. It is believed by some that he renounced the world, left the court of Varapati, and spent his days in devotion and meditation at Shrīraṅgam. But as such a retired and secluded life is assigned by others to the period previous to his distinguished career in the Koṅgu court, we are unable to say whether he renounced the world in the last days of his life; it is very probable that he did.

V. Rangachari

THE HOLY GHOST OR THE PARACLETE

By A. GOVINDACHARYA SVAMIN, C.E., M.R.A.S.

(*Concluded from p. 486*)

IT is thus that Jesus Christ's utterances, such as "I am in my Father," "I and my Father are one," have to be understood. So understood, it is possible to bring about a reconciliation between Trinitarianism and Unitarianism. In Hindūism, God is manifest in five ways, of which Anṭaryāmin or the Inner Guide, Avaṭāra or Incarnation, and Archā the worshipable Form, are three. The Inner Guide, Anṭaryāmin, has three forms;—one already indwelling in the soul, which corresponds to the idea of the Holy Ghost being the active Divine Principle in nature (Saṭṭādhāraka); the second the Holy Ghost re-entering the soul (Anupravesha) corresponding to such passages as *Acts*, ii, 1-4, "And suddenly there came a sound," etc., "and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost," etc.; and a third form, (*i.e.*, Anṭaryāmin) having a beatific presence of its own kind, and bursting before the mental gaze of the contemplating devotee—a Divine Epiphany, so to say. The Avaṭāra, or Incarnation, is a most essential and vital doctrine of Hindūism as well as of Christianity. Without it Hindūism is not Hindūism. The Avaṭāra is Spirit Incarnate, or the

Word become Flesh. Hence such passages as: "Nārāyaṇa took flesh as Rāma," and the eternal Word "Veḍa put on Rāmāyaṇa as its garb," *i.e.*, Rāma is the eternal principle of Holiness appearing as a Persona or Person; and the whole *Rāmāyaṇa* is the story of Sītā, Shrī, or Christ, *i.e.*, the story of how Grace operates on mankind to save it; how love can sacrifice and suffer. Without love there is no sacrifice. Sacrifice is by suffering. The key therefore of suffering is love, and the key of love is suffering. I shall revert to this later.

In the preceding paragraph the word "Nārāyaṇa" has occurred. It will be interesting to Christians to know that the etymological meaning of this word "Nārāyaṇa" is "He who rests on waters," Nārā, meaning water, corresponding with *Genesis*, i, 2, that "the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters". "Waters" in the Vedānta signifies the material stuff of creation—which is thus the plastic or passive stuff over which and in which Spirit, or the active principle, works, according to the Vedīc passage: "As the spider spins out of itself, so the Spirit brings forth the material out of itself." Hence the question: Whence came the materials of creation? and the Indian Sages answered:

He, Spirit, created the waters [material stuff] out of Itself [out of its own substance], and placed Its seed therein. Until a resisting medium is improvised, no force can manifest.

In the second sense conveyed in these passages, the Greek notion of God is made manifest, to which, if the Latin or Roman notion of God, as evident in *Genesis*, i, 2, (quoted above), be joined, the whole sense etymologically imported by the word "Nārāyaṇa" is brought out, giving a sense for the Godhead as both

out of and in Nature. Hence the Upaniṣhaṭ passage : “ Nārāyaṇa pervades all, both in and outside,” *i.e.*, He is the full Divine Principle, intra- as well as extra-cosmically pervading. This Nārāyaṇa is thus the Cosmos-sustaining (*saṭṭādhāraka*) Principle with which is coupled Grace, which is Shrī, Christ—in other words, Love. Prajāpati, or the Lord of Creation, acting by the medium of Vāch, or the Sacred Word, as occurring in the *R̥gveda* conveys the same Shrī-Nārāyaṇa sense. Grace is thus an inalienable principle, property, or auspicious attribute, ever dwelling with the Divine Principle; it is also Divinity in the abstract manifested in the concrete, figuratively the “Word made flesh” (*John*, i, 14).

Viewed in another way, Divinity is made up of a Father and a Mother Principle, one yet twain. Shrī or Christ, is the Mother-Love sent into the world, for according to *John*, iii, 16, “God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son” to save it. “Bride” in the place of “Son” answers equally well. The Nārāyaṇa idea and the Bride-, Grace- or Love-idea are both evident in I. *John*, iv, 16: “God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him.” The idea of Father and Son, and the latter begotten of the Father for the salvation of souls, is an ancient one. For example, *Mahābhārata*, Udyoga-parva 48, tells us that the One Existence split Itself into two, Nārāyaṇa and Nara: and in Baḍarī-Nārāyaṇ, in the Himālayas Nārāyaṇa becomes the Teacher, and Naran the Disciple. The idea of sacrifice (or crucifixion) of the Son is evident from the Puruṣha-Sūkṭa hymn (*R̥gveda*, x, 90).

The third way in which God manifests Himself to His devotees is through symbols or consecrated Images (Archā). The conception of God's Presence in Images will appeal to the intelligence of Christians, if they will ponder over the facts of consubstantiation and transubstantiation in their Scriptures. Consubstantiation means the union in one substance, *i.e.*, the substantial presence of the Body and Blood of Christ in the bread and wine, in what is appropriately called the Eucharist, for Charis, as I have already shown, is Grace, or Shrī. And transubstantiation means conversion of one substance into another; hence the substantial change of the Eucharistic bread and wine into the Body and Blood of Christ. With regard to the Holy Images, both these theories are advanced in Hindū Scriptures. The Image, or symbol, is praṭīka, or the material base, in which the Spirit is present as consubstantiate, or the material of the Image itself is transformed into what may be called a spiritual substance as in transubstantiation. The Image is the kernel of the Church; it is a representation of it. As the Holy Ghost dwells in the Church, so does the Spirit dwell in the Image.

There are, above all these, three divine manifestations, or hypostates, as they are called, the medium, *Āchārya*, or the Saviour, of whom God makes use. This is the real Epiphany, inasmuch as the foregoing manifestations, which are of a theophanous character, are direct, whereas a vehicle is employed in the *Āchārya* form. In what way this is distinguished from the rest, and how efficiently and effectively the work of Salvation is effected by its means, is exhaustively treated in the spiritual work I have already mentioned, *viz.*, the *Shrī-Vāchana-Bhūṣhaṇa*.

Now the idea of Holy Ghost as Comforter has also its primal parallel in the Vedānta system, in the expression, Hārḍa-puruṣha. (See *Brahma-Sūtra*, IV, ii, 16.) Hārḍa is also Love-Grace corresponding with I. *John*, iv, 16, already quoted.

Now from the beginning when God's Breath was infused into man till that day when Christ says: "Ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you" (*John*, xiv, 20), we note the steady progress of the soul from its rudiments into a full-blown entity, divine-like, marking the course of evolution and its consummation. The universe is God's field (kṣhetra) as the *Bhagavad-Gītā* puts it; and God is the tiller (karṣhaka); and the harvest is His, *viz.*, the crop of souls saved. The reaping is the reaping of the fruit of evolution. All the processes of culture indicate the hand of Providence in various manifestations as set forth above—these processes partaking of both the remedial and redemptive character.

Whether God satisfies the Unitarian ideal or the Trinitarian ideal matters not, so long as the principle of Salvation, or Grace is admitted. This principle may be personified as Mother, Son, Bride, or as a Vine to the Husbandman (*John*, xv, 1)—that matters not. The recognition of this principle, in whatever outward garb it is vested, is the important thing. According to I. *Corinthians*, i, 24, Christ is also the "power of God and the wisdom of God," *i.e.*, the Word, Vāk, Shrī, as already shown. (Also see *Proverbs* about "Wisdom".)

As to such a principle in existence in nature and its mediational character, Butler says in his *Analogy*¹:

We find all living creatures are brought into the world and their infancy is preserved by the instrumentality of

¹ See *Ṭaittirīya-Brāhmaṇa* quoted later on.

others, and every satisfaction of it, some way or other, is bestowed by the like means; so that the visible Government, which God exercises over the world is by the instrumentality and mediation of others. And how far His invisible Government be or be not so, it is impossible to determine at all by reason. There is then no sort of objection, from the light of nature, against the general notion of a mediator between God and man.

From the very dawn of Hindū religion, the fundamental idea of Hindūism has been sacrifice, which has taken ever so many forms. Shrī sacrificing herself, prompted by Mother-Love and Grace, as told in the *Rāmāyana*, and Bhīṣhma's prolonged suffering or crucifixion upon the bed of arrows, as told in the *Mahābhārata*, cannot have a better parallel than the tragic sacrifice of Christ on Calvary, both illustrating the principle of vicarious suffering and vicarious redemption—the function assigned to the Holy Ghost for all time to come. This Paracletic Principle also appears as Shraḍḍhā, or Faith, in man, personified as Shrī, the Mother of Kāma, or aspiration in man (*Kāmavaṭṣā*, *Tāittirīya-Brāhmaṇa*, iii, 12-13).

As there is no finality of opinion in the respect of the nature of God, the nature of the soul, of immortality and after-death conditions, etc., so no final word can be said about the nature of mediation, which involves atonement, sacrifice, suffering, love. We can only rest our beliefs on probabilities. Bishop Butler has said that “probability is the guide of life”.

As to the various garbs in which any principle may be vested by different religions and languages, modalities and mannerisms, it is well to remember the passages :

1. All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness.—II. *Timothy*, iii, 16.

2. God who in times past suffered all nations to walk in their own ways.—*Acts*, xiv, 16.

3. It is far easier and far more amusing for shallow critics to point out what is absurd and ridiculous in the religion and philosophy of the ancient world than for the earnest student to discover truth and wisdom under strange disguises.—SCHOPENHAUER.

4. We laugh at the extraordinary costumes of a generation ago, just as the next generation will laugh at us for the absurd way in which by our style of dress, we disguise the natural grace and beauty of the human form divine . . . so too the forms and fashions of our faith. . . Yet, under all the idiosyncracies and peculiarities of creed and ritual, the essential elements of faith are the same.—C. J. STREET, M.A., in *The Underlying Varieties of Religion*.

The Holy Ghost is the Anupravesha of Hindūism.
So speak the Scriptures:

Anena jīvan ātmanānupravishya.

He is the Comforter (Hārḍa) and Generator of all Graces,
as summed up in the *Bhagavad-Gītā*:

Daḍāmi buḍḍhiyogamṭam
Yena Māmupayānti te

and He abides with us, wherever we may be, in hell, earth or heaven. It matters not whether this Principle, the Holy Ghost, is Itself God, or part of God, or an attribute of God, or an emanation from God direct, or a combined product of Father and Son, or a procession from the Father through the Son. What is of paramount importance for us is to know that the Holy Ghost abides in us, and that we have to realise it in its fulness and glory one of these days; and without fail, every soul is to be participant thereof. In the Holy Ghost, God "left not himself without witness". (*Acts*, xiv, 17.)
As Dante sings in his *Paradiso*:

In Persons three eterne believe, and these
One essence I believe, so one and trine
They bear conjunction both with *sunt* and *est*.

And a passage from *Taittirīya-Brahmaṇa*,¹ iii, 12, 3, 1, coincides with these ideas—thus :

Brahman, the Self-Existent is austerity. It is Son, Father, Mother. Austerity became first the sacrifice. God enjoys Godship by virtue of Shraddhā, [*i.e.*, Shri, or Christ, or Holy Ghost—the Vicar]. Shraddhā, the Divine Mother, is the basis (or the stability) of the Universe.

The Vedic Vāk, the Greek Logos (Lakṣhmī), and the “ Word ” of the Gospel of S. John, will give points of interesting comparisons to a student of religious philosophy.

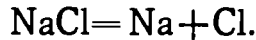
The Logos, or the Word, becomes flesh, *i.e.*, becomes incarnate. In this connection the *Bṛhadāraṇyaka-Upaniṣhat*, VII, i, 1, is worth study, along with the fact in embryology of a chromosome splitting away from the cellular nucleus, and reproducing at the centrosomic centres, daughter cells, which are perfect editions of the parent cell—a full incarnation in religious language, of the prototypic original. It is also interesting to compare with the above Upaniṣhadic passage, Constantine’s favouring the Homoousians, or those who held that Christ was of the same essence with the Father in the Nicene Council, A.D. 325.²

Apart from the question of deriving a Trinity from a Unity, or resolving back a Trinity into Unity, the question of a God co-operating with a Paraclete Principle in the work of salvation, is a Duality which is seen in full evidence in nature, in support of which Bishop Butler was cited, and we might now seek for its scientific support. Take chemistry. Every atom has been demonstrated as possessing polarities, *viz.*,

¹ Referred to ; (see also *Rgveda*, x, 151).

² (See further on about Homoiousis).

positive and negative natures. In philosophical language these are the active and passive principles, elaborated in the Sāṅkhya system. They co-operate and produce all the phenomena. By means of electrolysis, sodium chloride (salt), the formula of which is NaCl can be decomposed into the elements Sodium and Chlorine. What happens is this. Sodium, or Na, is found to be composed of what are called radicals united to positive charges of electricity technically termed an-ions, and Chlorine, or Cl, composed of radicals united to negative charges of electricity technically termed kat-ions. This is called the process of ionisation, represented by dots and dashes, as shown in the formula :



In Vedānta, according to the *Taittirīya-Upaniṣhat* already cited, Puruṣha, Puruṣhoṭṭama or Nārāyaṇa, *i.e.*, God transcendental *cum* immanent represents the universal active principle, and Shrī the Paraclete, the passive principle. Popularly, or in religious language, the Unit Godhead is constituted of the Mother and Father principles or aspects. The expression “Blessed God” which is equivalent to Shrīman Nārāyaṇa, means that the predicate Shrī, or Blessed, indicating the blessedness of the Deity, constitutes the Paraclete Principle, coeval and co-ordinate with that Deity. The same idea is most prominently brought forward in the *Quran*, no chapter of which opens without invoking the Deity as the “All-Merciful”. The idea of the Son, Christ, being the Mirror of God the Father, is explained much more significantly by the expression Nara-Nārāyaṇa, already referred to. The Mother-Father Principle has also a most wonderful analogy in what are known as gametes

(*i.e.*, cells married together), *viz.*, the female sex-nucleus, the ovum, a cell which is passive, having a preponderance of anabolic or constructive character, and the male sex-nucleus the spermatozoon, which is active, having a preponderance of katabolic or disruptive character. Both rush together and compose the gametes. You frequently hear of marriages between Devas and Devīs celebrated in Hindū Temples. It is symbolic of the fundamental fact in nature, of the Paraclete working in union with God, the Universal Spirit.

