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THE THEOSOPHIST.

ON THE WATCH-TOWER.

JUST before leaving Adyar I received a very nice parting present. A friend, who withholds his name, purchased the plot of land of about twenty acres which occupies the corner where the Adyar river runs into the sea, being bounded thus on two sides by water, and which has as its southern boundary Olcott Gardens and as its western Blavatsky Gardens. This plot he has presented to me, labelling it Besant Grove. I have accepted it, in order to hand it over to the Theosophical Society, and it forms a very valuable addition to the Headquarters' property, completing the parallelogram marked out by river, sea, and high-roads. The Society is certainly very fortunate in having generous members who are also rich, and strengthen it on the physical plane for its work.

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A well-known figure has passed away from our ranks on earth, one whom illness had for some years forced into the background. Our well-loved Dr. Pascal has cast off what was for him most literally the burden of the body, and has passed into the Peace. It is a passing over which we must all rejoice, for this dear brother of ours has been utterly incapacitated for work for a long period, and his release from a body which had become useless can be mourned by none, least of all by those who love him. His name is written in the annals of the Society as that of the man who with indefatigable energy and uttermost self-surrender laid, broad and deep, the foundations of the Theosophical Society in France, and who counted no effort too exhausting, no sacrifice too great, for the cause which was the idol of his heart. He ruined his health by almost reckless over-work, and has truly trodden the road of the martyr, who counted not his life dear to him. The Society in France made him its General Secretary, and he served it in this

capacity until health utterly failed, struggling on, after the stroke of paralysis that laid him low in London in 1905, long after all his friends had prayed him to take rest. But he had successfully done his work, and handed on a well-organised and prosperous Society to his able and worthy successor, Charles Blech. At length the worn-out body has sunk to rest, and he has heard his Master's voice welcoming him home. He stood with absolute faithfulness and unshaken steadfastness through all the trials of the last few years, and has well won the right to claim his place among those who shall welcome the coming of the World-Teacher.

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People are often perplexed when a man of high devotion and rich service passes out of this mortal world through a long and lingering illness, and they wonder why a life dedicate to all noble purposes should find so sombre an ending. Yet is that weary and prolonged twilight a real "blessing in disguise," for it is the wearing out, in the least unpleasant manner, of a mass of karma which, carried on into the next life, would cause much delay and put many obstacles in the further progress of the soul. The closing years are utilised, in persons of great possibilities in the near future, for this disencumbrance of hampering karma, where it happens that there is much which needs to be outworn ere full discipleship may be achieved. Our noble friend has paid the debts which would have otherwise been claimed in the future, and fair and open lies the road in front of him, when he shall return to tread once more the ways of earth. Blessed is he, and a blessing to the world shall he be on his return.

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The famous mummy, or rather mummy-case—which, after many vicissitudes, came into the possession of a London Theosophist, who sent it to the British Museum on Madame Blavatsky's vigorous warnings as to the dangers accompanying its possession—has again been causing trouble. Its earlier history is probably known to most of our readers, and presents a really appalling list of disasters, falling on those who were unfortunate enough to become its temporary owners, or to be connected with it in any way. For some time nothing had been heard of it, but we now read that Mr. Mansell, an Oxford-Street photographer, has become the object of

its wrath. Mr. Mansell's son and his photographer went to the Museum to inspect it, in order to fulfil an order for a photograph of it. On the way back, the younger Mr. Mansell smashed his thumb badly, and the photographer, on arriving at home, found one of his children badly injured by falling through a glass frame. Nothing daunted, or maybe ignorant that disaster haunted those who came into touch with this uncanny object, the photographer repaired next day to the Museum to photograph the case. He lifted his head suddenly while at work, and cut his nose to the bone against the edge of a glass case. He also dropped a valuable screen, and spoiled it. This seems to be the last exploit, so far, of the unpleasant elemental which guards the mummy-case of Princess Amen-Ra, now exhibit 22,452 in the British Museum catalogue. It is related in the *Weekly Dispatch* of February 28, 1909. The early story of the case is well authenticated, and only last summer one of our members met the gentleman who, at an early stage, lost his arm shortly after becoming its possessor. The Egyptians felt very strongly about the disturbance of their mortal remains, and endeavored to save them from desecration by curses, charms, and other protective devices. One of these was the creation of an artificial elemental, a thought-form, charged with the idea of injuring anyone who disturbed the resting-place of the deceased. Such a blindly malignant thought-form would work injury on any who touched the charge confided to it. As the Princess Amen-Ra died some 3,500 years ago, and must have had two or three bodies since, the elemental might well be disintegrated, and no one be the worse.

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The P. and O. s. s. *Morea*, which I am to board to-morrow, is a new vessel and is very highly spoken of. Her normal speed is 18 knots an hour, and she carries, with her crew, one thousand persons. The newest idea is a smoking-room for both sexes, and this is supposed to be a great attraction. We are far from the days when no gentleman would have dreamed of smoking in a lady's presence! Let us hope that some place, however humble, may be still kept for those women who are so unfashionable as to dislike smoking, and do not care to have

clouds of tobacco-smoke puffed in their faces when talking with one of the masculine persuasion.

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I came to Bombay a day before sailing for the sake of holding a meeting of the Daughters of India, called by Lady Muir Mackenzie, who strongly sympathises with our work, and also to address one called by Mr. Justice Beaman, for a talk on Theosophy. The first meeting was a large gathering, composed entirely of ladies—Hinḍū, Pārsī, Musalmān and a few English—and I spoke to them on the ideal of womanhood that we should seek to bring to life again in India. They seemed to be deeply interested, and after the meeting we had a little general talk. Bombay women are, as a rule, well educated, and are quite ready to work for the motherland. From this meeting, held at the house of Sethji Dharamsey Morarji Goculḍāsji, we went to the bangalow of Lady Muir Mackenzie, where a few English people, with some Hinḍūs and Pārsīs, had been invited to listen to an exposition of Theosophy. Mr. Justice Beaman presided, and I gave an address, and then we had questions. The gathering was small, for at the end of April Bombay English officialdom has for the most part removed itself to Mahabeleshvar; but those who came seemed to be interested, and it may be the beginning of a little movement towards Theosophy among the English residents.

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To-day—April 24th—I am going to a farewell meeting at the Blavatsky Lodge, and then must board the steamer that carries me westward.

A. B.

The T. S. Order of service is making steady progress in the West. We hear from Holland of the formation of a League called the "Brotherhood of Healers" which has the object of "curing diseases by psychic means." The rules forbid the working members to accept any financial remuneration. The managing committee strongly urges abstinence from alcoholic drinks and also advises avoidance of meat and tobacco. It is a useful form of propaganda. In Perth, Australia, we are informed of the formation of "The

Women's Service Guild," which has for its object the education of women in social and economic questions. The President of the Guild, Lady James, is not a member of the Theosophical Society, but the secretary and the majority of the other officers are, and most of the women members of our Perth Lodge have joined the Guild. It hopes to be able to effect some much needed reforms in the social life of the city. We wish every success to both the institutions. It is indeed pleasing to note that the Order of Service is making such good progress.

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The eighteenth anniversary of the day upon which our great Founder laid aside her last physical body was observed at the Headquarters in the usual way. A hearty meal was given to a thousand poor people, and a very striking scene it was. Men, women and children, a whole regiment of them, seated in long rows under the waving palm-trees, each having on the ground before him a large disc like a tea-tray made of fresh leaves stitched together; the servers dragging along an enormous metal vessel full of rice, and piling on each disc a miniature mountain of it, far more than any average European could eat. Other servers followed with buckets containing a savoury stew or thick soup, made of all kinds of mixed vegetables, which they ladled out profusely on to each mountain of rice; and then the guests fell to, and the mountains rapidly disappeared. In some cases, however, men carefully folded up part of their meal in their leafy plates, and carried it away for some relation or child who had been unable to attend. A sort of Sunday-school treat on a large scale, but far more picturesque in its tropical surroundings than anything seen under the pale northern sun.

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In the afternoon the household gathered in the great Hall, with many members from the various Lodges in Madras. Garlands of white lotus were hung upon the statues of the Founders, and the broad platform before them was covered with glorious pink and white lotus-blossoms as with a carpet, while festoons of drooping palm-leaves framed the picture. The Vice-President of the Theosophical Society took the chair, and in

his opening speech paid graceful tribute to the splendid work done by Madame Blavatsky, and now so ably carried on by her most illustrious pupil, our dear President. According to our Founder's own wishes, selections from *Bhāgavaḍ-gīṭā* and *The Light of Asia* were read, and the simple proceedings closed with a short address from Mr. C. W. Leadbeater, one of her pupils, describing the wonderful power which radiated from her. Reverent mention was also made of our President-Founder and of those prominent members of the Movement who have passed from the physical plane during the last twelve months—our beloved Dr. Pascal, the first General Secretary of the French Section; Señor José Massō, the first General Secretary of the Cuban Section; and Mrs. A. P. Sinnett, wife of the theosophical pioneer to whose writings many amongst us owe so much.

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In the *Madras Christian College Magazine* for February 1909 is an interesting article on the sage Rāmānuja by J. H. Maclean. It is a pleasure to see that though the author is not yet able to emancipate himself from his Christian bias, which colors the whole article, he yet on the whole strives to appreciate honestly the greatness and value of the Saint. Absence of prejudice we can hardly expect; it is very rare anywhere, and perhaps impossible for a Christian. There are a few points about which we might ask for a kindlier judgment, such, for example, as the strictures upon what is called 'idol-worship,' and the criticisms upon Rāmānuja's shortness of temper and his behavior to his wife. Exact parallels to these could be given from the biblical biography of Jesus, so that the inferences drawn from them in the case of Rāmānuja should in honesty be drawn in the other case too.

A point which specially strikes the student of Occultism is the following phrase: "In seeking the truth the modern Indian has an advantage which Rāmānuja had not—a knowledge of Jesus Christ." A rose by any other name may smell as sweet, but a Sage by any other name is not so holy! Apollonius of Tyana and Rāmānujāchārya were both incarnations of the Master Jesus, yet the former was called "the Pagan Christ," and the latter is accused of having no knowledge of Christianity and its Founder!

MYSTERIOUS TRIBES.

THREE MONTHS IN THE BLUE MOUNTAINS NEAR MADRAS[1]

BY

RĀḌHĀ BĀI. (H. P. B.)

(*Continued from page* 138.)

NOW follows a detailed account of the difficulty of the ascent, and of the manner in which the intrepid little party had occasionally to climb up some vertical crag, until at last they reached beyond the clouds, *i. e.*, beyond the boundary of the eternal fog, and were able to see at their feet the heaving mass of blue mist. I shall restrict myself in the following pages to a concise narrative of the most striking events of the adventures of our two land-surveyors, as full particulars of their discoveries will be given further on, and can be found in the abstract of the letters of Mr. Sullivan, the District Collector of Coimbaṭur, who was sent at a later period by the Government to make an official investigation of the mysterious domain of the Nīlgiri.

Ascending higher and higher above the fog-line our daring friends met an enormous boa-constrictor. One of them fell, in the twilight, over something soft and slippery which began to move and heave, and which turned out to be a very unpleasant companion. The gigantic reptile coiled round one of the superstitious Irishmen and squeezed him so violently that he died a few minutes after his rescue from this cold embrace. The soldiers skinned the dead serpent, and when they measured its length, they found to their horror and amazement that it was not less than twenty-six feet. Now they had to dig a grave for poor Patrick—not an easy thing to do, as the body had to be unceasingly protected from the white vultures which came flying from all sides and gathered round it. This grave is to be seen to this day. It is situated below a rock a little higher up than Coonoor. Later English settlers erected a stately monument on the spot in memory of the first pioneer who lost his life during the expedition. The Malabar men had to go without memorials, albeit they had really been the first victims.

[1] Translated from the German version published by Arthur Weber. Our German readers may obtain this book from the Jaeger'sche Verlagsbuchhandlung, Leipzig. *Ed.*

The little party, *minus* the three dead men, climbed higher and higher again, and all of a sudden met a herd of elephants which were fighting with one another. The elephants did not notice them, but all the same our men were so frightened at seeing them that they stampeded and dispersed on all sides. When they wished to rally round the colors again, they only succeeded in coming together in groups of two or three. Having strayed about through the forest the whole night, seven of the soldiers returned at different times the next day to the village which the expedition had left twenty-four hours before. Three of the Europeans were never heard of again.

Whish and Kindersley remained alone, severed from all their companions. They wandered about for several days, now ascending high summits, now descending into deep ravines, living on berries and mushrooms all the while. At night the roaring of tigers and of elephants obliged them to seek shelter up big trees. Expecting death at every moment, they slept only by turns, one watching while his companion rested. Thus the Devas and other inhabitants and guardians of these enchanted heights made their presence manifest from the very first day. Vainly did the lost explorers try to find the way back to the village. Every time they took their course downwards they met with obstacles which compelled them, very much against their will, to change their direction and climb upwards again; and if they attempted to go round some hill or rock, they came into the mazy depths of some impenetrable ravine.

Their instruments, even their arms, were with the lost men; they had nothing with them except the guns and pistols which each of them carried on his person. Not being able to find their bearings, they had no chance of tracing their way back to the habitat of men. One route only remained open to them: to climb higher and higher up into unknown and unfriendly regions. Considering that from Coimbatur the Nilgiri rise from the valley of Ootacamund, in echelons, as a range of vertical rocks from five to seven thousand feet in height; considering further that between these rocks are enormous abysses and that our land-surveyors happened to take this very track, the most difficult of all, we may imagine what obstacles they had to surmount. The higher they ascended the more nature itself seemed to cut off their retreat. Often they had to

climb up trees, and then swing themselves over precipices on to the next rock.

Thus nine days passed. By this time they had given up all hope of finding anything else but certain death in these mountains. Yet they manfully resolved to try once more if they could not force their way back into civilisation by taking a straight course from rock to rock, avoiding all roundabout routes. For this purpose they decided to climb up the highest peak in front of them, in order to get a view of the country, and to see in which direction they would have to proceed. They were then in a meadow within measurable distance of a steep hill capped by a crag which did not give the impression of being very elevated. To get on the top of that crag one had only to ascend the hill—apparently no difficult task. But to their utter surprise it required two hours of strenuous effort to do so. The sloping hill was covered with so-called satin grass, and was so slippery that from the very beginning they had to scramble on all fours, clinging to every bush and even blade of grass in order not to slide backwards at each moment. The ascent of a hill covered with satin grass is comparable only to climbing up a mountain of glass. When at last they reached the summit they were exhausted and, as Kindersley puts it, "prepared for the worst". To-day this very mountain is famous in Ootacamund as the "Hill of Tombs" or "cairns," as they are called here, and certainly this latter Druidic appellation is more appropriate for these monuments of unknown antiquity, which our land-surveyors took at first sight for simple rocks. This hill, like many others of the Nīlgiri chain, is entirely covered with these ancient tombs. But there is little known about them. Like eveything else in these mysterious mountains they remain an unsolved riddle—their origin as well as later history equally veiled in darkness. Now, while our heroes are taking a well-deserved rest to recuperate their strength, I shall have time to say a few words about these tombs. It won't detain us long.

On this very same spot excavations were made twenty years later, and it was then found that every tomb contained a large quantity of vessels made of iron, brass and clay, as well as strangely formed figures and roughly worked metallic jewels. Neither the figures—which are obviously idols—nor the jewels and vessels bear

any likeness to similar finds made elsewhere. The clay products are specially curious, and remind one of the archetypal reptile described by Berosus, which crawled about in chaos at the creation of the universe. When and by whom these tombs were erected, and to which human race they served as last resting-place on earth, it is impossible to say or even to conjecture. What is the meaning of those strange geometrical figures made of stone, clay and bone? Those dodecagons, triangles, pentagons, hexagons, and octagons, of perfect regularity? What is the meaning of those little clay figures with a ram's or an ass's head on a bird's body? The form of the tomb (*i. e.*, of its enclosure-wall) is always oval and the wall is from two to three yards high. This enclosure-wall is made of massive unhewn stones joined together without mortar, and surrounds the tomb, five to six yards deep, which, in its turn, contains a regularly shaped vault. The form of these tombs throws no light on their origin, although similar to that of tombs found elsewhere. The same shape recurs in Brittany and in other parts of France, as well as in Wales, in England, and in the mountains of the Caucasus. As is their wont, the British savants claimed a Scythian or Parthian origin for these finds. But the archeological remains found in these tombs bear no trace of Scythian make, nor, up to the present time, have there ever been discovered any skeletons or weapons in them. Inscriptions are also lacking, although some stone tablets have been dug out in the corners of which hieroglyphical signs are scratched, similar to those found on the obelisk of Palenque and other ruins of Mexico.

Amongst the five tribes of the Nīlgiri[1], all of which belong to quite different races, no one could give any information about these tombs. Not even the Ṭoḍas, the most ancient of them all, were able to do so. When questioned by archeologists they invariably answered: "We don't know to whom these tombs belong; they are not ours. Our forefathers found them already here; they have not been erected in our time." Considering the great antiquity of the Ṭoḍas, it follows that none but the ancestors of Adam and Eve can be buried here. The tribes of the Nīlgiri dispose of their dead in very different ways. While the Ṭoḍas cremate theirs, together with the dead man's favorite buffalo, the

[1] A description of these five tribes will be given later.

Mala-Kurumbas bury the bodies under the water, and the Irulas hang them on the top of a tree.

If our lost wanderers had cast a glance on the scenery round them, after they had rested and risen to their feet, they would have forestalled my description of this magnificent panorama of Southern India. Without knowing it they had ascended the highest summit of the Toddabet (called Doddabetta by the English) the topmost point of the Nīlgiri chain, and for hundreds of miles the country lay bare before their eyes. It is difficult to imagine, and still more to describe, what feelings may have swayed these sons of Albion in the presence of such wonderful scenery. They were hungry and exhausted, and with poor humanity these physical conditions generally prevail over mental feelings. If Whish and Kindersley had come on horseback or in a spring-carriage with plenty of provisions, preparing for a merry picnic, as people do nowadays eighty years later, their delight would probably not have been less than ours, as we first gazed down upon the world from this spot. It was a critical hour for the Madras Presidency, as well as for ourselves, for if these two men had died that day in the mountains, thousands of human lives, otherwise doomed, would not have been saved every year by the bracing air of the Nīlgiri, and this truthful story would never have been written.

As this locality is intimately connected with the following events, I beg leave to outline it, and, to give in doing so, my own feelings and impressions, for want of a better description. No one who has ever stood on the Hill of Tombs is likely to forget that splendid view, however old he may happen to become. The writer of these lines has more than once accomplished the herculean task of ascending this slippery hill. But let me confess at once that I did it every time in a sedan-chair, which rested on the heads of twelve coolies, eager to make a living out of me. These coolies are always willing to risk overstraining their hearts for a handful of coppers. One gets accustomed to many things in British India, even to the killing with impunity one's fellow-man, the unfortunate, despised, emaciated coolie; but considering the stupendous sight enjoyed from the Hill of Tombs, we claim extenuating circumstances for our guilt.

From this altitude of about nine thousand feet we see, at a distance of nearly forty miles, the ocean outlining the Malabar coast like a blue ribbon. For two hundred miles in every direction open space extends at our feet: north and south, east and west, we look on naught but green and red and blue hills, on dented peaks and rounded summits of bizarre form, which shimmer in the burning, tropical sun. Now, gaze northwards: the ridge of the Nīlgiri chain overtops the Mysore hills by 3500 feet, extending like a gigantic causeway fifteen miles in width and forty-nine in length. It gives the impression of shooting out of the pyramidal Mount Jelamalai of the Western Ghāts, and making head over heels for the rounded hills of Mysore, which melt away in the fleecy blue mist. At this spot this marvellous range touches the serrated peaks of the Paikars, and thence falls vertically down, while the mountain torrent tosses and foams in the ravine below, and but a narrow strip of rock connects one chain with the other.

Now, dear reader, turn towards the south of the Hill of Tombs: there you see in the full glory of their unapproachable virgin beauty the dark and dreamy woods and the impenetrable marshes of Coimbaṭur, which extend over a hundred miles in length, and cover practically the whole of the south-west of the Nīlgiri, terminating as they do in the brick-red hills of the Khund. Further back to the left a stony snake, the ridge of the Ghāts, winds its way eastwards between two rows of volcanic rocks. Like tufts of bristly hair, like wind-crumbled branches of a fern-tree, isolated serrated peaks stare up into the sky. One is almost inclined to think that the volcanic force which shot them out intended to form a model of a walking man, so striking is the resemblance which these rocks bear to a human being. Seen through the faint, translucent mist, these hills, covered with centenarian mosses, seem to gain life and move. Like boys pushing and kicking one another on their way home from school, they seem to run eagerly out of the narrow valley into the freedom of a wider space. In the foreground, high above these summits but below the wanderer who stands on the top of the Hill of Tombs, a very different view strikes his eyes; behold in silent rapture the Eden at your feet!

Like one of Virgil's spring idylls surrounded by awful figures out of Dante's Inferno, emerald-colored hills, covered with long

and silky grasses and astringent herbs, rise from the level of this mountain valley: but instead of lambs and bonnie shepherdesses one sees here herds of black buffaloes and the immovable, athletic figure of a young Ṭoḍa-Ṭiralli officiating as priest, and looking like a bronze statue in the distance.

On these heights reigns an eternal spring. Even the frosty nights in December and January cannot get the better of it—at least not at mid-day. Everything here is fresh and green, everything blooms and smells sweetly through the whole year. But fairer than at any other period are the Blue Mountains during the rainy season, when they look like a child smiling through its tears. The tossing mountain river is here in its cradle. Its birthplace, whence it springs as a thin ray of water, lies hidden under a stone. It leaps downwards, a rippling streamlet, bearing on its transparent bed the atoms of future gigantic rocks. In its two-fold aspect nature appears here as a true symbol of human life: clear and pure on the mountain height it stands for childhood, while rifted and wild in the valley it represents life fighting the elements. But, above and below, everything shimmers at all times of the year in the rainbow-colored glory of Indian tints.

On these mountains everything appears uncommon, strange and curious to the wanderer from the valley. Instead of emaciated brown coolies he sees here a young Ṭoḍa of tall stature, whose white complexion and noble profile make him look like an ancient Greek or Roman. To make the likeness still more striking, he artistically throws round his shoulders a toga of white linen such as is worn nowhere else in India. This young Ṭoḍa looks down on the Hinḍū with the same benevolent contempt with which a cow would thoughtfully contemplate a toad. Instead of the yellow-legged, multi-colored hawk of the plain one sees here a mountain eagle, while the withered grass of the Steppes and the scorched cactus-like bur of the meadows of Madras transform themselves into gigantic plants and woods of reeds of such dimensions that elephants might play at hide-and-seek in them. Here the Russian nightingale sings, and the cuckoo deposits her egg in the nest of the yellow-billed myna of the South, instead of in that of her friend of northern countries the noisy crow, which latter changes itself in these woods into a fierce black raven. Here contrast and irregularity prevail

everywhere. From the thick foliage of the wild apple-tree resound at noon-tide the trills and singing of birds not known usually in the vales of India, while the menacing roar of a tiger or the dull low of a wild buffalo breaks forth from the jungle. Sometimes the solemn silence of these heights is interrupted for a moment by a low, mysterious murmur or rustle or by a wild, hoarse scream. Then every sound subsides in the balsamic stream of the pure mountain air, and silence prevails again. Only the ear of a true lover of nature can distinguish, in such moments of absolute stillness, the beating of its strong and healthy pulse; only he can recognise its ceaseless motion in these mute expressions of the joy that millions of visible and invisible beings take in living.

No, it is not easy to forget the Blue Mountains, if once one has seen them. In this beautiful climate mother Nature seems to collect all her dispersed forces and join them together, in order that all particulars of her grand creation, perfect in themselves, should be united into one unique performance. Thus she presents us in turn with phenomena of the northern and of the southern zone of our globe. And therefore also it is that here she now awakens into activity and becomes animated, and now sinks languidly back and expires. Now, you see her half asleep in the full majesty of her beauty encircled by the dazzling glare of the southern sun, and now again, stern and fierce, reminding you of her might by the gigantic vegetation of tropical forests and the roaring of wild beasts. And again, in the next moment, she descends from her pedestal, seemingly exhausted by these efforts, and goes to sleep on a carpet of northern violets, forget-me-nots and lilies of the valley. There our great and powerful mother lies quiet and at rest, fanned by a cooling wind and by the delicate flapping of wings of lovely butterflies, unknown everywhere else.

To-day the foot of these hills is covered with a three-fold girdle of eucalyptus groves which owe their existence to the first European settlers [1]. He who has never seen this beautiful Australian tree (Eucalyptus globulus) knows not the loveliest of all garden decorations. It grows more in three or four years than

[1] About sixty years ago, General Morgan, F. T. S., sowed all bare places and valleys near Ootacamund with three pounds of eucalyptus seed, which had been sent him from Australia.

other trees do in twenty; besides, it cleanses the atmosphere from all miasma. Owing to this latter quality the eucalyptus groves of the Nilgiri enhance still further its value as a health resort. All Indians exhausted by the too ardent caresses of a tropical climate, as well as the European residents of Madras, rush to these mountains for rest and health; and nature never disappoints their trust. To use a metaphor, one might say that the *genius loci* of these mountains gathers together in one bouquet the climes and the flora of all zones, as well as the zoological and still more the ornithological riches of all quarters of the globe and offers it, in the name of his mistress, to the tired wanderer who seeks refuge here. The Blue Mountains are, so to speak, a visiting card, enumerating all her titles and merits, which nature, the stern stepmother of Europeans in India, presents to her tormented step-son as a token of reconciliation.

For our heroes also the hour of such a reconciliation finally dawned. Bodily and mentally exhausted, they were hardly able to stand on their legs. Nevertheless Kindersley, who was the stronger of the two, and less worn out by the hardships, began to walk round the eminence, after he had rested for a while. He wished to find out from this elevated point the best way downwards, through the chaos of rocks and woods which spread at his feet. It seemed to him as if he saw smoke at some little distance, and he made a rush for his companion to tell him the news, when suddenly he stood thunderstruck. In front of him, his back half turned upon him, stood Whish, pale as death, and shaking as if he was in fever. His outstretched hand moved convulsively as he pointed with his forefinger into the distance. Kindersley glanced in the direction indicated, and perceived close by, in a ravine at the foot of the hill, a human dwelling, and a little further on some men. This sight, which at any other time would have filled our lost wanderers with joy, now came as a shock to them and gave them a feeling of horror. The house looked rather peculiar; they had never seen one like it before. It had neither windows nor doors, and was round like a tower. The roof was pyramidal and rounded on the top. As to the people, the two land-surveyors hesitated at first to call them human. Instinctively they both made for the nearest bushes, whence they stared through the bent twigs at the strange figures astir on

yonder spot. Kindersley describes them as "a group of giants surrounded by a host of misformed dwarfs." Despite their former audacity and sarcasm, they would almost have taken them for the *genii loci* and gnomes of these mountains, had it not soon become evident that these gigantic beings were Ṭoḍas, surrounded by their devotees and tributaries, the Baḍagas, and the pygmean servants of these latter—the ugliest of all wild tribes on earth, the Mala-Kurumbas.

Our heroes had exhausted their stock of ammunition and lost one gun; besides, they were utterly spent. They therefore felt themselves no match even for such pygmies as these, and thought it best to try to slide down the hill again and bolt before they were noticed. But at this junction they became aware of the approach of a new enemy from behind. A group of monkeys crept along, and took possession of a tree near our friends; from there they began to bombard them with mud—a very objectionable form of ammunition. The noise the monkeys made attracted the attention of a herd of buffaloes which grazed on a meadow lower down. The buffaloes looked up and bellowed, whereupon the Ṭoḍas noticed the two men.

(To be continued.)

To God, the Architect.

Who Thou art I know not,
But these things I know:
Thou hast set the Pleiades
In a silver row;
Thou hast sent the trackless winds
Loose upon their way;
Thou hast reared a colored wall
'Twixt the night and day;
Thou hast made the flowers to blow
And the stars to shine,
Hid rare gems and richest ore
In the tunnelled mine;
But, chief of all Thy wondrous works,
Supreme of all Thy plan,
Thou hast put an upward reach
In the heart of man.

DEVOTION.

ALL religions seek to draw men to God, to make them realise their relationship to Divinity. All religions also attempt to shape man's character so that he may become God-like, and reflect in himself the attributes which all religions postulate of the God whom they worship, such as Wisdom, Power, Love. Religions were founded, we are told, by Incarnations of Divinity or by men learned in the divine Mysteries, as the means whereby man may realise the unity from which he sprang. The theosophical conception of man is that he is a divine fragment, that the Spirit of man is one in essence and origin with God. Viewed from the standpoint of manifestation, man seems—a māyā only—to be separated from God; viewed from the eternal, the spiritual, standpoint, man verily lives ever "in the bosom of the Father." But this divine fragment, which each of us is, whose abiding-place throughout Eternity is the true spiritual plane, lacks that experience of the lower planes of the Kosmos which the God, who gave it birth, possesses. That the son may be "equal with the Father," may share in that experience which the divine Ruler of our Solar System has acquired in some age long past, a world-system is provided for the unfolding of man's Spirit; a world-system in which our earth, as we know it to-day, plays its part. The world exists that we, the children of the divine Father, may acquire that wisdom and experience

which we at present lack, that we may, in some far-off time, return to self-conscious union with our Father, having acquired the necessary knowledge of the lower planes. And this knowledge is necessary in order that we in turn may become, first, helpers in the kosmic process, and, later, Creators ourselves. For universe is not divided from universe, nor world-system from world-system; rather, they are strung together on an infinite chain, a chain to whose beginning our vision cannot pierce, nor contemplate its end. From the apparent death and disappearance of one universe comes the birth of another, inheriting the garnered experience of its predecessor. Eternity seems to connote a process of ever becoming, in which the one divine power pours itself out in an innumerable differentiation of forms, and seeks ever to reflect its innate bliss in countless manifestations of itself.

And what motive urges the Eternal, Immutable and Changeless to manifestation in conditions of time, and place, and change? Love, the force which all men acknowledge as supreme; love, according to one of the oldest religious scriptures of the world, brought the world into manifestation, as the Nāvaḍīya Hymn in the *Ṛgveḍa* shows us when it says:

> There was no death, hence was there nothing immortal. There was no distinction between night and day. The One breathed by Itself without breath; other than It there has been nothing. Darkness there was; in the beginning all this was a sea without light, the germ that lay covered by the husk; then love was born by the power of ṭapas. In the beginning there spread through It a loving yearning; out of this mere thought the earliest seed arose; the sages, having searched the past with meditative hearts, found in this the bond between what is, and what is not.

The keynote of manifestation is separation. The keynote of the Divine is unity. When therefore a man begins to long for emancipation, mukṭi, salvation—call it how you will—necessarily, whether he knows it or not, he longs for unity. The Hinḍūs divide the process of man's evolution into two great sections; one they call the Path of Pravṛṭṭi—the path of out-going; the other, the Path of Nivṛṭṭi—the path of return. These are stages through which all must pass; in one or other of these stages each of us stands to-day. On the path of out-going, as men are still employed in differentiating themselves, they progress by their desires; it

is a stage in which selfishness is useful—in its earlier stages absolutely necessary. But in the Nivṛtti path the man seeks the eternal rather than the finite; the joys that come and go have lost their power to charm and hold him; he has learnt to give rather than to take. He has asked himself those significant questions, marking an epoch in the man's development: "Whence do I come? Whither am I going? Why am I here?" He has gained, either by much seeking or from religion, the answers: "I come from God. I shall return to Him. I am here merely to gain experience." Then he resolves, if he is wise, to lose no time in hastening his return, but to use, with that object in view, every power which he possesses, every means that he can set in motion. He has sensed in some dim fashion the vision of the Supreme, so that the lower joys hold him no more.

On the path of out-going the Self is hidden in the multitude of desirable objects which compose the world of sense, in order by the reflexion of the Self to force man's evolution. On the path of return the vision of the Self as One is dimly perceived; as the path is trodden, the eternal and only Beauty shines forth in its pristine glory. On the path of out-going the many attract, and their underlying unity is not perceived. On the path of return the One is consciously sought, the many are seen but as parts of an original unity. But why waste time and strength in searching for the part when the whole may be grasped? The search for the One, the Self, the whole, is therefore undertaken when such a possibility is realised; and the successful finding carries with it salvation, liberation from compulsory rebirth in this manvantara, if the object with which the search is undertaken is unselfish. The successful training of humanity presupposes that such will be ready to hand on the fruits of their experience to others. God does not limit Himself, sacrifice Himself to be the life of our world in order to produce selfish monstrosities, perfect in power and knowledge, but lacking in compassion and love. He acts as the life of our universe that helpers of other universes may be the result, men perfect in love, wisdom, power. Liberation must be sought only that one may be the better fitted to act as a channel of the divine will guiding the world, and so to help forward the evolution of humanity of which each forms a unit.

