

# THE THEOSOPHIST

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## ON THE WATCH-TOWER

**A** World-Federation League has been formed in New York, with Mr. F. Milton Willis as Secretary, with the object of bringing about such a mutual understanding among the nations as may "lessen the occasions of war and diminish the constantly increasing burdens on all States of maintaining armies and navies beyond those required for the necessary internal policing of the several nations". It is proposed that the Congress of the U. S. A. shall take the lead by proposing a commission of five members, to be appointed by the President, and that this body shall approach the various Governments with the proposal that they shall establish an International Federation, "limited to the maintenance of peace through the establishment of a Court having power to determine by decree all controversies between nations". This Court will have an armed force at its disposal "to execute its decrees". All such efforts are working in the right direction, towards the day when a war for the settlement of an international dispute will be seen to be as brutal and as barbarous as the decision of a dispute between individuals by duel or fisticuffs. If a national Parliament would take the lead—and none could do it better than that of the United States—a great step forward would be taken.

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Two significant statements appear in the papers. At Galveston, Texas, America, the people became so disgusted with their municipality, that they abolished it, and elected a Dictatorship of four or five men, with practically unlimited authority. This has worked so well that other towns have imitated Galveston, and municipalities are being swept away and replaced by "the best men" (aristoi)! The Calcutta Statesman remarks:

The advantage of the new method lies in the fact that by limiting the number of civic rulers to four or five, it is possible to select men of known integrity and public spirit, who stand out above their fellows, and can be trusted by the general body of citizens.

Good; democracy is feeling its way towards a better type of municipal government, electing a few of the best men and giving them power, instead of electing a crowd of ignorant nobodies. Along this line there is hope. It is interesting to remember that when the democracy of Republican Rome wanted anything *to be done*, it promptly elected a Dictator. The second significant fact is that a story is circulating that the German Emperor discussed with M. Pichon in London the advisability of forming a European Confederation. The story is, naturally, "officially denied," but that it should be set afloat is a sign of the times. It is worthy of note in this connexion that Mr. Roosevelt, speaking at Christiania—having been escorted to the National Theatre with the King and Queen of Norway by a guard of honor furnished by fifty-two municipal bodies—argued that a World-Federation for International Peace and Justice might be secured through the Hague Courts, and that the Great Powers should "form a League of Peace, not only to keep the peace among themselves, but to prevent, by force, if necessary, its being broken by others". "The ruler or statesman who should bring about such a combination, would have earned his place in history for all time, and his title to the gratitude of all mankind." Why should not Mr. Roosevelt be that Ruler? There is talk of his re-election to the Presidency of the American Republic, and it was lately remarked in

an American paper that if he were re-elected, it would be in order to invest him with the powers of a Dictator. Another paper records that when he visited the tombs of the Hapsburgs there was a thunderstorm, and "there is a tradition that it storms whenever 'a Cæsar' visits these historic resting places". Another paper notes a pamphlet which, prophesies that Theodore Roosevelt will be nominated as President of the federated nations of the world at the Hague ten years hence. According to *The Madras Mail* "a London paper" states that "Mr. Roosevelt has been approached with a view to his accepting the Presidency of Europe in the event of the accomplishment of the Federation of that Continent, but, with his well-known common-sense, he has not yet given a definite consent". Are these straws, showing the trend of the current? They represent a feeling which may rapidly bring about the realisation of Mr. Leadbeater's picture in the March *Theosophist*.

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The T. S. Order of Service has instituted an Anti-Vivisection League in New York, and it must be terribly needed, if the account reprinted in *The Anti-Vivisection Review* from the *Archives of Internal Medicine*, published by the American Medical Association, be true. The *New York Herald* of April 18th drew attention to the statement that Koch's tuberculin had been injected into 160 orphans in the S. Vincent's Home for Orphan Children in Philadelphia. The poison was sometimes inserted through the eyes, and this is said by the doctors who performed these fiendish experiments to have produced "a decidedly uncomfortable lesion, and it is not infrequently followed by severe inflammation of the eye, which not only produce great physical discomfort and require weeks of active treatment, but *which may permanently affect the vision and even lead to its complete destruction*" (italics mine). Dr. Hamill, one of the doctors concerned, says: "I do not care what the public thinks. I think the experiments were entirely justified." But is there no law in America to protect these helpless orphans?

“The little children lay in their beds moaning all night from the pain in their eyes.” The doctors will say that they sacrifice these little ones to save others, and one is bound to admit that the arguments used to justify the torture of animals are equally valid for the torture of children. Yet it may be that fathers and mothers will rise in defence of these fatherless and motherless little ones, and will begin to recognise that the dens of torture of vivisectors are even worse than the similar dens of torture of the Inquisition familiars, the vivisectors of the Middle Ages. How long shall the cries of animals and children go up unheard? Surely a civilisation which permits such crimes is doomed and must vanish to make way for another.

Long ago it was declared that such cries, the cries of the weak, bringing no redress and awakening no earthly protector, caused the Rod of Divine Justice to fall on the oppressor. Appeal is now being made to the Great Protector, and a Circle, ringing the globe, has been started, every member of which, at 3. 30 P.M. (at his own place) on every Sunday, shall either utter one of the following prayers, or send out a current of concentrated thought or will-power for the Abolition of Vivisection. Thus will one strong thought roll round the world, as each place reaches the appointed hour. The projectors of this Circle particularly request “that no harsh thoughts against the vivisectors themselves” should intrude, and thus soil the stream of love and pity, “as to do so would be to work against the object of the Circle, and assist the powers of evil rather than of good”. This is a timely warning, as a strong thought-force of anger might work much harm. For members who use prayer, the following forms are offered:

O Thou who hearest the cry of the little ones Thou hast made; grant us to realise that pain given to any living thing is pain to Thy Heart of Love. Amen.