In fine the Paraclete, or Puruṣhakāra, Principle is the Principle of mediation pervading nature. In all its departments we are aware of metabolism, or transmutation of things from one state into another, like the cellular metamorphoses, or from one form of energy into another. Whether it is in the passing from one state into another, or from one form of energy into another, the transitional processes between, connote mediation; otherwise or without the mediatorial process, it is impossible to conceive how one state or one energy has passed into another. Hence mediation is an inevitable law in the universe, both physical and metaphysical. In the regions of the latter, the necessity of human language clothes this idea of mediation with all kinds of figurative and linguistic expressions, Shrī, Christ, Holy Ghost, Grace. For example the Persian Mithraic cult appeared in Rome as early as 67 B.C. This Mithra was the personification of mediation, through whom order in nature was maintained, and through whom victory was attained between the ultimate powers of good and evil. This is the Christ Principle of Christianity. In the economy

of nature, the female is preponderatingly anabolic, while the male is katabolic. The anabolic property is that of construction, and as such is the mother-function, which is mediatorial, and is the function ascribed in theology to the Paraclete, or Puruṣhakāra.¹

Thus the dichotomy of passive and active principles working together is a universal law springing from God and percolating all nature which proceeds from Him. Were it not for this passive or anabolic factor, the cosmos would have no coherent principle, and without coherency it would crumble into chaos. In such a predicament there would be no talk about such topics as salvation, bliss, or the kingdom of God. The loom of God, therefore, consists of Himself, the Primary, as the warp, and the Paraclete, the Secondary, as the woof—from which, in rhythmic oscillations, are woven and spun forth countless spirit-forms each to fulfil its own unique destiny, by going forth as a fragment, and returning as a whole.

In all this process, is it a gladiatorial combat that is evinced, according to the Darwinian dicta of natural selection and the survival of the fittest—implying struggle and hate? In this verdict, we have had for some years

¹ Thomas Graham, the pioneer worker on the chemistry of the colloids says that (1) colloids and (2) crystalloids in juxtaposition produce all life processes; and the colloid is the dynamic state of matter, and the crystalloid its statical condition, where the connecting link between these lies is the mediatory principle. Taking another illustration from physiological psychology, there are two kinds of neurones or nerve cells, the sensory and the motor. Before the impressions received by the sensory are transmitted to the motor, there is a point of junction called a synapse, which is judged to be a psycho-physical substance. This mediatory layer answers to our Paraclete. Philosophically viewed, we have the real world and the ideal world; or the world of phenomena, and the world (so to say) of the noumenon. These are and must be linked, somewhere and somehow, though where the exact link is evades our knowledge. Wherever and however it is, what we are concerned with is that it is and must be. This connecting principle—a principle connecting the spiritual (or inner) and the material (or outer) existence—is the intermediate or mediatory principle, the Paraclete.

a glamour cast over us to make us forget that God is Love, and in that Love-aspect He is the Paraclete, the Mother, the Son, the Saviour ; and what is seemingly struggle is but a cloak hiding love, and what seems to be a struggle is but the sacrifice that all love demands. Only the mother who has borne the child in pain knows what mother-love is. In the Paraclete, the Mother, the Son, the Saviour, God sacrifices Himself, as described in the Puruṣha-Sūkṭa of the Vedas (already cited) ; and if the sacrifice is willing and self-motived, what is it but Divine Love? The motive power of struggle is love. If not, how would any struggle come about at all? The beginning is love, the end is love, between them is what passes for struggle. The process of struggle is the process of growth, accelerated by the process of salvation, embodied in the Paraclete. The great apostle of evolution, Darwin, who strikes one at the threshold as a pessimist in view of his struggle-for-existence theory, has himself spoken—it is refreshing to know—optimistically in this wise :

Believing as I do that man in the distant future will be a far more perfect creature than he now is, it is an intolerable thought that he and all other sentient beings are doomed to complete annihilation after such slow progress [*i.e.*, evolution]. To those who fully admit the immortality of the human soul, the destruction of our world will not appear so dreadful.

Finally, nature is full of triplets, or trinities. Those who have studied Hegel are familiar with these relations. The mystery of the Trinity, *viz.*, God, and the Soul, and the Paraclete (or Vicarate) between, is enshrined in the holy symbol, AUM—consisting as it does of the three letters A, U, M, signifying these three entities. It is left to earnest students to pursue this study further in literature that is extant in Samskr̥t

and Tamil. The great fact, however, intended to be proved in this paper may be summed up as follows :

We cannot even conceive of God without attributing trinity to Him. An absolute unity would be non-existence. God, if thought of as real and active, involves an antithesis, which may be formulated as God [A] and world [M], or *natura naturans* and *natura naturata*, or in some other way. This antithesis implies already the trinity-conception. When we think of God not only as that which is eternal and immutable in existence [*i.e.*, Saṭ], but also as that which changes, grows and evolves [tyat], we cannot escape the result, and we must progress to a triune God-idea. The conception of a God-Man, of a Saviour, [U, or Shri], of God revealed in evolution, brings but the antithesis of God-Father, and God-Son [or Bride], and the very conception of this relation [*i.e.*, Puruṣhakāra, or Paraclete] implies God the Spirit that proceeds from both.—PAUL CARUS. *Primer of Philosophy*, p. 101.

To the procrustean bed of metaphor characterising the conditions of our language on earth, we are compelled to shape our spiritual ideals. God is Love (*i.e.*, ānanda or rasa); and His Love can only be love when it sacrifices and suffers; and this aspect of love is of the paracletic nature. God's Love does not suffer God to remain alone in insular solitude. Hence the Vedāntic dictum: "Alone, He finds no joy." Hence He resolves: "I become many," or "I multiply Myself."

God as Absolute (Para) remains unconditioned. The aspect of Him as Love becomes the incarnational aspect (Vibhava, etc.). In this aspect He has sympathy with all human attributes; hence, of Rāma, one of the Divine Incarnations, it is written in the *Rāmāyaṇa*: "God is more agonised with human suffering." A parallel idea is to be found in *Isaiah*, lxiii, 9: "In all their affliction he was afflicted." Either God is not Love; or, if Love, He must be immanent in His Cosmos and Creation, sharing with it all events, so that

thus He may save it incessantly and inevitably, so as to make it become similar to Himself, *i.e.*, Homoiosis, or Paramam-Sāmyam.

Symbology plays a great part in depicting these spiritual ideals. By necessity again of our concrete existence, we have to reduce all such ideals to procrustean dimensions. Taking God as the Father, He has a Bride, and the Bride is the Mother of the Son who proceeds from that duality or union (*miṭhuna*).¹ Love is symbolised as the Mother, as shown above. And it is conceived again in three sub-aspects as Shrī (celestial Spouse), Bhū (terrestrial) and Nīlā (one's own home, or heart). Shrī, in the exercise of her mediatorial function, appeals to her Husband or Bridegroom, God, thus: "Lord! is there a single creature who is sinless?" Bhū improves upon this by submitting to the Lord: "Be there sin, but where is thy forgiveness?" Nīlā reaches the climax by saying: "Lord! absorbed in thy Beauty, canst thou think of anything at all and sin the least?"²

The idea of God as the Husband and the soul as the Wife, or Spouse, of this Husband, is so familiar in Christianity, that Christians will readily grasp the character of Shrī, or the Paraclete, portrayed above as the Spouse; and the Spouse again considered in a threefold prismatic aspect symbolised as Shrī, Bhū and Nīlā, or the operation of Grace in the triune regions of the Cosmos, *i.e.*, the spiritual (Shrī), the material (Bhū) and the individual (Nīlā).

¹ *cf.* Hence the clause of the Athanasian Creed: "God, of the substance of the Father, begotten before the worlds: And Man of the substance of his Mother, born in the world." This is also symbolic of the soul related on the one hand to nature, and on the other to nature's God.

² Read my *Lives of Azhvārs (Āṇḍāl)*.

The keynote of the Council of Nicosia is that the Son is "of one substance (essence) with the Father". According to God viewed as transcendental (Para), as incarnational (Vibhaya), and immanential (Anṭaryāmin), which in Christian terminology correspond to Father, Son and Holy Ghost, respectively, the Nicene Creed is justified of its declaration and at the same time, it admits of being viewed as Trinitarian in about the same way as Shrī, Bhū and Nīlā, inasmuch as Father, the transcendental (Para) is the Primary of substance, whereas, Son, the incarnational (Vibhava) and Holy Ghost, the immanential (Anṭaryāmin), bear a derivative, character, though of the same substance. Thus can Unitarian and Trinitarian views be harmoniously reconciled.

The most ancient of scriptural records that humanity possesses, the *Rgveda*, voiced the principle of mediation or intercession, discernible in nature. It is enough for the present to call the reader's attention to the note made by Griffith under *Rgveda*, X, lxxi, 1, "Voice, or Speech, or Sacred Word".

In *John*, i, 18, it is written "the Son which is in the bosom of the Father". So does Shrī ever reside in the bosom of Viṣṇu, the All-Pervading, and therefore Immanent, God.

A. Govindacharya Svamin

THE SPIRIT OF JAPANESE ART

By U. B. NAIR

IT has been well observed that the average cultivated European student or critic of Eastern Art, who seeks to appraise the æsthetic value of the vast, bewildering mass of unfamiliar material unfolded to his wondering gaze, finds himself thrown into a new world. With Graeco-Roman sculpture, the art of the Italian Renaissance and of early Greece, with Gothic architecture and Byzantine carvings, with the masterpieces of classic Christian art, and even perhaps with such decorative bric-à-brac as a few Chinese lacquers and porcelains, he is no doubt fairly *au fait*: but the strangeness and multiplicity of the wonders of Oriental art in all its phases puzzles and amazes him. Feeling and manual skill are the criteria of the highest productions of creative art. When the stone, metal, or pigment is completely reformed, so that it can never fail to convey unerringly the author's meaning to the simple onlooker, when the re-created material proclaims his message appealingly and entrancingly to all who have eyes to see, it is then that we call it a work of art. This can only be achieved with the aid of the Divine afflatus in the artist—"the ardour of the blood," as the late Mr. R. L. Stevenson happily phrased it. Subjected to this test, many a creation of

Eastern art—Japanese chirography and screen decorations, Chinese landscapes of the Sung period, the figure drawings on Persian pottery and illuminated work, the sculptures of India, Java and Ceylon, the ivories, bronzes and textiles of early Muslim craftsmen—comes under this category, and has to be accepted as a great and noble expression of human feeling.

Some of these, it may be objected to, are fantastic and unreal. But likeness to natural appearances, after all, is not to be taken as the main or only criterion of value. This is true even of early Italian or Gothic art, and especially has Oriental art to be regarded from this point of view. The fact that eastern artistic forms do not always conform to the European standard of representation, prevents their methods of expression being fully grasped by the amateur European observer. Thus the Japanese idea of perspective is altogether foreign to European art. The Japanese painter not only does not draw in perspective, but he also rejects light and shade as appertaining mainly to the sister art of sculpture. It should not be supposed that these peculiarities detract from his merit as an artist by tending in any very great degree to diminish his expression, or deviate from the visual appearance of the scene he pictures. This is because Japanese art is, in reality, far more visual than the art of the West—a statement which may appear paradoxical at first thought. Prior to the fifteenth century, when Europe discovered the laws of perspective, European artists were even more vague in this respect than Japanese artists. The discovery explains that it is possible for the actual retinal image to be reproduced much more faithfully in a typical modern European picture than, let us say, in a

thirteenth century masterpiece by Keion, wherein he delineates, with consummate realism, the turbulent vehemence of the armed crowds in the civil war which gave birth to Japan's new feudalism.

Mr. Roger E. Fry, the well-known art-critic and joint-editor of the *Burlington Magazine*, considers Japanese art as more perceptual, less conceptual. In it, he thinks, "the actual vision of appearances is clearer, more precise, more rapid, and above all, less distorted by intellectual preoccupations". Art, however impressionist, cannot be purely perceptual: it is bound to be—it may be to a very limited extent—decorative and conceptual at the same time. Writes Mr. Fry:

The graphic arts would seem to result from a compromise and fusion of three elements, one the desire to symbolise concepts, one the desire to make records of appearances, and finally, modifying and controlling these, the love of order and variety, the decorative instinct. In different races and at different periods the harmony of these elements results from their fusion in different proportions. Even with the utmost determination to do so, the artist cannot altogether suppress any of these elements of design.

Japanese art, again, is more perceptual than European. And its recognition of the visual whole enables the narrative artist to display his actors spread out on the ground in their familiar aspect. In European narrative composition, on the other hand, many of the imaginative effects of the story due to space relations is sacrificed to the perversity with which the main actors are made to hide inconspicuously in the background.

The Japanese had a natural instinct for noting the general relations of objects in space, and, though he never developed this instinct in our scientific manner, he never went as far from visual appearance as the early artists of Europe. No doubt he imagined himself to see his figures from

a height, and not, as we do, on the level of an ordinary spectator; but here he was guided by a sound instinct, for the normal low perspective horizon which we Europeans adopt is singularly unsuited to the purpose of narrative design, as any one who has tried to compose a scene with many figures will have found.

In other words, the artists of the Far East succeeded in obtaining purity, unity, and completeness of expression, but at the expense of a loss of intensity and depth. And although in giving pictorial expression to their thoughts they made no use of light and shade, their method of rendering certain broad effects of lighted and shaded atmosphere—of mist, of night, and of twilight—has been the envy and admiration of modern Europe.

Now, Japan is typical of the whole art philosophy of the Orient. She is still a museum of Asiatic civilisation, and yet more than a museum. It has been, according to the late Mr. Kakasu Okakura, "the William Morris of Japan," the sole privilege of his native Nippon to realise the unity-in-complexity of eastern art ideals like no other Asiatic nation. She mirrors to-day the whole of Asiatic consciousness, and remains the real repository of the trust of Asiatic thought and culture. But what is it, it may be asked, that accounts for the artistic taste inborn in the son of the gay Land of the Chrysanthemum? The peculiar beauty of her natural scenery, her singular geographical configuration, the witchery of her climate—qualities which have cast her art in its own distinctive mould.