The path of return is differentiated into three, the root number of our universe, the sub-paths of action, wisdom, love. The number of the three paths in itself is significant. The path of return is one in its beginning; it differentiates into three; it unites at its close into one; it is three in one, one in three. Three are the aspects of Divinity which most religions portray, the unmanifested God showing itself in manifestation as a Trinity, as a God in three aspects, or in Christian phrase three Persons. These three aspects of Divinity are reproduced in Nature as the three guṇas or qualities of matter. In man, in the human consciousness, they show as three temperaments dominated respectively by activity, knowledge, devotion. The path of return is differentiated into three, on one of which, each temperament treads its appropriate path. Three are the paths and yet they lead to the One. Three are the temperaments, yet in each the Self is concealed. As the three paths unite into one, and the emancipated man unites the three temperaments in himself, so God sums up within Himself His triune aspects.

The path of love, devotion, is the path which many in all religions seek to tread; the path pre-eminently of the religious, the devotee. Though the greater part of humanity is still on the path of out-going, as the conditions of modern civilisations testify, a few are beginning to tread the path of return. Those whose feet are set on the path of devotion are apt to find their way exceedingly hard; the popular belief that this path is the easiest of the three paths is a delusion. For the man who is returning by the method of devotion is a man in whom desire has been pre-eminently strong, and he has to effect the enormous internal change in himself which transmutes desire into will, and intense selfishness into altruism. Pain brings about the change in him, as the man whose very self is desire loses what he has desired and gained, or fails to gain it, or gains his desire and finds in the gain (to his astonishment and disgust) satiety, not pleasure. By these experiences—loss and subsequent sorrow, perchance despair; gain and consequent dissatisfaction—the man has had beaten into him the perception that the only thing that gives lasting joy is unity with the Self, which is Bliss and Love. He transmutes into will the force in him which once manifested as desire. All devotion has its root in the

emotional nature and is colored, as human evolution proceeds, by the exercise of the intellect. Devotion takes different forms, has different names applied to it, we have been taught, as its object is equal to, above or below itself; showing either as friendship, passion, affection; love, reverence and adoration; pity, compassion, benevolence.

Devotion shows itself in men as a sentiment directed either to God or to a superior human being, and it is likely that the first stages on the path of return will be trodden under the stimulus of love for another human being, man or woman. The whole course of human order and civilisation in their earliest beginnings can be traced back to the emotional element in man. The separated self at first can love but itself, and thinks only of its own gratification. The division of man into sexes seems planned to rouse him from his selfishness. Bhagavān Ḍās points out in his *Science of the Emotions* that "division into sexes is Nature's cheapest, easiest and most successful way of giving to every one of her separated Jīvas experiences of the noblest, the vilest, sensations and emotions." Man learns his necessary emotional lessons, and evolves in the learning, through intercourse and relation with a being whose existence forms a complement to his own. At first this feeling is frankly selfish, the man only demanding satisfaction of passion, regardless of aught else. Children apparently arouse in both parents—pre-eminently in the mother—unselfish affection, and from the family springs all social order; promiscuous sexual intercourse giving way to polygamy, polygamy being gradually—very gradually—replaced by monogamy, as families joining together for mutual help and protection form the tribe, the tribe swells to a people, and the people to a nation.

Animal man is being replaced by human man, and the human man has to evolve into the divine man. The aim and end of man's spiritual evolution is to attain to self-conscious union with the Divine, all sense of separateness being lost, while individuality is retained. The human consciousness includes the divine, or the divine includes the human. What this state of consciousness means we cannot of course comprehend until we have experienced it. No words, no description, will make us individually understand a state of consciousness until that experience has been our own, has become a

part of our own being. The Mystics who have attained to a sense of Divine union unanimously report that the experience is not translatable either by the reason or by words. "The tongue of that man is dulled who has known God." Religion, philosophy, and the whole course of manifestation and human evolution are directed to secure this union, for which true devotion ever thirsts.

One reason why the path of devotion has failed to attract many in the West, is, I sometimes think, that some degree of selfishness has been connected with it. The cry of the Christian devotee has ever been to renounce the world; his natural inclination to seclude himself in nunnery or monastery to pursue the Beatific Vision has been regarded as a selfish self-seeking after individual salvation. The *Imitation of Christ*, the book which is to the Christian what the *Bhagavaḍ-Gīṭā* is to the Hinḍū—full of practical instruction in yoga, the book which has done more, I suppose, to foster devotion than any other Christian work, has even been stigmatised "as a manual of sacred selfishness; self, self, thus it runs through the whole warp and woof of the book," a hostile critic writes. This hostile criticism might be justified if we look at it from the standpoint of a single life theory; for the withdrawal of the purest and most spiritually minded from the throbbing life of the suffering and down-trodden masses must be regarded as mischievous by those ignorant of the beneficent effect produced in the general spiritual life of the nation by the constant supplication, meditation and prayer of the contemplatives. The theory of reincarnation, on the contrary, justifies the occasional withdrawal of some from worldly action for part of a life-period, for we understand how, in such withdrawal, the devotee garners up the strength and spiritual perception necessary in future lives for the perception of the Beatific Vision even in the market-place, and of the Self in the vilest and lowest of humanity.

Another perverted or perhaps one-sided view of Christianity, which also helped to cloud the path of devotion, taught (very generally in the past, and particularly in the mediæval ages of Europe) that to love God perfectly one should destroy in oneself all ties of human affection, and this distorted doctrine was practically worked out by many would-be devotees, often under revolting circumstances, though it is a doctrine which strikes at the roots of

human affection and family life. This view seemed to hold that in loving man one gave to him what was due solely to God. That mistaken conception arose, of course, from divorcing the life of God from the life of His universe and setting God outside His world—as Spectator, not as Actor. If we recognise the one life manifesting in all forms, we see that in loving man we are in reality loving God enshrined in form—the part truly instead of the whole, but still a part. A book which I once read complained that the Hinḍūs always confuse divine and human love together. But one of the great lessons the East can teach the West is, I often think, to interpret all life religiously, to treat all life as a whole instead of dividing it up into sections as we Westerns do, to help us to cease to regard religion as a sentiment, a practice, a theory set apart from human life, from "the daily round, the common task," and kept scrupulously for Sunday alone, to obliterate the distinction between secular and religious, to see all activities as having a religious significance and meaning, and so forming part of the spiritual life; leading men, as all activity rightly performed should do, by an unfolding of the powers of the human self, to a closer knowledge of the divine. And if the Hinḍūs see in human love a reflexion of the divine, if they see the use and purport of human affection to serve as a spiritual force, and not merely as an earthly joy, if they see human love as a rung on the ladder which leads to the knowledge of the Self, surely they elevate human affection and do not degrade the divine; they unite the human and the divine, and make all life, all love holy, seeing in neither anything that is common or unclean.

God came to me as Truth, I knew Him not;
He came to me as Love, I broke my heart,

is a common experience of both men and women, and the pain of a broken heart is transitory and finite, while the knowledge that "God is love" endures. "The ways of love, how sore they are and steep," writes a modern poet of human love. The feet that tread the path that leads to the divine love must be prepared to tread on thorns, to drop with blood and to welcome pain. "Love becomes a tyrant, ministering to the soul with persecutions." Any strong human love carries with it agony as well as joy. S. Teresa well describes the passionate love of the unselfish devotee in her well-

known words: "Thou drawest me, my God; Thy death-agony draws me, Thy love draws me, so that should there be no heaven, I would love Thee. Were there no hell, I would fear Thee no less. Give me nought in return for this my love to Thee, for were I not to hope that I long for, then should I love Thee even as I do now." And the Hindū cries: "In whatever thousands of births I may wander, may my undying love be always in Thee!"

Catharine of Siena definitely taught that "love was the means chosen by God to raise a soul as yet imperfect in love to the perfection of love. By thus conceiving a spiritual and absorbing love for some one creature, such a love frees itself from all unworthy passion and advances in virtue, by this ordered love casting out all disordered affections. By the unselfishness and perfection of its love for such a soul, the soul can test the perfection and imperfection of its love for God." Catharine put into practice in her training of her spiritual children the doctrine which she here advocates; she loved and cherished them as they loved and cherished their spiritual mother. S. Francis of Assisi and S. Catharine of Siena were the two most attractive personalities of mediæval religion, and their secret and influence, the glamor which they bear for us moderns, so that we ever clamor for more knowledge of their lives, lies in the fact that they were lovers of God and men. They taught love and they lived love, so their name and fame endure, and their message to men still draws and attracts us, though their bones whiten in their shrines.

The language of devotion is ever tinged with what the critic might describe as anthropomorphism. That the devout utterances of the devotee in all lands have been clothed in the most fervent language of the human lover, that the terms applied to human affection and passion have been transferred to the divine, is a fact that rather scandalises calmer temperaments. But religions come to us from the East, and in the East, where devotion is so much more common and its method more understood, it is as natural to the devotee to express in glowing and fervid words the love that is in him for God as for the lark to sing; and here and there the western Mystic has caught and similarly expressed his glow of feeling. The resources of language are decidedly limited; all vocabularies have been exhausted in the attempt to celebrate fit-

tingly the raptures of human love; it is inevitable therefore that the same figures of speech should be applied, for lack of better, to the love which man feels for God. Thus God has even been apostrophised in the language addressed to the human bride and bridegroom, to mother and child, and the relation between God and the soul described in the terms of human union. Such language has been much used by Catholic devotees, the Roman Catholic division of Christianity having made some provision for the needs of the devoted. In her haven, in consequence, most of the devotees of the West have been driven to find their abiding-place, even if born outside her pale. The devotee sees, seeks and loves the Divine personality. A concrete representation of Divinity is necessary to call forth love in man. The Divine has to be brought down and limited to man's capacity for knowledge if it is to become a reality to him. The Divine therefore limits itself as a concession to our weakness; appears, even in the human form, so as to become real to man and not a far-away abstraction.

This need has been foreseen and carefully provided for in religions, founded as they are by those who have had personal experience of the needs and longings of humanity; and so we find the central position in most religions is held by a man who unites in himself the divine and human natures, and by this duality of nature truly becomes the link, the mediator, between God and men who are not yet conscious of their innate divinity. By the force of the attraction those divine Men exert, They arouse that intense love, reverence and devotion in Their followers that give to each religion its strength, endurance and vitality. So Hinḍūs worship Shrī Kṛshṇa or the divine King Rāma; the Christian kneels in adoration before the Christ; the Buḍḍhist, in spite of the declaration of the Buḍḍha that He was man only, worships the Lord Buḍḍha, lays flowers upon His altars, and repeats His teaching: "I take my refuge in Thy name and Thee." The Jew reveres Moses, who had spoken, as he believed, with God; the Muhammadan sees in Muhammad the Prophet of the one God; the Zoroastrian reveres the prophet of purity, Zarathustra; and in the latest religion of our times, the Bahāis revere their three great teachers—the Bāb, Baha Ullah, Abbas Effendi, and see in them new channels of the divine Life and Will. In all religions, Divine men or men

who communed with Deity are enshrined in the hearts of men, and the fervor of the devotion poured out to them vitalises to-day, as it vitalised in the past, each great world of faith. For real devotion is strength, not weakness; it is not weak sentimentality, gush or idle emotional feeling; it is the strongest force in the world; by its aid men have effected marvels, literally moved ethical or conventional mountains. Led on by the force of devotion, thousands of men have dared to set life on a hazard, nor counted the cost of defeat. The true devotees stand out pre-eminently in history as men of action as well as saints. They have changed and moulded the face of the world and been the source of modern civilisations. That the world exists as it does to-day, that you and I are what we are to-day, is due largely to their work, heirs of all the ages as we truly are.

On treading the path of devotion we have to cultivate within ourselves the spirit of compassion, sympathy and love, and crush all such passions as jealousy, envy, exclusiveness, intolerance. We have to love more and unselfishly in fact, not less. Love as shown in the early stages of this path will be passionate, deep, intense, but also selfish and probably jealous. Human affection has to be brought under control and purified before the path of devotion can be entered, and that in itself is a gigantic task, and will be accomplished chiefly by the operation of pain, which "is in some way the artist of the world; it creates us, fashions us, sculptures us with the fine edge of a pitiless chisel."

Human conceptions of the Divine character and attributes will also have to be enlarged and purified. The man seeks to impose on all his own conceptions of the Divine, and storms against and persecutes, if possible, all who do not agree with him. The most abominable crimes against humanity have been perpetrated in the name of religion even by so-called saints, men rather who were saints in the making. The true devotee in every religion is pre-eminently broad, tolerant and liberal-minded, seeking for meeting-places and points of resemblance, rather than for causes of offence with those whose views seem to differ from his own; he respects the opinions of others and does not intrude his own, unless of necessity.

Trials of faith and of endurance must be expected, faced, lived through, whether the result be failure or triumph. Not only in the

final stages of human perfecting does the cry ring out for the first time, "Couldst thou not watch with me one hour?"—the cry that testifies for all time to the bitterness of human desertion and the loneliness of man abandoned by man in his greatest hour of need. And that cry is invariably followed, at a higher stage in the evolution of the soul, by the greater agony of the divine abandonment: "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"

Again and again in previous lives, in treading this perilous path of devotion, man has given vent to those cries of anguish, has met these crises in the spiritual life. Again and again in the utmost extremity of his need human love has failed him; again and again, extended on a spiritual cross of pain, the Divine has withdrawn His presence, and the man has been left alone to endure his loneliness and agony—alone in the darkness with the voices that jeer and visions that tempt—and has had to stand or fall as best he might. Earthly love fails that the Divine may be sought. "God hides Himself that man may learn to stand alone." It is true in a deep mystical sense that those whom God loveth He chasteneth, and that trials of courage, of faith and of endurance become harder and harder as the soul advances. It is essential that man shall develop strength, shall be able to stand alone and dispense with human, and even with divine aid, shall learn to rely on the God within rather than depend entirely on the God without. Sainthood results from sinfulness, not from sinlessness—a most encouraging and bracing thought. How, unless strength has been gained in many a combat fought in the dark night of the soul, can the man repeat the final, the triumphant word of the Christ on the cross: "It is finished"? That word, the word of the Conqueror, the Christ triumphant, will not be said by any until they have known the shame of failure, the agony of despair; when they have perchance forsworn themselves, and done the evil which in their hearts they despise. But failure does not entail lasting sorrow, nor even lasting sin. It denotes weakness, inexperience only. It leads both to self-knowledge and to an increased knowledge of the path, its snares and dangers. It should act as a spur, as an incentive to fresh endeavor to attain. The only failure on this path lies in accepting defeat. Love is only master of the soul when it makes the soul forget herself, her trials, her failures in her effort to reach her goal. As we develop

devotion, we learn to give successively our wealth, our time, our strength and talents, our will, ourselves entirely, being willing even to surrender what we prize most—human love and our realisation of the presence of God. Only by so giving shall we develop that inner strength which makes it possible for us to endure until we realise that for us also the struggle is over, and we in our turn can repeat: "It is finished."

The first of our race who reached Illumination cried: "I laugh and am glad, for there is liberty." Liberty! When liberty of soul is reached, the path has indeed been trodden to its close, the goal of man attained. Before he was in bondage, now he is free. In Nāraḍa's words: "He becomes possessed of love; he gains that dearest; in all times past, present, future, he knows that Love is the greatest thing." And the Christian Mystic writes: "Love watcheth, and sleeping, slumbereth not. When weary it is not tired, when straitened it is not constrained, when frightened it is not disturbed; but with a vivid flame and a burning torch it mounteth up and securely passeth through all. Whosoever loveth, knoweth the cry of His voice."

Grant, in the fulness of time, to many such knowledge!

ELISABETH SEVERS.

BLIND.

Like as a blind man knocks his way
Unconscious of the glowing day,
Guided by touch and sound;
E'en so the streets of Thought I tread,
Blind to the sun above my head,
The spirits thronging round.

Though God has willed my eyes to seal,
He gave me sense to hear and feel,
I will not mourn my loss:
For, when at danger's point I stand,
I know some kind though unseen hand
Will lead me safe across.

THE USE OF SENSITIVENESS.

WHEN the inner life is becoming real to the mind, one of the most difficult and important things to grasp is that fitness for discipleship is not dependent upon changes in external conditions. A man whose greater life is unfolding cannot be labelled this or that; no miraculous intervention of higher powers will divert his worldly career from its appointed course, unless indeed the growing force of his will may render it more active and more eventful; nor will he ascend to some hallowed state, a sphere of existence unknown to ordinary men and women, which would cut him off from the interests and occupations of their lives. If discipleship had not its roots in human intercourse, human concerns, the task of defining it, even in its earlier stages, or of essaying its attainment, would be a futile one. It is said that knowledge and devotion, wedded to right and beautiful activity, are the keys to enlightenment. But we have no knowledge that is not based upon human experience; no fire of love, the first spark of which cannot be discovered in the hopes and fears, the affections and aversions, the aspirations and the griefs, of the human heart; and no skill of doing that was not learned in the market-place or studio, the workshop or office, upon the broad ocean-wastes, the slow-yielding lands, the crowded halls, or the quiet studies of toiling humanity. Any theories which do not supplement existing knowledge, or ideals which cannot complete themselves in human intercourse—however distantly or falteringly, so long as the promise of ultimate completion is there—are worthless and indeed impossible; since ideals can only arise from experience, and theories collapse which will not stand the test of life.

If a man aspires, then, to become a disciple, the only means of realising that aim will lie in the very circumstances which people generally incline to regard as obstacles to religious experience. He has to learn to bend them to this higher end, and in the attempt to do so, he soon finds that if his own nature were more perfect, the obstacles which he meets would melt in his path.

One of the most difficult conditions to utilise for attaining the goal he has set before him is that of extreme personal sensitiveness. Suppose he sets himself to reach the state of compas-

sionateness and illumination which would fit him for discipleship. Frequent meditation will have rendered him increasingly responsive to every thrill of life about and within him. He will find himself capable of hitherto unimagined sufferings and joys; for, whilst it is true that he will no longer hanker after worldly pleasures and concerns, yet he will not have reached a state of complete disentanglement therefrom, and some of the fire and power of his dawning spirituality will inevitably become entangled in their wearying mazes. Thus, while striving for the Real, the unreal will yet enmesh him, and amid his efforts to gain the freedom of soul-atmosphere, the choking fumes of passion will mingle their poisonous clouds with the upward-reaching mind.

He would contemplate ideal beauty, and the vulgar flashiness of modern civilisation will break in upon his dream. Or he would know the place of the infinite life; but the jar of mankind's disorganised activities—impure, inharmonious—will crash its coarse tumult upon his pained sense. Brotherhood is becoming real to him, not as a mere word but as a deep conviction of the heart. Naturally, lacking at first the discrimination which later will give him patience to wait, to refrain from outwardly manifesting love to people who will only trample on it (to their own dire cost), he will pour affection upon all about him, strangers and acquaintances, known and unknown alike; and the rude shocks of broken trust, of sordid advantage-taking, of the attribution of base motives to his generous good-faith, of misunderstanding of his powers and his friendships, will plunge him into an extasy of suffering, wherein every sensibility will be drawn to breaking tension, and grief, made the more poignant by contrast to his ideal, will fray out the edges of his being, leaving them raw and unprotected, the prey of every merciless circumstance.

Perhaps this seems an exaggerated picture of the sufferings of a sensitive nature, of one who is unfolding to the inner meanings and beauties of things. Yet those who are going through it would say that this is hardly strong enough to convey the agony that assails a soul at this stage of its journeyings. I remember a great Christian preacher, a saintly man, once saying to me in a moment of weakness: "I am longing for death. I hope, I hope, I may soon find rest in death." He was for the time overborne by

the denseness of those amongst whom he was working. Yet that man was no coward, but one of the bravest intellects and most energetic doers alive, dauntless in fighting for the ideal, great-hearted and pure.

Now in examining this painful condition, which to the sufferer appears at first to be a very labyrinth of bewilderment, darkness and confusion, it is possible—even whilst experiencing it—to form some conception of its cause in his consciousness, and its effects on his vehicles, and hence to take a step on the way towards overcoming it altogether. If we consider a dull, narrow life, what does it mean? It is a life without contrasts. The nature vibrates within a limited range. There are no rude shocks; or if they come, that nature, not being capable of adapting itself to them, breaks. The greater the power of adaptation, the greater the strength of the soul. That, somewhat differently expressed, is an evolutionary axiom. As consciousness unfolds, it becomes capable of vibrating within larger areas, hence of including greater contrasts within its experience. If a man is capable of being thrown into extasy by harmonies of sound, for instance, the same life that answers thus to their lofty suggestions will perceive greater discord in the harsh jangle of common noises. The pain of these to him will consist in his having the power to vibrate to the other, and in feeling that power cramped and frustrated by noises which less developed people would not notice at all.

It is told of Mozart that when he was a young child the sound of a street band playing out of tune made him violently ill. That is an extreme case, but it illustrates the point. The child was a mighty genius, and the shock of contrast between the harmonies to which his nature was attuned, and these sounds breaking in upon it, was almost more than he could bear. And if that is so with the senses, it is also true of the entire life, moral and intellectual. When a man begins to develop a fine moral sensibility, he then discovers how callous, or crazy, or easy-going are his fellows. When his intellect begins to awaken, he discovers with Carlyle that "more than half the world are fools". His surroundings have not changed. But contrast arouses his perceptions to greater keenness, as indeed it has ever done, in a lesser degree, in the past. The result of this upon his various

bodies is a normal pressure, painful enough to show that old stiffnesses are yielding to his unfolding life, but not great enough to cause disruption in the transit. This is a healthy, gradual process—if he is a normal man. But if he happens to be one of those rare indomitable creatures who see a goal and make for it at any cost, the dawning spiritual consciousness (buḍḍhi) within him, will cause a greater contrast to the life around him (in the early stages) than that of the intellectual man to the average minds of his contemporaries; and the result of this, *plus* his set determination to achieve, will be a strain upon his vehicles, upon the mental and astral bodies and the physical nervous system, which the slow-going man could never experience. Every tiny event of ordinary life will be magnified into a black shadow against his bright ideal; whole trains of precedent experiences will be re-evoked by every simple occurrence, straining his nature to its utmost limits. Whenever his ideal is violated in his intercourse with others, he will undergo an astral and mental upheaval, even as Mozart felt a similar physical revulsion when noises rasped his sensitive ear. Thus the vivid contrasts of experience will rend the life of the aspirant, and if he cannot discover some means powerful enough to transmute them, he will be consumed in these fires of his own creating.

But as in every other sickness, the sufferings of a sensitive personality may evoke their own cure. I have already hinted that if a man only be enough in earnest he will learn to make such changes in himself, by his own divine energy, in his own attitude to things and persons, that they will cease to move him from his chosen path, and become helps, instead of hindrances, on his way. Far more than that—most vitally important for the would-be disciple of the compassionate Ones—a man may so learn to hold himself towards all, that he will touch and raise and vivify the meanest of other hearts and minds. How, by transmuting sensitiveness, will he reach this state—the state of saintship, strength, and power to save? For it must not be forgotten that he must undergo the pain before he can transmute it to this energy of the soul.

The only way to conquer pain is to stand aside from it. Not to deny it—it has a lesson to teach—but definitely to cultivate

that mood or characteristic *the absence of which causes the pain.* To begin to attain that lacking quality, physical, moral, or intellectual, will be to begin to transcend suffering. I will illustrate this by friendship, for we suffer most, perhaps, through our love for others; but the principle can be applied to any other circumstance.

Our friendships differ in the qualities they evoke. Every harmonious relationship with another demands some adjustment of our nature to balance his. It is thus that character is developed in society. With one, his friend will have to supply the element of patience that is lacking in himself, whilst he in turn will show the power of assuming responsibilities which may be absent in his friend. Another will have a bad memory but a kind heart; his behavior will reproach his intellectual friend for a tendency to harshness, and his foolish forgetfulness will be atoned for, on the other hand, by the qualities of the other; and so on.

The would-be disciple has of course risen beyond the lower selfish cravings of love. If he asks for fruits of love at all, it will be for these nobler qualities of heart and mind which spring out of unselfish affections. These indeed he is bound to seek, albeit for no mere personal gain; for spiritual beauty can only incarnate through lives which are joined in the service of the Divine. But, although inwardly beyond narrow personal attachments, although realising in his deeper Self that they are fleeting, painful, and a bondage to the soul, the aspirant will nevertheless find that the promptings of personal self-seeking long confuse the nobler impulses of friendship upon the path. And not only does this apply to the relations between equals, but also to the parent-feeling towards inferiors, and the child-feeling towards superiors, which are the ideal attitudes of an harmonised life. Now there is not one joy or grief or fear in all of these which the young disciple cannot ultimately trace to some personal aggressiveness in himself, some lack of adaptability in his own lower nature, some foolish desire for lower gratification which brings pain in its wake, some failure on his part to fulfil the conditions which bring about exchange of soul-experience on the lower planes. If, realising this, he calmly sets before him the virtue or virtues which are required to maintain the maximum of

working-force—good-will—in his relations with others, he will gradually become balanced amid the sensations of joy and sorrow, pleasure and pain, which in the lower nature must ever accompany the deeper spiritual love until man rises high upon the path.

Suppose for instance that the mood evoked in him by a certain friendship is one of enthusiasm and industry, joining the beloved in some cause for which he is laboring. So long as their moods coincide, there will be joy. The lower natures of both will be attuned to the higher. But if one fails in the needful quality of heart or intellect, he will have severed the medium of communion with his friend, he will be cut off by his own lower nature, and miserable in consequence. A man who aims to obtain control of his thoughts and feelings, and so also of his vehicle, will therefore determine in meditation what qualities he needs to perfect his friendship, and whenever shades arise he will quietly seek their cause in some state of dissonance in himself, and when that is once discerned that which erstwhile tore the mind and racked the nerves will be transformed into a healing and uplifting experience. Thus may sensitiveness to pain evoke the power to build noble characteristics.

But there is another condition in which sensitiveness may render a man oblivious of a determined course. Intense joy is as distracting as intense pain; and the desire which is felt in the lower nature for the mere presence of a well-loved friend or comrade, the swirls of feeling which arise through the mere attractions of love, many prove an even greater danger to the nature that would find the power of spiritual affinities. I do not mean that love should not be enjoyed, for its very nature is bliss. But there is a way to enjoy—as there is to suffer—which frees the highest in us, which uplifts but does not intoxicate; and that is the mood of enjoyment which the aspirant must set before him as an ideal. Painful experiences are overcome by the indifference of the critical attitude; pleasurable, by an energetic positive action of the will upon the condition itself. It would be cruel to prescribe it to the average man, but the aspirant understands the necessity for using the surgeon's knife upon his lower nature—upon the brain-consciousness and the desire—in order to achieve this end. He knows that when he denies the expansion of the love-

nature in the sheer ebullitions of feeling, he inflicts pain upon his mind and heart, poignant in proportion to the intensity of the love that is felt. All his joy is turned to grief, or rather to the numbness which signifies the withdrawal of consciousness from a form of activity. It is one of the bitterest trials through which a loving soul can go; but it is the only way for those who seek love beyond the vicissitudes of pain and sorrow, to find their friendships at last in the strong peace of the Eternal. The disciple accepts it, and learns that the pain of passion is to be transmuted to an exquisite sensitiveness to the deep and most hidden beauties within the souls of his fellow-men. Why must he inflict pain thus deliberately upon his vehicles? Why, when he seeks the nobler love, must it be at the cost of death to the personal life? Deadness is in the lower nature then, only because the Self no longer permits it to be identified with and sustained by other lower natures. It is not really death, but only the oblivion that precedes the awakening to a higher form of life. For the time has come when the Self in that man has to be sufficient unto itself, pervading all Selves. In the repression of all outer manifestations of love, the Self will know that it is love, and all that could block this knowledge has therefore to be destroyed, even as in death the body is broken. But just as the disintegration of the body frees prāṇa, and that of the astral and mental bodies renders back its offspring to the spirit, so, in life, this forcing-back of love upon itself—*providing a man can see an ideal worth doing it for*—frees the higher creative powers of love, which possess the whole nature, and mould and transform it to their own unimaginable ends. It is verily a process of birth; and just as mother-love is born of agony, so universal love is born of surrendering personal affections to the impersonal tie of Self-in-all.

The sufferings of an impressionable nature thus bravely endured for the sake of that which is born through it—for sensitiveness, be it remembered, is an indispensable qualification for the religious life—may thus be changed to power to respond to eternal impulses, to the radiant ever-communicable joy of the liberated soul, to the mightiest force implanted in the human heart by which to upraise and transfigure the saddened lives of men.

MAUD MACCARTHY.

THE EXTENSION OF THE EMPIRE OF RIGHTEOUSNESS IN WESTERNLANDS[1].

THE fact that struck me as most specially significant in the course of our work was the relatively large proportion, out of those who definitely accepted Buḍḍhism as their future guide in life, of men and women who, during the time (generally short) in which they were having their difficulties settled and their questions elucidated, would give expression to what I may term their sub-conscious foreknowledge of the Ḍhamma they then were hearing. So many of them, using frequently almost the same words, told me that, in some little-comprehended fashion, this Ḍhamma was not so altogether new to them as, by their former lack of hearing of it, one might expect; as though, in effect, this teaching had all their lives lain dormant in their minds, seeking expression now and then but never quite accessible, till now the written or the spoken word recalled the whole, as sometimes happens with some half-remembered fact. Looking, as we Buḍḍhists are taught to look, for the possible causation of this peculiar psychological fact, it seems to me that this can only be due to one past cause—that for the past few decades in England there have been taking birth men and women who in their past lives were Buḍḍhists.

For if we consider what should happen if one deeply versed in Buḍḍhism in one life took later birth in a non-Buḍḍhist land, we see that, whilst the *details* of his Buḍḍhist knowledge would of course have passed away in process of transmigration, yet the piled-up effect of so many Buḍḍhist Sankharas would leave upon the mind of that being the general Buḍḍhist tendency ineffaceably stamped. Born into the western world in this era of transition through which the western races now are passing, such an one would find about him on every hand a life and a doctrine of life utterly at variance with the accumulated Buḍḍhist experience; he would feel always out of touch with this western environment, with this western laudation of the individuality, this western doctrine of the desirability of competition, the representation of life as a battle-

[1] Reprinted from the pamphlet of this name by the Bhikkhu Ananda Metteya. The unusual interest of this statement must be our excuse for reproducing it here. The author was lately engaged in a Buddhist Mission to England. ED.

field in which each man must live only by ousting another from his place. Feeling thus out of harmony with his environment, he would, if actively-disposed, seek to adjust that environment to his sub-conscious ideal; and to such attempt on part of many Buḍḍhists of bye-gone days so to adjust their environment I think that many of the modern reforming and progressive thought-movements must be due.

Thinking of the ancient days of Buḍḍhist glory, its dominion over the hearts and lives of so many millions in populous Asia, one sees that some such effect must sooner or later come to pass; and it is my firm conviction that now, when the centre of the world's mental activity has passed from Asia to Europe and America, multitudes of former Buḍḍhists have so been taking birth. For the Sāsana itself has its Kamma—a wider Kamma embracing that of all its foremost followers; and if, as recent experiences have convinced me, the time is now falling due, with the two thousand five hundredth anniversary, when the great destiny of the Sāsana demands that it should also pass from East to West, then it must follow that many a Buḍḍhist of former days must even now be living there in England, be living indeed in every western country—feeling always at variance with the life about him, waiting always. Who of the thoughtful of our race does not often so feel at variance with the individualism, the spirit of strife and competition which he finds about him wherever he may turn?