O Thou, all-merciful and compassionate, whose life maintains the universe and all that is, who suffers in the suffering of both man and beast, be with us, strengthen and guide us in our efforts to reduce the pain that man too often

inflicts on the animals who share Thy life, Thy world, Thy love, with us. Give us, O Lord, love, wisdom, and power, that we may work well and wisely, "with strength to resist, patience to endure, and constancy to persevere".

Grant that we may hasten the coming of that great day when pain shall have fulfilled its mission and taught its lesson, and joy—the Divine inheritance of both animals and men—shall rule on earth below as bliss reigns in Heaven above. Amen.

Father of all love, in whom we have our being; save we beseech Thee, Thy creatures, our little brothers, from their great suffering. Send the light of Thy wisdom into minds that are darkened, that they may see and understand the unity of all the life in Thy universe. And grant that our prayers and supplications, which we raise at one time to Thee, may hasten the day when all the living creatures that Thou hast made shall be delivered from the bondage of pain into the glorious liberty of Thy children. Hear us, O Lord, we beseech Thee, and save—in Thine own time and Thine own way. Amen.

The extension of the 'Golden Chain' among children would do much to train them in right feelings towards animals, and the promise of kindness repeated every morning works itself into the childish life. The habit of kindness, acquired in childhood, will be unconsciously carried on into maturity.

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A correspondent writes:

At Negapatam there is a yogi in his samādhi in the eastern outer court of the big Mahādeva Temple of the place. He has been lying there in samādhi for the last ten or eleven months. I saw him the day before yesterday; no breathing or pulse could be detected. He has had no food all these months. I was greatly surprised to find that though the fact was well known in the town, no doctor or scientist has been curious enough as yet to investigate or publish the fact.

The case certainly deserves investigation, especially as so much fuss is made in the West over a fast of forty days.

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Señor Roso de Luna, one of our Spanish members, has been visiting South America, and has won golden opinions by his knowledge and eloquence. He visited the Argentine Republic, Chili, Uruguay and Brazil, and has now returned to

Madrid. Such apostles are sorely needed in South America, and Spain can best supply them, thus paying part of the debt incurred by her past conquests.

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Mr. F. T. Brooks has been working very hard, *more suo*, in Bengal, and is very much liked by the brilliant sons of that province. He has visited no less than fifteen places—among them Tamluk, Midnapur, Comilla, and Dacca, as well as towns of less importance—and has everywhere met with a warm welcome. He has been lecturing on his favorite subject, *The Bhagavad-Gītā*, and his expositions find great favor wherever he goes. He intends shortly to go to Poona—will have gone there, ere this appears—and Mr. Gokhale has invited him to make the 'Servants of India' his Headquarters. After the rains, he intends returning to Bengal.

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Friends of Mr. M. U. Moore—and they are many—will be glad to read the following from the *Ceylon Independent*:

Mr. Moore, who arrived last week to assume the duties of Principal of the Ānanda College, will be accorded a public reception this afternoon at 5 o'clock at the Ānanda College Hall. Mr. Moore is a well-known educationalist and has been connected with more than one Examining Board of the Indian Universities, besides being Principal of a large College at Peshawar. He was specially sent out to Ceylon by Mrs. Annie Besant for the Ānanda College and already he has won golden opinions from his co-workers. The Buddhist public should be congratulated on the selection made by Mrs. Besant to fill up the important office of Principal of the Ānanda College, and to help the educational work in which the Buddhist Theosophical Society is engaged.

Mr. Moore's brilliant abilities and most lovable personality should ensure him the love of those among whom he has gone to work.

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We quoted last month the words of Prof. Sylvain Lévi on the Adyar Library. Now we have M. Guerinot, the author of two standard works on Jainism, writing in the *Journal Asiatique* of the French Asiatic Society a very

appreciative note on the Adyar Library *Descriptive Catalogue*, vol. i. M. Guerinot remarks that our Library is the richest in MSS. relative to the Upaniṣhaṭs, and notes its possession of the oldest known Upaniṣhaṭ, of which the original Samskr̥t text was supposed to have been lost. After praising the conception and execution of the *Catalogue*, Mr. Guerinot concludes: "It does honor to its author, and proves the priceless advantages secured to the Theosophical Society by the collaboration of Dr. Schröder." For these the Society has to thank the President-Founder and Mr. Bertram Keightley.

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Our readers may remember that in *The Theosophist* for March I noted the action of the Chorley Town Council in refusing to accept a copy of *The Ancient Wisdom* as a gift to their Town Library. The President, Secretary and Librarian of the Leeds Lodge have, in consequence, arranged with the leading bookseller in Chorley to show Theosophical books in his window, and also to show a card drawing attention to them. The above gentlemen have generously supplied him with £10 worth of literature, "on sale or return". The Llanelly Library Committee, in South Wales, have also declined, by 3 votes to 2, to admit Theosophy into their Library. We may hope that their action also will arouse interest in Theosophy in their somewhat benighted town, which had probably not before heard of Theosophy, but will now be curious to know what has alarmed three members of their Library Committee.

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I am interested to see, in Lieut. Gen. Sir R. S. S. Baden-Powell's book, entitled *Scouting for Boys*, that the 'Scout Law,' which every Scout promises to obey, has a clause, italicised, that "he must try his best to do a good turn to somebody every day". And the 'good turn' is explained as being a service to some one, for which no remuneration is given. We have a similar clause in our

Sons of India pledge, to do 'an act of service' every day, and that has always been defined exactly as the 'good turn' is defined above. The moral effect on a boy's mind of such a promise is incalculable; it makes him alert in the helping of others, ready to take any opportunity of doing a kindness. A lad who is thus trained to quick seeing and acting will be likely, from time to time, to have the opportunity of doing some great act of service. The Hereditary Grand Duke Nicholas of Oldenburg, who is only a boy of twelve, was standing lately on the pier, as his aunt, the Grand Duchess Marie of Mecklenburg, stepping into a boat, capsized it, and fell into deep water. She sank; but the brave little lad plunged immediately in, caught hold of her, and, though not strong enough to land her, held her till rescue came. The Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin has bestowed the Duchy medal for saving life on the gallant boy, who showed the courage and promptitude of a man on this occasion. Such opportunities come to boys who try to perform kind acts day by day, and they are ready to grasp them.