The waters of the waving ricefields, the variegated contour of the archipelago, so conducive to individuality, the constant play of its soft tinted seasons, the shimmer of its silver air, the verdure of its cascaded hills, and the voice of the ocean echoing about its pine-girt shores—of all these was born that tender simplicity, that romantic purity, which so tempers

the soul of Japanese art, differentiating it at once from the leaning to monotonous breadth of the Chinese, and from the tendency to overburdened richness of Indian art.

The subtle and ingenious author of *The Ideals of the East with special reference to the Art of Japan*, above quoted, has argued in that brilliant work that the historic wealth of Asiatic culture can be consecutively studied through the treasured specimen of Japan, and Japan alone. The Imperial collection, the Shinto temples, and the opened dolmens, reveal the subtle curves of Hang workmanship. The temples of Nara, on the other hand, are rich in representation of Tang culture, and of classic Indian art, then in its hey-day of splendour. The treasure-stores of the daimyos abound in works of art belonging to the Sung and Mongol dynasties. But as in India, so somewhat in Japan, "the scorching drought of modern vulgarity is parching the throat of life and art". But the rock of Japan's race-pride and organic union has stood firm throughout the ages. She was not swept off by the mighty billows that surged upon her from India and China. The national genius has never been overwhelmed. Imitation has never taken the place of a free creativeness. Yet even Japan, such as she is, finds herself perplexed with the great mass of western thought and western ideals. This was the clarion note sounded twelve years ago by Mr. Okakura: and this is the message conveyed in the newest of new books on the subject by Mr. Yone Noguchi, a Japanese poet and artist now resident in London, issued by John Murray (who published Mr. Okakura's *Ideals of the East*) as a volume in "The Wisdom of the East" series, under the title which forms the heading of this article.

That last great master of the Kano School, Gaho Hashimoto, Hogaï Kano, another great modern artist, and Okakura, according to Mr. Noguchi, were the "true life-restorers of Japanese art". The history of this remarkable trio is the history of the renaissance of art in Nippon in recent times. Their efforts were directed to a strong re-nationalising of art on national lines in the great Island Empire in the Far East, in opposition to that pseudo-Europeanising tendency that has for the last half-century been so fashionable throughout Asia. Mr. Okakura was a member of the Imperial Art Commission sent out by Japan at the dawn of this century to study the art history and movements of Europe and the United States. He only found his appreciation of Asiatic art deepened and intensified by his travels, and he always looked askance at the waves of so-called Europeanism that, following political changes, so often beat on the Imperial Art School at Tokyo, of which he was sometime director. Mr. Okakura soon resigned, and six months later, thirty-nine of the strongest young artists in Japan grouped themselves about him, and they opened the Nippon Bijitsu, or Hall of Fine Arts, at Yanaka, in the suburbs of Tokyo. In this Institute, which was a sort of Japanese Merton Abbey, were carried on various decorative arts, such as lacquer and metal work, bronze casting and porcelain, not to speak of painting and sculpture. While entertaining a deep sympathy for and possessing a thorough understanding of all that is best in the contemporary art movements of the West, the members aimed withal at conserving and extending their national inspiration. But, as Mr. Noguchi tells us, the Institute had soon to be closed:

When the Tokyo School of Art was founded (22nd year of Meiji) Gaho was first made warden of the school, and then its director. And he was appointed professor when his investigation bureau happened to close up. However, he voluntarily resigned his professorship when Mr. Okakura, then the president of the school, was obliged to resign his office. Gaho took the principal's chair of the Nippon Bijitsu when Okakura established it afterwards; but this school soon became a story of the past.

Japanese art, according to Mr. Noguchi, has again been cast down from its high pedestal. The invasion of western art spelt the end of real old indigenous art. It "laughed at the indecision of æsthetic judgment and uncertainty of realism of Japanese art". The present Japanese art is, therefore, a lost art: its only lesson for us is that of its sad failure. Unlike the old art of idealistic exaltation, it explains nothing but the general condition of life. It has been driven bag and baggage out of its stronghold of subjectivity, and at too great a cost, for its gain in the objectivity of the West is trifling indeed. A visit to any art exhibition in Japan to-day will show how the minds of present day artists have become unsettled by the western influence which they reluctantly accepted; how under the mingled tempest of Oriental and Occidental, they have lost unity and simplicity, poetry and atmosphere.

When I say [writes Mr. Noguchi] that I received almost no impression from the annual Government Exhibition of Japanese Art in the last five or six years, I have a sort of same feeling with the tired month of May when the season, in fact, having no strength left from the last glory of bloom (what a glorious old Japanese art!), still vainly attempts to look ambitious. Although it may sound unsympathetic, I must declare that the present Japanese art, speaking of it as a whole, with no reference to separate works or individual artists, suffers from nervous debility. Now, is it not the exact condition of the Japanese life at present? Here it is the art following after the life of modern Japan, vain, shallow, imitative, and thoughtless, which makes us pessimistic; the

best possible course such an art can follow in the time of its nervous debility might be that of imitation.

At the same time, Mr. Noguchi is convinced that the influence of western art on modern Japan has not been all evil. The Japanese works of western art, he admits, are sometimes beautiful, although they are more often marred by effort and pretence. Nature imitates art, said Oscar Wilde. Is not the nature of Japan, asks Mr. Noguchi, imitating the poor work of the western method? Western art, he thinks, may however help to rouse Japan from her present stagnation in feeling and thought. It has powerfully tended to bring the difference in element home to the Japanese mind. It has opened their eyes to the mysteries of perspective and of the accurate perception of colours. And above all, it has served as a useful protest against the Japanese art of the old school. The prospect of western art becoming popular in Japan, however, is very remote. "It may be far away yet, but such an art, if a combination of the east and west, is bound to come," writes Mr. Noguchi.

From speculation as regards the evolution of a "Western Art Japonised," let us now turn to the splendours of classical Japanese art, and seek some sort of general understanding of its general movements and conceptions and the development of its various schools. The bulk of Mr. Noguchi's little volume of 114 pages is devoted to giving his readers a foretaste of the idealism of its different epochs, to helping them realise the humanity and love of the old Japanese masters, and evoking in them a vague and mysterious appreciation of the beauty and significance of their work. Mr. Noguchi lays

special stress on what must be a most surprising fact to most people, namely, the definitely religious origin of Japanese painting, and he describes how it shows a passionate and disinterested contemplation of nature, and adumbrates, with power and precision, the strangest and most mystical intimations of spiritual existence. This is the outstanding feature of the Ashikaga period (1335-1573). This period corresponds with that of the Renaissance in Europe, and is based on a conscious revival of classical Chinese models. Sesshu and Sesson, whose work can be seen to-day in the new wing of the British Museum, are the best representatives of the period. They sat, in Mr. Noguchi's words, "before the inextinguishable lamp of faith, and sought their salvation by the road of silence". Their studies were in the Buddhist temple, luminous with the symbols of all beauty of nature and heaven.

And their artistic work was a sort of prayer-making, to satisfy their own imagination, not a thing to show to a critic whose attempt at arguing and denying is only a nuisance in the world of higher art; they drew pictures to create absolute beauty and grandeur, that made their own human world look almost trifling, and directly joined themselves with eternity. Art for them was not a question of mere reality in expression, but the question of Faith. Therefore they never troubled their minds with the matter of subjects or the size of the canvas; indeed, the mere reality of the external world had ceased to be a standard for them, who lived in the temple studios.

The branch of Japanese art most admired in the West is the alluring one which has made style in expressive decoration its own. Koyetsu and Korin were the leaders of this school. Of the former, Mr. Noguchi writes with unrestrained admiration. He was the prince of Japanese calligraphers; and on one of his much-admired hangings—designed, no doubt, for some famous tea-master of four centuries ago, who was wont to bury

himself in a little abode of fancy with a boiling teakettle beside him—were inscribed the lines :

Where's cherry-blossom ?
The trace of the garden's spring breeze is seen no more.
I will point, if I am asked,
To my fancy snow upon the ground.

“What a yearning of poetic soul!” exclaims Mr. Noguchi, who moralises :

Praised be the touch of your newly awakened soul which can turn the fallen petals to the beauty of snow : there is nothing that will deny the yearning of your poetic soul. It is not superstition to say that the poet's life is worthier than any other But I am thankful for Koyetsu to-day. How to reach my own poetry seems clearly defined in my thought ; it will be by the twilight road of imagination born out of reality and the senses—the road of idealism baptised by the pain of death.

Koyetsu's was a remarkable personality. He realised the age of artistic heroism that cares not for the future, for money or fame. His touch breathed a real art into anything from a porcelain bowl to the design on a lacquer box. Mr. Noguchi relates the following characteristic story of him :

Once he was asked by Sambiakuin Konoye, a high nobleman of the Kyoto Court, the question who was the best penman of the day ; it is said he replied, after a slight hesitation : “Well, then, the second best would be you, my Lord ; and Shokado would be the third best.” The somewhat disappointed calligraphist of high rank in the Court pressed Koyetsu : “Speak out, who is the first ? There is nothing of ‘well, then’ about it.” Koyetsu replied : “This humble self is that first.”

Utamaro, Hiroshige, Kyosai and Busho Haro are some of the other representative masters, whose art Mr. Noguchi discusses with such fine appreciation. Those who have looked at the reproductions in Mr. Laurence Binyon's *Painting in the Far East* will be familiar with the power and originality of Matabei, the originator of the Ukiyoye School of designers, famous

for their marvellous ingenuity in colour printing. But Mr. Noguchi, who devotes two chapters to their work and has much to say of Shunsho Katsukawa, Yoshitoshi Tsukioka and other artists of this School, curiously enough dismisses Matabei, that great master of genre, in a few words! He does not indeed regard him, but Moronobu, as the founder of Ukiyoye art! and this, albeit the fact that in him, in the opinion of Fry, Binyon and others, the purely national art of Japan rises to a height only equalled by Kleion. Nor of the latter's name even does Mr. Noguchi make mention, although he is justly enthusiastic over Sotatsu, Kleion's contemporary and a great master of flower design.

Mr. Noguchi, as we have said, is a poet; and he sees in Utmaro's ladies, "whether with no soul or myriad souls (certainly ladies, be they courtesans or geishas, who never bartered their own songs and beauty away), the rich-soft passionate odour of rare old roses". They appear to him more subtle than Rosetti's Lilith, the women drawn by lines, or by the absence of lines, with such eyes as only opened to see love. Them he describes in verse, thus:

Too common to say she is the beauty of line,
 However, the line old, spiritualised into odour,
 (The odour soared into an everlasting ghost from life
 and death,)
 As a gossamer, the handiwork of a dream,
 'Tis left free as it flaps:
 The lady of Utmaro's art is the beauty of zephyr flow.
 I say again, the line with the breath of love,
 Enwrapping my heart to be a happy prey:
 Sensuous? To some so she may appear,
 But her sensuousness divinised into the word of love.

Of Utmaro's art itself, he indulges in the following conceit:

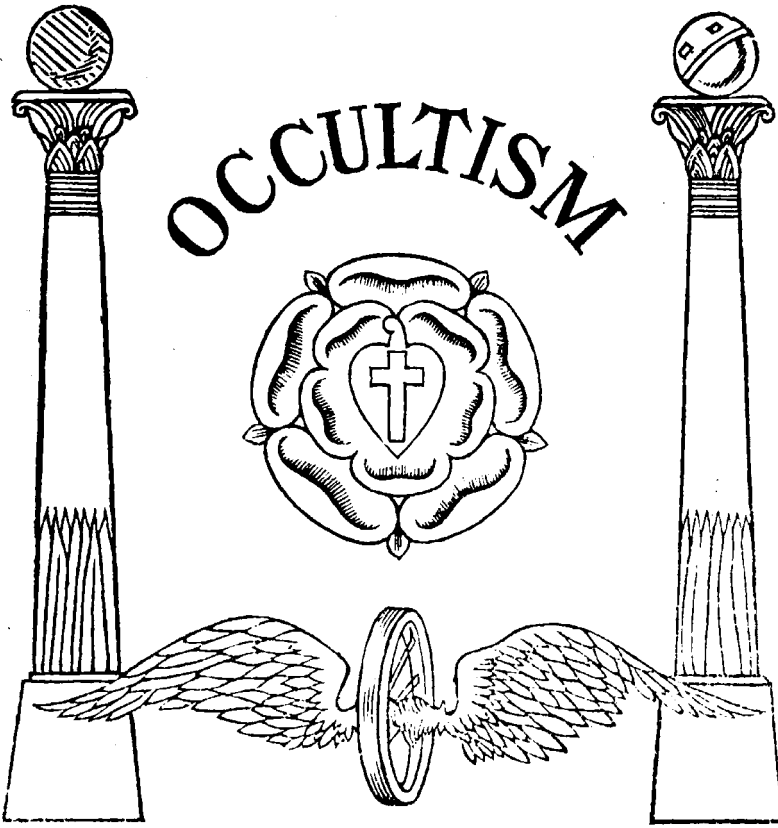
She is an art (let me call her so)
 Hung, as a web, in the air of perfume,
 Soft yet vivid, she sways in music :
 (But what sadness in her saturation of life !)
 Her music lives in intensity of a moment and then dies ;
 To her, suggestion is her life.
 She is the moth-light playing on reality's dusk,
 Soon to die as a savage prey of the moment ;
 She is a creation of surprise (let me say so)
 Dancing gold on the wire of impulse.

The Japanese spirit of art aimed at poetry and atmosphere, not mere style and purpose. And it holds a great inner lesson for us moderns. We will let Mr. Noguchi proclaim it in his own words :

To look at some of the modern work is too trying, mainly from the fact that it lacks, to use the word of Zen Buddhism, the meaning of silence ; it seems to me that some modern artists work only to tax people's minds. In Nature we find peacefulness and silence ; we derive from it a feeling of comfort and restfulness ; and again from it we receive vigour and life. I think so great art should be. Many modern artists cannot place themselves in unison with their art ; in one word, they do not know how to follow the law or *michi*, that Mother Nature gladly evolves.

And the ultimate lesson of Oriental art for all humanity is contained in the two words "prayer and silence" : or as Mr. Noguchi beautifully expressss it : " There is nothing more petty, even vulgar, in the grey world of art and poetry, than to have a too close attachment to life and physical luxuries ; if our Orientalism may not tell you anything much, I think it will teach you at least to soar out of your trivialism." We heartily echo the same cry.