To sum up, then, the general resultant of our Mission in respect of that first object of gauging the readiness of the West for Buḍḍhism at this time, I may say that never in all the history of mankind, save only at such great epochs as fall when a Very Buḍḍha is born amongst mankind, could the conditions of a race dispose more towards the acceptance of such a religion as Buḍḍhism than they do now in the western branch of the great Āryan Race. The wonderful organisation of the West, its science, alike in theory and in application, the facility of communication, the printing-press and its power, the transition-period resultant from this sudden new civilisation, the passing-away of the old religions, the ever-growing demand for some new expression of religious truth more suited to the modern mind than those extant

in Europe and America—all these, or to express the whole in but a single word, the mental *growth*, the coming-of-age of the western Āryans, make the spread of Buḍḍhism in the West not only a possibility but a moral certainty. There are not scores or hundreds, but thousands and tens of thousands, who, even as I speak, would accept with their whole hearts this Āryan religion, did they but know the nature of its teaching, did they but hear the word of the Master, did they but see the living example of the life of His Brotherhood. Place at the disposal of your Executive one ten-thousandth part of the wealth lavished in this land each year upon religion; place at our disposal but the tenth, the twentieth part of the funds of only one out of the many great Christian missionary bodies; and in ten years of work we will guarantee you ten thousand Buḍḍhists in England alone. For the West is ready—so ready, so waiting that there in England I could have wept to see the readiness with which even my poor exposition of that teaching was accepted, knowing myself helpless to reach the thousandth part of those who waited (and still wait) for the message every Buḍḍhist should burn to give.

You, the descendants of a race which (in the older, brighter days of our religion, the days when it was a living torch in the hearts of its followers) received as a gift out of the large-hearted charity of the great Buḍḍhist Emperor, this Treasure of the Most Excellent Law; you, Buḍḍhists of Burma, out of all the once-mighty Buḍḍhist Empire, remain as the best example, in all that pertains to the deep, the real things of life, of a Buḍḍhist nation still living in the world. Does not that fact move you, brothers, move you to the recollection of what you are—custodians of all the earth's fairest and greatest Light? Does it not remind you of the debt that Burma owes, *still* owes, to one great Branch of this our Āryan Race? Believe me, the time is coming when, be it with your help or otherwise, this ancient Eastern Sun shall dawn also in the western lands. That western world, albeit owning but a lesser and reflected Light, spends, every passing year, its tens of thousands (not understanding, not seeing what the Light is which shines in the Burman life—thinking you need the little light it has) to bring its creed to you alone—one little moiety of all its religious activity; and you, still silent as to the

light that burns within the guarded shrine of your lives, still helping naught to repay that ancient debt, leave still to one individual the priceless privilege of being Dāyika of the first Buḍḍhist mission to the West. Surely, brothers, you have not understood either that Light in all its beauty, or yet what sort of darkness is that which reigns beyond. You have thought, perhaps, that because the West you know seems so strong, it needs no help from Burma. It is strong but with the strength of stone, stone which is firm and hard and unyielding to the touch, the outer, visible hardness and strength all men can see. Yet think; water, which to that outer test of sight and touch seems softer than the softest fabric, has yet an inner strength indefinitely greater than the palpable hardness of the stone. For water *yields*; it strikes no backward blow when struck. That is the greatest strength, whether in the world of things or in the world of men. Drop by drop falling—just one little drop gently succeeding another—and what, against its power, is all the hardness of the hardest stone? Look at earth's mountains, channelled and grooved and levelled with the plain at last. What giant power has cut them to the earth's plane surface? Softness, brothers—the softness of the rain-drops, falling on the mountains with a force that might disturb a leaf! Think of that lesson, and you will understand.

And from what manner of darkness is it that we ask you (and we have been, these six years, asking you, each single one of you) to help, to work, to energise to relieve the western lands? I do not know whether you can understand that. For I, living for ten long years here in the East, in sight and glamour of the Light that He who was the Wisest of Humanity once kindled on the earth —I too, before I went back to my country and remembered, had come to forget that sort of darkness, just as a child in the sure light of day forgets its terror of the night. There are things which it is good to forget; but sometimes, when they may come to us as well, it is wiser to remember; for all existence is Anicca, and we ourselves must surely die, and surely take re-birth. Let me tell you two things only, to try to give you an understanding, a mental picture of the sort of darkness that we of your Executive have been asking you to try to dispel by bringing about the dawn of the Buḍḍha's Light.

Counting statistically—so many millions of men, women and children, to so many pounds, shillings and pence—I believe England is the richest land in all the world. There are men so rich there that the wealth of the richest Burman would be quite a trivial sum to them; and I fancy that the statistical wealth, divided up to every individual, and standing for the theoretical yearly income of each, would suffice to maintain in what you would regard as luxury at least a dozen Burmese families; so it is a *very* rich land indeed. Whilst we were there, London was visited also by an institution termed the hunger-marchers; that is a very strange term, and it stands for a still stranger and yet more terrible fact. For these hunger marchers were a great body of men, numbering thousands, if you added all of the men who from time to time joined the body—strong, healthy men, who walked in company from place to place, led by a man of the thinking class. This man, the leader, was termed by some of the papers a demagogue —a word meant as a reproach; of him I know nothing save that he had seen just one thing, and that one thing seemed to him so terrible that he organised this hunger-march and led the men, because he thought that way they might get relief. Relief from what? From what the name they took implies—from *hunger*. For these men, so strong and healthy that they could walk from one great city to another, willing to work for their living, simply could not get enough food to eat—could not get the English equivalent of mere rice. These men were threatened with death by starvation unless they did something quite unusual like this. Led by that man who had somehow understood what that meant and, as I suppose, who thought it didn't much matter however unusual were the means taken to relieve so terrible a fact, they came presently, one band of them, to London. There they were, hundreds of men, in the wealthiest city in the world; in the same city there were at least a score of men each of whom could have written some words on a piece of paper which to him, personally, would make no difference at all in how much he had to eat—which would merely have altered a column of figures in his banking-book without even (so wealthy are those twenty richest men) materially altering what men call his wealth—which would have fed every one of those hundreds many times over, set them up till they had got the sort of work each was able to do, or carried them to towns where that sort of work was

plentiful. None of those twenty men wrote the words; the hunger-marchers, here and there, managed to collect some paltry sums of money, to get here and there a meal; but that help came mostly from the poorer classes, from men and women who also knew what it was to be hungry, and remembered, and understood. But each day those twenty richest men sat down to breakfasts so costly and luxurious that the value of them would have fed a score of those poor people; each day they read—it may be with a smile—of the doings and the needs of the hunger-marchers in their morning paper; each of them could all the time have written those words on that piece of paper; but they did not write.

One other little picture. There was a Christian minister—a religious and very liberal-minded man, as you will judge from the context—who invited me to give a sermon on Buḍḍhism in his church one Sunday afternoon. So I was very glad, and went; and in the course of my sermon I had occasion to say, in speaking of the fruits, the practical outcome of Buḍḍhism in Burma, that here, though indeed the Burmese are not a wealthy nation, there are no children starving for want of food. Though that was in a church, where, as I suppose, such demonstration was unusual, the large congregation cheered at that. I winced, remembering what the cheering meant; it meant that those religious-minded people—people so religious-minded that they wished to hear even what the minister of another faith had to say about religion—knew well that as we sat there in the church, there were very many—not tens or hundreds, but thousands—of little children in great and wealthy England who were very hungry for just want of food.

What do they mean—these two little episodes from our experience? How does it come about that in that so wealthy land those able-bodied hunger-marchers on the one hand, and on the other those little children, were going about the country hungry, or sitting hungry as we sat, well-fed, in the Christian church? They mean, they can spell for you if you have wit to read the writing, the nature of that sort of darkness to which we think that Buḍḍhism, and Buḍḍhism only, can put an end. For pictures so terrible in their inner meaning can only be where true religion—not talk and doctrines, but a charitable and a loving life—does not exist at large in the hearts of the people. You all know well that such

pictures are impossible in Buddhist Burma; because, although the Burmese as a race know really less about the history and doctrines of the Buddha than a ten-year-old school-child in England knows of the local creeds, yet what is known is *known* and is lived to the best of their ability by every true son of Burma to this day. And the causation herein? Why do those men, those children starve, when somewhere in the land there is so much wealth to feed them withal? Because of selfishness. I have spoken of the western Individualism—the worship of the self, the terrible teaching of competition inculcated into every child of us from our earliest days, the teaching that it is a fine thing to get the best of it in the 'battle of life' as our western authors are fond of calling it. That is the curse; that is the cause. With the great discoveries of science, that science which has made in scarce a century this new wonderful power and civilisation of the West, the occidental has conquered Nature here and there in manifold departments; he has penetrated into earth's depths in search of metals useful to mankind, and, winning with great toil the precious iron from the earth, he has not remained content with forging from it implements of service to mankind. Strife, battle, competition —that is what he has been taught is great and noble; and the good steel that might have been wrought into useful implements is fashioned instead into weapons—the most subtle and ingenious for the committal of the most terrible of all crimes to which man can put his hand, and tools—the wholesale murder of his fellow-men. He has conquered earth—to make of its fruits his instruments of death; he has overcome the ocean—to taint its waters with his fellows' blood; air, also, he is even now in process of overcoming, so that ere long we may have a new terror to add to life; and already the nations of the West are striving, each one of them, to be first in the race for the conquest of the air, so that the new burden of ærial armaments may be added to the weight beneath which every western Power even now is staggering—the burden that makes possible those hunger-marchers, those little children starving for mere want of food.

And the cause of this? In but one word it lies; the cause is self. Just that self the West has come to worship; just that spirit of competition, that evil teaching of the battle-field of life. The west-

ern man has conquered earth, fire and water and the winds all to do his bidding; but he has not conquered self, so still he is slave to strife and fear and hate. That is what now the Occident has attained —the conquest of well-nigh everything but self. If the West should turn—as even now many thousands in the West are seeking to turn—this power, this wonderful energy of his mind to that incomparable conquest, then indeed would his civilisation become a true and lasting benefit to mankind; then indeed would he desist from turning each new hard-won secret of dominion over Nature to the terror of his fellow-men. But up to now few men have seen even the way of turning; few men, even among the myriads that are weary of this fratricidal folly of the nations, can see a means whereby that greater conquest might be wrought.

There *is* a Way—that old, old Path, so difficult to see, and yet so clear and visible when taught to us by That One, Greatest of the Sons of Men, whose Voice yet speaks to us, clear through the gulf of half five thousand years. That Way is true religion, lived in the example of a life—not talk of doctrine and dogma, but life that moves the hearts of men to good. The teaching of that ancient Way is yours in Burma to no small extent, not because you call your doctrine Buḍḍhism, but because your children do not starve. Remembering what love, what pity for all living things inspired that Great One whom you follow; remembering what ancient piety brought here to Burma that teaching of the Path of Peace, I ask you all—not one of you alone, but all—so to devote yourselves, during the next few years, to the cause of this Samagama whereof you all are members, as to make possible, in the two thousand five hundredth year from the Enlightenment, a Buḍḍhist mission on a scale worthy of the charity of a pious nation—worthy, above all, of a Truth so great as is that Law which our Master taught us; so, even so, shall the dominion of the Conqueror by Love presently embrace another third part of our human race.

ANANḌA METTEYA.

A NOTE ON BROTHERHOOD.

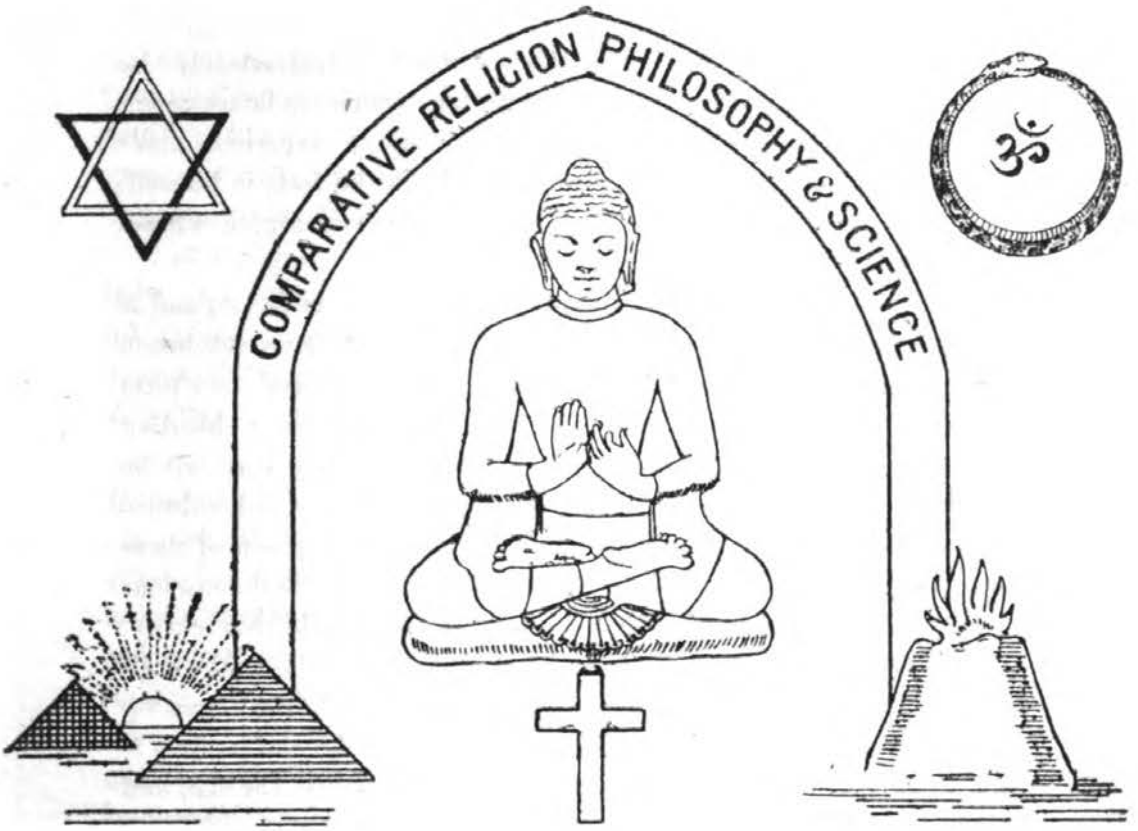
THE brotherhood of man is a fact in Nature; those who deny it are blind to it because they shut their eyes to actualities which they do not wish to acknowledge. We need waste little time over them; nature itself will refute their heresy. More subtly dangerous are those who misunderstand it, and their name is legion.

Remember not only what brotherhood means, but also what it does *not* mean. It emphatically does *not* mean equality, for twins and triplets are comparatively rare; it implies a difference in age, and consequently all sorts of other differences, in strength, in cleverness, in capacity.

Brotherhood implies community of interest, but not community of *interests*. If the family be rich all its members profit thereby; if the family be poor, all its members suffer accordingly. So there is a community of interest. But the individual *interests* of the brothers are for many years absolutely different. What interests has the boy of fourteen in common with his brother of six? Each lives his own life among friends of his own age, and has far more in common with them than with his brother. What cares the elder brother, fighting his way in the world, for the prizes and anxieties of school-life which fill the horizon of the boys?

It is not to be expected, then, that because they are brothers men shall feel alike or be interested in the same things. It would not be desirable even if it were possible, for their duties differ according to their ages, and evolution is best served when every man strives earnestly to 'do his duty in that state of life to which it shall please God to call him'. This does not imply that a man must remain in the station in which his karma has placed him at birth; if he can honestly and harmlessly make such further karma as will raise him out of it he is at perfect liberty to do so. But he should do the duties of his stage. The child grows steadily; but while he is young, his duties are those appropriate to his age, not those of some older brother. Each age has its duties—the younger to learn and to serve, the older to direct and to protect; but all alike to be loving and helpful, all alike to try to realise the idea of the great family of humanity. Each will best help his brothers, not by interfering with them, but by trying earnestly to do his own duty as a member of this family.

HERMANOS.



THE SCIENCE OF PEACE.[1]

II. The Self or the 'I'.

LAST month we took up the easy task of asking questions which were left unanswered. We must now commence the more difficult task of seeking for answers to those questions. And the first step in that search is to try to understand the factors of the problem which is to be solved. Among the temporary solutions in which, for a time, the mind finds rest are those which trace the world-process back to a Duality, whereof the two factors are Spirit and matter, Life and form, Energy and matter—the expressions are synonyms, embodying the idea that we cannot reach beyond these two opposites in our search for a Cause. This is the end, and it is a Pair, a Duality. But we saw that man's mind remains restless and unsatisfied in face of this, as though his very nature demanded

[1] These articles are an exposition of one of the most valuable books issued under the inspiration of Theosophy, *The Science of Peace*, by Bhagavan Das. Those who seek a lasting intellectual foundation for their thinking will find much help from this valuable and original book.

a final Unity both within and without himself. 'Instinctively' he feels that the Source must be a Unity; let arguments be as strong as they may, he *feels* himself a Unity, and by an imperious inner intuition he demands in the universe the Unity he feels in himself. Can that intuition be justified? Does it come from a region whereinto the mind has failed to pierce?

But this Duality is undeniably a fact in the universe, and it must be understood in its ultimate expression before its resolution into Unity can be rendered intelligible. Hence we need some term for each member of the Pair, which shall serve as a heading for varieties however numerous, under which they may all be readily classed. The terms which divide most sharply and embrace most completely the two factors and the whole composed of them are the 'Self' and the 'Not-Self,' or the 'I'—the Self-conscious entity—over against the 'Not-I'—all that is outside that entity. No other dualistic phrases are so intelligible, so definite, and so all-embracing as these. One form of monistic Eastern thought sums up the universe as a manifestation of the Self, the I, and merges it again in the Self—thus making the Self the totality, the All, and later limiting it to the conscious factor in manifestation, escaping the confusion which might arise from the double meaning by declaring that the Self alone is real, and the Not-Self unreal.

To discover what I mean by the Self, I wrench the universe in twain, myself and what is outside me. I know an object, and the object is not myself, and I say: the Self is the Knower over against the rest, which is the known. I feel a desire to possess something outside me, and I say: the Self is the Desirer, over against the rest, which is the desired. I do something and feel the activity as mine, and I say: the Self is the Actor, over against the rest, which is the acted on. Or, looking at knowing, desiring and acting as three *modes* of consciousness, I say: the Self is the Conscious over against the unconscious. It may be noted throughout that there is a suggestion of priority, of superiority, in the first of each pair, and yet that the first can only be manifested in the presence of the second. The Knower cannot exist for the sake of the known, for the known becomes known only by the presence of the Knower. The Desirer cannot exist for the sake of the desired, for the desired becomes desired only by the presence of the Desirer. The Actor

cannot exist because of the acted on, for the acted on only becomes acted on by the presence of the Actor. And yet the Knower, the Desirer, the Actor, is but a hidden treasure, an impotent potentiality, until the shadow of himself is cast into the void, and becomes the known, the desired, the acted on.

Can the Self be proved? No. We can have no proof of the Self, for a proof is that which makes a thing more certain that it was before the proof was advanced. Only the unsure can be made sure by proofs. But nothing can make the Self more sure, more certain than it already is, for it is the primary sureness, the uttermost certainty. All proofs depend on it for their validity, and it depends on none. The presence of the 'I' is presupposed in all discussion; all argument are addressed to it, all reasons appeal to it. I can never escape from my 'I,' nor be apart from my Self. Nothing is more certain to me than the certainty that 'I am.' I cannot even think: "I am not," for I affirm in the first word that which I seek to deny in the third. No proof, on the other hand, can convince me that I do not exist, for the proofs of my non-existence must be addressed to the very 'I' that they seek to disprove[1].

The Self, the 'I' is, then, the one fundamental certainty. The Self shines by its own light, and announces itself by its own inherent being as the one thing that knows itself as certain in the universe. All else is matter of inference. "*I* see, hear, touch, taste, smell, such and such a thing, *therefore* it exists." The primal certainty "I am," is not a matter of inference but of knowledge. Inferences may be convincing, but they all rest on their appeal to the Self. Things exist because the Self is conscious of them. The world-existence is in the consciousness of the Self; all exists in and by it.

The 'I' of the old man is the same as his 'I' in childhood, though the old man and the child differ in all their characteristics. It was I who played on the beach in my babyhood; I who gallopped over the fields in my girlhood; I who thought, rejoiced, wept, struggled, in my womanhood; I who live in peaceful certainty in my old age. Childhood, girlhood, womanhood, old age

[1] The use of the 'I' in these paragraphs is deliberate, instead of the usual 'we,' for each man's primary certainty is himself, his own 'I,' whereas the 'we' is a matter of induction, of argument, of reasoning. But I need no proof that I exist; that is primary and, *to me*, indubitable.

are *mine*, ephemeral, changing, but I remain through them all, conscious of my identity as my Self. The 'I' of the child with her toys is the same as the 'I' of the old woman approaching the funeral pyre. There is no break of continuity in that Self-recognition. The 'I' remembers, and is constant, changeless in the realisation of itself. Activities, thoughts, desires, change, but the 'I' which recognises the changes is ever there, and these changing surround the changeless. It is the eternal amid the fleeting.

You may strike away all particulars from it, for no particular thing can be always asserted of it. In seeking for its changeless being, you strike away quality after quality. "It is not this," "It is not that," you constantly re-iterate. And you continue these denials till the universe is struck away in successive fragments, and still the 'I' remains. All has gone save Self-consciousness. Only the permanent consciousness remains. All you at last have left is the Self-assertion of the I; it is universal, not particular; a One, a changeless fact, in the midst of changing particulars.

Further, as we contemplate the I, we see in its universality the mark of its eternity. The compound perishes by disintegration; the particular attaches itself now to one thing, now to another. But the unchanging, universal, simple being is indestructible, without beginning, without end.

Hume, in introspection, saw only a series of states of consciousness. But 'states' imply the existence of something in which they inhere; waves are ever-changing, but waves imply the sea, the ocean, of which they are the changing and partial presentments. In the very observation, "I see a series of states," the percipient is present, as well as the states; and they are states *of* consciousness, of a permanent something manifesting in varied states.

We next learn that each person has an experience of the 'I' which is identical with that above described; as my own existence is indubitable to me, so is my neighbor's existence indubitable to my neighbor. He needs no proof of it; his certainty is as mine. In every case, the same sureness of Self-existence. The existence of other Selves is matter of inference, of testimony, but each, in turn, is sure of his own 'I.' And from this sameness of Self-assertion by this multiplicity of Selves, we come to the idea of a Self, one Self, in which all Selves are rooted, nay, which *is* each

Self, and each Self the Self in its fulness, in its infinitude, its eternity, its identity. The One is seen as the Many, the Many as the One, the Universal Self, the One 'I' arising out of the endlessness of the separated Selves. That which is identical in Many is seen as the One in all, and in reaching that Universal, or Abstract 'I,' we relegate all particulars to the Not-Self. The Not-Self embraces all that is compound, all that is special, all that the 'I' is not.

Let us now consider the eastern and western views of this Self, this I. For the East gives much for the study of the West, the West much for the study of the East.

All eastern schools of philosophy lay down one aim as their goal—the putting an end to pain. Every great system of philosophy seeks to put an end to sorrow, and this it does by the realisation of Brahman, for "Brahman is bliss." Liberation is the ceasing of sorrow, because it is the ceasing of the bondage which binds man so long as he is in ignorance of his own nature; when man ceases to be ignorant, when he opens his eyes, man is free and man is happy. All knowledge is knowledge of God, since all that can be known is God veiled in matter; science, literature, grammar, logic—all is knowledge of God, though it be the lower knowledge. The aim of this, as of the following of the supreme knowledge, is to "put an end to pain." To seek the Self in the Not-Self is the lower knowledge; to seek the Self in the Self is the supreme knowledge; but by either road, along either way, it is the Self who is sought—and found.

In the East the Self is regarded as knowing, desiring (or willing) and acting. The three are all modes of the Self, which is indivisible—the whole Self knows, the whole Self wills, the whole Self acts. Philosophy and Religion, sacred and profane, are not separated as in the West.

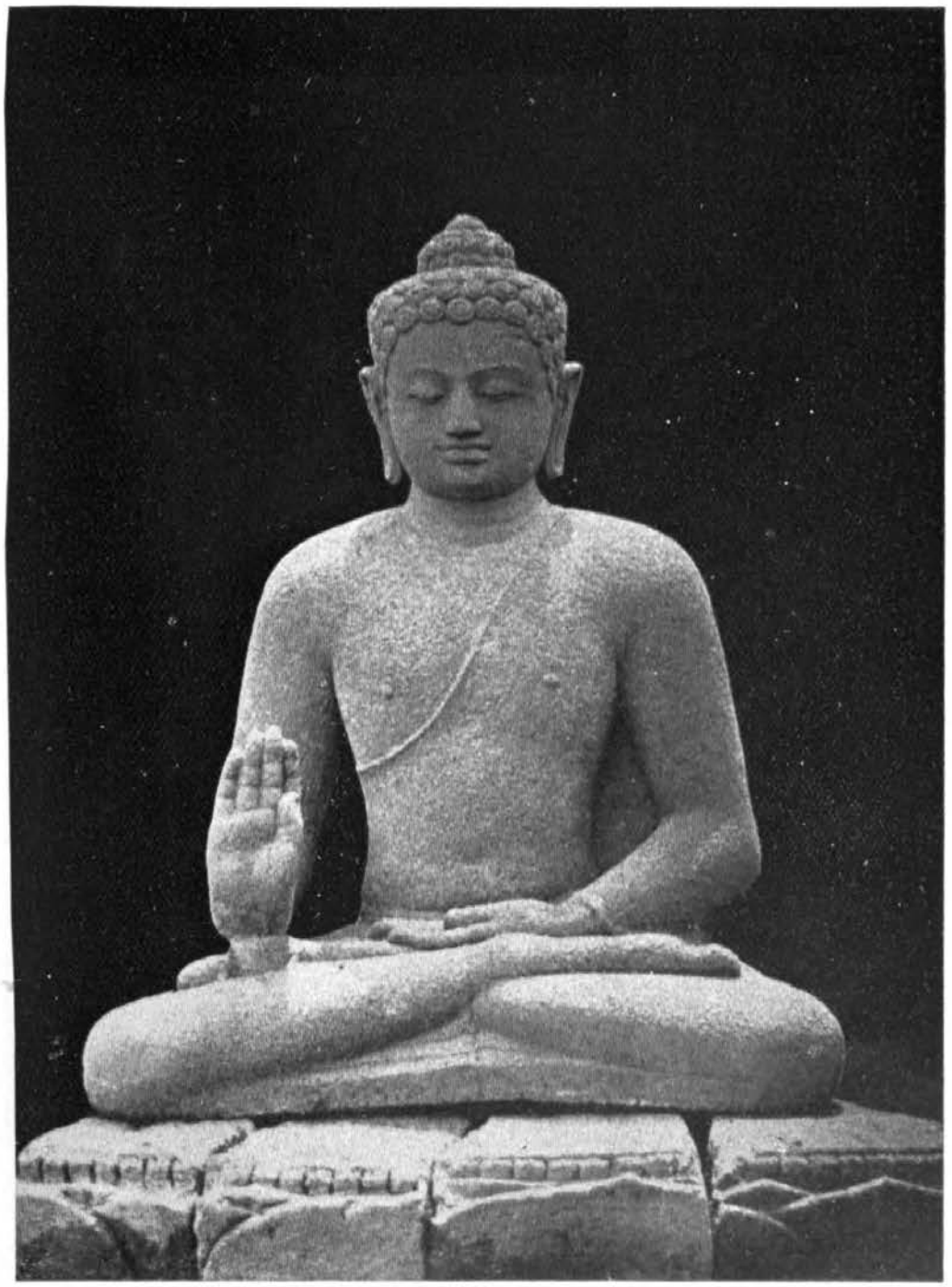
In the West, Philosophy concerns itself not with actions; it considers consciousness, or mind, as divisible into Intellect, Feeling and Will, ignoring action, and relegating that to the sphere of Religion, to which the guidance of conduct is thought more properly to belong. The Philosophy of the West is fundamentally an effort to understand the universe from the standpoint of the Knower. The Desirer, the Actor, fall into the background. The

Knower and the Known almost occupy the place of the Self and the Not-Self.

Berkeley and Hume deal with this from two opposite standpoints; Berkeley reduces all matter to perceptibility; its existence lies in the fact that mind perceives it. Hume fixes his whole attention on matter, and sees mind as dependent on it, reversing Berkeley's position. We must go to Germany to study the method in which western thought has really grappled with the problem.

Kant goes behind Mind and matter—for we must now adopt these less satisfactory names for Self and Not-Self—and posits two noumena, the source of all phenomena, the twofold "Thing-in-itself." The noumenon on the side of Mind, its Thing-in-itself, sends forth laws and forms, while that on the side of matter, its Thing-in-itself, sends forth sense-phenomena, that which is the object of knowledge; there is an endless flow from the Matter-Thing-in-itself into the moulds provided by the Mind-Thing-in-itself, and from this interaction arises the universe of Mind and matter, with its numberless phenomena. Later, Kant seems to be groping after the idea that the Mind-Thing-in-itself is the Ego, the Law of all laws; truly if the Ego be the Law from which all laws flow, we are touching the universality which should lead to the conception of the One Self. But Kant scarce reached thereunto.

Hegel reduced the universe to a pair of opposites, Being and Nothing—better Not-Being—seeing clearly that "every thing contained its opposite within itself," and that these opposites in each relative destroying, annihilating each other, the Absolute, the Not-Being alone remained. The falling of Being into Not-Being, of Not-Being into Being, was the endlessly renewed circle of Becoming, or the world-process. He thus used Schelling's 'law of relativity,' the statement of the fact that you cannot think a thing without also thinking its opposite; if you say 'back' you imply 'front,' and you cannot think one without the other; both must be together in the mind. But he avoided the error of lumping all relatives together as the opposite of the Absolute, pointing out that the Absolute could not be put *outside everything*, thus forming a new pair of opposites, but must be *within* everything, immanent in the whole of the relatives, the Not-Being which remained when the opposites had destroyed each other.



BLOCK BY U. RAY.

DHYANI BUDDHA FROM BOROBODUR.

THE PARAGON PRESS, CALCUTTA.

Fichte, though a little earlier in time than Hegel, was none the less a little more advanced in thought, for he escaped from the bondage of 'notions' to the recognition of the Ego as the one primary certainty, the firm eastern ground of all true philosophy and metaphysic. The One, the Universal, the Ego; the mass of particulars is the Non-Ego. Ego and Non-Ego are obviously Self and Not-Self. He worked out the world-process in three steps:

1. Ego=Ego. The ordinary Law of Identity: A=A.
2. Non-Ego is not=Ego. Again: Not-A is not=A.
3. Ego in part=Non-Ego
   Non-Ego in part=Ego.

This third step is equivalent to saying that when each assumes something of the nature of the other, then we have the world-process, the 'Becoming' of Hegel. Fichte sees that a universe is caused by the Ego taking on itself some of the characteristics of the Non-Ego, the Non-Ego receiving in exchange some of the characteristics of the Ego. All particulars are the outcome of this mixture, the universe is the interplay and interaction. Fichte seems to have stopped short of full expression, of seeing that the universe is not a duality but a trinity. A nexus is imperatively demanded, a relation between the Ego and the Non-Ego. The Ego and Non-Ego apart are sterile; the relation between them is the third factor needed for the becoming of a universe. With the aid of this we shall see that the Universal Ego of Fichte is in very truth one with the Individual Egos, and then will arise the assertion "I am the Self," the guarantee of our own eternity.

ANNIE BESANT.

[III will be entitled "The Not-Self."]

ON ESOTERICISM IN BUDḌHISM.

IN the April number of the *Theosophist* the Watch-tower notes gave a quotation from the *Saḍḍharma Puṇḍarīka* as a proof that the Lord Buḍḍha had an esoteric doctrine, notwithstanding the opinions of many scholars to the contrary. Now, as the old Dutch proverb says: "Every heretic has his letter," that is to say, one can substantiate any argument by quoting an appropriate text from somewhere in the immense canonical literature; and so in case of quotation we have to be careful and judicious. The point in hand well illustrates this. Professor Kern, who translated the Scripture quoted above in the XXIst volume of the "Sacred Books of the East" says as to the date of the book:

"At present [*i.e.*, in 1884] we are far from the ultimate end which critical research has to reach; we are not able to assign to each part of our sūṭra its proper place in the development of Buḍḍhist literature. We may feel that the compositions from different times have been collected into a not very harmonious whole; we may even be able to prove that some passages are as decidedly ancient as others are modern, but any attempt to analyse the compound and lay bare its component parts would seem to be premature. Under these circumstances the inquiry after the date of the work resolves itself into the question at what time the book received its present shape."

As the practical outcome it is further said that "we may safely conclude that the more ancient text in twenty-one chapters, the epilogue included, dates some centuries earlier" than 250 A. D.

If this be true, quotations from this book might belong to a period of about five hundred years after the Buḍḍha's enlightenment, a period at which according to his own prophecy (*Cullavagga* X, 1) the Light of the Ḍharma would be extinguished [1].