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The *Amrita Bazar Patrika* publishes an interesting letter that appeared in *Light*, from Miss E. K. Bates, one of Mr. Stead's co-adjutors. Miss Bates was much upset by the news of the late King's death, but was cheered by a communication from a friend on the other side, who said:

He will have tenfold the influence, freed from the disadvantages of his position. In spite of his brilliant international work, when it came to his own country's crisis his hands were tied by the very fact of his being the Sovereign. . . The removal of England's best statesman frees his hands as they could never have been freed during his earthly life. . . . A blessing in disguise—and you will all see this shortly.

It is well that the nation should be reminded of the fact that the dead are truly living, and that their interest in earth's affairs often remains when they have passed into the astral world. When a great King leaves his realm at a critical moment, in the midst of business in which he was profoundly interested, he remains at hand, and seeks still to

influence and to guide; and the Peacemaker will surely not leave the Empire unaided during the perilous times which lie ahead. Something of the Father will work in and through the Son, and King Edward will be able, outside this, to influence some of those who hold the reins of power more strongly than he could do while fettered by all the restrictions which, unfortunately, hedge in the Royal Power in England. He has at least forced on the attention of the English people—mayhap, to the benefit of his Son—the absurdity of the modern travesty of the Constitution, which gives power into the hands of an Asquith and withholds it from an Edward VII. It is by no law of England that her King is shut out from presiding over the Council of his Ministers, but only by the ignorance of the English language which distinguished George I. Loyal subjects would rejoice if George V. undid the results of his ancestor's incompetence, and made the Throne of England worthy of the acceptance of a Great Soul.

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Dr. Spensley, the writer of the delightful Egyptian articles of which the second appears in our present issue, sends a confirmation of the theory he expressed in *The Theosophist* (p. 876) of the possible relation of Amoun to Aum, at least among certain Egyptian esotericists. He says: "In the Demotic Magical Papyrus of London and Leiden, ed. F. Ll. Griffith, vol. ii. (Hand-copy of text), Irevel & Co., London, 1905, a Coptic commentator has added the word Om as a gloss to the following passage: (Griffith's transl:) "Great is thy name, Heir is thy name, Excellent is thy name, Hidden (Imn) is thy name. Mighty One of the Gods is thy name, 'He whose name is hidden (Imn=amn) from all the Gods' is thy name Om," etc. Dr. Spensley sends a copy of the original hieroglyphics, which I am, unfortunately, unable to reproduce.

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Dr. Appel—who is known to many of our readers by her interesting scientific articles, and by her good

work against modern medical superstitions—has opened a Theosophical Lending Library and Reading-Room in Woerishofen, Bavaria; the address is Neubau Sanitas, 180, Eichwaldstrasse. Woerishofen is a health-resort, amid fields and forests, and many who go there for physical health may now find also health mental and spiritual. Dr. Kleinschrod—as ardent advocate of the prevention of disease, and of the treatment of it, when it occurs, along lines which seek to restore the equilibrium which is health rather than to attack separately the disease which has temporarily disturbed it—is a friend of Dr. Appel, who is herself practising on these lines, and has translated into English one of Dr. Kleinschrod's works. Dr. Appel will probably meet with much opposition from the Jesuits, who dominate the place, so all our readers should send her a thought of good-will.

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The June number of the *C. H. C. Magazine* is quite a royal number, and contains four most well-written and interesting articles on the Emperor Edward VII., The Empress Alexandra, the Emperor George V., and the Empress Mary. They are full of the personal details which warm the heart and inspire the imagination, and as they carry their message of love and loyalty over India, they will awaken a strong response in many an Indian heart. The number is quite worth the modest annual subscription of one rupee.

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Mr. Leadbeater's forthcoming volume, entitled *Adyar Talks*, should have a very large circulation. Its publication is immediately due to the urgent request of our Vice-President, Sir S. Subrahmanya Iyer, who had taken so much delight in the evening meetings occupied by the talks, that he wished to share it with a large circle. A mass of information is given on many little-known matters, and the book is likely to prove one of the most valuable of Mr. Leadbeater's contributions to Theosophical literature.

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## MYSTERIOUS TRIBES <sup>1</sup>

THREE MONTHS IN THE BLUE MOUNTAINS NEAR MADRAS

BY

RĀPHĀ BĀI (H. P. B.)

(Continued from p. 1120.)

How to explain this belief?

To what circumstances ascribe the curious fact that the semi-savage tribes of the Nilgiri who have never heard anything about Russian witches possess exactly the same magical legends and code. They make use of the same herbs in the same concoctions, and so on. Again, we find the same 'superstitions' (alike in the spirit and in the letter) amongst the English, French, German, Italian, Spanish and Russian nations. The Latin races join hands with the Slavonian, the Āryan races with the Turanian and Semitic, in their common belief throughout all ages in magic and clairvoyance, in good and in evil spirits.<sup>2</sup> When designating these forms of belief as 'identical' I use the word in its literal not in its relative meaning. We have not to deal here simply with a belief or a 'superstition' but rather with a different offshoot from one universal tree of knowledge, all of them obeying the same laws and formulæ and showing the same effects in their practical application.

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<sup>1</sup> Translated from the German version published by Arthur Weber. Our German readers may obtain this book from the Jaeger'sche Verlagsbuchhandlung, Leipzig. Ed.

<sup>2</sup> With the publication of Layard's standard work on *Nineveh and Babylon* new light has been thrown on the book of Enoch and on the universality of the science called 'magic,' which formed part of the religion of all the peoples of antiquity. On vases, jugs and other vessels, made of terracotta, found in the ruins of Babylon and Nineveh, inscriptions have been deciphered which contain conjurations, descriptions of talismans against

## CHAPTER VI

Useful jungle-fever.—A case of modern sorcery under the name of 'Huka-Mella'.—The sorcery of official science.—What difference is there between a hypnotiser and a sorcerer?—A case in Paris and one in Ootacamund.