U. B. Nair



AN INSTANCE OF PSYCHIC DEVELOPMENT

By C. W. LEADBEATER

PSYCHIC development of all kinds is wonderfully quickened just now by the great inrush of spiritual force which is preparing the world for the Coming of its Teacher ; and naturally the opportunities for such development offer themselves most readily to those who put themselves directly in the way of that mighty current of force by working in connection with the expected Advent. I gave recently an instance of

the abnormally rapid unfoldment of the buddhic faculty by means of the power of love; now another case comes before me belonging to a different line, for this time it is the faculty of the causal body which is aroused through the mental vehicle by putting an undue strain upon the physical brain. But I cannot say to our readers in this case, as in the other: "Go thou and do likewise"; for the mental strain is a serious danger. It happened for once to lead to psychic development; but far more often it results in nervous breakdown of the gravest character, or even in brain lesion and insanity. The account sent to me is as follows:

"When I was at College (about 1910) I took up the study of the Calculus, which, as you know, is the mathematics of variable quantities, the study of moving bodies and the like. From a variety of causes I was unable to do justice to the work day by day, and toward the end of the second term, when the day of examination in this was approaching, I was told by the lecturer that my work had been so unsatisfactory that unless I performed some miracle in the forthcoming examination he could not recommend me for a pass in the subject. I fully realised that he was quite right, and set about finding out how I could possibly score a high grade in the examination in order to offset the bad work during the year. I soon found that it would be impossible in the few days left to me really to understand the ground covered, and that the only hope would lie in memorising the formulæ and applying them in a mechanical fashion to problems given in the examination. I therefore set to work, first to understand the definitions used in the textbooks, and second to

learn by rote all the important formulæ. I worked very hard, far into the night, neglected other subjects, in which I felt sure of myself in any case, and resorted to all sorts of devices to gain time and keep awake. Bit by bit I covered all the important ground, but only by memorising, sometimes even visualising the *appearance* of a page or paragraph. The day of the examination I was utterly weary physically, but extraordinarily vivid mentally. I duly appeared, applied my crammed-up facts to the examination, and, as I subsequently found, wrote a paper with only one small mistake in arithmetical computation, or something like that. This was the unexpected performance that the lecturer demanded, and he duly gave me a pass.

“ Now the point of this episode comes in the sequel. I found in a few days, as usual in such cases, that all the material which I had stuffed into my head was a rapidly-vanishing jumble; but as it disappeared, and as I resumed my physical norm (chiefly by long hours of sleep), I discovered that I had actually done something, either damage or benefit, to my mental machinery, and that my ability to picture things in my mind was tremendously enlarged. I now found that if I turned my mind upon something I had seen or experienced even years before, the image returned to me, not in the ordinary vague way, but with the most extraordinary clarity in detail, with accompanying attributes of all sorts. For instance, if I was recalling a scene in a wood, I could actually *smell* the damp earth or the burning fire! This amused me very much, as it was quite possible to get back into the past in momentary flashes of the utmost brilliancy.

After a time, however, the power of commanding this strange faculty wore off, and I had to be content with spontaneous outbursts which arose now and then through association. By the sight of a colour or some passing odour this latent power would suddenly put me into another time and place. Fortunately I could always banish the mental image, even though I could not call it up.

“Well, after a time this gradually wore away into a lesser degree of brilliancy, and I was only occasionally edified by this annihilation of time and space.

“But now, just lately, there has been a return, in a new phase, of the old thing. I have had to learn, during the last year or so, the Government regulations of a business which I am carrying on. This had to be accomplished quickly, and I find that with this effort there is a return of the result which followed the previous effort, and, it is pleasant to note, with two new aspects, first that I am much more able to command and sustain any image that arises, and second that I can *magnify* the scene to a certain extent. Thus, if the picture includes a wall in the distance I can occasionally magnify it until the crannies are visible. And, what astonished me exceedingly, if there is a perfume, say, of flowers present, the same microscopic power can be turned on! Now the result is not intensification of the perfume, as one might hastily conclude, but a *roughening* of it. I mean by this that instead of getting *thicker*, in the sense that a heavy oil is thicker than water, the smell loses its smoothness and becomes (if one could feel it) like woollen cloth, or a basin of sand. For some reason I cannot perform this same enlarging trick with sound. At present there is no sign of any diminution

of this curious phase of memory, but I have no doubt that it will fade away in large part, as I am too busy to undertake its cultivation."

What is happening in this case is obvious to anyone who has had experience in the use of the higher faculties. Instead of using his memory in the ordinary way, the student is coming into touch with the Records; and that means that he is to a certain extent employing the faculties of his causal body. We are far from certain as to the exact method of ordinary memory, for the subject has not yet been investigated; but it is clear that a vibration in the mental body is part of what occurs, and that the causal body is not in any way involved. In the reading of the Records it is precisely this latter sheath through which the work is done, and the mental body vibrates only in response to the activity of the causal. For that reason no satisfactory or reliable reading of the Records can be done without definite development of the vehicle of the ego.

From the description which our student gives it is clear that he was using his causal body in the glimpses of the past which he relates. It is also evident that that vehicle was aroused by the undue pressure put upon the mind by his reckless overwork. Most men would have ruined their health for life if they had pushed the strain as far as he did; he happens to be the one in a million who managed to do this thing and survive. The result is that his steady persistence in keeping up high mental undulations has stirred his causal body into activity, and thus endued him with a faculty different from any which he has before possessed.

So far it seems to waken only when he turns his thoughts to the past, and only in connection with scenes already familiar to him ; but it is probable that he will soon find that he can extend its working in various ways. When a scene is clearly in mind it might be possible to move backwards or forwards from it, and so recover detailed memory of large sections of early life. Perhaps one could in this way push back recollection into childhood—back to birth itself, and even beyond ; there have been those who in this manner have attained full knowledge of previous incarnations. Practice makes perfect ; and it is encouraging that the power is much more under control now than formerly. The faculty of magnification is another conclusive proof that it is the causal body which is being used ; this feature also might by degrees be largely increased, and when fully at the student's disposal might be used (for example) to undertake researches into occult chemistry.

The description of the “roughening” of the smell is most characteristic. The actual process of magnifying consists not in increasing the size of the object examined, but in lessening the psychic lens through which that object is seen. In ancient Scriptures it is said that the operator makes himself as small as he will, and so the organ of vision which he is using becomes commensurate with the microscopic size of that at which he looks. Consequently the tiny physical particles which call into action the sense of smell become separately appreciable, like the grains upon sand-paper, and so the sense of roughness is produced. It is a thing difficult to put into words, but any one who has used the higher faculty will at once recognise our student's attempt to express it.

He is much to be congratulated upon his result, though we certainly cannot recommend his method for imitation by others. Such development will come easily and naturally when, in the course of human evolution, the mind has grown more nearly to the limit of its capabilities; but at our present stage such pressure is distinctly dangerous. That even this partial unfoldment should have been safely achieved is a sign of the times—a sign of the strength of the spiritual outpouring which even now is flooding the world.

C. W. Leadbeater

AN ESOTERIC ORGANISATION IN INDIA : III¹

By SIR S. SUBRAMANIA IYER, K.C.I.E., LL.D.

I HAVE now to give a very brief description of the general course of discipline to be followed by those who become members of the Organisation, particularly during the early stages.

The first step a candidate has to take is the making of the promises and pledging himself to keep them, as shown in the Appendix to my last article. At the time this is done, the person admitting the candidate, may dispense with the taking of the hand. This is invariably the case when the candidate is a female. In such instances a *Yogaḍaṇḍa* is handed to the candidate to be held over his or her head touching it during the ceremony. After taking the pledge, he has daily to meditate on the meaning of six stately *Samskr̥ṭ* sentences which are communicated to him. These six make two sets. The first set involves meditation upon *Ātma*, the Self, in Its threefold aspect; namely, as unembodied, or *Nirupādhikam*; as embodied, or *Sopādhikam*; and thirdly, as negating Its identity with all embodiments. This last aspect is the one expressed in the *Mahāvākya* of the *Aṭharvaṇa-Veda*, "Aham-Ēṭaṭ-Na,"

¹ Copies of this article and the previous one—No. II—may be obtained on application to Ramalinga Mudali, Beach House, Elliott's Road, Mylapore, Madras. The application should be accompanied by a remittance of As. 2, which includes postage.

I-This-Not, the most comprehensive of all Mahāvākyas. It is necessary to draw pointed attention to the real meaning of the term “Ēṭaṭ” in this Mahāvākya. Now the word “Aham” in it, of course, refers not to any individualised self, but to the source of all such selves, namely Paramātmā. Consequently “Ēṭaṭ” which stands in opposition to it should also be taken not as the definite vehicle of any individualised self, but to the root of all such vehicles. In short it means the “mūla” of all matter, *i.e.*, mūlaprakṛti in its most abstract sense. As “Aham” stands for the first of the three ultimate constituents of Para Brahman, represented in the Pramāṇa by “A,” so does “Ēṭaṭ” stand for the second constituent, represented therein by “U”. It is the idea of something other than Himself posited by Paramātmā by way of hypothesis, as it were, and simultaneously negated by Him. No doubt it is not easy for us to understand how there can be an affirmation and a negation without the least interval of time between them. But such is the final teaching and, considering that this has reference not to the Vyvahāra but the Paramārtha state, there is nothing unintelligible about it. And it has to be remembered that the self-realisation—Svarūpa-jñāna—of Paramātmā is utterly uninterrupted and eternal by reason of His omniscience. Of course it is different with reference to every other entity subject to the limitations of space and time. In this latter case the affirmation and negation must necessarily take place and do take place only in succession. Hence in all Samsāra the necessary order is Pravṛtti (Path of Forthgoing) first and Nivṛtti (Path of Return) next. Meditation under this first head is, as must be evident, entirely based upon the Praṇava, the highest symbol of

Para Brahman according to all the Hindū Scriptures. The syllable “ A ” stands in the first Samskr̥t sentence for the Self, pure and simple. The syllable “ U ” stands in the second sentence for the Self in Its embodied state ; and in the third sentence a syllable corresponding to “ M ” stands for the Self negating Its identity with all embodiments. The second set of three sentences prescribe meditation upon the Shakti aspect of Para-Brahman as Jñāna-Shakti, Ichchhā-Shakti and Kriyā-Shakti. There is a significant variation in the terminations of the sentences constituting the first set and those constituting the second. In the former the term is “ Upāsē ”—I sit near, I contemplate. In the second the phrase is “ Sharaṇamaham prapaḍye ”—I make surrender.

Meditation thus prescribed has to go on for a very considerable period before the next step is taken. Assuming the candidate is able to devote one hour a day for each of these six forms of meditation, he would not be ready for the next step until the expiry of three months. It is only after that he will be given the form of meditation special to him if he proves himself fit for it. For reasons due to the candidates themselves the giving of instruction as to the special form of meditation has had to be deferred in many cases for so considerable a period as one, two, or even three years. This special form will have to be added to the six already mentioned. Thenceforward the Anuṣṭhāna will consist of what is called Yoga-Sandhyā and Yoga-Gāyaṭrī Japa, both of which must be performed daily before sunrise, it being open to the candidate to devote as much time as he can spare during the rest of the day, for meditation upon the seven items mentioned above. The Sandhyā and

Japa are ceremonials that will not take more than five minutes each.

The statement in my first article, as to twenty-four years constituting an entire course of training, requires a slight explanation. The minimum amount of time which every member is expected to devote to meditation in a single day is two hours and twenty-four minutes. That amount of meditation is taken as one day's full work. It is thus possible and open to any member to shorten the term of discipline by devoting to meditation more than the prescribed minimum.

Every member is required to keep a diary in which he should record instructions received by him and all other matters connected with the practice of Yoga Brahma-Viḍyā, including any phenomena which may occur within his experience.

Before proceeding to notice a few other points connected with the daily routine to be observed by a member, I wish to state the substance of an explanation given in the *Chandrikā* as to the term Rāja-Yoga—an explanation which is quite original. This explanation is put into the mouth of Hamsa Yogī, to whom I alluded in my last article. Next to Nārāyaṇa, Nara and Yoga Ḍevī, this Hamsa Yogī appears to be the most important character in the Assembly of Sages in Baḍarī. He is stated to be a special favourite of the Ḍevī and is in the habit of offering worship to her daily in the lotus tank and imbibing the nectar of Wisdom flowing from the Lotus on which she is seated. The name Hamsa indicates his real identity with Seboua, the gardener, in *The Idyll of the White Lotus*. In short, he stands for intuition and as, in the fable, the bird Hamsa separates the water from the milk, so this Yogī is ever able to

distinguish the false from the true in the immense quantity of dogma current in the world and likewise unearth the gold that lies buried in the ore of Esotericism. He himself in one place says that he is a manifestation of Viveka-Shakṭi, one of the five aspects of the Shakṭi of Yoga-Devī, the names of the other four being: Aviveka (non-discriminating) Shakṭi, Samuchchīṭa (correlating) Shakṭi, Akhaṇḍa (pervasive) Shakṭi, and Svasvarūpa (innate) Shakṭi.¹

Now as to his explanation of Rāja-Yoga, Hamsa Yogī says it was vouchsafed to him by the Devī Herself, and that he would not have accepted it even from so great a source but for the high authority of Shruṭi by which it was supported. Hamsa Yogī points out that the manner in which the very important term in question is explained by Paṭañjali and others is more or less open to question. Putting it briefly, his own explanation is as follows: Astrologers mean by the term Rāja-Yoga, a state of affluence and power like that of a King. It is in a sense quite similar to this that the term in question is used in Shuddha Dharma Maṇḍalam. The object of the discipline prescribed by the Maṇḍalam is to ensure to Ātmā in the human body—the King in the city of nine gates—his inherent royal prerogatives. Normally in the present state of man's evolution that King is only so in name, being in fact a prisoner within his own city. The term Rāja-Yoga in the present case is peculiarly appropriate in letter as well as in spirit. For Rāja comes from a root which means to shine and Rāja-Yoga with reference to Ātmā, the very nature of which

¹ The English equivalents are hardly adequate. The terms themselves are fully explained in the book.

is Light, is to remove the curtains which shut out and prevent that Light streaming forth in all directions. It is the securing of this royal state to Ātmā in the body that the discipline of the Maṇḍalam intends to accomplish. The attempt to free the Ātmā from bondage by elaborate and tedious ceremonials, or by practices which involve the torture of the body, is like holding the coronation festival of a King who continues to be kept in confinement in his city. Whereas the method of the Maṇḍalam is éasy, pleasant and most effective. The excellence of the method consists first in combining meditation on the Ātmā aspect of Para Brahman, with that on Its Shakti aspect. For the uniform teaching of all Shāstra from *Sāmaveda* downward is that the whole work of cosmic procession belongs to the latter aspect. For example, the opening stanza of *Saundārya-Lahari*, ascribed to Shaṅkara, puts this quaintly thus : “ Without Shakti, Paramashiva Himself is not able to move even a tiny piece of straw.” In another place Shakti is spoken of as the body of Shambhu. And the great Sages in the hymns to Her call her World-Mother, the boundless ocean of compassion, tenderness and love. And be it also noted, to meditate on the one hand on the nature of the Self, as indicated in the first set of sentences, and on the other hand to make at the same time surrender in thought to the Supreme Power, and to do this day after day throughout life is surely the most infallible way of developing oneself along the path of knowledge and that of devotion simultaneously. Right knowledge coupled with right desire and devotion necessarily lead to right activity. Hence the importance and value of the combination mentioned above.