So it seems that quotations of this nature are very uncertain and unconvincing. We might even quote the famous passage from the *Mahā-Parinibbāna-Suṭṭa* (II. 32) where the Buḍḍha is represented to have said [2]:

"What, then, Ānanḍa, does the Order expect of me [3]? I have preached the truth without making any distinction between

[1] "Not long, O Ananda, holy life will be preserved; five hundred years, Ananda, the doctrine of Truth will exist."

[2] Translation of Rhys Davids in the Sacred Books of the East, Vol. XI.

[3] Oldenberg translates: "What more, Ananda, does the Order desire from me?"

exoteric and esoteric doctrine [1]: for in respect of the truths, Ānanḍa, the Ṭaṭhāgaṭa has no such thing as the closed fist of a teacher, who keeps some things back."

For an appreciation of the latter passage it should be borne in mind that it was to Ānanḍa and the Order that these words were addressed, and, as Dr. Schrāder ingeniously and forcefully points out to me, for a judgment on texts bearing on such matters, it is of the greatest importance to make a careful distinction between words spoken to the Order and those spoken to the laity [2].

Indeed the whole of the Buḍḍhist canon teems everywhere with references to Yoga-practices, siḍḍhis and supernatural powers, moves everywhere in an atmosphere of Occultism; a good example, almost taken at random, being furnished by the *Ākaṅkheya Suṭṭa* (Sacred Books of the East, vol. XI).

In how far these indications are historical evidence for what the Buḍḍha himself taught, said and was, must be left to scholars and specialists to be judged, though of course modern 'knowers' may give us precious information on the subject—which however would be of the nature of revelation and not of history as ordinarily understood.

In these matters it must of course always be remembered that ancient traditions may have a long and hoary history behind them, having run all the way along a subterraneous course, before they appear on the surface; and the first historical manifestation or chronicling of them is by no means the same as the birth of the teachings they contain.

This is not a mere guess, for some of us have witnessed the process in miniature. An interesting instance in our own midst is that certain teachings orally delivered by H. P. B. and recorded by some of her pupils have been published after her death after having been passed on for some years in secret. And reflexions of the same phenomenon on a bigger scale have reached us—*The Stanzas of Dzyan*, *Light on the Path*, and *The Voice of the Silence* being the most immediate and publicly known examples.

[1] Oldenberg translates: "Between inside and outside;" literally: "having made not-inside not-outside" (F. O. S.)

[2] Ananda asks, as he himself says, 'with regard to the Order' (bhikkhu-samgham ârabbha), so the reply implies only that nothing had been kept back in the oral teaching given to them, and has no reference whatever to the public sermons.

It seems that the greatest problem of Samskṛt literature is precisely the unearthing of the tiny and elusive streams of ancient tradition from the harmonised and formalised settings in which they appear to us now-a-days, and oriental 'higher criticism' is busy in this department, as its occidental twin has been busy and fruitful with regard to Christianity. But in the former case as in the latter, quotations on controverted points from scriptures that may after all have been written some centuries after the death of the Founders of these religions have no great authoritative value.

Buḍḍhist scholarship has made gigantic strides of late and it is gratifying to note how the later statements of this religion by "mere scholars" are growing in depth, comprehension, generosity, sympathy and above all spirituality. The growing sciences of psychology, of comparative religion, of religion itself, of the 'occult' also, have all contributed to these results[1].

Of late we have had a scholar of the eminence of Professor Deussen introducing the terms 'esoteric' and 'exoteric' with regard to the Veḍānṭa, and in fact to Hinḍūism generally, representing that school of thought as having two quite distinct aspects; the popular one and the rigidly logical, the form of the multitude and the form of the few. In the case of Buḍḍhism similar phenomena are not wanting. I may quote the opinion of Dr. Schrāder, who has made a special study of Buḍḍhism. Basing himself on strict scholarship, he has come to the conclusion that it is impossible to deny the reality and presence of the Yoga-practice element in the Buḍḍhism of the Buḍḍha, and that consequently if Yoga exists it is impossible to deny that its results too must have been present in the early Saṅgha; and that, even apart from Yoga, there is enough in early Buḍḍhism (such as the twelve-fold formula of causality) which was evidently and very naturally withheld from the masses.

Dr. Grünwedel, another authority, in his *Mythologie des Buḍḍhismus* (Leipzig 1900) goes at least so far as to admit the following.

"It is difficult to say in how far the legends giving 'iḍḍhi' and 'ānubhāva' to the Arhaṭ, that is, miraculous powers (memory

[1] One of the latest popular treatises on Buddhism strongly bears out this point. I refer to Professor Dr. Richard Pischel's *Leben und Lehre des Buddha* in the collection "Aus Natur und Geisteswelt," published by B. G. Teubner (Leipzig and Berlin) which I strongly recommend to those who read German.

of past existences, seeing and hearing of happenings at a great distance, the capacity to overcome natural laws) belong to the [original] system."

Such opinions are always stronger than isolated quotations from the texts, because they are the distilled essence of the whole recorded religious phenomenon, representing aspects of the essence and spirit of the actual teaching of the Buḍḍha himself, and not to be explained as isolated interpolations or later accretions.

All of this is written to introduce a few remarks by Professor Hermann Oldenberg, one of the most authoritative writers on the subject amongst western scholars. Certain of his conclusions go very far indeed to substantiate the theosophical contention that originally there must have been an esoteric teaching, and what is even more valuable, they give the psychological explanation of its nature and necessity.

Some of our readers will hear with surprise how far these admissions go, based as they are on a thorough knowledge of the whole problem from the ordinary western scholarly and exoteric standpoint 'untainted' by any Theosophy or Mysticism. I quote therefore the following from the Professor's standard work, *Buḍḍha, Sein Leben, Seine Lehre, Seine Gemeinde* (fourth edition, Stuttgart and Berlin 1903. Second division, first chapter, p. 230 et seq[1].)

"At a time," so we read[2], "the Exalted One resided at Kosambī in the Sinsapā-forest. And the Exalted One took a few Sinsapā-leaves in his hand and spoke to the disciples: 'What think ye, ye disciples, which is more, these few Sinsapā-leaves that I have taken in my hand, or the other leaves, up there in the Sinsapā-forest?'

"'The few leaves, Lord, which the Exalted One has taken in his hand are insignificant, and far more are those leaves up there in the Sinsapā-forest.'

"'So too, ye disciples, that is far more which I have understood and have *not* declared to you, than that which I have declared to you. And why, ye disciples, have I not declared that to you? Because, ye disciples, it brings you no gain, because it promotes not the walking in holiness, because it leads not to the turning away from what is earthly, not to the destruction of all lust, to the cessation of what is impermanent, not to peace, not to understanding, not to illumination, not to Nirvāṇa: therefore I have not declared that to you. And what, ye disciples, have I declared to you?

[1] The book exists in English and French translations.
[2] Samyutta Nikâya, Vol. v, pp. 437 *et seq.*

What suffering is, ye disciples, I have declared to you. What the origin of suffering is, ye disciples, I have declared to you. What the cessation of suffering is, ye disciples, I have declared to you. What the way to the cessation of suffering is, ye disciples, I have declared to you.'

"Clearly and briefly these words indicate what Buddha's doctrine is intended to be and what it does not aim to be—what rather it explicitly declines to be. It is not intended to be a philosophy, which, full of a desire for knowledge, investigates the ultimate causes of things and opens the heights and depths of the universe to the intellect. The Buddhist sees in such a joy of knowledge only a clutching by the Spirit of an impermanent aim, by which the striving after permanence is paralysed and led astray. The mass of speculative thought which fills in manifold and variegated forms the Indian Schools and lifts its loud voice in streets and highways, appears to him as merely 'a path of opinions, a bush of opinions, a jungle of opinions, a comedy of opinions, a spasm of opinions, a fetter of opinions, full of sorrow, full of corruption, full of excitation, full of misery[1].' Those who attach themselves to such opinions are like unto the blind-born who have been made to touch an elephant; one has touched the head, another the trunk, the third the tail, and now we hear 'the elephant looks like this'; 'no, he looks like this'; until the conflict of opinions is transformed into a conflict of fists[2]. As game gets entangled in the traps of the hunter, so not merely those who live in worldly desires only, but those also who let themselves be imprisoned by speculations concerning the finite or the infinite duration of the world, concerning the identity or non-identity of body and soul, fall a prey to Māra, the Evil One. For the wise one there are other problems that occupy his thoughts. He studies human existence that is immersed in suffering, and, while learning to understand this suffering, he discovers the way to extinguish it. 'As the great ocean, ye disciples, is pervaded only by *one* taste, by the taste of salt, even so, ye disciples, this doctrine and this Order are pervaded only by *one* taste, the taste of deliverance[3].'

"With all this, however, the problems with which Buddhist thought desires to occupy itself are only enclosed in definite and

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[1] *Majjhima Nikâya*, vol. I, p. 485.

[2] *Udâna*, VI. 4.

[3] *Cullavagga*, IX., 1, 4.

[It might be said that the characteristic difference between modern Theosophy and Buddhism, in one of their aspects, is that modern Theosophy points out more markedly the first big steps on the road towards emancipation: to initiation, to the focussing of consciousness in the Ego. Buddhism points out the end of emancipation: Nirvana, the focussing of the consciousness in the Monad. This seems the clue to the difference in teaching about the permanence or non-permanence of the "Ego," (who is in the one case the man in the causal body, in the other the man in the Monad), and also to the difference of presentation of the teachings of karma and reincarnation. J. v. M.]

narrow limits. There is no purpose to question in any way the necessity of the most serious thought-labor, of mastering abstract series of conceptions for him who strives after deliverance. Deliverance is not a possession of the mentally poor, but only of the knower[1].

"The old Indian consciousness of the superiority of the knower, the seer, above the thoughtless one, the blind one, is so powerful in the whole East that it fills also the souls of the Buddhists. Only the thinker can conceive the great processes of existence. The thinker only can succeed in finding his way to eternal peace through this Becoming. So the Buddhist doctrine of salvation is not content with those simple, ethical reflexions which address themselves to the feeling of a pure heart. Though certain principles of the doctrine might be intelligible to any one of vivid emotions amongst the Members of the Order, still the more thorough expositions—the knowledge of which was in no way considered as other than an indispensable possession—can have been accessible to relatively few even in India and amongst men wholly devoted to the spiritual life and to these thoughts. 'To ordinary Humanity, moving in earthly walks, having its seat and finding its joys in earthly walks, this thing will be difficult to understand, the law of causality, the concatenation of causes and effects;'[2] so Buddha is represented to have spoken to himself before he betook himself to preach his doctrine. And when examining the sacred texts we find everywhere, side by side with such simple and beautiful sentences as are contained in the *Dhammapada*, the most abstract dogmatic explanations, compendious systems of conceptions, mutually intertwined in manifold ways, schematising divisions, long rows of categories, connected by the causal nexus or some other logical link.

"Involuntarily, when attempting to restate the thoughts of the Buddhist doctrine in our own language, we receive the impression that it is no mere word when the sacred texts declare that the Consummated One knew inexpressibly more than he judged it suitable to say to his disciples. For that which is expressed suggests, as necessary for its explanation and completion, other things that remain unuttered (unuttered only because they seemed not directly to subserve the attainment of peace, illumination, Nirvāṇa) but of which it is not easy to believe that they were not actually present in the thoughts of the Buddha and of the disciples to whom we owe the formulating of the dogmatic texts."

Here we end the quotation of what I consider a masterly summary and psychological explanation of some of the questions

[1] Dr. Schrader remarks on this that the Buddha never thought of such a folly as making deliverance the ideal of the laity. All that the latter can do, in His opinion, is to strive for a favorable rebirth.

[2] *Mahâvagga* 1, 5, 2.=*Majjh. Nikâya*, vol. I., p. 167.

with which we are concerned in this present note. How truly Oriental (and indeed universally spiritual) an attitude of thought is the one which is portrayed above, we know from what we have learned from our own teachers. This attitude of the mind may be aptly illustrated by the two following quotations. The first is from S. Paul's *First Epistle to the Corinthians*:

(xii., 8-11.) "To one is given by the spirit the word of wisdom; to another the word of knowledge by the same spirit; to another faith by the same spirit; to another the gifts of healing by the same spirit; to another the working of miracles; to another prophecy; to another discerning of spirits; to another divers kinds of tongues; to another the interpretation of tongues: but all these worketh that one and the self-same Spirit dividing to every man severally as he will."

(xiii., 1-3.) "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy and understand all mysteries and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing."

The second "is related by Vyāsa in his commentary on Patañjali's *Yoga-Sūtras*." (Quoted in A. Mahādeva Shāstri's *Vedic Religion, Minor Upanishats*, Vol II., p. lxix of the Introduction.) It is marvellous to see how closely the essence of this second quotation agrees with those given from S. Paul and the Buḍḍha, whilst at the same time presenting quite a different aspect in form. It runs:

"There was a great yogin named Jaigīshavya. By yoga he attained to all siḍḍhis and could read back the history of the universe through many a cycle[1]. In time he turned away his attention from the siḍḍhis, and by Divine Wisdom he realised the true nature of the Self and became absorbed in entire devotion to it. He was once asked by the teacher what happiness he had derived from the siḍḍhis already attained. The reply was that no happiness was derived from them. Then the teacher looked surprised that such extremely felicitous siḍḍhis had given him no happiness. The yogin then explained that the felicity conferred by the siḍḍhis was no doubt far superior to the worldly happiness, but that it was misery when compared with the Bliss of Kaivalya, or Absolute Freedom."

To my mind the case presented here is a strong one for the existence of two distinct layers of teaching by the Buḍḍha, the

[1] A very striking corroboration of the possibility of such researches as have led in modern days to the production of books like *The Story of Atlantis*.

popular and the profound; and it furthermore indicates the existence, even behind both of these, of a still vaster knowledge. Often I am inclined to think that with many Theosophists the conception of esoteric and exoteric is slightly materialistic, and that it savors more of the miraculous than of psychological or philosophical necessity. Perhaps it would be well if some philosopher in our ranks took up this question, and gave us sometime a luminous and subtle exposition as to how these terms should be rightly and spiritually understood and applied.

JOHAN VAN MANEN.

NOTE :—Though mostly concerned with present day Tibetan, Buddhism, the following quotation may find a place here. It furnishes an interesting sidelight on the question dealt with above, and is taken from Graham Sandberg's *Tibet and the Tibetans*, London, 1906 (Ch. xiv).

"Amongst the Buddhist fraternity the highest ambition in real life is not the attainment of Nirvāṇa, but the acquirement of magical powers. This is believed by all Buddhists of every land —whether of Burmah, Ceylon, or Tibet—to be actually possible to any man with sufficient learning and earnestness of purpose. It is considered also perfectly legitimate, in that the possession of such skill is in itself a sure sign of the sublimest sanctity.

The general works of classical Buddhism teem with examples of Buddhas and saints who acquired supernatural capabilities of this sort."

Then, dividing the ascetics who at the present day devote themselves to such practices into two classes, the practical sorcerers and the philosophical ascetics, our author, speaking about the latter, goes on:

"Persons of this class devote themselves, with at least a certain amount of solitude and privation, to systematic meditation of a settled and peculiar quality. Moreover, by dint of such meditation, they arrive at, or are supposed to arrive at, certain defined stages in the art, which bring with them accompanying degrees of spiritual perfection as well as of physical adroitness."

J. v. M.

THE NUMBER 777.

IN the *Secret Doctrine* (I. 191) the Master is quoted as advising a correspondent to "try to solve the problem of 777 incarnations".

I am not aware whether this has ever been accomplished by any ordinary student since the advice was given. No practical solution has ever come under my notice in any of our recent literature; and what follows merely represents a few ideas of my own upon this mysterious number.

Before proceeding, however, let me say, firstly, that I cannot claim any of the occult faculties that would be necessary to solve the problem from a practical point of view. Secondly, that in consequence of this, these notes are only put forward as a purely symbolical interpretation of the mystery from the point of view of the mystical doctrine of numbers. And, thirdly, that there is obviously more than one way of dealing with the subject.

It would be possible to approach the subject by the method either of analysis or synthesis. By analysis the number might be resolved into its component parts, and an attempt be made to relate these components to cycles of incarnation in Root-races and Sub-races. By synthesis it may be possible to build up the number in some way, and to show that such building-up follows the natural course of evolution.

The following notes are intended as a suggestion towards such a synthesis from the symbolical point of view rather than the practical.

Most readers will be familiar with the idea that at the beginning of things, in the evolution of a universe, the primordial unity of divine consciousness manifests ten aspects.

"In the Laws or Ordinances of Manu, it is said that Brahmā first creates the '*ten* Lords of Being,' the ten Prajāpaṭi or Creative forces." (*S. D.*, II., 606). In the Kabala there are the ten Sephiroth, which in their unity constitute the Heavenly Man, Adam Kadmon, the Protogonos, or the universe regarded as a conscious Being with ten aspects. In most of the great religions this number ten can also be traced; as in Christianity, where it takes the form of the divine Trinity and the seven Archangels, or Angels of the Presence.

If an attempt were being made at anything like a complete study of the subject, it would be proper to pause here and enquire whether any definite reason can be given for insisting upon this number ten. Why should not nine or eleven or any other number be taken as the basis of things ?

Without going so far as to attempt a full analysis of this difficult question, it is evident that there are two possible kinds of answer to it; and that they may be described as the practical and the symbolical answers respectively.

In the first place it might be urged that, in the long run, the appeal must be made to facts, including under this term spiritual as well as material truths and principles. That is to say, this ten-fold classification is either correct or incorrect. Either there really are ten possible aspects of cosmic consciousness or there are not. And because the average student of to-day is quite unable to investigate even the lower cosmic planes at first hand, still less the universe as a whole, this kind of answer resolves itself partly into an appeal to the authority of those great Beings who have given the world its systems of religion, and who are believed to have been able to exercise cosmic faculties; and partly into an attempt to deduce the result from known and admitted general principles. That is to say, this first answer is equivalent to maintaining that the subject is capable of being investigated (when the necessary faculties have been evolved) both inductively and deductively; and that when so investigated in its fulness the ten-fold classification will be found to be the correct one.

In the second place, it might be urged that ten is only symbolical. Our scale of notation is a decimal scale. Starting with number one, we proceed through two, three, and the rest of the numbers up to ten. If we attempt to go further, we only repeat what has gone before in another cycle. Eleven is, in the second cycle of numbers, what one was in the first; twelve repeats two; thirteen, three; and so on. Therefore, when we have ten we have potentially everything; and to say that the divine consciousness manifests ten aspects in the beginning, is equivalent to saying that divine consciousness manifests everything.

It should be noticed here that there are other possible scales of notation than the decimal. Numbers can be based upon nine,

eight, or any other number either lower or higher than ten; and the usual works on algebra give the rules for converting a number from the decimal into any other scale. Some of these conversions yield interesting correspondences, but they need not detain us now. All that we need observe is that if, for example, we were speaking in terms of a scale of notation based (let us say) upon eight, then *from the purely symbolical point of view* it would be just as correct to say that divine consciousness manifests eight aspects as it is now to say that it manifests ten. The next step is to notice that this number ten divides itself naturally into three and seven. This may be illustrated in various ways.

In the first place, appeal may be made to the authority of the various great religions, in which, as previously mentioned, the divine Trinity is followed in manifestation by the seven Archangels. Outside the region of religious authority, however, there are various numerical and other analogies.

The number ten is itself only a differentiation of the number three. From the mysterious Unity that underlies the whole universe and is the source of all things, a creative impulse, incomprehensible to us, manifests the ternary or triad, which is a three-in-one, a unity with three aspects. Each one of these aspects then stands to the whole triad as a microcosm to a macrocosm. Each aspect is, as it were, the child of the underlying unity from which it proceeded; and, just as a child inherits the powers of the parent, or just as the microcosm is a mirror of the macrocosm, so each one of the three aspects of the triad has itself the power of becoming a triad; and when this power has been exercised, the original three-in-one will have become a nine-in-one, which, with the underlying unity, makes the ten. Because these proceed from the original triad, this fact is obviously sufficient to afford a natural division of the ten into three and seven.

This may also be illustrated geometrically. If an equilateral triangle be drawn, each of the three sides may be divided into three equal parts; and if these points are joined it will be found that nine small equal equilateral triangles can be drawn within the one large one; the nine small and the one large making the ten. It will be found that seven out of the ten triangles have their apices pointing in one direction and the other three in the opposite

direction; which again affords a distinction between the three and the seven.

Another illustration may be given based upon the properties of of numbers. The Least Common Multiple of numbers one to ten inclusive is 2,520. This is equivalent to 360 multiplied by seven. But 360 is the number of degrees in a circle. We have here, therefore, a picture of the first ten numbers, or modes of cosmic consciousness, issuing from latency. They are reflected each within each, and so give rise to 2,520, which is the lowest number that can be formed by their mutual interaction; that is to say, it is the lowest number that can be divided by any or all of the first ten numbers without leaving a remainder. This then divides itself into seven groups of 360 each, or seven circles, which are the seven schemes of evolution within a solar system, each presided over by one of the seven Archangels or planetary Logoi. The point to notice here is that, although we start with ten numbers, only seven systems are formed out of them; three remaining latent. These three, within the sphere of a solar system, represent the divine Trinity; while the seven that are manifested stand for the planetary Logoi. In a lower mode of application, each planetary Logos is a Trinity, and the seven then become the seven globes of a chain.

We have now arrived at a universe manifested as a decad or ten-in-one, which is distinguishable into a higher Triad, purely divine, and a lower Heptad, which represents the septenary evolving man.

Because this decad is a unity with ten aspects, each such aspect will itself represent a potential decad. That is to say, each aspect of the macrocosmic ten-in-one will become a microcosm and will mirror the whole within it. Let us apply this principle to the higher Triad and note the result.

The first and highest aspect of this Triad will represent a potential ten, all contained within the unity of this first aspect; which therefore represents *units*, or the first ten numbers.

The same process is then repeated with regard to the second aspect of the Triad. Just as unity gave birth to ten units, so each of these units gives birth, at the second stage, to ten other units, which together total one hundred, or ten tens. The second aspect therefore represents *tens*.

Again, at the third stage, each unit of these tens produces ten other units, by which the original ten is raised to the third power; and as there were one hundred at the second stage, there will now be one thousand, or ten hundreds. So that the third aspect of the Triad represents *hundreds*.

These three aspects of the Triad have now to be considered in terms of the evolving septenary man; and this will be simplified if a familiar anology is recalled to mind.

Most readers will be aware of the fact that the number seven is itself divisible into three and four, or the triangle and the quaternary; and that advantage is taken of this to explain the generation of number twelve, as illustrated, for instance, in the twelve signs of the Zodiac. The quaternary or cross here becomes the four elements, fire, earth, air, water. Upon these descends the triangle, which may be taken as the three guṇas or the three modes of consciousness, whichever is preferred; and the result is that each one of the four becomes triple, and so the whole twelve are produced.

Similarly with regard to the Triad, on the one hand, with its three aspects of units, tens, and hundreds; and the septenary man on the other hand. The interaction of the two will produce seven units, seven tens, and seven hundreds; and in this way the total of 777 will be produced.

I began by saying that these remarks were only intended as a contribution to the study of numerical symbolism, and were not to be taken as applying to practical occultism; but it seems within the limits of possibility that these three numbers, seven hundred, seventy, and seven, may actually have some practical application to the evolution of the spiritual man. Definitely human evolution begins with manas, and passes onward through buḍḍhi to the attainment of ātmic consciousness. Is it possible that the seven hundred may refer, either symbolically or literally, to the evolution of manas; the seventy to that of buḍḍhi; and the seven to that of ātmā? In all probability only a Master could answer this question; but even if there is any truth in the suggestion, it does not follow, of course, that incarnations need take place precisely in this order. The division into Root-races, Sub-races, and so on, may easily introduce apparent classificatory irregularities.

H. S. GREEN.

LOST SOULS.

IT is an unspeakable relief to be set free by the common-sense of theosophical teaching from the awful nightmare of the doctrine of eternal damnation which is still held by the more ignorant among the Christians, who do not understand the real meaning of certain phrases attributed in their gospels to their Founder. But some of our students, filled with glad enthusiasm by the glorious discovery that every unit must finally attain perfection, find their joy somewhat damped by gruesome hints that, after all, there are conditions under which a soul may be lost; and they begin to wonder whether the reign of divine law is really universal, or whether there is not some method by which man can contrive to escape from the dominion of the Logos and destroy himself. Let such doubters take comfort; the will of the Logos is infinitely stronger than any human will, and not even the utmost exertion of perverse ingenuity can possibly prevail against Him.

It is true that He allows man to use his free-will, but only within certain well-defined limits; if the man uses that will well,

those limits are quickly widened, and more and more power over his own destiny is given to him; but if he uses that will for evil, he thereby increases his limitations, so that while his power for good is practically unbounded, because it has in it the potentiality of infinite growth, his power for evil is rigidly restricted. And this not because of any inequality in the incidence of the law, but because in the one case he exerts his will in the same direction as that of the Logos, and so is swimming with the evolutionary tide, while in the other he is struggling against it.

The term 'lost soul' is not well chosen, for it is almost certain to be misunderstood, and taken to imply much more than it really means. In every-day parlance the word 'soul' is used with exasperating vagueness, but on the whole it is generally supposed to denote the subtler and more permanent part of man, so that to the man in the street to lose one's soul means to lose oneself, to be lost altogether. That is precisely what can never happen, therefore the expression is misleading, and a clear statement of the facts which it somewhat inaccurately labels may be of use to students. Of such facts there seem to be three classes; let us consider them one by one.

1. Those who will drop out of this evolution in the middle of the Fifth Round. This dropping out is precisely the æonian (*not* eternal) condemnation of which the Christ spoke as a very real danger for some of His unawakened hearers—the condemnation meaning merely the decision that they are incapable as yet of the higher progress, but not implying blame except in cases where opportunities have been neglected. Theosophy teaches us that men are all brothers, but not that they are all equal. There are immense differences between them; they have entered the human evolution at various periods, so that some are much older souls than others, and they stand at very different levels on the ladder of development. The older souls naturally learn much more rapidly than the younger, so the distance between them steadily increases, and eventually a point is reached where the conditions necessary for the one type are entirely unsuitable for the other.

We may obtain a useful working analogy by thinking of the children in a class at school. The teacher of the class has a year's

work before him, to prepare his boys for a certain examination. He parcels out the work—so much for the first month, so much for the second, and so on, beginning of course with what is easiest and leading gradually up to what is more difficult. But the boys are of various ages and capacities; some learn rapidly and are in advance of the average, while some lag behind. New boys, too, are constantly coming into his class, some of them barely up to its level. When half the year has run its course, he resolutely closes the list for admissions, and declines to receive any more new boys. (That took place for us at the middle point of this Fourth Round. after which, save for a few exceptional cases, the door was shut for passage from the animal kingdom into the human.) A little later the teacher can already clearly foresee that some of his boys will certainly pass the examination, that the chance of others is doubtful, and that there are yet others who are sure to fail. It would be quite reasonable if he should say to these last:

"We have now reached a stage when the further work of this class is useless for you. You cannot possibly by any effort attain the necessary standard in time for the examination; the more advanced teaching which must now be given to the others would be entirely unsuited for you, and as you could not understand it you would not only be wasting your own time but would be a hindrance to the rest of the class. It will therefore be better for you at once to transfer yourselves to the next class below this, perfect yourselves there in the preliminary lessons which you have not yet thoroughly learned, and come back to this level with next year's class, when you will be sure to pass with credit."

That is exactly what will be done in the middle of the Fifth Round. Those who cannot by any effort reach the prescribed goal in the time which remains will be put back into a lower class, and if the class-room doors are not yet open they will wait in peace and happiness until the appointed time. They may be described as lost *to us*, lost to this particular little wave of evolution to which we belong; they are no longer 'men of our year,' as we say at College. But they will very certainly be 'men of the next year'—even leading men in it, because of the work which

they have already done and the experience which they have already had.

Most of these people fail because they are too young for the class, although they were too old to be put at the beginning into the class below. They have had the advantage of going through the first half of the year's work, and they will therefore take it up again next time very readily and easily, and will be able to help their more backward fellow-pupils who have not had such good opportunities. For those who are too young for the work there is no blame in failure.

But there is another and a very large class who might succeed by determined effort, but fail for want of that effort. These exactly correspond to the boy who drops behind his class not because he is too young, but because he is too lazy to do his work. His fate is the same as that of the others, but it is obvious that while they are blameless because they did their best, he is blameworthy precisely because he did *not* do his ; so he will carry with him a legacy of evil karma from which they are free. It is to men of that class that the Christ's exhortations were addressed—men who had the opportunity and ability to succeed, but were not making the necessary effort.

It is of these that Madame Blavatsky speaks in such vigorous terms as "useless drones who refuse to become co-workers with Nature and who perish by millions during the manvantaric life-cycle." (*S. D.* iii. 526.) But note that this 'perishing' is merely from *this* 'manvantaric life-cycle,' and that it means for them delay only, and not total extinction. Delay is the worst that can happen to people in the ordinary course of evolution. Such a delay is undoubtedly most serious, but, bad though it be, it is the best that can be done under the circumstances. If either through youth or through laziness and perversity these people have failed, it is clear that they need more training, and this training they must have. Obviously that is best for them, even though it means many lives—lives, many of which may be dreary, and may even contain much suffering. Still, they must go through to the end, because that is the only way by which they can attain the level which the more advanced races have already reached through similar long-continued evolution.

It was with the object of saving as many people as possible from that additional suffering that the Christ said to His disciples: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature; he that believeth and is baptised shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned." For baptism and its corresponding rites in other religions are the sign of the dedication of the life to the service of the Brotherhood, and the man who is able to grasp the truth and consequently sets his face in the right direction will certainly be among the 'saved' or 'safe' who escape the condemnation in the Fifth Round; while those who do not take the trouble to see the truth and follow it will assuredly fall under that condemnation. But remember always that the 'damnation' means only rejection from this 'æon' or chain of worlds, a throwing back into the next of the successive life-waves. 'Lost souls,' if you will; lost to us, perhaps, but not to the Logos; so they would be better described as temporarily laid aside. Of course it must not be supposed that the 'belief' which saves them is the knowledge of Theosophy; it does not matter in the least what their religion is, so long as they are aiming at the spiritual life, so long as they have definitely ranged themselves on the side of good as against evil, and are working unselfishly onward and upward.

2. Cases in which the personality has been so much emphasised that the Ego is almost shut out from it. Of these there are two varieties—those who live only in their passions, and those who live only in their minds; and as both types are by no means uncommon it is worth while to try to understand exactly what happens to them.

We often speak of the Ego as putting himself down into the matter of the lower planes, yet many students fail to realise that this is not a mere figure of speech, but has a very definite and very material side to it. The Ego dwells in a causal body, and when he takes upon himself in addition a mental and an astral body, the operation involves the actual entangling of a portion of the matter of his causal body with matter of those lower astral and mental types. We may regard this 'putting down' as a kind of investment made by the Ego. As in all investments, so in this; he hopes to get back more than he puts out, but there is a risk of disappointment—

a possibility that he may lose something of what he invests, or under very exceptional circumstances there may even be a total loss which leaves him, not indeed absolutely bankrupt, but without available capital.

Let us consider the elaboration of this analogy. The Ego possesses in his causal body matter of three levels—the first, second and third sub-planes of the mental; but for the enormous majority of mankind there is as yet no activity beyond the lowest of these three types, and even that is usually very partial. It is therefore only some of this lowest type of causal matter that can be put down to lower levels, and only a small fraction even of that part can be entangled with mental and astral matter. The Ego's control over what is put down is very weak and imperfect, because he is still half asleep. But as his physical body grows up his astral and mental bodies are also developed, and the causal matter entangled with them is awakened by the vigorous vibrations which reach it through them. This fraction of a fraction which is fully entangled gives life and vigor and a sense of individuality to these vehicles, and they in turn react strongly upon it and arouse it to a keen realisation of life. This keen realisation of life is exactly what it needs, the very object for which it is put down; and it is the longing for this keen realisation when it has it not which is spoken of as *trishna* (the thirst for manifested life, the desire to feel oneself really and vividly alive), the force which draws the Ego down again into reincarnation.

But just because this small fraction has had these experiences, and is therefore so much more awake than the rest of the Ego, it may often be so far intensified as to think itself the whole, and forget for the time its relation to "its father which is in heaven." It may temporarily identify itself with the matter through which it should be working, and may resist the influence of that other portion which has been put down, but is not entangled—that which forms the link with the great mass of the Ego on his own plane.