*Nam tua res agitur paries dum  
proximus ardet. VIRGIL.*

As a matter of fact British-Indian officials as well as the sceptics amongst Europeans scorn to consider seriously the strange faculties of the Todas and the Mala-Kurumbas which Dr. Carpenter would label as 'Psychic'. These faculties do not exist for them. They cautiously pass over suspicious cases in silence, and whenever this is impossible they attribute the mysterious death of the victim to jungle-fever<sup>1</sup> if he is a European, and to an accidental rupture of the spleen if he is an Indian.

We have already had the opportunity of mentioning this organ, which behaves in such an extraordinary way from Darjeeling to Cape Comorin. In Europe science has not yet succeeded in establishing its functions satisfactorily, but in India the British official has done so. In all suspicious cases of sudden deaths—specially those happening in brawls in which a Briton remains victor—he makes the spleen play

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sorcery, evil spirits, boils, the evil eye and sudden death. Even the names of the spirits are given. In the original text these inscriptions are composed in the Chaldean language with a fair mixture of old Hebraic words. They are written in an alphabet common to the Syriac, Palmyrian and old Phœnician dialects. Amongst other words we find one used not only in ancient magic but now-a-days even in the Christian church: the word 'Hallelujah'. All conjurations begin and end with this word. Archbishop Richard Lawrence, who translated the book of Enoch from the Ethiopian manuscript in the Bodleian Library, says in this connexion:

"Owing to the vicissitudes of language the word used by ancient pagan conjurers has found its way into our holy Christian Church." We might add to this remark that it is not so very strange that this word, which the Jews probably picked up from the Babylonians during their captivity, has been handed on by them to the Christians. What is strange is the fact that the same conjurations used by the Chaldean are also used by Russian witches, Red-Indian sorcerers, Peruvian magicians and last, not least, by the Todas and Kurumbas of the Nilgiri. I have often heard the Mala-Kurumba use the word "Hallelu, Hallelu!" in their incantations.

<sup>1</sup>A patient suffering from this kind of fever is on his legs to the very last moment. He dies standing, so to speak. The patient is consumed by an unquenchable thirst.

the same universal rôle as does in France *le grand boyau hystérique* in the phenomena of clairvoyance. In this way these two organs render eminent services to mankind by solving easily and promptly the most difficult problems of the French savants and the Anglo-Indian judges. No wonder that the physicians of the Nilgiri excited Mrs. Morgan's wrath by their eternal diagnosis of jungle-fever in all such mysterious cases.

The following incident which happened a short time ago in Golaghat (Assam) will show to what extent the judges disregard truth, and how easily a man may come into jail if only he is an Indian. Of course we have also to do in this instance with a case of sorcery.<sup>1</sup>

A Brāhmaṇa was robbed. Despite all efforts he could neither detect the thief nor recover his stolen property. He therefore resolved to have recourse to some magic contrivance known in Assam as 'Huka-Mella,' or the running stick.<sup>2</sup> He sent for a famous conjurer of the name of Mahidar. The man came. The first thing he did was to cut a bamboo rod in the Brāhmaṇa's garden; he then placed himself on the threshold of the house waiting for someone to pass. After a while a clerk in the Commissioner's office chanced to pass that way. The sorcerer called the young man, whose name was Rochpar, and having explained matters, asked him if he would be willing to help the Brāhmaṇa to regain his stolen property. Rochpar consented and took the stick which the sorcerer gave him after having muttered some conjurations over it. But scarcely had he touched it than he was compelled to run by a strange force. He screamed that the stick seemed to have grown into the flesh of his hand and was dragging him along. Naturally the Brāhmaṇa and a great crowd of people followed the clerk, eager to see what would happen. Arrived at a small tank, Rochpar pushed the stick into the middle of the shallow water and said: "Dig here!"

<sup>1</sup> See *Assam News* of May 29th, 1884.

<sup>2</sup> In Southern Germany we meet with the belief that a master sorcerer can send after a thief a stick which will thrash him until he restores the stolen property. Compare the story "Stick out of the Sack" in Grimm's *Fairy Tales*—(note of German translator).

The water was let off and part of the stolen property dug out of the mud. Pleased with this success, the Brāhmaṇa now wanted the rest of his belongings found in the same way. The sorcerer therefore muttered fresh incantations over the stick, which he then again handed to Rochpar. The same result followed. The clerk felt himself compelled to run, dragged onwards by the stick in his hand. This time he took another direction and stopped after a while under a tree near the Brāhmaṇa's house. "Dig here!" he said. It was done accordingly and the remainder of the stolen property was found. Displeased with this easy manner of recovering lost goods, whereby nothing remained for them to do, the police arrested Rochpar, accusing him of the theft. The mere suspicion sufficed to send him to prison. A few days later he was summoned before the stern judge Tryborn. Naturally he denied the charge. He publicly stated the real facts of the case: how he chanced to pass before the house of a Brāhmaṇa, not known to him personally; how he consented to try the experiment, although he did not believe in its success. He then added very sensibly that if he were the thief he would certainly have avoided that street, and not have been ready to search for the stolen property. He further mentioned that he lost consciousness both times he took the stick in his hand, and that it was not he who had carried the stick, but rather the stick which had carried and dragged him along. Although there was no prosecutor except the public attorney; although all persons who witnessed the Huka-Mella bore testimony in his favor; although his superior himself vouched for his honesty; Rochpar was sentenced to a year and three months' imprisonment. He appealed to the High-Court. But his new judge confirmed the sentence, for the wise reason that if Rochpar had found the stolen things without a moment's hesitation, it proved that he knew where they were, and consequently he must be either the thief or the receiver.

The career of the unfortunate youth was ruined for ever, but materialism triumphed.