The second very special feature of the system consists in the use of mystic syllables, or Bijākṣharas, in connection with meditation. They constitute, in the figurative language of Hamsa Yogī, the stalks on which the fruit of Brahm ripens for the Yogī to gather. Another simile of the Yogī in respect to them is that they are like the nipple in the mother's breast through which flows the milk needed for the sustenance of the child. Much detailed information is given about these syllables which, however, it is not possible for me to enter into here. Whether and how far these syllables are in the nature of those "Words of Power" which Initiates are said to receive at each of the four great Initiations, it is idle for me to speculate upon. But this much seems to be fairly certain: that the constant and prolonged use of the syllables during the daily meditation produces vibrations which powerfully affect the different Koshas, or vehicles, of the would-be Yogī. The cause of such vibrations and effects is discussed at length. The discussion is highly instructive and is illumined by apt quotations from Shruti. The gist of the discussion, in one aspect of it, may be stated thus. By reason of the very peculiar formation of the letter sounds of the Samskr̥t alphabet, their mere utterance *ipso facto* acts upon the matter of one or other of the different planes of our world-system and produces certain definite atomic and molecular changes in such matter. This is the case whether the utterance is in the Parā, Pashyanṭī, Maḍhyamā or Vaikharī stage. The potency of the utterance is heightened when it is enforced by the will of the utterer and directed towards a particular object. It follows that such utterance equally affects the upāḍhis of the utterer,

which of course are composed of the matter of those planes. The potency of these letter sounds is but a manifestation of the Māṭṛkā-Shakti, one of the six great microcosmic powers.¹

Now entering a little into detail, let me first take the nine vowel sounds of the alphabet. Their potency, as well as that of the thirty-three consonants, extends even to the Anupāḍaka, or Mahaṭ, plane, the second in our system. It is also on this plane that the Amsa of Ishvara, or the divine fragment which on the Ādi, or the first plane, constitutes the unembodied human spirit, finds the rudimentary vehicle which is to serve as the basis for its future evolution in the fivefold universe, beginning with the ākāshic plane, the third. Of the vowels referred to, the utterance of the first serves as a channel for the expression of the embodied Spirit as an independent entity, or a Jivātma. The utterance of the remaining eight vowels serves as a channel for the expression of certain of the attributes or powers of such Jivātma.

Passing to the consonants, the effect of their utterance becomes patent only in the fivefold universe. Twenty-five of these consonants make up five groups. The five consonants constituting the first, or the *ka* group when uttered act upon the matter of the ākāshic plane. The five letters of the second, or the *cha* group act upon the matter the vāyu plane. The five letters of the third, or the *ta*, group act upon the matter of the agni plane. The five letters of the fourth, or the *ṭa* group act upon the matter of the ap plane and the five letters of the last, or the *pa* group act upon the matter of the pṛṭhivī

¹ For a brief description of these, see the late Mr. T. Subba Rao's paper on "The Twelve Signs of the Zodiac" in his *Esoteric Writings*, pp. 7-8.

plane. Again when one of the eight vowels is combined with one or other of the consonants in the five groups, such combination will serve as a channel for the manifestation of an avasthā, or state of consciousness, of the Jīva. This avasthā partakes of the character of Pravṛtṭi. When, however, one of those vowels is combined with one or other of the remaining eight consonants in the alphabet, that combination will serve as a channel for the manifestation of an avasthā, or state of consciousness, partaking of Nivṛtṭi character. It is these sixteen states of consciousness that are classified under the four main divisions of jāgraṭ, svapna, suṣhupti and ṭurīya, each such division being similarly subdivided. As for example jāgraṭ-jāgraṭ, jāgraṭ-svapna, jāgraṭ-suṣhupti and jāgraṭ-ṭurīya, and so on. Apart from the said sixteen combinations there are innumerable other combinations of vowels and consonants which serve as channels for the manifestation of the action and reaction of spirit and matter upon each other during their long evolutionary journey in the fivefold universe.

Now this subject of the effect of utterances of the alphabet sounds and their combinations has for ages been investigated by Adepts, with the result that the Hierarchy is in possession of a body of knowledge of the very highest value to humanity. And the use of Bījākṣharas as a part of the course of training in the organisation is to enable those undergoing the training to avail themselves of such portion of that knowledge as will conduce to their progress in yoga. Putting it very generally, the main advantage that will ultimately attend the use of these syllables is the power to pass at will from vehicle to vehicle and consciously

to function in any one of them, and to work in the plane corresponding to the vehicle in which one is functioning for the time being. What more could we wish than to be able at pleasure to get away from the prison-house of this physical body, to come into direct contact with the Great Ones, who are ever busy in the higher worlds in carrying out the will of Ishvara, and to learn from Them the mighty truths which They hold in trust for all who wish to become the true servers of the human race. Those who have had such a communion even for a single moment will never more think of their own personal salvation or the experiencing of the bliss which awaits them who touch the buddhic, or vāyu, plane and become capable of using their Ānandamaya-Kosha. The only prayer that will escape from their lips will be: "Make us Your humble servants. We seek nothing, we hope nothing, we ask nothing for the separated self."

Turning now to another advantage connected with the use of the syllables in question, it is that they form effective symbols to meditate upon. Of them all the most important is the "Om" sound. Next to it come the three letters which go to make up that sound. These four are symbols of Brahman Itself and consequently meditation with their aid is invaluable to him who is on the Path. For his great work on that path is, if I may be allowed such an expression, the disidentification of himself with those upādhis which he had been laboriously constructing for his use in gathering experience during the time he was treading the path of Pravṛtti. And such work of disidentification is facilitated in every way by the fact that the system of meditation he has to follow compels him to keep his

thought ever fixed on the Self in the heart, the Self in all hearts and in all nature.

What has been so far said, of course, touches but the fringe of the interesting and important subject of mystic syllables. Leaving on one side their occult significance, it has been possible only to refer to two or three obvious matters connected with them. Nevertheless enough has surely been said to show that the eulogy of Hamsa Yogī of the use of them is not a mere flight of fancy but rests on a basis of truth and fact, which anyone inclined to do so may verify for himself by following the system of meditation so highly commended by the Yogī.

By way of confirming the sound character of the explanation given by him as to the meaning of Rāja-Yoga and summarised above, the Yogī draws pointed attention to the scriptural passages mentioned by Yoga-Devī when She instructed him on the point. Those passages form part of the sixth chapter of the *Taittirīya Upaniṣhat*, which purports to contain the instruction imparted by a teacher to a pupil. The sentences relevant here are :

Through it, the meditation on the Self in the heart, self-government, mental control, are acquired. Thence follow lordship of sight, hearing, speech and knowledge.

It remains now to notice only a few more important matters connected with the daily routine to be observed by the person under discipline. On waking he is told to feel that he hears the voice of a Teacher telling him to pray for the welfare of all the worlds, and it is through such welfare that the best can happen to himself. He sends up a prayer accordingly. Next he offers salutation to Yoga-Devī and prays for illumination from Her with reference to whatever he

has to do during the whole day. Then he repeats the following five precepts which are called the Upadesha-pañchakam :

1. अभेदानन्दं सच्चित्रं परं ब्रह्म वेद सः ।
2. योऽव्ययात्मा समचित्तरङ्गः
3. देवीं कल्याणशक्तिं प्रपद्य सर्वं प्रविशति
4. अमृतोऽहं लोकेभ्यः सुखमेधताम् ।
5.

Undivided Bliss, Truth Its Form, Supreme Brahman.

He who thus knows, possessed of perfect understanding, with a mind which is the playground of equability, and devoted to the Devi, the wondrous Power, enters all.

Immortal am I. May the worlds attain Bliss.

The disciple is then required to take a certain amount of exercise before his bath. And after ablutions he goes through the Sandhyā, etc., already mentioned. The reason for requiring their performance before sunrise is that the part of the day best adapted for such rites and meditation is between 2 a.m. and sunrise, when the influence of Sarasvatī-Shakti is predominant. Advice as to diet and recreation very similar to what is contained in the *Bhagavad-Gītā* is found in this *Chandrikā* also. The faithful and honest performance of every duty connected with one's family, profession or business is commanded. The study of the Upaniṣats, *Bhagavad-Gītā* and some of the Purāṇas is recommended, care being taken by the student that he understands the esoteric teachings in them with the aid of explanations to be found in *Kāṇḍarahasyam*, the treatise referred to in my last article.

Finally it may be observed that this work appears to be a fairly large treatise containing some forty

thousand shloka-measures. There seems to be no obstacle in the way of publication of this treatise, as one might expect on the ground that it is private and confidential and thus inaccessible to the general public. Nevertheless, there does not seem to be much chance of anyone undertaking the task. The circumstances of the Organisation preclude it in more than one way from undertaking the publication. Nor is it likely that private enterprise will be attracted to it in the immediate future. It is to be hoped, however, that this book will some day see the light, and contribute to elucidate many myths and statements in the Hindū sacred writings which now baffle all attempts to unravel them.

S. Subramania Iyer

WHAT IS DEATH ?

By M. L. HALL

IN this time of widespread sorrow one of the subjects of chief interest to us, affecting so many of our lives most closely, is that of Death. For the way in which we regard Death may either bring or spare us untold suffering. Is it not worth while, then, to look into this subject very carefully, and to see if we cannot arrive at a more definite conclusion concerning it than is usually arrived at? For it is the unknown that man dreads; it is the uncertainty connected with Death that makes him fear it. It is not too much to say that if the *truth* about Death were known, it would be feared far less than many a thing that can happen to us in this life.

Now the Church, with all its splendid teachings about Death, leaves one fact out of account; and that is the very fact which would be of most comfort to us now, besides being one of the most real and evident in the life beyond the veil. It is that on "dying" we are not suddenly cut off from the earth and all we love on it; our affections, our thoughts, our aspirations are not transferred in a moment of time to a totally different sphere. When one comes to think of it, that never happens in Nature; or when a swift and apparently complete change does take place, there is always a strong tendency to react, after a time, back to the former

state. Now study of life reveals one truth beyond all others: the presence of all-pervading law. In no corner of the visible universe can one find a lawless condition of things prevailing. Think for a moment what it would mean if one could. All science, all industry, all inventions, all agriculture, would be rendered useless; the universe itself would be unstable. And further study of life, study of deeper, more hidden things, reveals another fact, equally undeniable, equally unchanging: the great truth "as above so below"—as in the phenomenal so in the unphenomenal worlds. What does that mean? Simply that we can know the invisible *by* the visible. If a law holds good to our senses—sight, touch, hearing—the same law holds good in a region beyond our senses. Otherwise it would not be a law.

Therefore, as no sudden stable change takes place in what we call "Nature," why should we expect it to take place at what we call "death"? Evolution misses no tiniest stage; the smallest link in form cannot be withdrawn without rendering the goal which is being laboured for unattainable; so with the Spirit there can be no quick transition; each experience or state recalls the last, resembles the last, while preparing for the next. The intermediate world, or paradise, is not separated from this world by a great gulf; just as the mammals are not separated from the reptiles in the history of the globe. The intermediate world is all around us, touching us; had we but the eyes to see it, and the ears to hear its sounds. Those we call "dead" are with us still.

Could we really believe this, how much it would do for us! Instead of mourning over the shattering

of the form which enclosed him we loved, we would know that the Spirit, the real man, was still near us, indeed in closer communion than was possible before. For form always limits and fetters. The more form is cast aside, the freer is the Spirit within. The destruction of the body is like opening the doors of a prison.

Why should we sorrow, then, for our dead? For they are happier than when they lived in the visible world; they would not return to the body again if they could. One thing, however, troubles them—our grief for them. For they do not watch us dispassionately from the skies; they stand beside us, speak to us, try to cheer us. The link of love which bound them to us when on earth is not broken; they cannot be perfectly happy while we are in sorrow. Love, the strongest force there is and the most eternal, keeps them at our side vainly endeavouring to console us. Should we cease to grieve, they would be free to explore the wonderful world in which they find themselves, with delights and marvels surpassing any on earth. How can they seek delights when they see our tears?

And there is nothing sad about death, nothing to make one grieve. If this be true under ordinary circumstances, much more is it so when death is met in a noble manner. Again we learn from the visible universe: a certain cause produces a certain result. It is an immutable law. Alter the cause in the slightest degree, and the result will be altered in proportion. All our actions, as well as all our thoughts and feelings, are causes producing their definite results. There is no causeless thing in existence. All that happens to us had its beginning, or birth, in some action, or feeling, or thought of ours. Therefore the more nobly we act and

feel and think the better will be the results for us. Death in a noble cause produces very high results for the one who "dies". Very few things, to put it baldly, are so remunerative; for it is one of the greatest sacrifices there are; and the greater the sacrifice the higher the reward. Is not to be killed in battle, then, to be regarded as a priceless opportunity rather than as a tragedy?

But the good results do not react only on those who give their earthly life. Sacrifice in any form brings blessing, and those who have—apparently to them—parted with their dear ones in their country's need, share in the great reward. As they experienced the pain of parting together so will they share its resultant happiness. Their mutual self-forgetfulness has formed a bond uniting them, as side by side they climb upwards through the ages. For this one short life of ours is but the tiniest day in the glorious evolution that awaits us, the glory and the strength of which are built on love in sacrifice.