In order to understand this matter fully we must think of that portion of the Ego which is awakened on the third sub-plane of the mental (remembering always how small a fraction even that is of the whole) as itself divided into three parts: (*a*) that

which remains on its own plane: (*b*) that which is put down, but remains unentangled in lower matter: and (*c*) that which is thoroughly entangled with lower matter and receives vibrations from it. These are arranged in a descending scale, for just as (*a*) is a very small part of the real Ego, so (*b*) is but a small part of (*a*), and (*c*) in turn a small part of (*b*). The second acts as a link between the first and third; we may symbolise (*a*) as the body, (*b*) as the arm stretched out, (*c*) as the hand which grasps, or perhaps rather the tips of the fingers which are dipped into matter.

We have here a very delicately balanced arrangement which may be affected in various ways. The intention is that the hand (*c*) should grasp firmly and guide the matter with which it is entangled, being fully directed all the time by the body (*a*) through the arm (*b*). Under favorable circumstances additional strength, and even additional matter, may be poured from (*a*) through (*b*) into (*c*), so that the control may become more and more perfect. (*c*) may grow in size as well as in strength, and the more it does so the better, so long as the communication through (*b*) is kept open freely and (*a*) retains control. For the very entanglement of the causal matter which constitutes (*c*) awakens it to a keen activity and an accuracy of response to fine shades of vibration which it could gain in no other way, and this, when transmitted through (*b*) to (*a*), means the development of the Ego himself.

Unfortunately the course of events does not always follow the ideal plan of working above indicated. When the control of (*a*) is feeble, it sometimes happens that (*c*) becomes so thoroughly immeshed in lower matter that (as I have said) it actually identifies itself with it, forgets for the time its high estate, and thinks of itself as the whole Ego. If the matter be of the lower mental plane, we shall then have down here on the physical plane a man who is wholly materialistic. He may be keenly intellectual perhaps, but not spiritual; he may very likely be intolerant of spirituality and quite unable to comprehend or appreciate it. He may probably call himself practical, matter-of-fact, unsentimental, while in reality he is hard as the nether millstone, and because of that hardness his life is a failure, and he is making no progress.

If the matter in which he is so fatally entangled be astral, he will be (on the physical plane) one who thinks only of his own gratification, who is absolutely ruthless when in pursuit of some object which he strongly desires, a man utterly unprincipled and of brutal selfishness. Such a man lives in his passions, just as the man immeshed in mental matter lives in his mind. Cases such as these have been spoken of in our literature as 'lost souls,' though not irretrievably lost. Madame Blavatsky says of them:

"There is, however, still hope for a person who has lost his Higher Soul through his vices, while he is yet in the body. He may still be redeemed and made to turn on his material nature. For either an intense feeling of repentance, or one single earnest appeal to the Ego that has fled, or, best of all, an active effort to amend one's ways, may bring the Higher Ego back again. The thread of connexion is not altogether broken." (*S. D.* iii. 527.)

These are cases in which (*c*) has asserted itself against (*b*), and pressed it back towards (*a*); the arm has become attenuated and almost paralysed, its strength and substance being withdrawn into the body, while the hand has set up for itself, and makes on its own account jerky and spasmodic movements which are not controlled by the brain. If the separation could become perfect it would correspond to an amputation at the wrist, but this very rarely takes place during physical existence, though only so much of communication remains as is necessary to keep the personality alive.

As Madame Blavatsky says, such a case is not entirely hopeless, for even at the last moment fresh life may be poured through that paralysed arm if a sufficiently strong effort be made, and thus the Ego may be enabled to recover some proportion of (*c*), as he has already recovered most of (*b*). Nevertheless, such a life has been wasted, for even if the man just contrives to escape serious loss, at any rate nothing has been gained, and much time has been frittered away.

It may well be thought incredible that such men as I have described could in any case escape serious loss; but, fortunately for our possibilities of progress, the laws under which we live are such that to achieve a really serious loss is no easy matter.

The reason for that may perhaps be made clear by the following considerations.

All the activities that we call evil, whether they are working as selfish thoughts on the mental plane or as selfish emotions on the astral plane, invariably show themselves as vibrations of the coarser matter of those planes, belonging to their lower levels. On the other hand, every good and unselfish thought or emotion sets in vibration some of the higher types of matter on its plane; and because that finer matter is far more easily moved, any given amount of force spent in good thought or feeling produces perhaps a hundred times as much result as precisely the same amount of force sent out into the coarser matter. If this were not so it is obvious that the ordinary man could never make any progress at all.

We shall probably do the quite undeveloped man of the world no injustice if we assume that ninety per cent. of his thought and feeling is self-centred, even if not actually selfish; if ten per cent. of it is spiritual and unselfish, he must already be rising somewhat above the average. Clearly if these proportions produced corresponding results, the vast majority of humanity would take nine steps backwards for every one forwards, and we should have a retrogression so rapid that a few incarnations would deposit us in the animal kingdom out of which we evolved. Happily for us the effect of ten per cent. of force directed to good ends enormously outweighs that of ninety per cent. devoted to selfish purposes, and so on the whole such a man makes an appreciable advance from life to life. A man who has even one per cent. of good to show makes a slight advance, so it will be readily understood that a man whose account balances exactly, so that there is neither advance nor retrogression, must have been living a distinctly evil life; while to obtain an actual descent in evolution a person must be an unusually consistent villain. Thanks to this most beneficent law the world is steadily but slowly evolving, even though we see round us all the while so much that is undesirable; and even such men as I have described may not after all really fall very far. What they have lost is rather time and opportunity than actual position in evolution; but to lose time and opportunity means always additional suffering.

To see what they have lost and what they have failed to do, let us revert for a moment to the analogy of investment. The Ego expects to recover that which he puts out to interest in lower matter—the block that we have called (*c*)—and he expects it to be improved both in quality and quantity. Its quality is better because it has become much more awake, and capable of instant and accurate response to a far more varied gamut of vibrations than before—a capacity which (*c*) when reabsorbed necessarily communicates to (*a*), though of course the store of energy which made such a powerful wave in (*c*) creates only a ripple when distributed throughout the substance of (*a*). (It should be noted here that although the vehicles, containing as they do the grosser as well as the finer types of the matter of their respective planes, can respond to and express evil thoughts and emotions, and although their excitement under such vibrations can produce perturbation in the entangled causal matter (*c*), it is quite impossible for that matter (*c*) to *reproduce* those vibrations or to communicate them to (*a*) or (*b*), simply because matter of the three higher mental levels can no more vibrate at the rate of the lowest plane than the string of a violin tuned to a certain pitch can be made to produce a note lower than that pitch.)

(*c*) should also be increased in quantity, because the causal body, like all other vehicles, is constantly changing its matter, and when special exercise is given to a certain part of it, that part grows in size and becomes stronger, precisely as a physical muscle does when it is used. Every earth-life is an opportunity carefully calculated for such development in quality and quantity as is most needed by the Ego; a failure to use that opportunity means the trouble and delay of another similar incarnation, its sufferings probably aggravated by the additional bad karma incurred.

Against the increment which the Ego has a right to expect from each incarnation we must offset a certain amount of loss which in the earlier stages is scarcely avoidable. In order to be effective the entanglement with lower matter must be very intimate, and it is found that when that is so, it is scarcely ever possible to recover every particle, especially from the connexion with the astral vehicle. When the time comes for separation from that, it is almost always a shade

and not a mere shell that is left behind on the astral plane; and that very distinction means that something of the causal material is lost. Except in the case of an unusually bad life, however, this amount should be much smaller than that gained by growth, and so there should be on the whole a profit on the transaction. With such men as I have described—men living entirely in their passions or their minds—there would be no gain either in quality or quantity, since the vibrations would not be such as could be stored in the causal body; and on the other hand, as the entanglement had been so strong, there would certainly be considerable loss when the separation took place.

We must not allow the analogy of the arm and hand to mislead us into thinking of (*b*) and (*c*) as permanent appanages of the Ego. During a life-period they may be considered as separate, but at the end of each life-period they withdraw into (*a*), and the result of their experiences is distributed, as it were, through the whole of its substance; so that when the time come for that Ego to put part of himself out into incarnation once more, he does not stretch out again the old (*b*) and (*c*), for they have been absorbed in him and become part of him, just as a cupful of water emptied into a bucket becomes part of the water in the bucket and cannot be separated from it. Any coloring matter which was present in the cup is distributed (though in paler tint) through the whole bucketful of water: and that coloring matter may be taken as symbolising the qualities developed by experience. Just as it would be impossible to take out again from the bucket exactly the same cupful of water, so the Ego cannot again put out the same (*b*) and (*c*). The plan is one to which he was accustomed before he became a separate Ego at all, for it is identical with that pursued by the group-soul, except that the latter puts down many tentacles simultaneously, while the Ego puts forth only one at a time. Therefore the personality in each new incarnation is a different one, though the Ego behind it remains the same.

3. Cases in which the personality captures the part of the Ego which is put down, and actually breaks away. These are happily excessively rare, but they have happened, and they represent the most appalling catastrophe that can occur to the

Ego concerned. This time (*c*), instead of repelling (*b*) and driving it gradually back into (*a*), by degrees absorbs (*b*) and detaches it from (*a*). This can only be accomplished by determined persistence in deliberate evil—black magic, in short. Reverting to our former analogies, this is equivalent to amputation at the shoulder, or to the loss by the Ego of nearly all his available capital. Fortunately for him he cannot lose everything, because (*b*) and (*c*) together are only a small proportion of (*a*) and behind (*a*) is the great undeveloped portion of the Ego on the first and second mental sub-planes. Mercifully a man, however incredibly foolish or wicked, cannot completely wreck himself, for he cannot bring that higher part of the causal body into activity until he has reached a level at which such evil is unthinkable.

The case which we are now considering is a real instance of the loss, not indeed of a soul, but of a personality; and such mutilation leaves the Ego maimed and weakened to a very terrible extent. By his carelessness in permitting this he has for the time cut himself off from the current of evolution, from the mighty wave of the life of the Logos, and so until he can return into incarnation he stands (what appears to him to be) outside that life, in the condition of Avichi, the waveless. And it is said that that sensation of being utterly alone in space is the most awful fate that can ever befall the sons of men. Even when he does return to incarnation, it cannot be among those whom he has known before, for he has not enough available capital left to provide ensoulment for a mind and body at his previous level. He must now be content to occupy vehicles of a far less evolved type, belonging to some earlier race; so that he has thrown himself far back in evolution, and must climb over again many rungs of the ladder.

Meanwhile what of the amputated personality? It is no longer a permanent evolving entity, but it remains full of vigorous and wholly evil life, entirely without remorse or responsibility. As its impending fate is disintegration amidst the unpleasant surroundings of what is called the 'eighth sphere' it naturally tries to maintain some sort of existence on the physical plane as long as possible. Vampirism of some kind is its sole means of prolonging

its baneful existence, and when that fails it, it has been known to seize upon any available body, driving out the lawful owner. The body chosen might very probably be that of a child, both because it might be expected to last longer and because an Ego which had not yet really taken hold could be more easily dispossessed. In spite of its frenzied effects its power seems soon to fail, and I believe there is no instance on record of its successfully stealing a second body after its first theft is worn out. It is consoling to know that such entities are so rare as to be practically unknown, and that they have the power to seize only those who have in their nature pronounced defects of kindred type.

I have heard from our President of yet another even more remote possibility, of which I have never myself seen an instance. It is stated that, just as (*c*) may absorb (*b*) and revolt against (*a*), set up on its own account and break away, it is (or at any rate has been in the past) just within the limits of practicability that the deadly disease of separateness and selfishness may infect (*a*) also, that it too may be absorbed into the monstrous growth of evil, and may be torn away from the undeveloped portion of the Ego, so that the causal body itself may be hardened and carried away, instead of only the personality. If this be so, it constitutes yet a fourth group, and would correspond not to an amputation, but to an entire destruction of the body. Such an Ego could not reincarnate in the human race; Ego though it be, it would fall into the depths of animal life, and would need a whole chain-period to regain the status which it had lost. But this, though theoretically possible, is practically scarcely conceivable. Yet it will be noted that even *then* the undeveloped part of the Ego remains as the vehicle of the Monad.

We learn, then, that millions of backward Egos, unable as yet to bear the strain of the higher evolution, will fall out in the middle of the Fifth Round, and come along on the crest of the following wave; that those who live selfishly, whether in the intellect or the passions, do so at their own proper peril and at the serious risk of much sorrow and loss; that those who are so foolish as to dabble in black magic may bring upon themselves horrors before which imagination shrinks appalled; but that the term 'lost soul' is after all a misnomer, since every man is a spark of the Divine Fire, and therefore can never under any circumstances be lost or extinguished.

C. W. LEADBEATER.

AN ALLEGORY.[1]

SOME years ago, after having long and earnestly prayed to God, the unmanifested, incomprehensible and secret cause of all things, I was attracted to Him, and by the power of the Holy Spirit (through whom all wisdom descends upon us, who has been sent to us through Christ, the Logos, from the Father), He illuminated my inner sight, so that I was enabled to recognise the *Centrum in Trigono Centri*, which is the only and veritable substance for the preparation of the Philosopher's Stone. But although I knew this substance and had it actually in my possession for over five years, nevertheless I did not know how to obtain from it the Blood of the Red Lion and the Fire of the White Eagle, neither did I know the processes by which these substances could be mixed, bottled and sealed up, or how they were to be treated by the Secret Fire, a process which requires a great deal of knowledge, prudence and caution.

I had studied to a great extent the parables and allegories of various writers, and I had used great efforts to understand their enigmas, many of which were evidently the inventions of their own fancy; but I found at last that all their prescribed methods for the preparation of the Philosopher's Stone were nothing but fables. All their purifications, sublimations, distillations, rectifications and coagulations, together with their stones and retorts, crucibles, pots, and sand-and-water-baths, were entirely useless and worthless for my purpose, and I began to realise the wisdom of Theophrastus Paracelsus, who said in regard to that Stone that it is a great mistake to seek for it in material and external things, and that the people who do so are very foolish,

[1] This allegory contains the fundamental truths of Occultism and Theosophy, and a volume might be written to explain fully its manifold signification, for all these allegories refer not only to one universal truth, but also to three relative truths, regarding the Spirit (God), Nature and Man, and from these three significations other combinations arise. But such an extensive explanation would be useless, and moreover it would involve a desecration and defeat the very purpose for which the allegory was written, namely, to stimulate thought and to cause the investigator to seek for knowledge within himself. A 'scientific' explanation would merely gratify the curiosity of the superficial intellect; but this paper is not intended to serve for mere amusement, nor to please those who find in it merely a 'historical interest'.

because instead of following Nature, they follow their own brains, which do not know what Nature requires.[1]

Nature in her nobility does not require any artificial methods to produce what she desires. She produces everything out of her own substance, and in that substance we must seek for her. He who deserves her will find her hidden there. But not every one is able to read the book of Nature, and this is a truth which I found out by my own experience; for although the true substance for the preparation of the Philosopher's Stone was in my own possession for over five years, nevertheless it was only in the sixth year that I received the key to the mystery by a secret revelation from God.

To open the secrets of Nature a key is required. This key was in the possession of the ancient Patriarchs, Prophets and Adepts, but they always kept it hidden away, so that none but the worthy should come into its possession; for if the foolish or evilly disposed were to know the mysteries of nature, a great deal of harm would be the result[2].

In the following description I have revealed as much of these mysteries as I am permitted to reveal, and I have been strongly forbidden to speak more explicitly and plainly. Those who read these pages merely with their external understanding will obtain very little valuable information, but to those who read them by the light of the true faith, shining from the ever-burning fires upon the altars erected in the sanctuary of their own hearts, the meaning will be plain. They will obtain sweet fruits, and become and remain forever true brothers of the Golden and Rosy Cross and members of our inseparable fraternity.

But to those who desire to know my name, and who might charge me with being too much reserved if I do not reveal it, I will describe it as follows, so that they will have no cause to complain: The number of my name is M.DC.XII and in this

[1] As man has a three-fold aspect, physical, metaphysical and spiritual, so the science of Alchemy is three-fold. In its lowest aspect it deals with physical matter, in its higher form with the attributes of the soul; in its highest signification with the spiritual regeneration of man. But as in man Body, Soul and Spirit are not separated entities but, during life, intimately connected together, so the three (respectively seven) aspects of Alchemy form a unity, and there exists an intimate relationship between the highest and the lowest by means of their connecting link, the astral body, which is the soul of all things.

[2] Every one carries this key in his own " pocket ".

number the whole of my name is fully inscribed into the book of Nature by two dead and seven living ones. Moreover the fifth letter is the fifth part of the eighth and the fifteenth the fifth part of the twelfth. Let this be sufficient for your purpose.[1]

Monte Abiegno, March 25, 1621.

I was meditating about the wonderful works of the Most High, of the mysteries of Nature and of the fiery and ardent Love of Humanity, and I thought of the wheat-harvest, when the son of Reuben Leae found upon the field the Dudaim, that was given by Leah to Rachel[2] as a reward for having cohabited with the patriarch Jacob. My thoughts were very deep, and extended to Moses, who took the solar calf which Aaron had manufactured, and rendered it potable by burning it with fire, crushing it into powder and sprinkling it upon the water which he gave to the children of Israel to drink.[3] I was wrapt in astonishment, and as I grasped the truth my eyes were opened like those of the disciples at Emmaus who recognised the Lord by the manner in which he broke the bread. My heart was burning within my breast and I lay down to meditate further and fall asleep, when lo! the King Sol-Om-On[4] appeared to me in my dream, with all his glory, riches and power. He was accompanied by his wives[5] and concubines[6] and there were sixty queens and eighty concubines, and the number of virgins[7] was beyond description. But one was his darling, his dove, the most beautiful and sweetest of all for his heart. They were going in a long procession, as is the custom among the Roman Catholics, and in the line the Centre was highly venerated and loved, and the name of the Centre[8] was like an ointment that has been poured out, whose

[1] The meaning of these numbers will be plain to the practical occultist.

[2] Every student of Occultism must know that all these biblical names have little to do with historical persons, but refer to occult powers in the universe.

[3] The water (of truth) was too ethereal to be swallowed (and assimilated) by the children of Israel without an addition of *Matter*.

[4] The three names of the (spiritual) Sun.

[5] Arts.

[6] Sciences.

[7] Yet undiscovered secrets of Nature.

[8] The Void, in which alone Spirit can begin to act.

fragrance surpassed in sweetness all the spices of the East, and its fiery spirit was a key for the door of the Temple and its possessor could enter the Sanctuary and grasp the horns of the altar.

After the procession was over, Solomon showed me the only *Centrum in Trigono Centri.* He opened my understanding, and I became aware that behind me stood a woman, having a bleeding wound in her breast, from which blood and water were running. Her neck was like an ivory tower, her eyes like the deep wells at Heshbon near the door Bathrabbin, her nose like a tower upon Lebanon looking towards Damascus. Upon her neck stood her head like mount Carmel, and her hair was tied into plaits, falling over her shoulders like the purple cloak of a King.

But the clothes[1] she had stripped off were lying at her feet; they were disgusting, filthy and poisonous, and she began to say: "I have stripped off my clothes, how could I be contented to wear them again? I have washed my feet, why should I contaminate them now? The guardians[2] that go about in the town have found me; they have beaten me sore and have taken away my veil."

When I heard these words I was terrified by fear and by my own ignorance, and I fell down upon the earth. Solomon then bade me arise and said: "Do not fear. What thou beholdest is Nature uncovered and the greatest mystery that exists below heaven and upon the earth. She is as beautiful as Circe, lovely like Jerusalem, terrible as a forest of spears, and yet a pure and immaculate virgin, out of which Adam was born. Sealed and closed is the hidden entrance to her hut, for she dwells in the garden and sleeps in the double caves of Abraham upon Ephron, and her palace is deep down in the Red Sea, in the crystal-grottos and transparent clefts. She is born from the air and has been brought up by the fire. She is a queen of the country, milk and honey are in her breast, her lips are dripping sweets, sugar and milk are in her mouth and under her tongue, her clothes are to the wise like odors wafted from

[1] The external forms.

[2] The priests and scientists who cling to illusions, the legally appointed keepers of the (supposed) truth.

Lebanon, but to the ignorant they are an abomination. Rouse thyself, look around, behold all these females, and see whether thou canst find a single one who can be compared to her."

As he spoke these words he gave a sign, and forthwith all the females present cast aside their garments[1]. I began my search, but I was unable to decide in favor of anyone, for my eyes were kept captive and I could not tell which one was the most charming.

When Solomon observed my weakness, he separated all the other females from that woman and said: "Thy thoughts are vain, thy intellect is burnt by the Sun,[2] thy memory is like a black cloud, and therefore thou art not able to decide correctly; but if thou wilt not forfeit thy prospects and trifle away thy opportunity, the snow-white tears of this virgin may refresh thy heart, restore thy intellect and purify thy memory; so that thy eyes may see the Magnalia of the Most High, the height of the uppermost and the depth of the lowest. The foundation of nature and the power and action of all the elements will be plain to thee, thy intellect will be of silver and thy memory of gold; jewels of all colors[3] will appear before thy eyes and thou wilt know how they were born. Thou wilt then be able to separate the good from the

[1] They were forced to submit to an investigation of their true merits.

[2] The judgment misled by desires.

[3] The jewels of all colors represent (in their highest signification) spiritual states. There are twelve such jewels, and their meaning is as follows:

i. *Jasper* (dark-green) The active power of *Light*, multiplying itself to a sevenfold degree of light—or evolving seven states, by which the seven states of darkness will be consumed. ii. *Jacinth* (yellow) *Love*, born from the matrix of Light, manifesting itself as it grows and emitting red rays. Its power overcomes the spirit (state) of anger and violence. iii. *Chrysolite* (white). Princely *Wisdom*, it confounds that which is foolish and vain, subdues it and comes out victorious. iv. *Sapphire* (blue) *Truth*. Originating and growing out of its own essence. It overcomes all error, doubt and vacillation. v. *Emerald* (green) The blooming spring in its eternal *Justice*, destroying the curse of the unjust attributes of a perverted and degenerate Nature, and opening the fountain of infinite treasures. vi. *Topaz* (golden). The symbol of *Peace*, mild and pleasant. It suffers no impurity or division to exist, neither does it permit that which might cause separation or war. It heals fractures and cures wounds (of the soul). vii. *Amethyst* (violet) Impartiality, *Equilibrium* of justice and judgment. It cannot be falsified, bent or counterfeited. It weighs all things in the scales of justice and is opposed to fraud, cruelty and tyranny. viii. *Beryl* (various colors) *Meekness*, humility, the equal temperament of a spirit that is kind and good and overcomes wrath, stubbornness and bitterness. ix. *Sardius* (light red) The high magical *Faith*; growing into power and destroying scepticism and superstition. x. *Chrysophrasus* (light-green) Invincible *Power* and *Strength*, overcoming all opposition, so that nothing remains which could possibly resist the law. xi. *Sardonyx* (striped) Triumphant *Joy* and *Gladness*, flowing from the fountain of eternal happiness, destroying all sorrow and sadness; may it overshadow and bless you! xii. *Chalcedony* (striped) The crown of *Victory*, Dominion and Glory, the keystone and the greatest of all miracles, turning everything to the glorification of the source of all Good.

evil, the rams from the sheep. Thy life will be rest, but the noise of the gingles of Aaron will awaken thee from thy sleep, and the sound of the harp of my father David will stir thee up from thy slumber."

This speech of Solomon frightened me still more, and I was exceedingly terrified; not only on account of his heart-rending words, but moreover on account of the exceeding beauty and loveliness of that royal woman. The king took me by the hand and led me through a wine-cellar into a secret but very magnificent hall, in which he refreshed me with flowers and gave me apples to eat. The windows of that apartment were made of clear crystal, through which I looked. Solomon then asked me what I saw, and I answered: "I see the same room in which I was a little while ago, and from which I came to this place, and I see all thy royal women to the left and the virgin to the right. Her eyes are redder than wine, her teeth whiter than milk, but the clothes lying at her feet are filthier, blacker and more disgusting than the creek Kedron."

"Select one of these females for thy sweet-heart," said Solomon; "I esteem them and my virgin equally. I am much delighted with the loveliness of my ladies, and I am not afraid of their dirty clothes." And Solomon turned round and began to converse with one of his queens.

There was among the ladies an old governess, whose age must have been over a hundred years. She wore a grey dress upon her body and a black cap upon her head. She was trimmed with snow-white pearls and lined on the inside with red taffety and embroidered very artfully with blue and yellow silk. Her cloak was of various Turkish colors and ornamented with elevated Indian figures. This old lady gave me a look, secretly took me aside and swore to me that she was the mother of this chaste, pure and mysterious virgin—the virgin of whom the prophet said: "A virgin has given birth to a child, a virgin who is called Apdorossa, which means secretly one who does not like to associate with others." "As this daughter is still unmarried," continued the old woman, "her dower and bridal ornaments are laid under her feet, on account of the danger of war, so that they may not be taken away by marauding troops and she be deprived of her jewels." She

further said that I should not be frightened by the stench and the horrid condition of her clothes, but that I should select her daughter above all others for my love and afterwards she would give me a certain liquid, with which I might clean these clothes. She promised me that I should obtain a fluid salt and an incombustible oil, which I might use in my household and would find it an inexhaustible treasure, and that her right hand would continually caress me, while her left hand would be laid under my head.

I was about to declare categorically what I intended to do, when Solomon suddenly turned round, stared me in the face and said:

"I am the wisest upon the earth, beautiful and delightful is my woman, and the splendor of my queens surpasses the gold of Ophir. The ornaments of my concubines overshadow the light of the sun, those of my virgins the moon. Heavenly are my ladies, inscrutable my wisdom, unfathomable my intellect."

I was very much frightened, and bowed low and said: "Behold I have found favor before thee because I am poor. Give me therefore this virgin, whom I have selected among all for the continuation of my life. Her clothes are soiled and torn, but I will purify them, and I will love her with all my heart, and she shall be my sister, my bride; because with one of her eyes, and with one of the chains from her neck she has taken away my heart."

And forthwith Solomon gave her to me,[1] and this act created such a stir and tumult among the females[2] that I awoke, and taking it all for a dream I meditated about it until it was time to arise.

LUX.

(To be concluded.)

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[1] The truth will easily be given to him who *seriously* desires it.

[2] The recognition of the truth is followed by an overthrow of scientific prejudices, opinions and errors.

W. Q. JUDGE.

THEOSOPHICAL WORTHIES

WILLIAM QUAN JUDGE.

THE third name which rises before the mind when one thinks of the founding of the Theosophical Society, after those of Helena Petrovna Blavatsky and Henry Steele Olcott, is that of William Quan Judge, one of its Vice-Presidents. Others went before him in this office, but they left little impress upon it. In the earliest *Bye-Laws*, printed in October, 1875, we read: *President*, Henry S. Olcott. *Vice-Presidents*, S. Pancoast, M. D., George Henry Felt. *Corresponding Secretary*, H. P. Blavatsky. *Recording Secretary*, John Storer Cobb. After the names of Treasurer, Librarian, and Councillors: *Counsel to the Society*, William Q. Judge. A little later, these first two Vice-Presidents vanish, and in 1880 General Abner Doubleday is made Vice-President, and is so notified from India; but none of these became well-known to the Society at large, while, out of that first New York group which stood round its cradle, the name of the young and then unnoticed lawyer rises up clear and distinct as one of the great workers and leaders in the movement which has since become world-wide.

Born in Ireland, his karma led him to America, and there, he tells us, "in 1874, in the City of New York, I first met H. P. B. in this life. By her request, sent through Colonel H. S. Olcott, the call was made in her rooms in Irving Place. . . . It was her eye that attracted me, the eye of one whom I must have known in lives long passed away. She looked at me in recognition at that first hour, and never since has that look changed. . . . . It was teacher and pupil, elder brother and younger, both bent on the one single end, but she with the power and the knowledge that belong but to lions and sages."

He was beside H. P. B. through those early days, saw the exercise of her wonderful powers, and shared in the founding of the Theosophical Society. And throughout the remainder of her life on earth, the friendship remained unbroken, and during the later years she regarded him as her one hope in America, declaring that if the American members rejected him she would break off all relations with them, and know them no more.

After the departure from America of the two Founders, the interest for a time died down, and W. Q. Judge passed through one

of those terrible times of struggle and inner desolation, of gloom within and disappointment without, which are the destiny of all elect souls. Spiritual and intuitional, he was also extraordinarily capable as an organiser and a leader. But those qualities at first lay hidden, for there was naught to organise or to lead. He would go and "hold a meeting by himself" week after week, holding the lonely citadel for the coming days. Gradually a few gathered round him, and the days of solitary working passed away for ever. He travelled over to Europe and knit closer his tie with H. P. B.; went on to India—at the time of the Coulomb conspiracy—and took an active part there in the defence of the Society. His return to America marked the beginning of the upward arc of the Society there.

Then came the revelation of what was hidden under the reserved demeanor of the young lawyer: an unquenchable energy, a profound devotion, an indomitable will. And these were held together by a single aim—the spreading of the truths of Theosophy, the building of an organisation which should scatter the seed over the land. During the succeeding years, aided by a band of willing and capable workers, whom he inspired with his own fiery zeal —Mr. Fullerton, Dr. Buck, Mr. Neresheimer, Mr. Spencer, Mrs. J. Campbell Ver-Planck—he built up a strong and admirably equipped Section, and made it the instrument that was needed for the work. He founded the magazine called *The Path*, one of the most remarkable of theosophical journals, and in this appeared some of the most admirable articles which have seen the light, the best being from his own pen and from that of his most devoted disciple, Jasper Niemand. He wrote a few vigorous and lucid books, which are still sought after in the Society.

While at the height of his power and his usefulness came the cloud which enshrouded the last years of his life. Between the President of the Society and himself had appeared an ever-widening gulf, and at last the President—having gathered a mass of evidence against him, charging him with the misuse of the Mahāṭmās' names and handwriting—deputed Mrs. Annie Besant to draw up the case and lay it before himself, the General Council and a Judicial Committee. Mr. Judge successfully defended

himself on the grounds : 1st, that he, as Vice-President, could not be tried on such a charge ; the General Council, on the motion of Messrs. Keightley and Mead, on July 7th, 1894, decided that the point was well taken ; 2nd, that any official decision involving the question of the existence or non-existence of Mahāṭmās would jeopardise the neutrality of the Society on matters of opinion. The Judicial Committee, on June 10th, followed the decision of the General Council on the first point, and refused, on the 2nd, to consider the charge at all, as to do so "would be a violation of the spirit of neutrality and the unsectarian nature and constitution of the Society." Mr. Judge thus, in his own defence, established for the future the full liberty of members of the Theosophical Society, and members have been left to guard themselves, by the exercise of their own intelligence and conscience, on all matters of opinion and all claims to superphysical authority. Some members, alarmed for the morality of the Society under such conditions of freedom, brought forward a proposal for Mr. Judge's expulsion, on the ground of forgery, at the subsequent Anniversary Meeting at Adyar, but it was defeated by the interposition of Mrs. Besant, and no evil results have followed.

In April, 1895, the great Theosophist made a fatal blunder ; he seceded from the Theosophical Society, leading almost the whole American Section with him, and reorganising it under the title of "The Theosophical Society in America," the old name for all Sections. Most, though not all, of his colleagues went with him, and only a few scattered Lodges remained to carry on the charter of the Section. Unfortunately for the future of the movement he had built up, Mr. Judge did not long survive to guide it. His health, long undermined by persistent dengue fever, was further assailed by serious lung trouble, and he gradually sank, passing away on March 21st, 1896, at about 9 a.m.

His real work, the spread of Theosophy in America, was splendidly performed, and his memory remains as a lasting inspiration. His strength has passed back into the Theosophical Society, which has nearly regained in America the point of numbers and influence at which he left it. Most of his colleagues have separated themselves from the leader he chose when his insight was clouded by physical disease, and remain as an independent

organisation, loyal to his memory. But he himself has come back into the ranks in which for long years he worked so nobly. The error has worked itself out in the vanishing away of the great organisation he left, which is now confined to a few scattered places. The good remains as a ever-potent force, incarnating itself in the spreading society which represents Theosophy in America. Let the ill be forgotten, and let only the good survive, for William Quan Judge must ever have his place among THEOSOPHICAL WORTHIES.