Needless to say that we believe neither in bewitched sticks nor in sorcery, as it manifests itself in India in

general and in the Blue Mountains in particular. But we do believe in magnetic force, in clairvoyance and somnambulism, and accordingly we object to a judge steadily denying the possibility of cases called by magnetisers "états lucides" (states of lucidity)<sup>1</sup> during which the will of the subject is entirely in abeyance. Certainly India is the only country in which an offence not proved is punished with a year and more of imprisonment. I do not think I am mistaken, if I maintain that these semi-savage Kurumbas possess a whole arsenal full of this 'psychic force,' while our learned hypnotisers in the Salpêtrière own at best a grain or two of it and our magnetisers perhaps some four or five. The same applies to the Todas, who have remained to this day in possession of this knowledge, acquired in hoary antiquity by their forefathers.

But we have not to deal here with the problem if these two tribes possess such a force or not. So many impartial people bear witness to the fact that they are indeed endowed with this "bewildering psychic faculty," as General Morgan puts it, that it is difficult if not impossible to deny it. For us who live in India, this question has been decided long ago. It now only remains to investigate the difference which exists—apart from the obvious one—between the two opposed forces of the Todas and the Mala-Kurumbas. When this question has been answered, to some extent at least, we shall have to make our choice between the two horns of the dilemma and explain the force accordingly. Either we must then believe in sorcery, or in that which modern science itself now begins gradually to admit.

Amongst the information which we have gathered about the Todas and the Kurumbas there are many individual cases in which that which we call mesmerism, and of late hypnotism, shows itself unmistakably. The Todas cured their

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<sup>1</sup> I am the more fully convinced of the innocence of Rochpar as I have come to know this kind of sorcery myself. My brooch and gold watch having been stolen, they were found on the very same day by a girl of five years old to whose hand a fakir had tied such a stick. The child was used for this purpose all over the country. The fakir or Bawa (father) did not accept a remuneration for his service.

patients as did Hippokrates and the ancient Egyptian hierophants. They allowed the influence of the sun to act upon them and they further increased the electrical effects of his rays by making magnetic passes over the invalid's body, *i.e.*, by applying animal magnetism. The Kurumbas on the contrary adopt for their conjurations the methods of the witches of Thessaly, as far as we read about them in the Classics. They make use of the moon and her rays, which are distinctly inimical at certain times of the year. They brew concoctions of herbs and blood, and they possess the power to bewitch a selected victim by their mere looks. But perhaps this latter faculty is innate in them as it is in snakes. The hypnotiser does the same. The difference between a hypnotiser and a Mala-Kurumba is not very great. The one gives mental orders to his subject, and forces a decent girl to commit indecencies in word and deed at his public demonstrations,<sup>1</sup> the other takes hold of the will-power of a guileless Badaga and constrains him to steal and do other offences "as in a state of unconsciousness and numbness".<sup>2</sup> It is a difference in degree only, not in kind.

The Frenchman will want two more centuries at least before he reaches the level of the Kurumba in the art of influencing by thought a human organism weaker than himself. It required many centuries for mankind to develop the canon of architecture. But the mole did not study at universities, nor did the beaver understand the constructions of his dams which have served as models to humanity. Many stones of mediæval monuments were used in later times to pave Italian streets, but the Cyclopean walls stand unshaken unto this very day.

*(To be continued)*

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<sup>1</sup> I have myself seen this done in Paris and a relative of mine who visited the Salpêtrière was indignant when she witnessed the scandalous proceedings of two of Dr. Charcot's pupils in connexion with a helpless girl-patient.

<sup>2</sup> "As though under the influence of trance or of full intoxication," say the minutes of a trial which took place in Kotagiri when a Badaga was charged with theft. He brought forward the above-mentioned facts for his vindication.



## EDUCATION IN THE LIGHT OF THEOSOPHY

**T**HE fundamental teachings of Theosophy so alter our views of the Child, that a very revolution is wrought by them in the relations of the child and his elders. Formerly we regarded him either as a soul fresh from the hands of God, clad in a body furnished by his parents; or as an intelligence dependent on the brain and nervous organisation built up by the laws of heredity working through countless generations in the past. Some thought that the child's mind was a blank page on which his environment wrote his character, so that everything depended on the influences brought to bear on him from outside; others, that he brought his mental and emotional qualities with him through heredity, and could only be slightly modified from outside, since "nature was stronger than nurture". From every point of view, he was practically a new being, a new consciousness, to be trained, disciplined, guided, ordered, by his elders, a creature without experience,

living in a world new to him, which he entered for the first time.

Theosophy has placed before us a conception of the Child as an immortal Individual, taking birth amongst us after many hundreds of such births upon our earth, with experiences gathered through many lives and wrought into him as faculties and powers, with a character which is the incarnate memory of his past, with a receptivity which is limited and conditioned by that past, and which determines his response to impressions from outside. He is no longer a plastic soul, ductile in the hands of his elders, but a being to be studied, to be understood, before he can be effectively helped. His body, truly, is young and not yet well under his control, a scarce-broken animal; but he himself may be older than his parents and his teachers, may be wiser than his elders. To the Theosophist each child is a study, and instead of imposing his own will on him and supposing that age and size of body gives a right to order and to dominate, he tries to discover through the young body the features of the indwelling owner, and to understand what the Ruler Immortal is seeking to achieve in his new kingdom of the flesh. He endeavors to aid the indwelling Ruler, not to usurp his throne, to be an advisor, a councillor, not a master. He ever remembers that each Ego has his own path, his own method, and he treats him with a tender reverence—tender, because of the youth and weakness of the body; reverence, because of the sacredness of the Individual, on whose empire none should encroach.