M. L. Hall

THE YOUNG SOUL

A man lay sleeping by a woman to whom he was bound
for life,
Suddenly he awoke and remembered the day
And the past days in their ugliness.
And he looked into the void of the days to be.
He said: "How can I love her, for her soul is hideous?
Whatever love I have can only be for her body, and
is no avail to her or to me."
Like vampires his thoughts destroyed him, and drank away
his joy in life.
They were black and glutted with his heart's blood, they
fed upon him and were gorged.
Many, many nights he suffered this.
But then, one night, the moon shone, and it seemed that
on the bed,
The soul of the woman came, and sat between them.
It laughed very softly and mocked to itself
Tenderly, and with little sobs between.
"Why do you laugh?" asked the man, for he knew
this frail thing was the soul of his wife.
The ghostly one answered: "I am young,
I am weak, I am foolish, and have no great self,
And my true life is apart from me yet,
As the soul of a flower is apart from the flower.
I grope and am dazed.
But I laugh because you have said
That you cannot love her, this woman, my image.
You, the lover of forests, of oaks and of roses,
You who tend saplings, and do not despise them.
Yet the forests you plant you will never enjoy save in
visions,
Seen from another zone.
You do not go sighing along your rose garden in April,
Because your roses of June are not yet in blossom.
In May you have faith for July,
And to-day for to-morrow,
So be to this woman, for I, her soul, will grow as the oak
grows,

And you, in a future, will see me
As a tree that is strong, and a red rose that has
blossomed,
When my time has unfolded, then I too shall be of the
angels.
But now is only my March month.
You shall see my beauty, though I have long waiting
before me.
But love me, and love her who is my wonderful image,
Fix your eyes on my morning
When I'll reach to the glory beyond and the wisdom
above me."
Then the soul, like a mist, was no more,
And the moon, from the window,
Looked like milk in the skies.
The man turned and slept, but his morrows
Were deepened by love and by vision.

VIOLET CLIFTON

THE STREET OF THE GEISHA

By F. HADLAND DAVIS

(Author of "The Coming of Fizo," "The Peony of Pao-Yu," "The Land of the Yellow Spring," "Myths and Legends of Japan," etc.)

TOZO, an old Buddhist priest, lost in profound thought, had the misfortune to take a wrong turning and to find himself in the Street of the Geisha. When he had discovered his mistake he was for retracing his steps, but instead of doing so he chuckled to himself, and thought how great was the difference between the Street of the Geisha and the Noble Eightfold Path of the Buddha.

It was a very narrow street, gay with flickering lanterns. Tozo gazed upon them with disapproval. On one he read, "*Kinoya: uchi O-Kata*" ("The House of Gold wherein O-Kata dwells"), and on another, "*Niyotsuru*" ("The Stork Magnificently Existing").

"Ah!" exclaimed Tozo, "what lights for the moths of wickedness! How these dancing-girls minister to those things that are not seemly to contemplate. Muhammad knew what he was talking about when he

said: 'O assembly of women, give alms, although it be of your gold and silver ornaments; for verily ye are mostly of Hell on the Day of Resurrection!'"

A merry peal of laughter came from one of the houses, followed by the sound of girls talking rapidly together. "O fools of a moment's mirth," said Tozo hotly, "make you a pilgrimage to Ise, and pray that the Gods may show you the wisdom of silence and the folly of babbling tongues!"

Tozo moved on again, eager to tread a more respectable thoroughfare. The many-shaped lanterns danced in two long lines before him, but by fingering his beads and murmuring a fragment of a sūtra, the old man was able to set aside all mundane matters. He was about to leave the Street of the Geisha when he met his friend Akira.

"You here!" exclaimed Akira. "Have you not called this street 'The Street of Don't Go Down'? Surely you should be in your temple, either fast asleep or in a doze over your devotions."

Tozo laughed. "My friend," said he, "it is better to find a priest who has strayed by accident into this deplorable street, than one who, like yourself, comes here for a set purpose. Akira, believe me, nearly all the tribulations of this world may justly be placed at a woman's door. When she beckons, when she calls, pay no heed to her importunities. As for the geisha, flee from her bright eyes and chattering tongue, from her little hand that for ever pours out wine, from her seductive dances, for such things are of the Evil One and lead to destruction. Be not moved by a snow-white arm that peeps from a big silk sleeve, nor by lips red as a poppy but pernicious as opium. Rather than

contemplate such things, study and master the Lotus of the Law, for it has been truly said of women—”

Akira touched the old man's hand. “Look,” he said, “how dry the skin is. 'Tis ink rather than blood that runs beneath such parchment. You are an estimable priest, Tozo, but allow me to say that you do not show the toleration of your Master toward women. You are bitter and narrow where a woman is concerned, and all because, my dear friend, you have been dead but not buried for quite a long time. *Sayonara*, O pilgrim in the Street of the Geisha!”

“*Sayonara*,” replied Tozo gravely. “When you have discovered the futility of human desire, and above all when you have had your heart crushed by a woman, come to me and I will show you the Way of Peace.”

Akira stood for a moment watching the receding figure of the priest. He pitied the old man, but he did not know that Tozo pitied him and wept. “Well,” said Akira gaily, “it is fortunate for this world that we are not all priests, otherwise there would be no Street of the Geisha.”

Akira stopped outside a house where the lantern was shaped like the egg of some fabulous bird. He looked at the characters inscribed upon it, and read: “Flower-Bud of Ten Thousand Dreams.” When he had perused the inscription several times, he pushed open the slide of a door that set a gong-bell ringing.

Nishimura, the teacher and mistress of the house, came forward. “Ah!” she exclaimed, recognising Akira, “be honourably pleased to enter my miserable dwelling. All the girls are out at present attending various festivities in the town.”

“All are out?” murmured Akira dejectedly.

“That is to say all except Kohana.” Nishimura laughed knowingly. “Can it be that you wish to see Kohana?”

“Nishimura,” replied Akira, laughing, “be pleased to show me Kohana.”

“So?” said Nishimura. “Many have called here for a similar purpose. Many have expressed the desire to marry Kohana, and all have offered to pay me liberally for the privilege, but Kohana only laughs. She finds life so funny. Oh! Kohana is a deep one!”

Nishimura invited Akira to follow her. She pressed back a sliding screen, bade him enter a small apartment, took a handful of coin with profuse thanks, and left him.

When Akira sat down the light from the andon was so dim that at first he fancied he was alone. In a moment or two, however, he discovered Kohana peeping at him from behind her fan. She was dressed in a kimono the colour of a mountain dove, and the lovely grey background was relieved here and there with sprays of silk-worked cherry-blossom.

“Kohana,” said Akira eagerly, “you see I could not keep away from you for long. Ever since I saw you in my father’s house I have loved you.”

Kohana laughed merrily. “I do not think I like your love-making very much. Baishu was here last night, and Baishu said quite a number of charming things to me. Let me see, what did he say? Oh yes! He said, ‘Kohana’—and he made the word sound as if it were running water—‘my heart was like a dark pool before I met you. Now it is like a lake made glad by the sun by day and by the shadow of the moon and stars when the night comes.’ Was that not a pretty speech?”

"I do not care for it," said Akira moodily.

"Would you not like to hear what my other suitors said?"

"No," replied Akira.

"Now you're cross, Akira, just because you think I have as many lovers as Kimiko, or the Lady Kaguya herself! I see two ugly lines on your forehead. Shall I sing? Shall I dance? Shall I make tea for you?"

"No, Kohana."

"No, Kohana," replied the dancing-girl in an exact imitation of his tone. "What shall I do for your entertainment? Come, Akira, you are dull company to-night. I have been sitting here all the evening ever so lonely, and now your visit makes me still more miserable. Be honourably pleased to let that strong mouth break into a smile. There, there, it comes now! Quite a nice smile, too. Thank you, Akira."

"You make it so hard for me to speak," said Akira with a tremor in his voice. "You are a sweet bright-winged butterfly for ever sipping the honey of the the world's flowers—"

"Akira, how splendid! Did you really get that out of your own head?"

"There is just one flower in that big garden," went on Akira, "that keeps on looking out for you, keeps on wanting you. There is just one flower, Kohana, that would possess you always, that never wants you to go away to other flowers any more. Do you understand?"

"Perhaps," said Kohana evasively. She took up a beautiful ornamented mirror and from a lacquered box withdrew various toilet articles. She added a shade more colour to her lips, a touch of powder to her

little chin. Then she looked for a long time into the mirror.

“Akira,” she said, a little wistfully, “the wings of your butterfly will not always be beautiful. They will become faded, torn, old—Oh yes, they will! You do not know the vanity of that butterfly, my poor Akira. The honey of admiration must come from many flowers yet.”

“And then?” said Akira, leaning forward and looking eagerly into her face.

“Oh! do not count on afterwards, my dear friend. When the butterfly can no longer fly from flower to flower, it will just settle down on the dusty road and never wake up again.”

“Is such a sad end worth while?”

“Yes, because the getting there is so splendid!”

“Kohana, I cannot live without you. I want you to become my wife. I will go on waiting for you to come to me.”

“My poor Akira, I see you suffer. I like you better than others who have sought my hand. Please do not forget that I am a dancing-girl, and although many of us marry, I shall never do so. Let it be good-bye. I shall not change my mind.”

Akira looked at her tenderly. “We are not always wise when we love,” he said simply, “for love has flood-gates that, when once open, sweep reason aside. I cannot say good-bye, give up hope yet. I must come again and again.”

“It will be a sword in your heart, Akira, this coming. Oh! go away and try to forget!”

Akira took the hand that peeped out of the grey and pink sleeve. He caressed it for a moment, then

suddenly he rubbed the fingers against his cheek and went out of the room without a word.

For many weeks Akira came to see Kohana. He found her, as he had always found her, sweet, coquettish, but firm in her resolve. There was a hint of deeper and truer things beneath the merry laughter and her apparently artless but well-studied pleasantries. He wanted the woman, and she always gave him the geisha.

One night Kohana said to her lover: "Akira, if you love me, go away and bury your love in some lovers' cemetery by the sea. It is not only useless for you to continue your wooing, but it is becoming really painful to me. Your pale worn face, your eyes that have seen so many sleepless nights, come between me and the sunshine. You are making grey days for me, and how can a butterfly be happy when the sky is clouded and the wind of sorrow is cold? I fly in the Street of the Geisha. I shall always fly there, Akira, always."

There were tears in Kohana's eyes. Akira had never seen tears in her eyes before, and he was deeply moved. "Because you wish it," he said gently, "I shall go away and never return again. I shall bury the lonely dream which you cannot dream too, you who are called 'The Flower-Bud of Ten Thousand Dreams'. I go, Kohana, without a shade of bitterness in my heart. May the Gods be good to you always, and may you never know, as I know, what *mono no aware wo shiru* ('the Ah-ness of things') means."

Once more Akira pressed back a silk sleeve and very slowly caressed Kohana's arm. "Shut your eyes," he whispered. "It would never do for a joyous butterfly to look upon anything that is sad."

Kohana closed her eyes. When she opened them again she found that Akira had gone. "It is better so," she said, looking into her mirror, "and yet—" tears filled her eyes again. The pretty reflection in the mirror became blurred. She flung the dainty disc aside and leant forward with her forehead pressed against her extended hands. The grey and pink sleeves rested on the matting. A butterfly was fluttering near the flower of sorrow, and finding in those red petals the flower of love.

In the meantime Akira walked slowly down the Street of the Geisha and entered the temple where Tozo lived.

"Well," said the old priest, looking closely at his friend, "have you come to call me a fool, to tell me that the Street of the Geisha is the best street in all the world, the one place where love is and rare enchantment?"

"No," replied Akira wearily, "I have come to find the Way of Peace. Help me to find it, friend."

If Tozo could be sarcastic, he could also be gentle and sympathetic. He uttered never a word of reproach. "Do not fear," said he, "the wound in your heart will heal. By the most blessed teaching of the Lord Buddha you shall indeed find peace. Blot out for ever the Street of the Geisha and set aside all the snares and delusions of this world, thus shall you destroy the power of Karma and finally attain Nirvāṇa."

In due time Akira, having successfully passed through his noviciate, became a Buddhist priest, and taking upon himself all the solemn vows of his calling, entered a temple at Kamakura. He was regarded as a zealous teacher, a faithful friend to the poor, and most

especially was he gentle to all those whose sorrow was the sorrow of unrequited love.

Akira had found peace at last, and the Street of the Geisha became to him as a shadowy street in a half-remembered dream. He loved the great towering figure of the Daibutsu, and whenever he passed that way he looked with joy and gratitude upon that serene face. To Akira it was not a gigantic image of bronze, but it seemed to him, especially in the early morning and in the twilight of evening, that the Lord Buddha himself was sitting there. Often he would prostrate himself before that figure and imagine that he was floating up into the Paradise of Incense, or down below the shining waves of the sea into the Paradise of Perfect Happiness. It was always when his spiritual joy was at its height that he prayed most ardently for a quiet, sure strength, that would be proof against the most subtle temptations of the world.

Once, before the figure of Amida-Buddha, he saw a boy wantonly try to kill a bird. The creature's wing was bruised. He picked it up and held it gently in his hand. "Seek not to destroy life," said Akira to the boy, "for all life is sacred to the Lord Buddha." And Akira went away, nursed the bird for a day or two, and, when it had recovered, set it free with no little joy in his heart. It sped on through a burnished sky of gold, settled on a *torii*, and began to sing.

One day in the spring, when Akira was sitting in the outer court of the temple, watching children play about him, he was surprised to see a woman advance toward him, her face hidden behind a thick veil.

"Akira!" said the woman softly.

"*Anata?*" ("Thou?") replied the priest. He recognised the voice of Kohana, and the sound of that voice had lost none of its sweetness.

"Why do you come?" said Akira presently.

"Because," replied Kohana, withdrawing the veil, "from the moment you left me I learnt that love had come into my heart. I tried to stifle it. I went on living in the Street of the Geisha, thinking that the diversions of my calling would in time check my passion. But my love grew greater every day until at last I obtained leave of absence and resolved to come and find you. Only when I reached Kamakura did I learn that you had become a priest. Perhaps, having made that discovery, I ought to have gone back, but I did not go back. I, a poor little butterfly, flutter at your heart in vain now."