A. B.

What we most need is such a theosophical education as will give us the ability to expound Theosophy in a way to be understood by the ordinary person. This practical, clear exposition is entirely possible. That it is of the highest importance there can be no doubt whatever. It relates to and affects ethics, every-day life, every thought, and consequently every act. The most learned, astute, and successful church, the Roman Catholic, proceeds on this basis. Should we refrain from a good practice because a bigot takes the same method? The priests of Rome do not explain, nor attempt to explain or expound, the highly metaphysical and obscure, though important, basis of their various doctrines. They touch the people in their daily life, a knowledge of their own system in all details enabling them to put deep doctrine into every man's language, although the learning of the preacher may be temporarily concealed. With them the appeal is to fear; with us it is to reason and experience. So we have a natural advantage which ought not to be overlooked.

WM. Q. JUDGE in *The Path.*

ON REVELATIONS.

SEVERAL students have asked whether the discoveries announced in the article on "The Æther of Space" (*Theosophist*. vol. XXIX, No. 9, June, 1908) modify in any way what was previously written in *A Study in Consciousness*, *Occult Chemistry*, etc., as to the formation of the planes of the solar system. Speaking generally, a modification of the way of expressing facts and an amplification of details rather than a correction of facts are needed, as will be presently explained, but the enquiries suggest the need of a few words on 'revelations' as a whole.

As a matter of fact, revelations can only come from the Masters Themselves, or from Those above Them in the Occult Hierarchy, and are concerned with matters of deep import and weighty significance, such as those embodied in the early days of the Theosophical Society in Mr. Sinnett's *Esoteric Buddhism* and, later, in Madame Blavatsky's *Secret Doctrine*. Even in these, mistakes have inevitably occurred, as Madame Blavatsky pointed out in her great work, from the fact that the knowledge imparted by the Masters had to be assimilated and reproduced by the pupils to whom They gave it, and in this process inevitably contracted some errors, due to the imperfection of the pupil, not to the lack of knowledge of the Master. The treasure was in earthen vessels.

But in the writings of the pupils themselves, when they are not merely transmitters, there are no revelations, but only observations and deductions or inductions, and these are subject to all the ordinary rules which govern such matters. The powers of the student, at any stage, are limited, and he can only observe within the limits of these powers. As he advances, his powers increase, and when, after such increase, he again observes a particular phenomenon observed in his earlier days, he sees much more of it than he did before. Hence he describes it more fully, and in many ways differently. Later on, he sees relations which before were invisible to him, and these modify his description of the related phenomena. The solar system, to the vision of one order, is a series of separate globes revolving round a central globe; to the vision of a higher order it is as a lotus flower spread out in space, and every apparent globe but the tip of a leaf. Is the first vision true? Yes and no. It is true on its own plane, but the

expression of it will be modified when the results of the subtler vision of a higher plane are in the memory of the observer. If with my physical eyes I see a boy whirling a flaming stick, I say that I see a fiery circle. Is it true? Yes and no. I *see* a fiery circle, but there is no circle, only a point moving so rapidly that the impressions overlap each other and appear to me to be continuous.

If observations are to be published at all—and by such publication of observations every science grows—they must be taken as mere commonplace observations, and not as revelations. They must be subject to amplification, modification, correction, by further observations. As was said in the original article on "Occult Chemistry" (*Lucifer*, November 1895): "These observations need repetition and checking. . . . Further observations are necessary to substantiate details. The observations. . . . are believed to be correct so far as they go."

Let us now compare the statements in "The Æther of Space" as to the atom with those of the earlier literature, taking the *Lucifer* article and pp. 17-24 of *A Study in Consciousness* as fairly covering the ground.

The bubbles may be regarded as "the matter drawn in from the infinite space on every side for the building of our solar system" (p. 17), and the "seven types of matter" are to be formed from these. A single bubble may provisionally be taken as probably the atom of the Ādi plane, so that we may conceive that when the Logos commenced His work of manifestation He found nothing but a mass of separate equidistant bubbles. We know nothing of His work on that plane, but reasoning by analogy we may venture to suppose that there also sub-planes may exist, made by His action in ensouling forms composed of aggregations of the bubbles.

When He willed to constitute the second plane He poured forth a wave of His life, and this wave, with its definite wave-length, is the tanmātra of the future atom of the plane; it carries with it nearly all the bubbles of the system, but leaves an infinitesimal fraction of the whole as the matter of the Ādi plane. As the wave of life wells out, it shows itself as requiring a different mode of expression from that on the Ādi plane; no longer does it work with simple bubbles, but its atom is a complex

form consisting of forty-nine bubbles. On this second plane, this atom of forty-nine bubbles is the unit, the brick used for the building, though *what* it there builds is still beyond our conception.

When the third plane is to be constructed, the out-welling is *not* from the lowest sub-plane already evolved, nor is the atom of this, the nirvāṇic plane, built directly out of the forty-nine-bubble-atoms already existing. It may be remembered that it has been pointed out that *the atomic sub-planes are all in touch* (pp. 26-28), and constitute what has been termed "the short cut"; in the building, the Logos sends out a fresh wave, which seizes upon nearly all the Anupādaka atoms—leaving only what is needed for the work of that plane—and sweeps them away; as they are swept away they are broken up, and reduced into their constituent bubbles, and *those same bubbles* are instantly reformed into atoms of quite another shape, each containing two thousand four hundred and one bubbles. This process is repeated until the physical plane is reached, only sufficient material being left behind on each plane for the needs of the evolution which is to take place upon it.

This is exactly the reverse of the breaking-up process described in the article on "The Æther of Space". It was there stated that a physical atom is not built directly of astral atoms, and therefore cannot be broken up into them; but that if the force ensouling a physical atom is pushed back beyond the limits of physicality, the physical atom dissolves into its fourteen thousand million constituent bubbles, which immediately rearrange themselves into forty-nine astral atoms. If the force be pushed back once more, beyond the limits of the astral plane, these forty-nine astral atoms dissolve again into separate bubbles, and the same force instantly ensouls two thousand four hundred and one mental atoms, which are however simply a new arrangement of the same group of bubbles that originally constituted the physical atom.

Therefore, just as it is incorrect to speak of breaking up a physical atom into astral atoms, so it is inaccurate to speak of building a physical atom out of astral atoms, because before the change can take place the astral atoms must dissolve into their

constituent bubbles and these must be rearranged in quite a different way. But it must be noted that a physical atom is never built up out of any bubbles but those that have previously been part of astral atoms, just as astral atoms are never built except out of bubbles which have previously formed part of mental atoms. In the descent, each plane is formed *only* of bubbles which have previously had the experience of all the planes above; but at each change from plane to plane, they leap back for an instant into the original condition of separate bubbles, and the arrangement in the new and lower atom is caused by a new wave of life from the Logos, expressing itself in further self-limitations. In the earlier investigations we missed this swift dissolution and rebuilding, and saw only that where the physical atom had been, the astral atoms were. We concluded too hastily that the one was disintegrated directly into the other.

As has been said, each new wave of life from the Logos is a tanmātra; the axes along which the force moves to make the new arrangement are the tattva. These determine the size and form of the atom (p. 20), but what "we may call the surface or wall of the atom," determined by them, the "whirling wall" spoken of in *Lucifer*, is not a true surface or wall, but an illusory one, like the circle of the whirling fire-stick—an appearance merely. This fact, also, we did not notice in the earlier investigations. The 'shell' spoken of on pp. 22-24 is equally an appearance, the pressed-back matter of the earlier plane as the vortex of the new atom declares itself (see *Lucifer* article) But though the detail as given on pp. 22-24 needs amending, the involution which was there imperfectly described is a fact, as the experience of each plane is carried on by the bubbles which leave it to form the atoms of its successor.

We have gone into detail in this matter, partly in answer to questions put at one of our Adyar meetings, and partly in order to remind students that all our observations are likely to be modified and corrected and amplified as to details, as they are repeated with powers which have grown, and with increasing familiarity with the phenomena of the different planes. In all these matters, we are in the region of science, not of revelation.

A. B.
C. W. L.

IN THE TWILIGHT.

"THE following details of a somewhat strange phenomenon were related to me by an eyewitness," said the Superintendent. "During the Brahmoṭsavam festival about thirty years ago a certain Sannyasī was staying near the Ekambareshvara Tank at Conjivaram. His manner of living and the wisdom of his speech attracted crowds of hearers, and even Brāhmaṇas of great learning were often to be seen among his audience. One day the conversation turned upon the subject of the lower classes in India, and the Yogī criticised in strong language the demeanor and general attitude of the Brāhmaṇas towards other castes. This caused great offence to the Brāhmaṇas present, and they spoke very insultingly to the Sannyasī. For some time he remained silent, and they, misunderstanding this, became more and more abusive and aggressive. At last the Yogī, feeling the situation impossible, determined to put an end to it. Seeing a child of about five standing near, he called him, gave him a banana and made friends with him. In a few minutes the little boy assumed an appearance of great brightness and intelligence, and began to speak in Saṃskṛṭ—a language which of course he had never learned. The Yogī turned to the Brāhmaṇs, and said: "Gentlemen, you are dissatisfied with what I have said to you; instead of speaking further to me, put all your questions to this child. He will answer you fully, quoting appropriate texts from the scriptures whenever necessary." The incredulous paṇdiṭs showered questions upon the boy, but as quickly as they could ask came replies that confounded them by the depth of thought and knowledge of the sacred books which they displayed. Finally the Brāhmaṇas prostrated themselves before the Sannyasī and begged him to pardon their rudeness, and departed to their homes sadder and wiser men."

"Is such a thing as that really possible?" enquired the Fiddler.

"Oh yes," replied the Shepherd, "there are several ways in which it might have been done. We are not told what the Yogī was doing while the child was speaking; if we knew that, it would help us to decide which method he employed. He may simply have hypnotised the boy, and so made him speak whatever he wished."

"But no passes of any kind were used; I particularly enquired about that from my friend who told me the story," objected the Superintendent.

"That would be quite unnecessary," answered the Shepherd; "The Yogī gave a banana to the child, and that might easily have been the vehicle for any amount of influence. A little child, too, would have less will-power to resist than a grown man. But the Sannyasī may not have employed hypnotism at all; he may have used the boy as a medium or mouth-piece, and spoken through him himself. In that case he would be unable simultaneously to speak through his own body, and it must have appeared as though in deep meditation. I should think that that is most likely what he did. But if he were active and speaking in his own body at the same moment as the boy spoke, we should have to assume that some one else controlled the child-body. That also could quite easily be arranged; any dead pandit could do it, if the boy had been thrown by the Yogī into a passive and mediumistic state. I myself once saw a baby about twelve months old take up a pencil and write while its mother held it in her arms—write an intelligible sentence in a clear and legible hand. Of course that was a case of mediumship; the mother herself was a well-known medium. But it is a phenomenon of somewhat the same nature as that described by our friend."

"Talking about hauntings" said Chitra, "I can tell you of a rather curious case where the people who haunted a house are still living, instead of long dead, as is usual.

"Some years ago after an illness caused by overwork I spent a few weeks with some friends in order to regain strength. Their home was a large brick house built by an old retired admiral; its long passages all communicated with each other and were made as much like the alley-ways of a ship as was possible.

"I occupied a bedroom the door of which was directly opposite that of the large dining-room, a passage running between. A door at the end of this passage and in the same wall as my bedroom window opened out on to a verandah, so when we all retired for the night I was practically alone at that corner of the house. My room was comfortable, its atmosphere peaceful, and I grew well and strong. The fact that I had no one near me did

not disturb me at all, as I am not in the least nervous. I slept the deep sleep of the convalescent and knew naught of the night.

"A year or so after this my hostess with her husband and children visited England partly for her health; and while away they let their home furnished to a young couple who appeared in every way desirable and were reputed wealthy. My friends returned in a year, the lady very much worse in health than when she left home. For months she hovered betwixt life and death and no one was allowed to see her. As soon as I might, I called to see her, and it happened that I took with me a friend. When we came out of the house this friend, who was somewhat sensitive, exclaimed at the dreadful psychic atmosphere she had felt there, and expressed the wish that I had not promised to go and spend some days there. I, thinking the oppression which I also had felt was due to the illness of the hostess, laughed at my friend's fears and in due course went to pay my visit.

"It was early summer and still cold, so night after night we sat round the dining-room fire, ensconced in big cushioned arm-chairs. The first evening while we were sitting thus, I was considerably disturbed by a feeling that something was fighting at the further end of the room, behind me. I could see nothing, and the sound was scarcely physical; it was as though shadows were scuffling and fighting. I said nothing, and I did not care to attract attention by repeatedly looking round, so I read on till we retired for the night. I had scarcely closed my bedroom door when I knew I had company, shadowy company, silent and yet in a certain way noisy. There was a sound as though an unseen riding-whip of hard leather tapped against the door; it seemed as if it might be hanging from an invisible nail on the upper part. The venetian blinds rapped sharply upon the window-frames, though there was no breeze; and while doing my hair I was patted and lightly slapped more than once. I examined the door; there was no mark of a nail, and all was newly painted and varnished. I examined the blinds; there was nothing to cause a movement. I smiled to myself and, addressing my unseen companions, said 'I wish you would be quiet and let me go to bed'.

"Into bed I stepped, extinguishing my light and drawing up the bed-clothes. Flop! came something on my feet; 'A cat,' thought I. I struck a light and looked; no cat, no anything!

"'Humph!' I said. I put out my light and lay down again; at once flop! came something on my feet once more. Again I struck a light and looked; nothing was there, but there seemed to be a depression as if a cat had lain there. I passed my hand over the place, but felt nothing, and indeed I knew there was neither cat nor dog in the house. I lay down to sleep again, but was several times pushed and touched before I succeeded.

"In the dining room the next evening I again felt and heard the shadowy scuffle, and looking round saw two light, mist-like and semi-transparent forms at the further end of the table apparently fighting. I somehow knew they were a man and a woman, but *how* I knew I do not understand, for they were simply mist-wraiths. I said nothing to anyone, as I was afraid of disturbing my hostess, whose nerves were still greatly unstrung, and had I told my host he would assuredly have thought I was going out of my mind.

"On retiring to my room the next evening the same phenomena occurred and I began to feel decidedly uneasy, as I could in no way account for them. Again the invisible whip tapped on the door, again I was patted and pushed, and again flop went something on the foot of my bed when I lay down. Once more I relighted my candle, and felt over the place where I saw the depression, and as usual found nothing, so I slept a broken sleep, being frequently disturbed and touched.

"On the third night while reading before the fire I again felt and heard the phantom fight and as I left the room after saying good-night, I distinctly felt something walking beside me. It breathed a warm breath full of the odour of port-wine on my neck and cheek, and I felt sick. It entered the bedroom with me and disturbed the whole atmosphere; again things were moved and I was patted and pushed. I sat on the edge of the bed laughing uneasily and with decidedly quickened heart-beats, and was lifting my feet up towards the bed when over my bare left foot glided something that felt soft, plush-like and boneless. I laughed aloud, all fear gone, and said: 'You little creatures, I wish you would be quiet and let me sleep!' I saw nothing, but the touch was not unpleasant and I felt sure it was only a tricky little elemental. This time when the flop came on my feet I sat up without a light

and felt the bed, but of course nothing was there, and that night I slept well.

"Next afternoon I told my friend, and as soon as I asked 'What is there in this dining-room that we cannot see?' she said 'Hush! don't let my younger daughter hear you; she will never come into this room or your bedroom alone if she can help it even in daylight, and we are trying to laugh and talk her out of her fears.'

"I then related the whole thing, and asked: 'Who was in this house while you were away?'

"'Well, this is strange,' was the answer; 'we let the house to a very fine-looking young couple whom we thought were all that could be desired; but we found out afterwards that they drank heavily. They seem to have lived only in this room and your bedroom. They fought nightly, and moreover they left the ewer in the bedroom half-full of port-wine, which was still there when we returned. My daughter senses the fighting and I do not know what else, but we have discouraged her and tried to cure her of her ideas, so please say nothing about it to any of the others.'

"I did not, and as I have never asked permission to tell the story I have suppressed all names. I am certain there was nothing of the kind there on my former visits, and I always had the same bedroom. As far as we know, the young couple who are the cause of all this are still alive and, I think, in England. They are still quite young."

"But," exclaimed the Painter excitedly, "how is it possible that people still living can haunt a place?"

"They don't," replied the Shepherd placidly. "That is not a case of haunting in the ordinary sense of the word, though as far as the discomfort to sensitive visitors is concerned it comes to much the same thing. There *are* instances of real haunting by a living person, but that is not one of them."

"Then what was it that happened?" said the Painter.

"Evidently the squabbling of that unfortunate young couple had produced a strong impression upon the astral matter there, and that impression was still clear enough to be perceptible to sensitive persons, though not quite able to influence ordinary people. You see that Chitra and the younger daughter of her

hostess received a strong, yet not perfectly clear impression (for the forms were misty), while the visiting friend had only a general idea of an unpleasant psychic atmosphere, and apparently the hostess herself and her husband felt nothing."

"When you speak of an astral impression I presume you mean something different from the ordinary record," observed the Scholar.

"Yes," answered the Shepherd, "the permanent record belongs to a much higher plane, and only occasional pictures from it are reflected into astral matter. This is quite a different phenomenon. Every emotion makes an impression on the surrounding astral matter. It is hardly worthy of the name of a thought-form; perhaps we might call it an emotion-form. In all ordinary cases that impression fades away after a few hours at most, but where there has been any specially violent outburst, such as intense hatred or overmastering terror, the impression may last for years.

"Mr. Stead expressed the idea very well in *Real Ghost Stories*, though he calls the impression a type of ghost. He says: 'This is a type of a numerous family of ghosts of whose existence the phonograph may give us some hint by way of analogy. You speak into the phonograph, and for ever after as long as the phonograph is set in action it will reproduce the tone of your voice. You may be dead and gone, but still the phonograph will reproduce your voice, while with it every tone will be audible to posterity. So may it be in relation to ghosts. A strong emotion may be able to impress itself upon surrounding objects in such a fashion that at certain times, or under certain favorable conditions, they reproduce the actual image and actions of the person whose ghost is said to haunt.' He describes there exactly what happens.

"I may instance a little experience illustrating this which I myself had years ago. I was walking down a lonely road in the suburbs of London—a road where only the curbstone was as yet laid. Suddenly I heard somebody begin running along this curbstone desperately, as if for his life. Somehow the sound of the footsteps conveyed to me a vivid sense of the mad haste and overwhelming terror of the runner, and I

turned at once to see what was the matter. The footsteps came rushing straight up to me, passed under my very feet as I stood upon the same curbstone, and dashed away on the road behind me, yet nothing whatever was visible! There was no possibility of any mistake or deception, and the thing happened just as I describe, and left me much startled and perplexed. With the light of later theosophical knowledge I now understand that some one had been terribly frightened there, and that the impression of his fear still remained sufficiently strong to reproduce the noise which he had made as he ran. Here only the sound was reproduced, but sometimes the form is seen also.

"The same thing happens with a less vehement emotion if it is frequently repeated, or if it lasts for a long time. I remember a house where a child had lived for years in a state of constant fear and repression; the astral conditions there were so bad as to react upon the physical body of a sensitive and cause violent sickness. An instance of the persistence of such an impression for many years is to be found in the prosaic locality of the Bayswater Road, close to the Marble Arch. Any sensitive person who will start from the Arch and walk westward on the south side of the road will soon be conscious of something excessively unpleasant, as he passes the place where for some centuries stood the horrible gallows called Tyburn Tree. Of course even the strongest of such impressions must fade in time, but under conditions favorable for it it may last, as you see, for many a decade.

"Another point that we must not forget is that elemental essence of a gross type *likes* such coarse and vivid vibrations, so that in every place where there is such an impression as we are considering, a kind of astral vortex is caused for that particular type of matter only. The astral atmosphere becomes thick; it corresponds to a sand-storm or the worst sort of London fog. And because there is such a preponderance of the coarsest kind of matter, the low or gross emotions which utilise such matter are very easily aroused there; there is a special temptation towards them, as a Christian would say.

"Yet another detail. There are classes of nature-spirits at a low stage of development which revel in the vibrations produced by coarse emotion, and rush from all sides to any point where they

can enjoy it, just as London street-boys converge upon a fight or a cab-accident. If people who quarrel could see the unpleasant-looking creatures that dance in the stormy waves which their foolish passion is radiating, they would calm down instantly and fly from the spot in shame and disgust. Do not forget that such creatures do their best to exacerbate anger or hatred, to increase jealousy or terror, not in the least because of any evil will towards human beings, but because they delight in the violent and highly-colored vibrations which are caused. These entities throw themselves into such emotion-forms, ensoul them and try to perpetuate them to the utmost of their power, and it is largely due to their action that centres of this kind last as long as they do."

"But are there never centres of *good* emotion? Must such things be always evil?" asked a plaintive voice.

"Certainly there are centres of good emotion; every temple, every church is a case in point. What else is the feeling of reverence that comes over even a Cook's tourist when he stands in one of the grand mediæval cathedrals than the effect of the persistence of similar emotion felt by thousands through the centuries? And naturally a higher type of elemental essence and a higher class of nature-spirits avail themselves of this opportunity just as the other kind do of the less desirable centres."

"I have come across such *good* centres in my roamings," said the Magian. "One such, and a very typical one, is the Elephanta Caves. Very health-giving and exhilarating magnetism seems to be stored up on that spot, and a great rush of something pouring in which brings peace and joy is often experienced. This is especially marked at a particular spot where a great Lingam of Shivā stands, and a quiet meditative mood is very helpful there in bringing a sort of an illumination one but rarely comes across. Of course a proper attitude of mind is necessary, and I do not think one who is sceptical about superphysical influences will derive much benefit through his picnic trip. It is an unique spot, and I have observed and heard some strange things there."

There are still many such spots in various parts of India," remarked the Shepherd. "That is one of the many reasons which make it the pleasantest country in the world for the residence of sensitive persons."

ROUND THE VILLAGE TREE.

THE FIRST ROSES.

A Christian Legend.

TOWARDS the wide market-place of an Eastern City streamed a hurrying crowd. The hot rays of the sun blazed down on city and people, and lighted up angry, cruel, and enquiring faces, all turned in one direction—the central point of the square.

"Who is she?" "What has she done?" "Where did they find her?" The questions were heard all through the crowd, and the answer was always the same: "She has committed a crime, and she is rightly punished."

And there in the midst of the crowd was raised a high pile of wood, and on the top, in the middle of the pile, stood a young girl, and round her several priests urging her to confess her crime before she died. For this was her story:

Rosetta was a peasant girl, living with her old grandmother, and her face was very fair. Large dark eyes had she, and curved full eastern lips; and one day as she leant idly on the edge of the fountain, resting a moment ere she carried home her freshly-filled water-pitcher, a young man riding by checked his horse to speak with her, and her sweet voice and gentle manner caught his fancy, and he carried her heavy pitcher to her cottage-home, and she thanked him softly, and he went his way. But he could not forget the girl leaning on the grey stone wall of the fountain, with the dull red pitcher outlined against the prickly cactus leaves.

So the young man came often to the fountain-side, and often carried home the pitcher, and said soft words to the aged woman in the cottage for love of her dark-eyed grandchild; and at last he prayed Rosetta to marry him, and Rosetta would not, for she loved her pretty cottage-home and her grandmother, who had none save her, and the youth went away, angry and threatening mischief.

And so it befell that one summer evening as Rosetta went fountainwards, as usual, to fill her pitcher, she was suddenly seized by some armed men, who carried her away by force, in spite of all her weeping and crying for mercy, and they shut her up in a castle belonging to the youth, who was of high rank and wealth. For some weeks they coaxed her and bribed her with presents to love the wicked youth; and when she would not they beat her and threatened to kill her, and at last they took her and carried her away to the great neighboring town, and they bribed bad men to accuse her of a great crime, and she was tried and found guilty. So she was condemned to be burned alive in the middle of the great market-place, for that was the cruel punishment their laws commanded.

So came it that Rosetta stood on the pile in the market-place, and that so many had crowded round to see her die. But Rosetta persisted that she had done no wrong, and that she was innocent, not guilty; so at last the priests let her alone, and bade them set light to the dry wood, and as the soldiers approached Rosetta's voice was heard calling aloud for help to Mary, the fair Queen of heaven, the sweet mother of God: "O Mary, Mother, that sittest with the moon under thy feet and the seven stars round thy head, help and rescue thy child! Thou knowest my innocence: help, O Mother of God!"

The wood caught, and the fire crept crackling upwards. Rosetta saw the tongues of flame darting towards her, and shrank back and hid her face. Suddenly there was a great shout, and when she opened her eyes she saw beside her a messenger from Mary, white-robed, with great rainbow-hued wings, and he smiled into her troubled eyes. Then, glancing timidly downwards, she saw no flames, but red and white roses all round her feet and his; for wherever the flame had kindled the wood red roses blossomed, and where the dead ashes had been white roses gleamed. "And those were the first roses, both white and red, that ever any man saw."

Perhaps some of the children would like the story in rhyme:

The Sun blazed down on the Syrian town,
And the serried crowds in the market-place;
Near the pile they raise, red torches blaze,
And a girl stands by—Christ! how fair of face!

Men had soiled her name with a deed of shame,
And the Judge had doomed her to death by flame;
Yet no fear was seen in her modest mien,
Her lips were firm and her glance serene,
While her face was alight with radiance bright—
Men had judged wrong, should not God judge right?
As over the crowd her soft tones swept,
There were some who cursed, and some who wept:

"O Christ! of a maiden the spotless Child,
By Thy Virgin-Mother undefiled,
By her tears, when the tongues of men made free
With her maiden treasure, her chastity;
Hear me, a Maid! and give some token
That my foes have foully and falsely spoken;
That I come to Thine arms a Virgin, free
From the sin which I blush to name to Thee."

She ended. The flames began to rise.
A flash of lightning flared from the skies.
In that flash of lightning God's Angel came,
And back from the Virgin he rolled the flame.
The fire sank down at the touch of his feet,
And he left 'mid the ashes a token sweet,
For the pile of faggots was turned to flowers,
Roses still dewy from Eden's bowers;
Where the flame still smouldered the blooms were red,
And white were the flowers where the flame was dead.

A. B.

STORIES FROM THE HISTORY OF CEYLON.

Baḍḍha-Kacchayana, the Beautiful Princess.

In India there lived a King of the name of Paṇdu. He was a son of the Shākhya Prince Amiṭaḍāna, the maternal uncle of the Buḍḍha.

Pāṇdu had left his own land because enemies had invaded it, and he had not the power to drive them away again. So he wandered away to the holy river Gaṅgā with a good many of his subjects, who loved him too much to let him go away alone. He founded there a new kingdom. Soon his new kingdom grew and flourished under his wise and just government.

He had a very virtuous wife of the name of Susima, and they had seven sons and one daughter. The daughter, whose name was Baḍḍha-Kacchayana, was the youngest of all. She grew up to be a lovely girl. Her skin was like gold, and her black, silky hair was so long that it almost reached the ground. Her eyes shone like black diamonds, and she was as slender and graceful as a palm-tree.

Everybody who saw her could not help loving her, and when she grew up into maidenhood her beauty was so great that it could hardly be described.

In the whole of India her loveliness was famed, and singers used to wander from court to court praising the beauty of this Princess. But not only was she fair to look upon; she was also so kind and sweet in disposition that her serving-women would have given their lives for their sweet Princess.

Seven young Princes were aspiring to her hand in marriage, and sent her beautiful presents, and they all declared that they could not live without her. But with all this, they had only seen her at a distance, for in India it is not allowable to look closely at girls and admire them. So Baḍḍha-Kacchayana remained quite indifferent to all this adoration, which was paid to her from a respectful distance. It is true she was glad to receive many beautiful presents, and she liked to be adorned with them, for she was like other girls. When she was brought to her parents thus attired, in her beautiful embroidered asoriya, covered with jewellery, her dear little feet peeping like lotus-buds out of her golden

sandals, then even the old king could well understand why it was that all the young Princes should fall in love with her.

King Pāṇdu however grew more and more uneasy on account of her beauty, for you know he could only give his daughter to *one* of the seven Princes, and he feared that the other six would unite in war against him. Thus he would again lose his kingdom, which he had brought to such a flourishing state, and which he loved very dearly. So he thought it best to ask some of the wise Brāhmaṇas for advice, and they gave him a very strange answer to his question. It was, that he should put his beautiful daughter on a ship on the river Gāṅgā, and let the current carry her away. They assured him that the ship would reach a beautiful Island, and she would become the happy Queen of this Island.

At first King Pāṇdu did not like to hear of such a thing, and when he told his wife of this advice, she was so sad that he almost gave up the plan altogether. But the seven Princes pressed him more and more to give his decision, and at last he had to make up his mind what to do.

I suppose my readers will ask why King Pāṇdu and Queen Susima did not ask their daughter which of these Princes she wanted to marry. Perhaps this would have been the best way, and it would have been according to the ancient royal custom. But it seemed best to King Pāṇdu to follow the advice of the Brāhmaṇas, so he called the seven Princes, and told them to come after seven days to the River Gaṅgā, where they would find the Princess. He told them also that the Prince who could capture her should have her as his bride.

The seven Princes were satisfied with this decision, and went home to their kingdoms, ready to return within seven days, each one sure that he would be the one to capture the beautiful Princess.

Meanwhile King Pāṇdu made his preparations. He had his best ship beautifully decorated; he explained to Baḍḍha-Kaccha-yana the necessity of trusting herself to the ship in order to save her father's kingdom from ruin. He told her that the Gods would protect her, and guide her to land on a beautiful Island, of which she would become the happy Queen.

At first the Princess was very unhappy, for she was afraid of being left on the ship. But when her father looked very sad, and when even her mother, although bathed in tears and choking with sobs, implored her to accept this karma, she, as a true daughter of India, was obedient to her parents.

She had adorned herself as a bride and, with thirty-two faithful companions, stepped into the ship that was waiting for her on holy Gaṅgā. There she waited until the seven Princes had arrived in all the splendor of their youth, beauty and valor, just in time to see the beautiful Princess once more, as the ship moved slowly off down the holy River.

King Pāṇdu then called out to the seven Princes: "Look! There is your Princess. Whichever of you can overtake her, may have her."

The seven Princes were so astonished that they could not understand at first what the old king meant. But after a moment's thought they realised his meaning. Some jumped into boats, and rowed quickly after the ship; others ran along the bank, and then jumped into the river to try to reach the ship by swimming. But all was in vain. The ship with the Princess was rapidly floating down Gaṅgā and was soon out of sight.

So they had to return home sadly without their bride. And because *none* of them had secured the beautiful Princess, they made friends with and consoled one another. They also forgave old King Pāṇdu, so that he could continue to reign in peace.

The ship, however, with Baḍḍha-Kacchayana and her thirty-two faithful companions, sailed on for twelve days. They left Gaṅgā, and entered the Bay of Bengal, sailing southwards. The Gods protected the innocent maidens, and the ocean smoothed and quieted his waves. The sun smiled down upon the decorated ship, with rays made gentle by his love for them. During the night the moon laughed at them good-naturedly with his one eye and made a bright silvery pathway, in which the ship sailed along quite smoothly. So they sailed on, and after twelve days and nights they reached the shores of Tambapanni (Laṅkā) where, strange to say, they were already expected.

It came about in this way. An old Sage, of the name of Kalavela, had prophesied to the people of Gomakamaka that on a

certain day a beautiful ship with thirty-three holy nuns would land upon their shores, and he had asked them to receive them very kindly and with great reverence.

The people were very hospitable anyhow, and revered Kalavela very much. So when the ship with the Princess and her maidens was sighted, they were not astonished at all, but jumped into their catamarans and rowed to the ship, and invited the the maidens, who had taken the disguise of nuns to protect themselves, to come on shore with them, which they did.

Here they were received with honor and kindness, and taken in palanquins, as they desired, to Vijiṭa, where one of the ministers of King Pāṇduvāsaḍeva of Laṅkā received them very kindly.

In the meanwhile the King had been informed that a ship with thirty-three holy nuns had arrived, and remembering a prophecy that a disguised nun would become his Queen, he sent his first minister to Vijiṭa, to inquire who these nuns were and where they came from. The most trusted friend of Baḍḍha-Kacchayana told him the whole story and the minister recognised at once the prophecy of Kalavela and joyfully reported everything to Pāṇduvāsaḍeva, who was a nephew of the late King Vijaya and second ruler of the Island. He was not yet crowned, only because he had not found a suitable Princess for his Queen-Consort.

The King himself, full of joy, invited Baḍḍha-Kacchayana to his capital Upatissa. Adorned not only with all her beauty, but also with the jewels of her royal ancestors, she entered the capital, where she was kindly and humbly received by the Court and joyfully greeted by the King. A grand wedding was celebrated, at which not only did Pāṇduvāsaḍeva marry Baḍḍha-Kacchayana, the beautiful daughter of King Pāṇdu, but also the thirty-two maidens of her suite married thirty-two of the King's men.