Further the Theosophist knows that the new bodies which clothe the ancient and eternal Spirit, while representing the results of his embodied past, may be immensely modified by the influences which play upon them in the present. The astral body contains germs of good and evil emotions, the seeds sown by the experiences of previous lives; these are germs, not fully developed qualities, and they may be nourished or atrophied by the influences

which play upon them; an Ego who possesses an astral body with germs of violent temper or of deceit, may be helped by the peacefulness and honesty of his parents, and these germs, played upon by their opposites, may be nearly starved out of existence; one who has an astral body in which are germs of generosity and benevolence, may have these fostered into strength by the play upon them of similar virtues in his elders. So also the mental body possesses the germs of mental faculties, and these may be similarly nurtured or stunted. In the Ego are the qualities or the deficiencies, and in his permanent atoms the material potentialities for the bodies; the building up, the modifying, of the astral and mental bodies during childhood and youth is—save in most exceptional cases—largely dependent on the influences which surround him; here comes in the powerful karma of environment generated in his past, and the heavy responsibilities of his elders; his whole future in this birth being largely determined by the influences which play upon him during his early years.

Knowing all this, the Theosophical parents will welcome the incoming Ego, clothed in his new material garments, as a sacred and responsible charge entrusted to their hands; they will realise that his young and plastic bodies are largely dependent upon them for their future utility; just as they sedulously feed and tend the physical body, and train it with scrupulous care, developing its muscles with thoughtfully adapted and graduated exercises, its senses with encouragement to observe, its nerves with generally healthy conditions and watchful protection against all jar, strain and shock; so will they see to it that only high and pure emotions, only noble and lofty thoughts, are allowed to play on the germs in the astral and mental bodies, during this formative period of far-reaching importance. They will remember that any undesirable vibration in their own astral and mental bodies will at once be reproduced in that of the child, and hence will realise that it is not enough to guard their words, expressions and gestures; they must also neither feel nor think unworthily. Further, they must sedulously watch over and protect the

child from all coarsening and vulgarising influences as well as from those which are directly evil, and must keep away from him all undesirable company, both old and young.

These are the obvious first conditions with which the Theosophical parents must surround their child. In a sense they are protective and negative. Let us see next what should be the educative and positive surroundings in the home. There are many things that are not always thought of, but which are very desirable and within the reach of most.

The home, and especially the room of the child, should be made as beautiful as possible. Beauty is far more a question of refined taste than of wealth, and simplicity and appropriateness play a greater part in it than complexity and monetary value. The living-rooms should have little furniture, but what there is should be useful and good of its kind; walls of a single color, with, if practicable, a well-drawn and colored frieze and dado; a single really beautiful object—whether well-shaped vase or print of a noble picture—on which the eye may rest and feel its inspiration; in a cold country, a little well-chosen drapery and some carpet-mats; a few sprays of flowers—not a closely packed bouquet; the necessary chairs, tables and couches, well-shaped and graceful, enough for use and comfort without crowding the available space; such a room will bring out the sense of beauty in the child, and train and refine its taste. All utensils used in the household should be beautiful and adapted to their end; metal, earthenware, should be chosen for burnish and color, and the vessels should be well-shaped and exquisitely kept. What the Greek and Egyptian peasant did in the past, what the Indian peasant does to-day, cannot be beyond the power of the western middle and manual labor classes. It must be realised that Beauty is an essential condition of a human life, and that what Nature does for the animal and the savage, civilised man must do for himself. And let parents remember that the best they have should be given to the child, for his surroundings are shaping the instruments he must use through

his whole life in this and the two worlds connected with it. If there is a nursery, it must not be hung with cheap and gaudy daubs, the refuse of the family art-possessions, "good enough for the children"; a few good prints or well-colored pictures, portraits or statuettes of the truly great, whose stories may be told in the gloaming to the little ones; pictures of noble deeds, to be also glowingly depicted in inspiring words; these will imprint on the young brain memories that will never pass away, will vivify the germs of noble emotions, of high thoughts and aspirations.

It ought to be, but unhappily is not, needless to say that the whole atmosphere surrounding the child should be full of warm love and tenderness. All good things grow, all evil things wither, in an atmosphere of love. If the babe is born into love, is cradled in love, if the child is nurtured in love, the youth will be gentle, obedient, trustful. If punishment were unknown in the home, it would never be 'needed' in the school. Sharp words, rebukes, hasty blame—these errors of parents evoke and evolve faults in the child. Win a child's trust and love—and these the parents will have by nature if they have done nothing to repel them—and you can do anything with him. Only love is fit to educate, fit to be trusted with the frail bodies in which the Ego is to spend this life. How yearningly the Ego seeks the help of the elders for these bodies of his, that help which they so sorely require, and which he can, in the early years, do so little to supply. How bitter his disappointment when they are injured and stunted, physically, emotionally and mentally.

Love only will give the comprehension which is as the bread of life for the child. His dawning faucies, his gropings out into the new world, his confusion between physical and astral impressions, his puzzles over the reports of his untrained senses, his sense of the pressure of a huge unknown on his frail and little body, the incomprehensible comings and goings of the apparently irresponsible giants around him—all these life-enigmas environ him, a

stranger in a strange land. Surely these little ones have a right to the tenderest compassion, while they feel their way through the first stages of the new earth-life, and try to shape themselves to expression in their new surroundings.

The child should be *studied*: his elders should seek to know his strong points and his weaknesses, to find out the aim and purpose of the Ego in this new stage of his pilgrimage. He therefore should not be coerced, save where restraint is necessary to prevent him from ignorantly injuring his bodies, but should be encouraged to express himself freely in order that he may be studied and understood. A child who is constantly repressed ever wears a mask, and hides himself away from his elders, who are left to blunder on, unconscious of his real nature. Half the remarks addressed to many children by well-meaning parents form a string of "Don't"s, unreasoning and unnecessary. Obedience is enforced to the will of the parents, instead of to principles vital for the child's well-being, of which the parent is the temporary mouth-piece; the duty and necessity of obedience to *law*, speaking through the person entrusted with its enunciation, this is of immeasurable importance; it lays the foundation of religious, moral, and civic righteousness. But arbitrary authority enforced by superior size and strength, subjection to the irresponsible whims and fancies of the parent, with no reason vouchsafed but: "Because I tell you so"—these destroy in the young mind the invaluable respect for lawful authority, which is nurtured and strengthened by the former method.