"In vain now," murmured Akira. "O Kohana, you have come too late. I have given all to the Lord Buddha, and there is nothing left for you. Return, little one, not to the Street of the Geisha, but somewhere where you may lead a more useful life."

Kohana resented these words. She could not realise that the man who sat so calmly before her was a priest and no longer her lover. It was hard to believe that hands that had once caressed her were now pressed together like the hands of a sacred image.

"Akira," she said, "then you do not remember the old days?"

"'Tis as a dream," replied the priest, drawing in his breath quickly. "Be pleased to leave me."

"Not yet," said Kohana, "not yet. O how pitifully have we changed places! Must I beg one sweet

human word from you? O Akira, tell me, is there no love in your heart for me now?"

"I cannot answer. Be pleased to go away."

"I must have your answer," persisted Kohana.

"You shall have my answer," said Akira in a strange plaintive voice. "To-night you shall have it. Do you remember that when my love gave you pain and not joy I went away and promised never to return?"

"Yes, I remember. I drove you away."

"No, you did not drive me away. It was enough that you wanted me to go. Kohana, if you love me as I loved you then, be pleased not to come back for my answer."

Kohana looked steadily at the priest. Because she was hungry for love and because it was not like the love of Akira, she said: "I do not know what you mean. I shall come back to-night for your answer."

"You will know then," replied Akira firmly, "you will know then," and such an expression of agony and appeal came into his face as he uttered these words that Kohana withdrew. "He is thinking," she said softly, "how my heart will ache when he tells me that he loves me not. Oh! he's a good cold man!"

Shortly before midnight Kohana came again to the temple. She found Akira sitting in the moonlit courtyard with a strange smile on his face.

"Veil yourself," he said in a tense whisper. "We will make a short journey together. Come, give me your hand."

"Your hand is trembling," said Kohana, as they walked rapidly away from the temple.

The priest did not reply. He looked wistfully up at the Daibutsu in passing and noticed once again the serene smile on that face. When Akira whispered, "Forgive," too softly for Kohana to hear him, it seemed that the smile grew more tender, more full of boundless mercy. They left Amida-Buddha sitting in the moonlight, the moonlight that shone upon the dusty road and on the great clouds of cherry-blossom.

When they reached a small *torii*, near Enoshima, Akira told Kohana that here she should have his answer. "Go," he said, "and sit down by that pine tree. Still veil your face, and I beg that you will also close your eyes."

When Kohana had obeyed, Akira collected a number of stones and made a small tower of them under the *torii*. Then he threw a rope over one of the cross-beams of the gateway, made a noose at the other end and slipped it round his neck. For a moment he stood with the rope fairly taut. Then looking toward Kohana, he kicked away some of the stones. A wind, full of the petals of cherry-blossom, suddenly sprang up, and swayed the body of the dead priest to and fro while the sea made music on the shore.

"May I look now?" said Kohana. "Please, speak to me. I do not understand all these mysteries. Akira?"

There was no reply except the great song of the sea and the rush of the wind playing with countless pink and white petals.

For five minutes Kohana waited with a beating heart. Then she withdrew the veil and opened her eyes. She rushed forward with a cry of horror and sank beneath the swaying figure.

“Oh! your answer,” she cried, “your answer! I did not think it would be like that, but I understand!”

Kohana, unable to remove the body, hastened back to Kamakura, and when she had made known the dreadful news, she prostrated herself before the Daibutsu. “O Lord Buddha,” she cried, with a ring of triumph in her voice, “Akira is mine and not yours now! He shall be mine for many existences, mine for ever!”

But when Kohana looked into the face of Amida-Buddha, she saw that on his breast rested the shining soul of Akira.

F. Hadland Davis.

CORRESPONDENCE

BROTHERHOOD OR WAR?

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

In the "Watch-Tower" of the June THEOSOPHIST you invite discussion of your article entitled "Brotherhood and War"; so, where angels fear to tread, I, a fool, rush in. My task is simplified by the frank admission on p. 208—"War is essentially murder and torture". It is quite refreshing to find some one who recognises that German military science is only "one worse" than that hitherto accepted by the national conscience as civilised warfare. Once more I agree with the philosophical statement on p. 199—"that War is an evil, and that the problem of its existence is part of the problem of evil"; certainly, it is a very big part. But if, as is reasonable to believe, "evil is ignorance," and "ignorance is to be gradually gotten rid of by knowledge," then why go to the pains of perpetuating ignorance by dwelling on the advantages to be derived from evil?

We should not require to be reminded that the universal principle of compensation secures that pain ultimately drives its victims to seek a remedy, and that even the present carnage may bring hopeful reactions; what we do require to be told is how to replace the current ignorance by knowledge, and, if this is done at all, it will not be done by the preachers and writers who alone can be found to extol the moral value of War, its spiritual uplift, and all the other attractive phrases that have succeeded the cruder glamour of earlier days. The political argument that wars weld the nation together has ever been used by Governments fearful of the healthy instincts of the people and anxious to keep them

in ignorance; time alone will show in the present case how long the people remain welded together and how much nearer to the desirable condition of a Federation Europe will be brought by the international antagonism that is being stirred up by the press. The religious argument—that the torture or death of the body helps the soul—apparently still survives the excesses of the flagellants and the fakirs, but is denied by the very charter of the military Theosophists—the *Bhagavad-Gītā* :

Unintelligent, tormenting the aggregate elements forming the body, and *Me also*, seated in the inner body, know these demoniacal in their resolves.—xvii, 6.

We are told that, from the view-point of the Self, evolution is hastened; but, if the Self is beyond pain and grief, why this anxiety to save time? According to this view, evolution is more rapid in countries, such as the South American republics, that are continually at war, than in a country like the United States where War is at a minimum; and in this connection it is my fervent hope that the United States will continue to refuse to be goaded into bloodshed by the taunts of self-constituted judges of humanity. The injunction “Judge not” may have a wider application than is given to it in two of the letters in the June THEOSOPHIST.

Again, the claim is made on behalf of War that it has imported art into the countries it has devastated! but the same claim, when advanced on behalf of German culture, is not meeting with much recognition. The fact that nations which were but recently fighting against one another are now fighting as allies seems to me to show the artificiality of all such antagonisms, as well as their counter-alliances. If the peoples, who are the first to suffer, were told the truth about one another by their Governments, no rivalry in legitimate commerce could incite them to become parties to the crime of international murder. Tolstoy saw that the existing ignorance in which the peoples are kept by their Governments can be replaced by the knowledge that every man and woman is free to refuse to violate the elementary instincts of conscience whether in the name of plunder or culture, Empire or God. The cry of the gladiators in the Roman arena—“*Ave Caesar Imberator! Morituri te salutant!*”—may have been Cæsar’s

idea of Brotherhood! it is not good enough for the men and women of to-morrow. Brotherhood may be a fact in the realm of Spirit, but, until it has been recognised and embodied in the regions of diversity, it cannot be said to be an accomplished fact.

Because I have not identified either War or Brotherhood with a particular nation, I shall probably be dubbed a "pro-German"—the current coin of patriotic argument. If the word "pro-German" means one who prefers the German military system to the British, I leave the word for the British conscriptionist party; but, if it means one who would like to see both "Berthas" and "Queen Elizabeths" returned to the eighth sphere, then I put in a claim to the title.

London

W. D. S. BROWN, F.T.S.

BROTHERHOOD AND WAR

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

As you invite discussion on the subject of Brotherhood and War, I venture to send you some thoughts which seem to me to lead to a different conclusion from that of your article, while based on the four great Facts set forth in it.

I accept these Facts and I agree that "War is an evil, and the problem of its existence is part of the problem of the existence of evil". As you have taught us, the explanation of that problem is to be found in the conditions inseparable from manifestation in material forms—implying limitation and therefore imperfection. Going forth into manifestation separateness of conscious life ensues, because of the density of the forms through which the experiences necessary for the attainment of individuality, and ultimate mastery, must be obtained. The separated self thinks of himself as the centre of his universe, and the Fact—ever existing—of Brotherhood is for him non-existent for the time. Separateness in thought and feeling leads to selfishness, the idea of self-interest, and

all the evils which strife and greed bring in their train, till through the suffering caused by these evils the lesson is learned that the self cannot be served at the expense of his fellows. Selfishness is abjured and separateness transcended.

Every evil which we experience in a divinely ordered world, War among the rest, though brought on us by ignorant or wilful misuse of our power of choice and will, must serve our evolution, and at a stage of our development, be a means to a greater good than could have been possible without it. Is War, therefore, justifiable *for us*? It can only be justified while we do not know a better way—and our race has been in possession of the higher teaching for 2,500 years at least. To him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin. Sin comes when the separated self clings to its isolation and desire to maintain its self-centred life against the larger life, the dawning higher consciousness of its real unity with all selves in the One. Is it not this isolation, this unwillingness to trust and live in the wider consciousness of the Spirit that leads to international strife and culminates in War?

Ought War ever to be resorted to as a means of defence, in the light of the recognition of the One Life in all forms? Can War or violence ever really be a means of defence or help? It is a natural impulse to meet violence with violence, when we see those weaker than ourselves attacked, but are we not thereby failing to give the real help—should we not have learned ere this that yielding to that impulse is only prolonging the agony of the world? No doubt it is utilised to forward evolution when it comes, but that does not justify us in thinking War, preparing for War, engaging in War. The heroism, the self-sacrifice, the mutual helpfulness shown forth in War, are not the product of warfare, though War may afford special opportunities for their manifestation. War comes because we fail to realise Brotherhood, because we allow thoughts of enmity and distrust to accumulate till their interaction generates the cataclysm.

You have taught us that the forces of separative thought—distrust, hatred, enmity—can only be obliterated when they are met by, and transmuted into, forces of an opposite nature—confidence, love, goodwill. Can violence, overwhelming violence by violence, generate peace? Would it not simply

prove to the vanquished that he had not proved strong enough, that his preparations had not been sufficiently complete, and to the victor bring confirmation of the illusion that his prowess in the field proved the justice of his cause. Neither victor nor vanquished would learn from the struggle the futility of opposing force with force, and the cycle of accumulating distrust, preparation for War, and renewed strife would recommence. How many more wars must be fought before we learn that only by ceasing to think War, and therefore in love and trust ceasing to prepare for War, can we seek Peace and ensue it?

The Master is coming again and even warfare can be utilised to help in preparing the way of the Prince of Peace. The mutual exhaustion of the opposing forces may lead to the recognition that such struggles do not settle anything. Realising the misery and destruction, the suffering and privation they cause, it may be that the possibility of the acceptance of the principle of Brotherhood in action may emerge, as the foundation of a permanent Peace. To work for disarmament, by consent of the Powers concerned, as the basis of a Peace settlement is the most truly practical policy for our time. Even if that end cannot immediately be reached by agreement between the nations, may we not hope and pray and work that at least our country may rise to the height of its opportunity by deciding to put away for ever the thought of War, counting whatever loss might ensue as greatest gain? Have we not to learn the way of the Cross as communities, as well as individually, to realise that turning the other cheek, loving the enemy, giving blessing for cursing, losing the life in sacrifice, if need be, is the only way to international Brotherhood—that our race may become consciously true children of the One Father?

There is no religion higher than Truth—can there be any true religion, any really practical policy, lower than the highest truth we are able to glimpse and strive to follow?

JAMES A. ALLAN

Glasgow

REVIEWS

The Basis of Morality, by Annie Besant. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India. Price 6d.)

The subject dealt with in this little volume is one which is of real and practical interest to the majority of thinking people. Only those whose sole aim in life is to work for and eat their bread and butter can feel indifferent to the great question of what makes right right and wrong wrong. Is it sufficient to follow our conscience, or must we seek justification for our actions in the teachings of the sages, the spiritual geniuses of the race? Should the student of the science of human relations calculate the relative utility of two courses of action before deciding on either? And if so what is his criterion of utility? What is the goal towards which he must direct his activity in order to make it "good"? All these questions are here discussed. Each of the five little essays is short, but in it the author lays bare the heart of the matter in the way so characteristic of her writings. The question is a complicated one and much vigorous discussion has raged round it from time to time through the ages. The ordinary reader finds himself bewildered in trying to follow the various arguments. But if the question interests him, let him read this little book. It will point out to him the main issues clearly and concisely, and give him a basis on which to build his further study and a guide to lead him through the tangled mazes of controversy.

A. de L.

War Articles and Notes, by Annie Besant. (Theosophical Publishing Society, London. Price 1s.)

This little volume contains a collection of extracts from various writings of Mrs. Besant, published during the first eight months of the War. These extracts have been taken from articles which have appeared in *New India*, *The Commonwealth*, and several Theosophical journals; they have been grouped together under suitable headings, and present in turn the views of the author on the deeper issues raised by the War; Great Britain and the War; India; Germany; the Allies; America; and the Future. Mrs. Besant's views on the War are well known to our readers and, indeed, in the volume before us many quotations are made from THE THEOSOPHIST. Throughout all the book, from however many different sources the quotations have been gathered, the same main idea runs clear and defined: that the duty of the strong is to *protect* the weak, not to tread them down; that it is better to lose everything for "a scrap of paper" so that honour still remains. Germany stands as a retrograde force in the evolutionary progress of humanity, while the Allies represent the forward movement. The future lies before us, full of possibilities: "The old individualistic system is passing away and the Social State is beginning to glimmer through the smoke of the battle-fields." Indeed we feel that Europe may look forward, and exclaim with Browning: "The Future I may face, now I have proved the Past."

This little book should be very popular. It is well arranged, and gives many people an opportunity of reading the scattered opinions of the author, which they otherwise would not have had. As most of the passages are taken from Indian papers, it is especially useful for European readers.

T. L. C.

Contemplations. Being Studies in Christian Mysticism. By Walter Leslie Wilmshurst. (John M. Watkins, London. 1914. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Wilmshurst's name is familiar in the literary world, and we may expect anything from his pen to have interest and value. The collection of essays before us, most of them written

for the magazine of Christian Mysticism known as *The Seeker*, of which he has since become the editor, fulfil these expectations. The work of revivifying Christian teachings by mystic illumination is one that is gaining rapid ground and seems to be one of great importance, bringing back to that religion the light and inspiration which materialism had almost extinguished. Mr. Wilmshurst is not one who tries to fire his writings with his own Mysticism; he is a learned and careful student, and all his opinions are weighed and balanced. He is one of those who believe that although our Lord, an historical Jesus, stands behind the Gospel stories, His presence in the world being their inspiration and cause, yet with study "the records themselves gradually reveal less and less a historical narrative, and more and more a series of symbolical pictures imaging forth, under the guise of the biography of an individual, the drama of the soul's career, and providing for all who aimed at the knowledge of the supreme verities a prototypal and archetypal chart of man's inner life and destiny".