Grand was the crowning festival of Pāṇduvāsaḍeva, the second King of Laṅkā, who reigned very happily with his beautiful Queen Baḍḍha-Kacchayana.

This is the true story of the beautiful Baḍḍha-Kacchayana, the daughter of King Pāṇdu, the grand daughter of Amiṭoḍana, brother of King Suḍḍhoḍana, who was the father of the Buḍḍha.

(To be continued.)

M. Musæus Higgins.

A DHYANI BUDDHA FROM BORO BUDUR.

WE reproduce this month a photograph of one of the four beautiful Dhyani Buddhas from Boro Budur in Java[1]. Java was colonised by Indian Buddhists in the sixth or seventh century, and much of the best that remains of Indian art is to be found there still, or has been removed thence to Holland.

The seated Buddha is the especial type of the Divine Ideal in Indian art. In this type, convention and tradition are sometimes supposed to be demerits from the artistic point of view. Indian art has been condemned because there is supposed to be no development and no variety in the Buddha type. There is, of course, development and variation. But it is true that the artistic conception is really the same. It is an error to regard this as an artistic weakness: it is an expression of the fact that the Indian ideal has not changed.

What is that ideal so passionately desired? It is one-pointedness, same-sightedness, control: little by little to control the futile and unsteady mind, reining in not merely the senses, but the thought. As a lamp that flickers not in a windless spot, so is the mind to be at rest. Only by constant labor and passionlessness is this peace to be attained. What is the attitude of mind and body of one that seeks it? He shall be seated like the image,[2] for that posture, once acquired, is one of perfect bodily equipoise:

"Having made the mind one-pointed, with thought and the functions of the senses subdued, firmly seated, he should practise Yoga for the purification of the self.

"Holding the body, head and neck erect, in immoving equipoise . . . . . with fixed unseeing gaze, the self serene, fearless, firm in the vow of Brahmachārī, the mind controlled, thinking on Me, harmonised, let him sit aspiring after Me.

"The Yogī, ever thus united with the Self, with the mind controlled, goeth to Peace, to the Nirvāṇa that abides in Me." *Bhagavaḍ-gīṭā*, vi, 12-15.

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[1] This is later than the 7th century A. D. and shows the Indian Divine Ideal more fully developed than at Sarnath.

[2] It should however be noted that the image represented in our illustration is not in the attitude of meditation, but in the act of giving the special form of blessing mentioned later. Asst. Ed.

This spiritual and physical attitude is in Indian thought associated with every striving after the great Ideal. The Buḍḍha's attainment of realisation, the greatest moment in India's spiritual history, is then of necessity presented in the race-art as its memory lives in the race-consciousness.

A word more may be said on the subject of Ḍhyāni Buḍḍhas. The earthly mortal Buḍḍha is but a manifestation or partial incarnation of a pure and glorious Being existent on a finer and more ideal plane of consciousness. This idea belongs to the Hinḍū conception of partial incarnation (*amshah*). We are reminded, too, of Myers' theory of human personality, with its threshold of consciousness, dividing the lesser part functioning on this physical plane from the greater part of us functioning on some more ideal plane. In other words, according to the 'New Theology': "The soul's true being is in a spiritual world; perhaps a timeless, non-spatial existence. It exists in this spiritual world before, during, and after its temporary incarnation in gross matter."

These notes may serve to suggest to readers of *The Theosophist* that the history of Indian religious thought is written as clearly in Indian art as in Indian literature. We intend in succeeding months to reproduce a selection of other masterpieces of Indian sculpture.

ANANḌA K. COOMĀRASWAMY, D. Sc.

The Boro Budur is the ruin of a splendid Buḍḍhist temple in Java, in the residency of Kadu. It is the most elaborate monument of Buḍḍhist architecture anywhere existing. It is supposed that the building was begun early in the the seventh century, and continued for at least a century-and a half, though some hold that it was finished as late as 1400 A.D. Boro Budur is built on a low hill, between four vast volcanoes which supplied the blocks of trachyte of which the edifice is built. Its height to the cupola is 118 feet. It is a pyramid of a square form, each side at the base measuring four hundred feet, and consists of seven walls, which are built like the steps of a stair up a hill. Between the walls are narrow terraces running round the building, and in each is an arched doorway leading to the next higher terrace. These walls are

richly ornamented with statuary. Outside are over four hundred niches, topped with fantastic domes, and each occupied by a large statue of the Buḍḍha. Between each of these are bas-reliefs including seated figures and architectural ornaments and carvings of all sorts. Below the niches, on the lower storey, is an immense bas-relief running round the whole building, representing scenes from the life of the Buḍḍha. The inner faces of the building are also profusely illustrated. Of the large reliefs above there are over two thousand; and most of them are as vigorously designed as they are carefully executed. The upper terraces too deserve a detailed description, though we cannot here go further into that subject.

Though, it may be, carried out during the course of a century and a half, the execution never deviated from the original design, which was to construct a building that should form a complete education to the worshipper of the principles of the Mahāyāna. For, it is interesting to note, all the Javanese Buḍḍhist remains are of a Mahāyāna character and there seems to be no evidence that the Hīnayāna creed ever existed in Java. The form was rather a semi-Brāhmaṇised Buḍḍhism. We find statues of Brahmā, Vishṇu and Ṣhiva, which on examination prove to have been regarded as Boḍhisaṭṭvas and not as Gods.

The restoration as well as the exploration of the Boro Bodur is still going on. Only a few years ago an old supporting wall, hidden by a more recent fifty-foot terrace, was discovered. The main design of the building may be described as that of a temple in archaic South Indian form, but considerably flattened, and solid throughout. The decorations of this immense building, the sculptures on which are so numerous that it has been calculated that if placed end to end they would cover a distance of three miles, are with very few exceptions of Indian origin (exceptions are formed by the representations of rocks and deserts) and bear little trace of Cambodian or Siamese, still less of Chinese influence. The whole of them form part of one grand design, which (as has been said) was to establish once for all a visible representation in stone of the entire scheme of Mahāyānist doctrine. Seen by the worshipper from the moment of his approach, in all his ritualistic

circumambulations (*pradakshina*) of the shrine from below upwards till he reached the holy dagoba on the extreme summit, sacred especially to the Buddha himself as supreme over all, the sculptures taught him what Buddhism meant, how the virtuous Buddhist could attain to salvation and what awaited him in the future if he led a virtuous life.

Before ascending to the first terrace, the eye is caught by the rows of life-size Buddhas that adorn the retaining walls of the several terraces and the cage-like shrines above on the circular platforms. All the great figures on the east side represent Akshobhya, the Dhyāni Buddha of the East. Likewise those on the south are of Ratnasambhava; on the west of Amitābha; on the north of Amoghasiddhi.

Amoghasiddhi is represented in the *abhaya mudrā*, the right hand being raised and displayed palm outwards—"Fear not. All is well." (Dr. Brandes' interpretation.) Our illustration gives us evidently a reproduction of one of the Amoghasiddhi figures.

The above is only a summary made for the convenience of our readers from encyclopædias and other works of reference. It may interest them to know that the magnificent symbolism in this huge building has already drawn the attention of some members of the Theosophical Society and as a result we find interesting articles on the Boro Budur from the theosophical point of view in the Dutch Theosophical Magazine for Java (*Theosofisch Maandblad voor Nederlandsch-Indië*) in Vol. III. and Vol. VII. The first article is by the late Mr. A. P. van Asperen van der Velde, the pioneer of the Theosophical Movement in Java; the second by our learned friend D. van Hinloopen Labberton, the Assistant Secretary of the Dutch Section for the Dutch East Indies.

J. v. M.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

The Mystery of Sex.

A recent discovery referred to in the March *Review of Reviews* (p. 221) should be of interest to the Theosophist. The orthodox scientific journals have not yet taken it up, but it has all the appearance of a true discovery.

A working engineer named Williams has by means of it been able to invent a new instrument which is called a sexaphone, which by its motions has the power of determining the sex of any living organism. Its principal use, so far, has been to ascertain what will be the sex of chickens before giving the eggs to be hatched by the mother hen, but it is equally applicable to all other living organisms.

The instrument consists of a fine steel wire and pendent weight, which is presumably magnetised, though the description does not definitely say so. When placed over anything of the male sex, whether, a man, beast, bird, fish or even a new laid egg, the instrument rotates. If on the other hand the object be female the instrument moves like a pendulum from side to side.

To quote Mr. Williams' statement: "My wife can test 200 eggs an hour and we hatch out 100 per cent. and have just the proportion of cockerels or pullets that we prefer." Mr. Stead tested the instrument in his own offices and reports as follows: "I tried it on General Sir Alfred Turner's head. The little ball quivered, moved slowly, and soon was gyrating round and round as if it would never stop. I tried on a lady's head. The circular movement slowly died away, and then the steel ball began to swing back and forth like the pendulum of a clock."

When the above statements are confirmed by scientific investigators, they will constitute a proof of much that is said in *The Secret Doctrine*. As is well-known the swinging of a pendulum is made to measure the force of gravity, which is a centripetal or attractive force; and since the pendulum motion is that which designates the female sex we have here a significant link between female nature and matter, in that they both exert centripetal or attractive forces.

On the other hand the force produced by rotation is centrifugal, male, and repulsive, hence repulsive and attractive forces are by this discovery definitely linked with the male and female aspects of nature and this when fully proved will be a fact of the highest order of

scientific importance, and will doubtless lead to the opening up of an entirely new field for physical and biological investigations.

In the mechanism of our solar system we find centripetal and centrifugal forces exactly balanced, and this is absolutely essential for the stability of the system. It is evident therefore that Nature is both masculine and feminine, and that these aspects are co-operating, balanced in quantity, and perfect in combination. It is as it were the Sexless Absolute manifesting as a bisexual Cosmos. This view is fully set forth in *The Secret Doctrine* (vol. I., p. 302) where we read: "The active power, the Perpetual motion of the Great Breath only awakens Cosmos at the dawn of every new period, setting it into motion by means of two contrary forces, the centripetal and the centrifugal forces, which are male and female, positive and negative, physical and spiritual, the two being the one Primordial Force, and thus causing it to become objective on the plane of Illusion. In other words, that dual motion transfers Cosmos from the plane of the Eternal Ideal into that of finite manifestation."

The above extract does not indicate which force is male and which female, but this is given elsewhere, for substance and matter are often associated with the female principle, and as gravity or centripetal force is a property of matter we are able to infer the rest. Thus in *The Secret Doctrine* (vol. I., p. 572) we read: "Gross ponderable matter is the body, the shell, of matter or substance, the *female* passive principle; and the Fohatic Force is the second principle, Prāṇa—the *male* and the active."

In conclusion I would point out that a discovery throwing light on the fundamental character of the sex nature is peculiarly appropriate at the present time, when questions concerned with its evolution are uppermost both in the Society and the outside world. Anyone who has carefully studied *The Secret Doctrine*, where the coming changes in the character of the race are clearly outlined, can scarcely be surprised that questions relating to the sex instinct, both normal and abnormal, should periodically be forced to the front, since many are at present in a state of transition with regard to this fundamental aspect of our nature. For, as stated in *The Secret Doctrine* (vol., I. p. 436), the physical means of producing the phenomena of life which at present prevails will alter during the Fifth Root Race and disappear at the end of the Sixth Root Race.

G. E. Sutcliffe.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

The Hindustan Review—(April) [1]

Mr. E. B. Havell gives a response to Lord Morley's declaration that if any one with experience would lay his finger on any specific defect in the working of the governmental machinery he would exert all his power to remove it. The writer, whose experience in Indian arts and crafts is not small, points out the negligence of the administration in India in that department. "It is chiefly through this official neglect of Indian architecture and contempt for Indian art that the Indian aristocracy now fill their palaces with tenth-rate European pictures, instead of employing the Indian artists, descended from the court painters of Akbar, Jehangir and Shah Jahan, to decorate their *chitra-salas* with splendid fresco paintings, as they did in the days of the great Mogal." The writer affirms the existence of a living national art in India, and says that the country could still rival her great architectural triumphs in the past. But the Anglo-Indian administration is fifty years behind Great Britain, and much behind the best artistic thought of the people it rules. Its policy ought to be to make India industrially self-supporting by developing her own magnificent resources of industrial skill to the utmost—by bringing European science not to crush out handicrafts but to fortify them. The things wanted are radical reforms of our educational and public work system, but chiefly, more sympathy with and a better understanding of Indian art in its relation to Indian life.

Other Contents: "Modern Organisation of Industry"; "The Basis of British Rule in India"; "Indian Musalmans and Indian Politics"; "The American Woman"; "Thomas Farrer"; "The Last of the Great Moghuls"; "The Prisoner of Lust"; Reviews, etc.

The New Age—(April) [2]

"Buddhism in Seattle," by Agnes Lockhart Hughes, is a readable article which speaks of the spread of the doctrines and teachings of the Buddha in western lands. Lately, through the generous help of Mrs. Selma Anderson, the daughter of a Methodist minister and the wife of a rail-road man of Seattle, a temple has been erected. Equipped with all modern conveniences, the temple attracts large congregations every Sunday when three Buddhist priests conduct the service. The temple possesses a bronze statue of the Buddha which is reported to be over 2,200 years old. "Self-conquest and universal charity are the fundamental thoughts—the web and woof of Buddhism—the melodies on the variations of which its enticing harmony is built up. Such a religion could not remain hidden long in cloister." It is spreading in Seattle through the efforts and fluency in the English language of a young Buddhist—Mr. Jiro Irmada.

Other Contents: "The great mechanical Fagin"; "Socialistic Ideals"; "Plant Dyspeptics and their cure"; "The Apparent and the Real"; Masonic Activities, etc.

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[1] 7, Elgin Road, Allahabad.

[2] Official Organ of the S. C. of the 33rd degree A and A. Scottish Rite, S. J. U. S. A., 1, Madison Avenue, New York.

The Co-Mason—(April) [1]

The second number of this excellent quarterly has some very interesting reading. "The Object of Masonry" by Annie Besant, 33°, is instructive, from which we extract: "The entry of women into Masonry hand in hand with men is full of fairest augury for the future, for it will re-knit the ancient tie between Masonry and the inner worlds, will re-open the ancient channels in which the water of life can flow, and shed once more the pure White Light on all who pray for its bestowal. Masonry, thus restored and revivified, will play a great part in preparing the world for the Coming Race, in proclaiming and popularising the ideals necessary for its moulding, in shaping the new order in which Wisdom as authority shall wed with Liberty, and ensure co-operation and progress. To this high end is Co-Masonry ordained, and fortunate are they who are its Initiates."

Other Contents: "From the Master's Chair"; "Concerning Rites II"; "Astrology and Co-Masonry"; "The Mark Degree"; "The Book of Job"; "Great Names in Masonry—I. The Chevalier Ramsay"; "Symbolic Trees"; "Music and Masonry"; "A few Suggestions for the Good of the Order"; reviews, etc.

Modern Astrology—(April) [2]

Bessie Leo pens a very instructive article on "Temperament" which is full of suggestions of practical utility. There are three temperaments for each person, the monadic, the individual and the personal. The first, which would give the clue to our original "father star," is beyond the scope of our investigation; our particular field of study is the individual temperament. This lasts throughout a manvantara, but its influence on the life of a person depends upon the point he has reached in evolution. Where the spiritual or monadic and the individual temperaments are joined together there must be a tremendous amount of life, and in such a case is generally noticed the display of genius in *one* direction only. The personal temperament very largely rules the physical and astral bodies, and lasts throughout an incarnation; it is the result of karma. Sometimes it fits the Ego, sometimes it is otherwise, but as long as there is Karma to be worked out, in no case can one have a perfect fit. When the world will accept the Laws of Reincarnation and Karma people will seek to assist the reincarnating Ego to secure the right type of body. The subject of temperament provides a very fascinating study of great value.

Other Contents: "The Editor's Observatory"; "The Zodiacal and Planetary Temperaments"; "The Knouleching of the Sterres"; "Halley's Comet"; "Foundations of Physical Astrology"; "News from Nowhere"; reprints, reviews, correspondence, etc.

The Metaphysical Magazine—(March) [3]

"Sāṅkhya Darshana" by Mr. S. C. Mukerjee, M.A., is an exposition of that philosophy which to the writer is "the greatest metaphysical system in the world." Kapila's philosophy is grand and true, but

[1] 13, Blomfield Road, Paddington, London, W.

[2] Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, London, E. C.

[3] 500, Fifth Avenue, New York, U. S. A.

other philosophies also have their own grandeur and truth, though to the writer of this article it does not seem to be so. The doctrine of Māyā from the stand-point of the Sāṅkhya is explained, and he who rises above Māyā "realises that the external world is a part and parcel of the Self." After discussing "the twenty-four categories," "the nature of bondage," "the attributes," the writer speaks of "liberation" which he says, "consists in realising that the real Self is God and the Soul is distinct from the attributes of matter. Union with God confers freedom and the ignorant regards himself as an actor."

Other Contents: "Spiritual Culture in the *Bhagavad-gītā*"; "Therapeutics"; "The Cause of Earthquakes"; "On the Path of Return"; Poems, "The World of Thought," Reviews, etc.

THE OCCULT REVIEW—(May) [1]

"Science and Psychology" is a very sensible contribution which all Spiritualists will do well to read carefully. "Scrutator" tries to answer the rather important question: What value are we to attach to the vast array of spiritualistic phenomena recorded now-a-days? He tries to answer it by the help of Camille Flammarion's new book, now translated into English, *Mysterious Psychic Forces*. It is not possible to arrive at final conclusions, and we must occupy ourselves with facts. Theories and doctrines can be formulated later, and the more we know of facts, the more reliable will be any hypothesis we may assume in regard to them. Therefore Spiritualism should for the present concern itself with a series of phenomena for which Science cannot offer any explanation. From years of varied research three deductions stand out as well established: (1) The soul exists as a real entity, independent of the body; (2) It is endowed with faculties still unknown to Science; (3) It is able to act at a distance, without the intervention of the senses.

Other Contents: "Notes of the Month"; "The Prisoner" (Poem); "Dealings in Legitimacy"; Correspondence, etc.

ACADEMICAL MAGAZINES.

Journal of the German Oriental Society, Vol. LXII., No. 4.

In an article on "Some Figurative Representations of Ancient Indian Deities," Dr. Bloch points out that a certain Jamālgaṛhī relief of the museum at Lahore has been misinterpreted by Grünwedel, in that the animal's head between Sūrya and Candra, looking down at prince Siddharṭa leaving Kapilavasṭu, is not that of a bull as the representative of the sign Taurus ("an indication of the date when, in the artist's opinion, Gauṭama's flight took place"), but that of a boar, referring to the Varāha Avaṭāra of Viṣhṇu. The latter, with some other divine and human beings, is imagined as a spectator and witness of that important occurrence. The relief seems to belong to the first or second century B.C. and at any rate corroborates the hypothesis that the transition, in Indian art, from the symbolical representation of divine beings to their humanisation, probably did not take place before the Greeks had become the instructors in art of the Hindūs. Other instances of the said

[1] 164, Aldersgate Street, London, E. C.

symbolical representation are the wonderful capital of an Ashoka column at Sarnath near Benares, where the elephant, bull, horse, and lion stand no doubt for Indra, Shiva, Sūrya, and either Durgā or Pārvaṭi ; further the many coins with the humped bull of Shiva. It is also worth noticing that the Buddha figure appears in India "only where, and only when Greek influence makes itself perceptible." From a note we copy the interesting fact that some coins show the Mahomedan Credo in Samskṛt as follows : *Aryakṭameka Muhammada araṭūra, i.e.*, "the Undefinable is One, Muhammad is (Its) incarnation". This shows that Allah had to the Indians a rather impersonal aspect (Jahwe would have been treated differently!) and that the idea of a 'prophet' (rasūl) was something foreign to the Indian mind.

"On the style of the Philosophical Portions of the Mahābhāraṭa" by Otto Strauss, is a paper of the Copenhagen Congress. In these portions, the author rightly says, the dialogue form is very often something secondary, the question being simply invented in order to introduce the story, which then goes on with little or no interruption. Clearness and order are conspicuous by their absence : the authors leap from one subject to the other, playing at dominoes, as it were, with their ideas, and they believe they know things, when they know how to name and count them. In the discussions there are mainly three standpoints : (1) the orthodox Vedic doctrine ; (2) the more spiritual Upanishaṭ standpoint ; and (3) scepticism. Of these the former two have much difficulty in defending themselves against the attacks of the sceptics, who are superior to them in power of argumentation, and are therefore hardly ever really conquered but rather silenced.

Jarl Charpentier contributes an interesting study on the Hatthipālajāṭaka and kindred texts ("Studies on the Indian Narrative Literature"). The Buddhist text is compared with the corresponding Jain text (*Uttarajjhayana XIV.*) and finally with a *piṭāputra-saṁvāda* of Mahābhāraṭa XII. The author then tries to reconstruct the original story. The comparison throws light on several passages of the Jain text which have been mistranslated in the Sacred Books of the East.

There is further a paper by Dr. Bloch, on "The Time of Kālidāsa," which must have been written at the same time as and without knowledge of Dr. Hoernle's paper on "Some Problems in Ancient Indian History" (*Royal Asiatic Society Journal*, January 1909 ; see preceding number of the *Theosophist*) and is, indeed, a most curious counterpart to it. Both scholars find that Raghu's 'conquest of the world' (digvijaya) exactly agrees with the dates of a contemporaneous inscription, but—*mirabile dictu*—the inscription is not the same in both cases. It is with Hoernle the Mandasor inscription of Yashodharman, and with Bloch the Allahabad inscription of Samudragupta. The conclusions drawn are conformably different : whereas Hoernle sets down the time of Kālidāsa as about 490-550 A. D., Bloch states that Kālidāsa must have lived at the court of Candragupta II. whose inscriptions are dated from 401 to 412 A. D. And just as Hoernle identifies, through the mediation of Kalhaṇa's Vikramāditya, Yashodharman with the famous Vikramāditya of popular tradition, so Bloch is very pleased to state that Candragupta II. has, on his coins, the title Vikramāditya, and that, according to Indian tradition, Kalidāsa lived at the court of a king Vikramaditya. The starting-point, however, of Bloch's inquiry is

Shloka IV., 20 of *Raghuvaṁsha*, which he declares to contain an unmistakable allusion to the Guptas and especially to Candragupta II. (*ikshu —gopturgunodayam*).

Other contents : "Ruyyaka's Alaṁkārasarvasva," translated by H. Jacobi (conclusion); "Concerning the Neo-Babylonian and Achæmenidic Chronology," by F. H. Weissbach; "The Tomb of Abu'l Fidā's in Hamā", by Dr. E. Graf von Mülinen; "On 'Stammabstufung' in the Malay word-formation," by K. Wulff; "Biblical-Hebrew Metrics," by Professor Dr. P. Nivard Schlögl; "Concerning the Problem of the Minæan parasitic *h*, by Fr. Prætorius; "The Name of Sanherib" (appears to have been Sin-ahhē-rība, not Sin-ahē-erba), by A. Ungnad; "Ethiopian Etymologies" by Fr. Prætorius; "Concerning the Samaritan Josua," by Dr. A. S. Yahuda ("the problem..... is hardly of any interest to anybody except Dr. Gaster").

Mind, a Quarterly Review of Psychology and Philosophy, January, 1909.

"The Logical Foundations of Mathematics," by R. B. Haldane, is a reply to a criticism by Mr. Bertrand Russel, in the form of a discussion of the main thesis of the latter's 'Principles of Mathematics'. Haldane does not believe in the 'pure' mathematics of Russel (as opposed to applied or mixed mathematics), but holds that "pure mathematics, even in its most abstract phases, is not a mere process of deduction from general principles," but always based on experience. Kant and Hegel have been misinterpreted by Russel. Hegel has made the most effective and most complete attempt that exists to disclose the borderland between Logic on the one hand and Mathematics on the other.

"On our knowledge of Immediate Experience," by F. H. Bradley, is engaged with the problem how immediate experience itself can become an object without ceasing to be 'immediate'. The solution is found in the fact that, however much transcended, it both remains and is active in that it is "not a stage which shows itself at the beginning and then disappears," but on the contrary "remains at the bottom throughout as fundamental." There is a thoughtful digression on the problem of Attention, and another on Introspection, and in a note there are some interesting remarks on Mr. Myers' famous work. Mr. Myers' Subliminal Self, we are told, is but a new edition of Eduard von Hartmann's Unconscious. But Mr. Myers "could not see that the problem which most pressed on him was not as to the existence of my self after death, but as to the existence of my self at any time and at all."

In an inquiry into "Psychical Process" Mr. Harold H. Joachim, starting from the fact that in seeing, hearing, etc., we are never aware of the corresponding process of seeing, hearing, etc., asks whether there is something analogous in the psychical process, *i.e.*, in the process of judging, inferring, willing, etc. The answer is that the 'mind' is not that *in* or *of* which processes are, but essentially itself a process, so that the distinction between 'psychical process of judging' and 'content judged' vanishes altogether, and instead of two sciences we have but one, *viz.*, that of the 'content,' *i. e.*, 'a more concrete science of Logic'.

There is, finally, an article full of interesting details on "A Modern Basis for Educational Theory". Mr. W. H. Winch, the author, strongly urges that we should draw our educational inferences directly from facts; that we should turn to a 'quantitative experimental treatment' of

our problems; and, with this aim in view, he successively treats the following questions: quantitative research and school method; quantitative research and educational theories; how far can we teach at all?; are acquired powers inherited?; the secular continuity of knowledge; does the child produce in replica the evolution of the race?

Of the "Discussions," Mr. A. E. Taylor's Note on Plato's "Vision of the Ideas" may be mentioned here. Mr. Taylor altogether rejects Mr. Temple's theory (see *Theosophist* Vol. xxx, April, p. 113), mainly because, in his opinion, the theory of 'Ideas' (eidō) has not been started by Plato, but is pre-Platonic.

From the Reviews we learn *inter alia* that a second edition has appeared of Paul Barth's admirable book on the Stoa (*Die Stoa*, Stuttgart, 1908). It is to be hoped that an English translation will soon follow.

The Review of Philosophical Periodicals has also some interesting news, of which the following will be particularly suggestive to our readers. The *Psychological Review*, vol. xv., No. 3, has an article on "Group Self-Consciousness: a Stage in the Evolution of Mind" in which it is explained that between the objective consciousness of the animals and the individual self-consciousness of man stands, genetically, the group self-consciousness of the tribe or community. Bishop Le Roy's paper "Among the Primitive Africans" in *Revue de Philosophie* (Oct., 1908) is summarised thus: Evidence of missionaries to African belief that the soul survives death, but not for ever, unless it be the soul of a great man; that there are also other spirits, some tutelary, some evil or roguish, no chief evil spirit or Satan; that there is one Supreme God, bearing many names; this God is inaccessible to magic, nor is ever worshipped under the form of any image; He is neither adored nor blasphemed; observed instance of African horror of blasphemy.

F. O. Schrāder, Ph. D.

THEOSOPHICAL MAGAZINES.

Asiatic.

Adyar Bulletin, Adyar, May, 1909. The 'Headquarters' Notes' open the number as usual in a breezy and optimistic way. They are followed by an article from the pen of Mr. Leadbeater entitled 'What is the Theosophical Society?' The writer gives us in very direct and lucid terms much information concerning the inner side of our theosophical movement. We may safely predict that this important contribution will go the round of our various magazines the world over. Dr. English continues his popular treatise on 'The Human Body,' written with great felicity of expression. It occurs to us that a reprint of this article (either in vernacular translation or in its original form) would make an exceedingly good pamphlet for broadcast distribution amongst the Indian population. Just the sort of work for the Sons of India, or some Order of Service to undertake. C. Nārāyanasāmi Aiyar gives interesting and useful short analytical tables of elements encountered in the search for liberation, under the title of 'Some Hints for the Realisation of Wisdom'. In their concise form these tables will be welcome, especially to Western readers. R. Jagannāthiah writes enthusiastically on 'The Great Teacher

H. P. B. as I saw Her.' The more of such personal recollections are put in print, the better. The number of eye-witnesses is already growing small. Nina de Gernet writes fascinatingly in the impressionist manner on 'Djinnistan,' the mountainous Caucasus. 'Theosophy the World Over' gives the usual summary of the world's theosophical news.

Theosophy in India, Benares, April, 1909. The greater part of the present number is printed in new, bold and very attractive type. For next month the whole magazine is promised in this much improved dress. 'The Monthly Message' is a contribution, unsigned, and so most likely by the new Editor. One sonorous phrase we quote: "Ye preachers and reformers of the West, who squander your millions in evangelising the so-called Pagans, unfurl the Banner of Love in your own native lands. Ye are more wanted at home than abroad." Mrs. Besant contributes a note on the 'Work in the Panjāb' and Mr. Leadbeater an article on 'One-pointedness,' from which we extract the following sentences: "We too must develop the critical faculty; but we should criticise *ourselves*, not others." "There are always two sides to every question; generally more than two." "We who are students of the higher life *must* rise above prejudice." M. J. gives as usual a thorough report of a lecture by Mrs. Besant, this time on 'The relation of judgment and intuition to devotion'. Herein we find the following statements. "Impulse arises from the kāmic nature, intuition is that which works through the buḍḍhic body." "There is nothing that does more towards stopping growth and development than putting the whole of one's responsibility on to some one else." "I have found hero-worship very valuable to myself, and I believe it to be a condition of growth." "All near relation to the Master teaches you that you can never serve Him by blinding your intelligence or atrophying your conscience." I. J. S. appeals for help for and contributions to *Theosophy in India*. Seeker begins an article on 'The Yogī of Nazareth' in which he says: "Christianity with Jesus is a mere creed, slippery and helpless; but Christianity with Christ, its source and root, is a spiritual pearl of great price to the world and its teeming millions." The article is one of exuberant eloquence, very lyrical indeed. Notices, news and other usual departments, together with some official correspondence, complete the number.

Central Hindū College Magazine, Benares, May 1909. 'The Crow's Nest' signals the news of the month—in the first place Dr. Arthur Richardson's resignation as Principal, everywhere deplored and regretted but unavoidably necessitated by grave ill-health. Mr. George S. Arundale has taken his place. Mrs. Besant's visit too is specially noted. Ānanḍa K. Coomarasvamy, D. Sc., writes on 'Art and Svadeshi'. He says "The loss of beauty in our lives is a proof that we do not love India; for India, above all nations, was beautiful not long ago. We do not love India; we love suburban England, we love the comfortable bourgeois prosperity." This article contains some very interesting matter and pertinent remarks. Mrs. Besant writes very urgently—and in her quality as P. T. S.—on behalf of the College, appealing for financial aid. A competition is started asking for the best definition of the word "nation" not exceeding thirty words. Many of our own readers will find the task quite a difficult matter should they try it. 'The Historical Sense of Hinduism' is concluded, the last instalment being signed by Bhagavān Ḍās. P. S. Sreekantan describes, under the general heading of 'Indians of To-day' the career and brilliant qualities of Mr. Manohar

Lal, first incumbent of the Minto Chair of Economics in the Calcutta University. Miss A. J. Willson gives 'Science Jottings'. The curator of the Oriental Library at Mysore, Mr. A. Mahadeva Shastri, contributes a learned and exceedingly interesting note on Castes and on Mrs. Besant's position with regard to them (which he entirely endorses). Smaller matter and the usual departments complete the number.

Sons of India, Benares, April 1909. The number opens with notes and news for the month, amongst which the advisability of adopting a uniform for the Order is discussed. X. Y. Z. gives the fifth instalment of 'Hints for Young Sons of India'. It contains some very plain speaking and thoroughly valuable advice. 'The future of India rests upon character; an essential part of character is moral courage.' An appeal is made—and it deserves a general and liberal response—for funds for the support of a Free Institution for the Depressed Classes in Madras.

Cheraig, (Gujerāti), Bombay, May 1909. The general contents are as follows: 'Social and religious reforms among the Pārsīs' which points out the dangers of introducing an element of reform in religion without understanding its real meaning. Then comes 'A letter from the Pārsī Members of the Blavatsky Lodge T. S.' to Mr. C. W. Leadbeater, as an occultist and clairvoyant, to make investigations concerning their lost scriptures and give them some clue as to their whereabouts; this was in 1899. Mr. Leadbeater replied very courteously, but said that to tell them where to find manuscripts on this physical plane would be a breach of the rules against the showing of phenomena.