The study of the child should help the parents to a general idea of future vocation and therefore of the education which should prepare him for it. They should study his faculties, his tastes, his temperaments, with painstaking assiduity. They should utilise the knowledge which can be placed at their disposal by a well-equipped astrologer, who can indicate for them the broad outlines of character and the general trend of

the life. This study should enable them to reach a decision, on which the child himself can be consulted ere specialisation be carried far.

The education given in the home should include the basic truths of religion in their simplest form: the One Life, Reincarnation, Karma, the Three Worlds and their Inhabitants; on these moral lessons should be based, and given in the form of stories of great men and women, of those who showed the virtues that the child should emulate, with short pithy sentences from the World-Scriptures, thus storing the memory with valuable material. These basic truths should be taken for granted, implied constantly rather than taught didactically. Good manners should be carefully taught—politeness to inferiors and equals, respect and deference to superiors; the lesson should be enforced by good manners in the elders, for a child treated with politeness will himself instinctively become polite. Good physical habits of extreme cleanliness and order should be impressed on the child, and proper breathing should be taught; sanitary duties should be attended to on rising, and after the morning bath a few minutes should be given to breathing practice. Then should come the daily worship, including a versicle on the One Life, thanks to ancestors, to the workers who supply daily needs, to the animals who serve us, with the repetition of such a promise as that of 'The Golden Chain'. Then some simple physical exercises, without apparatus preferably, for the strengthening of the muscles. The morning meal of milk, bread and fruit should follow, though a delicate child might have a cup of milk after the bath and breathing exercises.

The home education for the first seven years of life should, after the day begun as above described, put no strain on the child's intelligence; he should be as much as possible in the open air, should learn to observe the habits of plants, insects, birds and beasts, should be encouraged to garden, to play with animals, his lessons should be very short and conversational, mostly on objects and pictures, and should include

learning by heart terse sentences and brief poems. Carefully graduated physical exercises and games to strengthen and supple the body, and to render it graceful, should alternate with easy-going lessons. These years are those in which must be laid the foundation of strong, beautiful and healthy maturity. The food should be simple and nourishing—milk, cereals, fruits, sweets, all that builds up and does not stimulate; no meat, onions, or other coarse foodstuffs, should be allowed to come near the child.

This period of the child's life is one in which fancy and imagination are in full play, and should be encouraged, not checked. The 'making-believe' of the child is fruitful for himself and instructive for his elders who are seeking to understand him. As Dr. Steiner wisely remarked, the mechanical and perfected toys of the present day are not as educative for the child as the rougher toy which is a mere symbol, which he clothes with his imagination. The toy helps him to 'make-believe,' and that is its real value; he day-dreams it into life and reality. Fairy-tales should be told to him, till he can read them for himself; all things should live to him—as indeed they do, if his elders will leave him alone and not batter his airy castles into rubbish; the light of the other worlds is not yet darkened to him; leave him to joy in them while he can.

From the seventh anniversary of birth, more serious study should begin, but, if rightly arranged and given, it will be a joy, not a burden, to the child. Even if he is later to go to school, it would be well to keep him, if possible, for at least another two or three years in the home; he will have picked up reading during the previous years; writing, after learning the form of the letters, is best practised by copying slowly and neatly passages chosen for beauty and simplicity, learning together in this way writing, spelling and style. As writing becomes more easy to him, he can write without book on one day as much as he can remember of what he copied the day before. This may

alternate with letters, written by himself, in which he should describe a walk, with all he saw in it, a game, a household event, anything which has aroused his interest. History, taught in stories; geography, taught in travels and puzzle-maps; arithmetic, taught in every-day household affairs; these will all be a delight, if rightly taught. But the teacher must love the pupil, must be patient, tender, mindful of childish ways, never harsh, never provoked into hasty words, ruling by love and gentle persuasion, *never by force*. It is a poor, mean and unchivalrous thing for a large and strong body to take advantage of its physical superiority to terrorise over and inflict suffering on the small weak body of a child. Moreover, for one human being to inflict pain on another, with the object of causing pain is criminal; it is wrong in principle, as being a breach of the law of harmlessness (ahimsa); and good people, who do this, are hypnotised by long and evil custom into moral blindness in this respect. The child who is punished by violence is morally injured, as well as physically hurt and frightened. He is taught that the infliction of pain on another is the proper way of showing displeasure with one weaker than himself, and he becomes a bully to smaller children. His resentment blurs any possible sense he might otherwise have had of his own wrong-doing, and the seeds of revenge are sown in his heart. If naturally sensitive to pain, he becomes deceitful, lest a fault should bring down on him a blow. Untruth, in a child, grows out of lack of understanding or out of fear, and punishment bewilders in the first place, and increases fear in the second. A child's faults for the most part can be cured by the opposite virtues in his elders, and by their showing him respect and trust. They should take it for granted that he has done his best, should accept his word unquestioningly, should treat him honorably, and as being himself an honorable person. If he does wrong, the wrong should be explained to him carefully the first time without blaming him: "I am sure you will not do it again, now you understand." If it be repeated, it should be met with an expression of

surprise, of sorrow, of renewed hope. A child's self-respect must never be outraged; even if he lies, he must be trusted over and over again till he becomes truthful: "You must be making a mistake; you would not tell me a lie when you know I take your word."

Cooking and household and garden work should form part of the education of the child from seven to fourteen; he should learn household carpentry, to drive in a nail (without spoiling the wall), to tie various knots, to make neat and well-secured parcels, to use his fingers deftly and skilfully. He should learn to help, to serve, to find joy in helping—as a child naturally does.