In many ways the essay on "The Raising of the Dead" is the most interesting of the collection. Mr. Wilmshurst takes the view which we as Theosophists hold, that of the fall of the Spirit into matter and the substitution of distorted vision for the direct perception of Reality, the raising from the dead being the reascent of the Soul towards spirituality. He also refers to the fall called by Mystics "the dark hour," and known by Occultists as the crucifixion or descent into the underworld, in both cases followed by a resurrection. He gives us many interesting interpretations and references to symbols in the Scriptures but, one might say, almost too many, so that one has often a sense of digression and a longing to unravel the particular question in hand a little more quickly. There is always that danger in dealing with mystic symbols, because they abound for reference when one begins to look below their surface meanings. None the less, taken separately, all are of value.

The most entertaining and engrossing chapter is that dealing with "S. Winefride's Well and Legend" (the Lourdes of Wales), which is reproduced from *The Occult Review*, whilst to Theosophists, the last essay on "The Superphysical World" will be of particular interest. The

author follows in theory Mr. A. J. Balfour, whom he quotes, as to the conclusions drawn by scientific thought during the last four centuries, namely, he holds that it has not been so much an epoch of discovery as of disillusionment. He traces this process of disillusionment from the first discovery of the earth's globular shape, down to the latter day discovery that the atom (that which is not further to be cut) is capable of being split, its very name being a misnomer, and there is no guarantee that we are not to be still further undeceived. But, he tells us :

Notwithstanding the shadow-play of unrealities, despite the exposed trickeries of sense and the revelation of fresh, and possibly equally fallacious, aspects of the material world, the human consciousness may stand firm and unblenched.

Truly, but we as Theosophists would not recognise in this unchanging centre of consciousness the mind of man, nor would we use the mind and Spirit interchangeably as, for instance, in the following :

Here, then, in the separation of the real from the unreal, of the infinite and eternal from the finite and temporal, is the starting-place for any exploration of the superphysical world. Mind, spirit, has vindicated its own reality : has established an independent empire of its own.

Mr. Wilmshurst recognises the existence of what he terms "the superphysical plane" where, he says, "realities themselves are present," but he makes no distinction between the psychic superphysical and the spiritual superphysical, and maybe should he be consciously removed from his physical body to the astral plane, he would find himself still undergoing "the process of disillusionment".

D. M. C.

The Spiritual Powers and the War, by A. P. Sinnett (Theosophical Publishing Society, London. Price 6d. net).

Mr. Sinnett has, in the volume before us, given us his views on what may be termed "the other side of the War"—the deeper side, the War viewed from a higher standpoint. It is, in his opinion, a conflict between the powers of good and evil, and the result is certain. Good must in the end win, however terrible the struggle, and in the present crisis the Allies stand for the right. The author draws a parallel between the conditions of the present time and those obtaining in the past ages of the Atlantean civilisation. Some of the "evil

germs brought over from the Atlantean period have given rise to a new harvest of evil power, to the growth of a dark host immeasurably more dangerous to humanity than their predecessors who were dealt with in the Atlantean catastrophe". The subject of National Karma and suffering is then discussed; and despite the terrible atrocities which have been committed by Germany, the Allies are urged not to retaliate in like manner. The future the author contemplates with hope. After the War is over, Right will triumph and "there will be a joyous termination to all these horrors".

Mr. Sinnett is always interesting, and this book should be widely read, dealing as it does with the most absorbing topic of the time, in a manner which must appeal to the thoughtful.

T. L. C.

The Religions of Antiquity: As Preparatory to Christianity, by Charles Newton Scott. (Smith, Elder & Co., London. 1914. Price 2s. net.)

Some forty years ago, Mr. Scott published a book entitled *The Foregleams of Christianity*, An Essay on the Religious History of Antiquity, which was revised in 1893, and as, quoting the Preface, "during the last twenty years much new light has been shed on the ancient religions of the world by important discoveries of many kinds," he has thought fit to re-formulate his opinions in the present volume, which is intended to be a recast of the former one. He is still the staunch champion of his own religion, for which he claims paramountcy, and though Theosophical students will not see eye to eye with him in this respect, the book is none the less interesting for a student of comparative religions. It is clearly thought out, and supplemented copiously with notes of much interest and value in themselves.

For the author the Catholic Creed of Christianity is the harmonising of the elements of truth scattered in anterior religions and philosophies. These elements are severally and gradually revealed in the successive phases of Fetishism, Pantheism, Polytheism, Anthropomorphism, Dualism, Monotheism, and Theism, Christianity being the synthesis and culmination of all these. We would point out, however,

that it is valueless as an argument in favour of a religion's paramountcy to urge that it raises man "above himself, above his grovelling life and his narrow horizons," that it leads him "through patience, resignation and hope, to serenity," that it carries him "beyond temperance, purity and kindness, as far as devotedness and self-sacrifice," for no religion would be worthy the name that could not do that much for its followers, and an unbiassed investigation of the history of other religions would show that nowhere and at no epoch have men not had the inspiration of some religion so to uplift them. If Christianity alone has done this, then where Christianity has not penetrated men must only be grovelling and narrow, knowing nothing of serenity, devotedness and self-sacrifice. Equally weak is the argument that "if the voice of the Church has not been proved to be infallible for scientific or political purposes, in no period, however dark, troubled or corrupt through oppression by the world, has it failed to form saints, or, for the sincerely intent on advance in spiritual life, to be the voice of God". In what is Christianity availed? Do not even the Publicans (the other religions) so? Buddhism, Hindüism and Muhammadanism also have their saints, only Mr. Scott has not perhaps heard of them. His acquaintance with religions other than his own seems to be rather superficial, and his otherwise interesting work is detracted from by his religious bias. One does not read long before one is aware that the writer is a Roman Catholic, staunchly upholding the "True" Church and the authority of the clergy, and also affected by that gloomy teaching which has cast out loveliness and joy from many a life and home—the theory that the object of Christianity "must be rather to vanquish and gain on the world... than, for its purpose, to make it pleasanter or even better". On the whole, Mr. Scott might have made more out of those years of "important discoveries of many kinds," and he might, by putting his religious bias aside, have made the most important discovery of all—that the poor old world was not created to be a sacrifice to one particular religion, but that all religions were given it to make it "pleasanter or even better".

D. M. C.

*The People's Books*¹ (T. C. & E. C. Jack, London and Edinburgh. Price As. 6 or 6d. or 12c.)

Robert Louis Stevenson, by Rossaline Masson.

"Genius we are familiar with in Edinburgh, and with genius that compels personal admiration we are not unfamiliar. But with genius that inspires love?" The genius of Robert Louis Stevenson was of that rare quality which does inspire love. The author of this little *Life* feels it and her work is well calculated to infect her readers with the same feeling for R. L. S.

A. de L.

Thought Forces, by Prentice Mulford. (G. Bell & Sons, London. Price 1s.)

Among the numerous writers on "New Thought" Prentice Mulford stands out a giant among pygmies. Even through its most sentimental and flabby representatives this New Thought movement has helped many a half despairing soul out of materialism, hardness of heart, or uncertainty, into a life full of hope and aspiration; it is no wonder, then, that a man like Prentice Mulford was the salvation of thousands. Even now, when the ideas which were startlingly new to the ordinary person have spread so as to be more or less familiar to the majority, his vigorous presentation of them has lost none of its value. He is bracing, health-giving. The thirteen essays included in this volume are selected from the series known as the White Cross Library. A common theme runs through them all, as the title of the book suggests, but they are nevertheless very varied in contents. Many facts regarding the reality of thought and the enormous importance of its control and culture are brought home to the reader vigorously.

A. de L.

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

Theosophy in Scotland. Volume V. (28, Great King Street, Edinburgh, Scotland.)

Among the features of greatest value and interest in this volume are some of the editorial notes, where we find many strong and deep thoughts among the comments on passing events; particularly we have in mind the remarks written for the September, 1914, issue at the outbreak of the War in Europe, which are original, telling and illuminating. Speaking of the causes of the War, the Editor says :

But we, striving to be members of a *universal* brotherhood, cannot stand apart in comfortable self-righteousness and throw all responsibility on the agent through which these disturbing forces work. The cause of war is to be found in *us*—in the as yet imperfect humanity of which we form a part—in *our* ignorance, *our* suspicion, *our* distrust. . . .

The cruelty and the gentleness, the meanness and the generosity in us, are part of the same qualities we recognise when magnified by the lens of national events. These are the same indivisible qualities—we share them inevitably. Ours the blame, ours the praise—we cannot stand apart.

Also on the subject of War, there is a good article written by one, Jacques L. Buttner, M.D., while on his way to answer the call of his country. "A Vision of Battle" (reprinted from *Lucifer*), by Hume Nisbet describes the after-death experiences of a soldier killed in the battle of Salamis, presumably a memory recalled from a previous life. "The Notes on the Presidential Address to the British Association," by Jessie H. Elder, gives a few of Professor Bateson's views on Mendel's theory of heredity—that the artistic qualities of man are due "not to something added to the make-up of an ordinary man, but to the absence of factors which in the normal person inhibit the development of these gifts". Other articles of interest are: "From a Student's Notebook—Atlantean Flora," by C. N. Stewart; "The Opening Doors—A Study of Maeterlinck," by A. L. Little; "The Miracle" (being an appreciation of Algernon Blackwood's book), by C. G.; "Scriabin," by Jessie Pinkham; "*Le Sacre du Printemps*," by Margaret N. P. Baily; and an interesting series entitled "Notes on Racial Rhythm," by Isabelle M. Pagan. On page 20 we also find a good portrait of Mrs. Annie Besant, the President of the Theosophical Society.

D. C.

BOOK NOTICES

The Political Outlook, by Annie Besant. (New India Political Pamphlets, No. 2.) (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras.) This pamphlet consists of a complete and masterly survey of the present political status of India. Mrs. Besant points out clearly the most important political changes which Indians should strive to bring about, chief among which is that India "shall, in a common Empire, have a footing of equality with the other Self-Governing Dominions". She draws up a scheme of constructive work, touching in turn on the religious, educational and social, aspects of reform. This is the only work of such a brief nature, which will give students, both Indian and European, a complete grasp of India's political situation.

The Story of Chatta. An Incident in the Life of Lord Buddha. Translated from the Pāli, by C. Jinarājadāsa, M.A. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, Price 1 Anna or 1d. or 2c.) Those who read, and loved, the story of "Chatta" in Mr. Jinarājadāsa's first, and perhaps most popular, little work *Christ and Buddha* will find additional charm and delight in this pamphlet, which gives a fuller account of Chatta's meeting with the Lord Gauṭama, and of his swift passing over into Devachan by virtue of the Three Refuges and Five Precepts. The translated verses are of extraordinary beauty, and Chatta's "Story" is told with simplicity and grace of style.

An Epitome of Āryan Morals. Compiled by request of the President-Founder of the Theosophical Society, for the use of Āryan Youth. (Adyar Pamphlets No. 25.) (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India. Price As. 2 or 2d. or 4c.) This pamphlet consists of a collection of Samskr̥t texts, arranged in four sections—I. Principles; II. General Precepts; III. Special Precepts; IV. Conclusion. Specially interesting is the precept No. 36 from *Manu*—"Of all pure things, purity in acquiring wealth is pronounced the most important in this world. Hence the means used for gathering riches should always be pure; especially so, in the case of those public men upon whom the people have to wait for the redressal of their wrongs," etc. Going from the general to the particular,

the precepts are selected with a view first to laying a basis of philosophic principles in the mind of the student, then to guide him in his relations with life, and finally to give him practical hints for daily conduct. It will prove useful and inspiring to all English-speaking youth, whether Āryan or otherwise.

Seeing God. Personal Recognition of Divine Love, by the Venerable Basil Wilberforce, D.D. (Elliot Stock, London. Price 1s. 6d. net.) This is a little book of spiritual comfort, persuading us of the "allness" of Divine Love, of the Fatherhood and Motherhood of the God within us. "Cosmic beauty is the first 'seeing' God," and by continual mental progression and expansion, we may reach a level of intuitive perception, which the author calls "God-consciousness". The little book is marked by the deep, quiet, far-seeing qualities which are the well-known characteristics of its author.

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The following receipts from 11th May to 10th June, 1915,
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Mr. Nadir H. Mehta, Peking, 5s, Entrance Fees ...	3	12	0
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Adyar, 10th June, 1915

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Secretary, T. S., Shanti Dayak, Moradabad (Food Fund)	7	0	0
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	<u>Rs. 17</u>	<u>0</u>	<u>0</u>

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Adyar, 10th June, 1915

Supplement to this Issue

Theosophical Publishing House

ADYAR, MADRAS, INDIA

CIRCULAR, JULY 1915

OUR NEW PUBLICATIONS

The following have been issued during the month of June :

THE ADYAR BULLETIN

A THEOSOPHICAL JOURNAL FOR EAST AND WEST

VOL. VIII

(JUNE)

No. 6

Edited by ANNIE BESANT

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The following receipts from 11th June to 10th July, 1915,
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London, England	Union „ „	1-5-1915

J. R. ARIA,
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Adyar,
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Printer : Annie Besant, Vasantā Press, Adyar, Madras.
 Publishers : Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras, India.

Supplement to this Issue

Theosophical Publishing House

ADYAR, MADRAS, INDIA

CIRCULAR, AUGUST 1915

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(AUGUST)

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Adyar, 14th August, 1915

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Location	Name of Lodge	Date of issue of the Charter
Utrecht, the Netherlands...	Meuleman Lodge, T. S.	27-6-1915
Aliyur, Tanjore Dist., India	Kadambur „ „	19-7-1915

Adyar,
 14th August, 1915

J. R. ARIA,
Recording Secretary, T. S.

Printer: Annie Besant, Vasanā Press, Adyar, Madras.
 Publishers: Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras, India.

Supplement to this Issue

Theosophical Publishing House

ADYAR, MADRAS, INDIA

CIRCULAR, SEPTEMBER 1915

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VOL. VIII

(AUGUST)

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