'Theosophy and the Zoroastrian religion' is written by a non-Theosophist, largely along theosophic lines, quoting passages from the Avesta about the Law of Karma and the State after Death. It is a sign of the growing interest in Theosophy among the Pārsīs. The writer concludes that to be a true Zoroastrian one has to become a true Theosophist. The comparison of the well-known *Chinvat* bridge of the Avesta with the Antahkarana, with quotations from *The Secret Doctrine*, and the Zend Avesta is worth considering, and we hope to publish a translation of it in a future number.

As a supplement a review of "A Modern Priestess of Isis' by Wilhelmine J. Hunt is reprinted in answer to a Bombay Pārsī lawyer who recently attacked H. P. B. in the columns of *The Pārsī*.

Thoughts, Bombay, February 1909. This is a little four-page leaflet reprinting paragraphs from theosophical and other literature. It is distributed free and is a friendly little production. (Its title ought to drop the article.)

Theosofisch Maandblad voor Nederlandsch-Indië (Dutch), Surabaya, March 1909. Mrs. Besant's *Shri Rama* is translated. W. G. L. concludes his essay on 'Something about a terrestrial movement round a third axis'. 'The King's Councillor' by Pelgrim is concluded. The denouement of the tale is as we expected. The King's Councillor, who is a trusted man, high in authority, holy of life, has a bad son. This son is a drunkard. Every device his father can invent to save him from this weakness fails. At last the aged Councillor makes one last attempt; speculating on the higher and inner emotions of his son, he makes him promise not to take any intoxicating drinks save those that he himself will give to him. The son obeys and the father tries to wean his son gradually from his baneful habit. But one day he is seen handing

the pernicious drink to his son. Intriguers carry the news to the King; the Councillor is suspected as a man of hidden vice, corrupting the young. There is great excitement and he is thrown into a dungeon. Of course all ends well. The real motive is discovered, the intriguers are shamed and the Councillor reinstated. There are many complications in this clever story, but the above is the main plot. The last sentence of the story consists of four words, referring to our allegorical Councillor. We will quote three of them and leave the fourth to be guessed by our readers. They are: "His name is . . . . ."

Two short translations and some minor matter in the usual departments complete the number.

Pewarta Théosophie (Javanese and Malay), Buitenzorg, April 1909. As the Malay portion of this number is very small we cannot do justice to the greater part of the contents. *Tida mengerti, toewan Redakteur*; *soeka isi di bahasa Inglish*!

EUROPEAN.

The Vāhan, London, April, 1909. *The Vāhan* is following more or less the example of its American sister, and prints now an amount of miscellaneous matter in short paragraphs and small articles. The number opens with 'News from Abroad'. Then a quotation from Mrs. Besant is given 'Concerning Independence in the Theosophical Society,' reprinted from our 'Watch-Tower'. 'The Purpose of a National Headquarters' is a subject once more ventilated by three correspondents. Diana Read writes (very briefly) on 'The Function of Art in the World and the Theosophical Society' and the Reverend S. Udny from Constantinople, a brother of well-known Baconian Mr. Udny, describes 'Christmas Eve in the Eastern Church, at least in the Greek Orthodox'. Notes on 'The Way of Religion' and 'The Way of Art' are given. A. H. Ward writes interestingly as usual on 'The Seven Rays of Development'. This time 'The path of devotion' is treated of. It is interesting to note this appreciation: "About the best example of the working of the Ray of Devotion I can see in the world is the Society of Jesus, with its wide culture combined with deep devotion: here is shown the action of the Ray extending from the higher astral ethers into the region of the lower mind, and stimulating its powers.' It is a curious coincidence that this month the Jesuits are much *en évidence* in our journals. In this same *Vāhan* we find on page 91: "We may learn a lesson from the 'Society of Jesus,' the instance being Retreats for Workers in the world. Mrs. Besant too has some interesting remarks on the Jesuits from quite another point of view in this month's *Theosophy in India*, saying amongst other things "As an example of want of intuition, take the typical Jesuit." (p. 97). A second quotation from Mr. Ward's paper is "The virtues of the Ray I believe to be devotion within and mercy without, the vices, intolerance and malice." William G. Fay contributes a little allegory on the same theme, though on other lines, as the story quoted above from our Javanese contemporary. Some extracts on life and death, book-notices, and news complete a number which contains a few more pages than usual.

The Lotus Journal, London, April, 1909. News and Notes come first, recording with satisfaction the first time that the receipts of the year have exceeded the expenditure. Unhappily the actual amount is only 7*d*. But then seven is the perfect number and D stands for five hundred.

So mystically and symbolically the sum is all right, and may be meant to prophecy untold wealth to come! Chitra continues her 'Trip to Rotorua.' Would we had been with her on the voyage! Nellie Verdonck contributes a note about the Dutch Children's Federation (non-theosophical) existing in twenty towns in Holland. From Mrs. Besant a Brighton lecture is reprinted (and concluded), the title being "Can a Man of the world lead a spiritual Life?" 'Dorothy's Party' is a nice little story by M. Tudor Pole. E. M. Mallet gives some notes on William Wordsworth as a first article under the general heading of 'Some Great Poets'. 'The Round Table' notes for the month are given, chronicling the formation of a second Round Table in Manchester. A little animal-story and 'Golden Chain Pages' for the very young ones complete the number.

Revue Théosophique Française, (French), Paris, March, 1909. The number opens with a translation of Mrs. Besant's 'Theosophy and the Theosophical Society,' followed by a translation of Mr. Leadbeater's 'Nature Spirits'. The 'genealogical tree', as the editor calls it, is added to the translation, and as it was not given with the original article it will prove very valuable to the readers. The editor adds a little introductory note in which he proposes to call these 'Nature Spirits' 'Elémentins' in French. The notes and news Section fills the remainder of the number, France of course being treated in detail. The monthly supplement gives the first instalment of a French translation of the *Bhāgavad-gītā* based on the well-known rendering by Mrs. Besant and Bhagavān Dās. The Samskṛt part of this work is however omitted. The usual supplement is the translation of *The Secret Doctrine*, of which the sixth and last volume (being the second half of the third volume of the English edition) was to have been begun. An unavoidable delay has necessitated the temporary change.

Bulletin Théosophique, (French), Paris, April 1909. The entire number is filled with official matter, save a small paragraph on 'Tolerance' in which we find many sound maxims, for example: "Tolerance must be true, wide, intelligent, sympathetic;" "Tolerance is not a haughty condescension nor an indulgent condescension." Amongst the official matter a report of the Convention of the Society in France, and extracts of the General Convention report of the Society at Adyar are the most important.

Annales Théosophiques (French), Paris, Vol. II., No 1. This excellent quarterly has a place all by itself in our theosophical periodical literature. It is the only magazine that prints exclusively original essays and lectures by (French) members. The 'essay' is almost completely absent in the polyglot literature of our movement. In former years, early in the history of our Society, the 'siftings' were something of the kind. And again the French 'conférence' is not precisely the English 'lecture,' at least not in actual practice. 'L'art du conférencier' is still cultivated amongst our French brethren. As a result these interesting annals make very attractive reading. The present number contains two essays. The first is 'Hindū philosophy, report of a mission confided to the author by the French Minister of Public Instruction,' the author being Mademoiselle la Doctoresse M. Schultz, quarantine and sanitary doctor at Port Said. This report is extraordinarily interesting and sympathetic, and for us, Theosophists, the most important point in it is certainly its ninth

chapter, devoted entirely to the Theosophical Society. The second and concluding paper is by M. L. Revel, whose fertile pen has already contributed numerous writings to French theosophical literature. It is readable, clear and original, as we should expect. We should like to see this or some other of Mr. Revel's publications appear in English dress for the benefit of English monoglots. The title is 'The Essential Characteristics of Theosophy'.

La Revue Théosophique Belge (French), Brussels, April, 1909. We most heartily welcome this new Journal, the second Belgian magazine serving theosophical thought. It is well printed and, though of modest dimensions, of sufficient size (24 pages) to serve its purpose with utility. This first number contains an introductory word from the Editors appealing for help and support and outlining the Editors' intentions. The next contribution is translated from Mrs. Besant, the title being 'What is the Theosophical Society?' Then comes the translation of some letters from the Adept whose 'name' was often given in full in earlier days of our Society, but whom in later days it was preferred to indicate only by the initials K. H. We might be excused for giving the friendly advice to do the same in these translations, of which more are to follow. It is a matter of experience that no good purpose is served in spreading broadcast names that are revered and held sacred by many. The letters are to be taken from 'The Occult World' and similar early works. Jean Delville writes 'Why cataclysms?' evidently in connexion with the Calabrian and Sicilian catastrophe. The Italian *Bollettino* treated the same problem last month.

The last article is a reprint, and is entitled 'Occultism and Capital Punishment'. It contains sensible considerations, and is opposed to such punishment. Its last sentence runs: *Cubam astu saravatagam: Que tous les êtres soient heureux*! What do our pandits think of that? Notes and news, book reviews, etc., complete a good number. We wish our young sister prosperity, a long life and the acquiring of much 'merit'. To an impersonal 'Review' such a 'selfishly spiritual' wish may be extended.

Théosophie (French), Antwerp, April 1909. 'Dhāranā' is a pleasant little meditation by W. H. M. Kohlen. F. J. van Halle continues his 'Will and its Development'. The 'choice extract' that serves as a fill-up on the last page is not *very* choice.

Theosophia (Dutch), Amsterdam, April, 1909. Translations we find as follows in the present number. Colonel Olcott's *Old Diary Leaves*; Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater's *Occult Chemistry*; Nārāyana's *Hitopadesha*. A word of appreciation is due at the termination of the translation of the chemistry articles. The plates must have caused a great sacrifice to the publishers and the specific work of translation must have been very hard. Miss M. C. Denier van der Gon concludes her article on 'Babism and Behaism'. 'Concerning Atlantis and Crete' is translated from the 'Times Weekly Edition' and furnishes interesting reading, though its conclusions clash with those of our 'seers'. P. Siesling writes briefly on 'Easter'. J. C. H. is the author of a fragment called 'In Memoriam'. E. M. Juyn contributes a paragraph about a former article on 'Theosophy and Christianity'. Mr. A. E. Thierens summarises Professor Reynolds' booklet 'On an inversion of ideas as to the structure of the universe,' brought to note in Theosophical circles by the recent Koilon article. It is a pity that *Theosophia* has not yet published the Koilon article, as it is an im-

portant 'document' of lasting value in the history of theosophical research along this line. It would be useful to have it on file, especially in connexion with the article on 'Revelations' in the present number of our own Magazine. Book reviews complete the number.

De Theosofische Beweging (Dutch), Amsterdam, April, 1909. The number is exclusively filled with official matter and news.

Sophia (Spanish), Madrid, March, 1909. Rafael Urbano is always interesting, as he proves again in his article on the Book of S. Ciprian, which he calls 'A magical apocrypha'. From the gifted author of *The great Initiates*, Edouard Schuré, a passage is given in translation concerning 'The temple of Jupiter'. J. Rogido Moreira writes about 'Our Father' (Who is in heaven and Who yet lives *in* us). M. Roso de Luna, whose literary activity equals his zeal and learning, records an interesting folktale called 'Juanillo el Oso' (Little Johnny the Bear) as the first of a series of Spanish folktales. Bulwer Lytton's *The House and the Brain* is concluded: a fine piece of literary horror! News and book reviews follow. In the latter we notice that Réné André's *Historia del alma* has appeared in Spanish dress. We are glad to see that.

Teosofisk Tidskrift (Swedish and Danish), Stockholm, March, 1909. The number is nearly entirely one of translations: first 'My Creed' (Elisabeth Severs), then 'Theosophy and Art' (Clifford Bax), lastly 'The value of the feeling of happiness' (Annie Besant). One original contribution is given. It is quite an interesting little note by Betty Westerlund. It deals with Mr. Schuré's biography of Dr. Steiner, (well-known to English-reading Theosophists by Mr. Gysi's translation of the Doctor's work), and discusses Mr. Schuré's assertion that there exist two different schools of Occultism, the Eastern and the Western, as well as some other statements by that author.

In the news department we see that in Bergen in Norway a new Lodge has been formed.

Ultra (Italian), Rome, April 1909. This excellent bi-monthly review contains the usual variety of matter. Prof. Giulio Buonamici opens the number with an article on 'Theosophy and Scholasticism,' to be concluded in the next number.

We believe that the learned writer characterises Theosophy very justly when he says: "The theosophical doctrines and, in general, oriental philosophical systems, interpreted and completed by the moderns, offer an admirable complex of such profound, daring and lofty (profonde e geniali) views that it will be far easier to the sceptic, the materialist, and the official philosopher to ridicule them, than to combat them with full knowledge and with profit." Giuseppe Piomelli writes about 'Two cases of mediumship' and describes in his first instalment their genesis and development. Lucy C. Bartlett's article on 'Occultism' is translated. Augusto Agabiti contributes an interesting paper on the symbolism of the lotus flower in connexion with 'The Theosophical White Lotus Day'. This is an article we should like to meet in English dress also. Edmondo M. Dodsworth's article on 'Haunted houses' is continued. Rina Ballatore begins an article on the 'Life and psychic powers of Anna Kingsford,' and Mr. Mead's 'Some questions about Theosophy' are continued (in translation). 'Spiritualism and Science' by G. P. Stanroforo is the next article and C. A. Vecchi's 'A remarkable 'subject' and a prophecy' conclude the series of papers. An exhaustive 'Review of things spiritual,' notes on the Theo-

sophical Movement, a full review of the Magazines and book reviews complete a number of excellent quality.

Bollettino della Sezione Italiana (Italian), Genoa, March 1909. Italy ranks about highest in proportion to its entire population as well as to the number of its members of the Theosophical Society with regard to its theosophical periodicals. The two magazines complement each other, and both are in their own line of a high quality. Both also contain more original productions than we are wont to meet in the non-English theosophical periodicals. The present number of the *Bollettino* opens with an article by J. C. Reghini on 'The relation between the heretics, the secret societies and the cultural societies of humanism.' Jebus Prasio writes on the 'Dweller on the threshold,' an interesting mythological study. The author's thesis is that this 'dweller' (guardiano) is universal, both in symbolism and in reality. "Every threshold has its guardian; every step forward encounters its obstacles, proportionate to the energy spent and the weaknesses that have been overcome." Teresa Ferraris writes about 'The Order of Service' in the Theosophical Society. She summarises various activities the world over which have been started under this name. The same writer contributes a short article on 'The Probation System' (in dealing with criminals, juvenile and first offenders). Mrs. Besant's *Adyar Bulletin* answer about the killing of obnoxious creatures is translated, as well as Miss Bartlett's report about the first moral education congress (from the *Theosophist*). 'Signs of the Times' is a new department of the nature of our 'Watch-tower'. H. P. B.'s famous letter to General Lippit, translated under the title 'Was H. P. B. a medium?' concludes a good number.

Mitteilungen (German), Cologne, March, 1909. This number is completely taken up with official matter and news. Amongst these we find the most detailed programme of the Budapest Congress that we have found as yet in any Magazine. The various Lodge reports show much activity and a general state of spiritual prosperity.

Tietäjä (Finnish), Helsingfors, April, 1909. The contents of the number are as follows: 'From the Editor'; 'The Peace of the Nations' (C. W. Leadbeater); 'H. P. B. and the Masters of the Wisdom' (Annie Besant); 'The Astral Awakening' (V. H. V.); 'What Theosophy Teaches', IV (Aate); 'In the Search of Health', II (Uraniel). Reviews, notices, a children's department, etc., complete the number.

Westnik Teosofii (Russian), S. Petersburg, March, 1909. The contents are as follows: 'Invisible Worlds (trs. from C. W. Leadbeater); *The Ancient Wisdom* (trs. from Annie Besant); The Superphysical World and its Gnosis (trs. from Dr. R. Steiner); *Laws of the Higher Life* (trs. from Annie Besant); 'From the Sacred Books of the East'; 'The Octave of St. Theresa (E. Li); a Poem by M. Stanioukowitsch; 'Theosophy in Norway' (Alba=the Editor); 'Review of Theosophical Literature' (Alba); 'The Æther of Space' (trs. from Annie Besant and C. W. Leadbeater); 'The May Union' (Alba); 'Letter to the Publisher' (N. G.); Book review' (K. Kudraftzeff). The supplement gives an instalment of *The Great Initiates* translated from E. Schuré.

AMERICAN.

The Theosophic Messenger, Chicago, March, 1909. The usual variegated collection of small articles fills the number. Over the signature of W. V.-H. we find two articles: 'The Aum' (I) and 'Karmic

attachments and their uses'. From Mr. Leadbeater we have three contributions: 'The Peace of the Nations'; 'Questions answered' and 'A Course of Study in Theosophy'. Mr. C. Jinarajadasa writes on 'International Arbitration'. A short and interesting old poem (1875) from Annie Besant, entitled 'Prayer,' is reprinted. Mr. Warrington explains 'Esperanto as a peace movement'. An interesting little Chinese legend is given, as also Mademoiselle Kamensky's sketch of the development of 'Theosophy in Russia' already known to our readers from our own pages. Various small reprints, amongst which is one from Mrs. Besant (The Future), are found spread over the various pages of the number, also London and Adyar (W. A. E.) letters. 'Life in India' by S. E. Palmer must be very interesting to those unacquainted with oriental life. Mr. Warrington writes again on 'The Soul's Growth.' 'Words of Peace' is an unsigned contribution. Mr. Henry Hotchner makes some sensible remarks in 'The Experiences of a field-worker.' Brightly written news, plans, programmes, records, reports, etc., fill no small space. From a report of 'A Trip to Leavensworth prison' we quote a phrase in which influences from the hoary Orient and the youngest Occident are welded together in quaint and startling fashion. The writer describes in the following words how he rode on an old rambling tramcar: "The car verily was an incarnation of a prairie schooner. We gripped the seats and scanned the horizon anxiously for bad karma, as the old antique scudded and bounded along over the rolling vales of Kansas." Current literature brings a great variety of instructive 'clippings'. Book reviews complete the number. In the latter we agree entirely with C. J., who says: "Two books will in future be regarded as epoch-making in the annals of Occultism—this on *Occult Chemistry* and the little manual *The Astral Plane*." A reviewer in last month's *Bollettino* remarked the same, and we think indeed that the *The Astral Plane* has a place all by itself in modern theosophical as well as in general occult literature throughout the ages. We have some reason to believe that a high authority once thought as much, but that is another story.

The American Theosophist, Albany, N. Y., March, 1909. Klif Wild writes *about* 'Capital Punishment' and in fact very strongly *against* it. His conclusion is "Every theosophist should make capital punishment an issue; not from emotional reasons but from the standpoint of knowledge and love." Irving S. Cooper has a contribution on 'The justice of reincarnation'. From Mrs. Besant—who incarnates every month in many forms all over the literary world of Theosophy, keeping up many māyāvi-rūpas at a time—the speech is quoted with which she unveiled the statue of Colonel Olcott at Adyar. 'Psychic manifestations in daily affairs' is continued and gives again a number of interesting cases. Of 'Hints to young students of Occultism' No. XII. appears, dealing with the desirability of working first for spirituality and not for 'powers'. The editorial notes are interesting and we see from them that another 150 subscribers would make the journal pay its way. A ticklish question is "Was the instruction of Jesus to his disciples about going forth without purse or scrip a condemnation of the use of money, and is it practicable for Theosophists to try to approach that attitude towards money?" The question is only answered from the 'common-sense' point of view, as is proper taking into account the limited space available. Still we should like to see this problem treated some day in a deeper way, comparing for instance the Buddhist regulations for the Sangha on

this point: 'From the field' we learn that 'New York is *blasé*, Boston sedate and Chicago voluble.' And further that with respect to Theosophy in Kansas City "there is a counter attraction in town in the person of the Rev. 'Gypsie' Smith, who has the reputation of being able to 'convert' a larger number of sinners in a smaller number of minutes than any other evangelist now in the business."

Revista Teosófica (Spanish), Havana, February, 1909. Phayra writes a word of exhortation to 'Christian Theosophists' after which an article by Commandant D. A. Courmes on 'Cremation' is translated. This is followed by a translation from Dr. Th. Pascal about 'How to discover apparent death.' An article dealing with the question as 'How to define the word Theosophy' is begun, concluding the number.

La Verdad, (Spanish), Buenos Aires, December 1908—February 1909. We have received three numbers of this interesting magazine. It seems that instead of in Buenos Aires, as heretofore, the magazine is now printed in Spain, which explains the delay. We have no space to detail the contents of all these three numbers, but generally speaking we may say they are excellent. The December number contains the life sketch of that Spanish pioneer in our movement, Francisco de Montolin y de Togores. In the January number we find a biography of our old friend D. A. Courmes whose various writings have nearly all found their way in the Spanish Magazines, in *Verdad* amongst others. We find many translations from Mrs. Besant and others as well as some good original matter by various authors. The magazine has interesting departments for notes, book reviews and kindred subjects and is altogether a very creditable production.

Luz Astral (Spanish), Casablanca, Chili, numbers for February. These numbers bring as usual a great number of theosophical articles, mostly translated, from Annie Besant, from H. S. Olcott and others. This little 'gazetteer' does eminently useful work.

Alma (Portuguese), Porto Alegre, February, 1909. Vivalbo Coaracy continues his 'Secret Doctrine'. Dr. Th. Pascal's 'Relation between Theosophy and Science' is translated. 'Life' is a fragment taken from H. P. B. 'Oriental Philosophy' is translated from E. Izard. Dr. L. S. Fugairon contributes a page on 'Spirit and Matter'. Reviews of reviews and books, and notes complete the number.

AUSTRALIAN.

Theosophy in Australasia, Sydney, March 1909. General contents are 'The Outlook,' 'Questions and Answers'; 'What our Branches are doing,' 'The Magazines' and 'At home and abroad.' Small articles are entitled 'The persistence of religion,' 'Pain,' and 'Thoughts about Easter.' At somewhat greater length the following subjects are treated: 'National Politics' (II), quaintly signed 'Shūdra' and 'The Forgiveness of Sin' (Ernest Hawthorne). One of Mr. Ward's articles from the *Vāhan* is reprinted, as also paragraphs from the Adyar Convention report. From one of the branch reports we extract a brave little note.

"When anything unusual occurs in our Branch we look at each other with a smile and say: 'Oh! We'll have something to report this month!' This unusual thing very rarely happens with us, but it has this month—we have received an application for membership. This is so rare for us that we thought it worth chronicling."

How few there are in the Theosophical Society who have been long enough in it, and have taken an active enough part in the organisation of a new Branch, to remember the same experience and the same feelings on account of it.

Theosophy in New Zealand, Auckland, March 1909. The number opens with news 'From far and near'. Gamma then continues her 'Studies in Astrology'. 'The Usefulness of the Unreal,' by N. W. J. Haydon is begun and is to be continued. The title reminds us of Chapter XI. of the Tao Te King. Extracts from the *Adyar Bulletin* tell all about the Adyar Convention. A pretty tiny fairy tale is 'Little Gray Cloud' by Kaoru. Chitra writes her usual bright letters to her 'loving lotus buds'. Reports of activities complete the number.

AFRICAN.

The South African Bulletin, Pretoria, March 1909. The number opens with an editorial note 'retrospecting' the existence of the journal which completes its first year. 'Beginning' by W. E. M. is continued. Inner devolopment is that which should be 'begun'; its *how* being here outlined. 'The Call for Brotherhood' (by Arthur Cook) is also continued. 'Union' is the last of the three short articles and deals with the union of the several States of South Africa from 'the theosophical stand-point,' thus skirting politics, dangerous politics. News, branch reports and similar matter complete the number.

OUR EXCHANGES.

We also acknowledge the receipt of the following Journals:

ASIATIC. *The Brahmavādin*, March; *The Siddhanta Deepika*, February and March; *The Mysore and South Indian Review*, March; *Prabuddha Bharata*, March; *The Madras Christian College Magazine*, April; *The Maha-Bodhi*, March; *The Dawn*, April; *Sri Vani Vilasini* (Tamil) *Chentamil* (Tamil); *Sudarshana*.

EUROPEAN. *Journal du Magnétisme*, Paris, March; *The Light of Reason*, Ilfracombe, April; *Modern Medicine*, London, April; *Light*, London, April numbers; *Richmond Hill Church Magazine*, April; *The Animals Friend*, London, April; *The Health Record*, London, March; *The Herald of the Cross*, London, April.

AMERICAN. *O Pensamento*, S. Paulo, March and April; *The Truth Seeker*, New York, numbers for March; *The Phrenological Journal*, New York, April; *Bulletin of the New York Public Library*, New York, March.

AUSTRALIAN. *Progressive Thought*, Sydney, April; *The Harbinger of Light*, Melbourne, April.

J. v. M.

THEOSOPHY IN MANY LANDS.

New Zealand.

The work of the New Zealand Section goes on steadily. Mr. J. R. Thomson, who for some years has filled the post of Assistant General Secretary and Editor of the Section's Magazine, and who was appointed Organiser and Travelling Lecturer at the last convention—has got fairly to work; Miss Ida Burton is acting as sub-Editor to the magazine during his absence.

The organiser is working among the small outlying districts in the North Island; intending later to visit the larger centres, working his way gradually southward; finishing his year's work in Dunedin and Invercargill in December; remaining in Dunedin long enough to attend the convention which is to be held in that centre, this year.

The Section's Organ *Theosophy in New Zealand* is now on a sound financial footing, thanks to the indefatigable efforts of the Section's officers and many of the members; and with the new volume, commencing in April 1909, the Magazine is to be enlarged by eight pages. As the Magazine is now practically self-supporting, more of the "penny-a-day fund" will be released for other purposes.

Lotus work is very much alive in New Zealand. This is owing chiefly to the great enthusiasm of the leaders in this branch of the work; but there is no doubt that the flame of enthusiasm among the children themselves has been kindled and fanned to a great extent by the "Chitra" pages in the magazine, so ably edited by Miss Christie, who is now in India for a period of study preparatory to further work for the cause of Theosophy later on.

Class work is a great feature in the work of most of the branches of the Section; and in the various classes there is a spirit of strong steady work and real hard study. Dunedin is specially strong in this branch of the work. There is an Enquirer's Class conducted by Miss Billing, and a *Secret Doctrine* and a *Bible* Class under the leadership of Mr. Burn. At all these classes good work is done, and some hard thinking, that should assist the growth of the mental bodies of the various students.

In addition to the regular classes, various groups are forming for special lines of study; among these there are a "Golden Circle"—a group of six students who meet once a month to discuss knotty points, and solve difficulties; and a group for meditation—the culture of the spirit of devotion, and the helping of the work by the power of thought, and love. Other groups are in process of formation.

The work is very quiet; there is but little stir on the surface. There have been quite a number of travelling teachers of allied philosophies passing through the Dominion. We have had a teacher of "mental science" so called, a Vedantin sister and more than one inspirational speaker for spiritualism, each teaching his own particular cult for all it is worth, and each claiming for it that it is greater than all the others put together; while yet another teacher proposes in his advertisement to expose the fallacies of Theosophy, Vedantism and all the other isms but his own. There is little doubt that all are doing good work in their own way, breaking fresh ground, and preparing it for a rich harvest later on.

H. H.

CEYLON.

We have had a very pleasant little visit from Mr. A. Schwarz on his way to Europe. He spent a week with us, and his friends were glad to see him.

Jaffna, the home of the Tamils (who are Hindūs) has had a visit from Mr. Brooks. He spent a few days there and addressed audiences on Theosophy. The ground was thus prepared, and we hope Theosophy will take root in the north of Ceylon. Mr. Brooks had just time enough to look up a few friends at Colombo, and he returned to Tuticorin after a few hours' stay.

Owing to the Easter holidays, the public meetings of the Hope Lodge were suspended. They will be resumed in June, when the hot-weather visitors will return from the hills to take part in the meetings. The weekly meetings and the Enquirers' Class are being regularly held and our Secretary Mr. Hill finds his hands quite full with them. The Agri-Horticultural Show and Fancy Fair in aid of the funds of the Buddhist Educational Movement came off at the latter end of last month, on the Ānanda College grounds. It was decidely a success, thanks to the efforts of Mr. R. A. Mirando, President of the Buddhist Theosophical Society, its Secretary Mr. R. G. de Zoysa and Mr. L. S. Guneratne, who were chiefly responsible for the excellent display made and the business-like method in which the Show was conducted. It was opened by Mr. Donald Obeyesekera in a neat little speech, which was followed by one from Dr. Ananda Coomāraswāmy, who is at present visiting Ceylon.

The results of the last year's Cambridge Local Examination have reached Ceylon; and the candidates sent in from Ānanda College, Mahinda College, Dharmaraja College and the Musæus Girls' School have done exceedingly well. Some of them come off with flying colors, gaining honors and distinctions. Our Educational Institutions were closed at the beginning of last month for the usual six weeks' holiday.

H.

ITALY.

The Eighth Annual Convention of the Italian Theosophical Society took place this year on the 9th and 10th of April at Turin, and was marked in every way by cordiality and harmonious sentiments on all sides. All agreed that there was the feel once more of united effort and good promise of useful development in the near future. The first day was taken up to a great extent with the inevitable business, reports and financial statements, after which Dr. J. R. Spensley addressed the meeting on "Charybdis according to Greek and Roman authors".

On the following day the Executive Committee were elected as follows: Professor O. Penzig, General Secretary (Genoa), Pietro Bocca, Treasurer (Genoa), William H. Kirby (Genoa), Madame Teresa Ferraris (Genoa), Contessa Ida Reghini (Genoa), Major O. Boggiani (Stresa), Carlo Pilla (Bologna), Reginald Macbean (Palermo), Aldo de Magny (Turin). After which an interesting paper on "Dreams and Cures among Ancient Peoples" was read by Mr. Gian Giacomo Porro. In the afternoon of the same day a further paper on "Propaganda, its Methods and Value" by William H. Kirby was read; and with this the convention, which had been rendered most pleasant throughout by the cordiality and hospitality of Turin members, came to a close.

The Rome Lodge, taking advantage of the New Rule 31 of the Theosophical Society Statutes, has decided to detach itself from its colleagues and from the Italian National Section of the Theosophical Society in order eventually to form part of the International 'independent' Section, if ever this comes into being.

This withdrawal of the oldest lodge, consisting of some eighty members, from a total of something under three hundred members in the whole Italian Section is a serious loss from the merely numerical point of view, and shows clearly once more the disadvantage of large lodges where a few people usually control the issues, and the greater part are apathetic or indifferent or partially informed. But numbers have never counted much in the life of the Theosophical Society, and while we wish our friends all success along their own lines of thought and work, we feel confident that in a very short time our renewed efforts and harmonious endeavor will consolidate and develop the Italian Theosophical Society into a stronger branch of the parent tree than heretofore.

This separation however should by no means prevent each from spreading theosophical ideas in its several spheres of influence. The *Bollettino* of the Italian Theosophical Society, the official monthly periodical, is growing in circulation and value. It is now a full-fledged magagine. On the other hand the *Ultra* of the Rome Lodge, which is issued every two months, is also extremely useful and reaches an even wider circle of readers.

Some of our theosophical friends may be glad to hear that Mr. R. G. Macbean, who for many years has been Treasurer of the Italian Section and a valued member of the "Giordano Bruno" Lodge of Genoa, has recently been named British Consul at Palermo. He will doubtless do good work in that city in connexion with Lieutenant Borgi, President of Palermo Group, who, alone out of all with him in the barracks at Messina on the night of the earthquake, awoke to find himself intact and his room upstanding amidst surrounding ruins.

In this connexion it may be mentioned that the response to a fund opened by the *Bollettino* on behalf of sufferers from the earthquake was very gratifying and produced more than £ 60.

Dr. Steiner's teachings and writings are making steady headway also in Italy. Not only do many lodges possess or circulate translations of his prolific utterances, comparing the teachings with those found in our other theosophical literature, but certain of his books have been translated into Italian; and Dr. Steiner himself was recently invited to lecture at the Princess d'Antuni's in Rome, and he also took occasion to do so at the Rome Lodge. In Palermo a group of persons study his Esoteric or Rosicrucian disciplines, and we understand another group in Milan is also being formed for the same purpose.

A good contingent of members from Italy are going to the Budapest International Congress, and this may partly be due to the fact that there is some talk of the next Federated Congress meeting in Italy. Rome had been thought of as a likely place for the Congress of 1911. But since the secession of the Romans, it is generally thought that Turin, the old capital of the north, would be the most suitable city for the Congress. This however will be decided at Budapest.

W.