If his parents can afford to have him taught at home, or if a group of families could combine for home-lessons, up to the age of fourteen, this would be better than sending the child away to school. Boys and girls could all learn and play together in such a circle of homes, and would be all the better for the home-influences constantly round them. During these seven years the child should learn to swim, to row, to cycle, to ride, to run, to leap, to play cricket, hockey, tennis. To his reading, writing, arithmetic, history, geography—taught as above said—he may, from about eleven onwards, add some simple scientific study, in a practical form, in which he can perform some simple experiments, learning from these, as he can learn from nothing else, the inviolability of natural law. During the later part of this second period of seven years, the future vocation of the child should be definitely settled, due weight being given to his own ideas, which he should be encouraged to express freely, so that from fourteen onwards he may specialise along definite lines and prepare himself for his work in the world.

ANNIE BESANT

*(To be concluded.)*

## THE HARVEST

IT is difficult for us who are just beginning to try to think of ourselves as Egos reincarnating in bodies, and not as dying personalities, to live truly in the Eternal, and to take those views of the progress of man's evolution through the æonian march of the sun about the zodiac which are of the essence of our philosophy.

At the beginning of our world-period, time passed with infinite lagging, as suited the evolution of the elemental essence gaining the experiences of mineral life. Then came the vegetable and animal periods, characterised by only less slowness.

Even the progress of life in the Atlantean period, during which flourished the third and fourth Root-Races, was extremely tedious from one view-point, occupying many hundreds of thousands of years.

But now we are told the beginnings of the sixth sub-race are already made in America; indeed that much has already been done for it. And it will be but half a dozen centuries until the sixth Root-Race shall have taken origin in the western part of this country, and Mr. Leadbeater is now telling the story of its beginnings.

From a comparison of these developmental periods we may easily see that the world-period is quickening its pace. The progress of evolution under the favorable conditions now presented will be extremely rapid. Indeed if all nations are in eight centuries to be so far civilised, that there are to be but a few remote countries like Greenland and Kamschatka whose inhabitants need the aid of the thought-action of the California community, we may well understand how the world will soon be so far improved as a home for man that there will be no appro-

priate places for savages, nomadic tribes, or even half civilised nations. These younger souls will be provided with suitable conditions upon the planet next in the Round, Mercury.

The wonder and glory of the opportunity which is ours we may scarcely realise, nor may we for a moment appreciate through what difficulties our Masters have passed in preparing for us, and those still younger, a way for our easier treading. Think what it must have meant ceaselessly to labor during those dark millennia that have just passed, in part of which only a certain knowledge of the meaning of the plan of the Logos made possible a calm existence for the Watchers. In this period we were, for the most part, not in incarnation or were not concerned with Occultism. They, our great Teachers, were waiting, watching, taking advantage of all opportunities to lead men into those ways nearest the line of God's upward-trending forces. And we were given comparatively easy lessons, or were cared for in the heaven worlds. Even the coming of the great Messiah did not suffice so to reduce the evil karma of mankind that the Dark Ages could be avoided—ages in which not only spiritual enlightenment, but even education and civil culture, almost failed mankind. Imagine with what patient tenderness They have planned for each of us. "This one will surely bear this small burden. That one cannot fail to do that piece of work if we encourage him always, speaking to him in his heart. We will send the strongest ones first to break the way, and make all easier for them. And ways of retreat will be provided for them if they fail, so that they may try again in other lives."

We, Their children, may feel that we have the easiest of opportunities, that the difficulties in which we are placed are no greater than we can bear, if we patiently try with all our force to overcome them. When we come to a full knowledge of all that has been done, we shall see with joy and gratitude how generously and sweetly They have arranged all for us, that we may at last in no distant day stand free, as developed men, by Their side, sharing, with full knowledge of Their plans, in Their labors.

Now that zodiacal conditions are favorable for great things—the rapid establishment of the new sub-race and the sixth Root-Race—we, the children of the great Ones, are allowed to know of Their plans and to participate in the realisation of them, brought as we are into simultaneous incarnation in the work.

The harvest of Their sowing and tending will occur in the next centuries. We of the Theosophical Society are privileged to participate in it. Ours the easier way—merely to assist in the garnering, and to rejoice with Them in the happy realisation of Their plans.

WELLER VAN HOOK

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A THOUGHT

What joy to seize and make one's own  
 One of those thoughts,  
 That, hovering o'er the World,  
 Await for man,  
 That he may build therefrom a dwelling all his own,  
 Wherein he may be helped, consoled and cheered  
 By the certainty of God-given knowledge,  
 That there is truly a guiding force for good,  
 Which will survive, and beautify whate'er is dark,  
 And bare of hope and joy.  
 That which in our best moments  
 We have willed to do,  
 In thoughts of sacrificing self and help for others,  
*Must* come to pass,  
 Guided thereto by that Creative Self,  
 That higher Self within us,  
 Which, having once willed,  
 Carves out that path before us  
 Which we must follow, till the goal is gained,  
 And, against which, no depths of weakness,  
 Sin or sorrow may prevail.

A. M.

THE MYSTERY OF LOVE IS GREATER THAN THE  
MYSTERY OF DEATH.

*Scene* : A platform backed with blue curtains, stretched. In the centre, the Angel of Death, seated high, her dark wings falling from her shoulders to the ground forming the opening to a cave. The Angel is robed in steel grey, a veil of shimmering grey covers her hair: a star shines above her forehead. She sleeps, leaning upon the hilt of a gigantic sword, whose blade divides the entrance to the cave. For a while silence broods over the dimly lighted platform; then raising herself, her eyes as it were fixed beyond the margins of the world, her hands still grasping the sword, she speaks.

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THE ANGEL OF DEATH :

“Lo, as I slept I heard the voice of Nature calling through my dreams. Upon the bosom of my dark waters fire played; my peace was ruffled by a myriad things that leaped towards the light. Yea, it was the voice of Life that called; my sister’s voice calling to me to wake and let her clamoring children pass out through my door-way to the world.

“So be it: let them pass. None live that have not suffered death; yea, though they know it not, all, all have passed my way.

“I see the pageant of the nations go, glorious in youth, to join the circle of their time at the dark gate they started from.

“From bud to flowering I watch them grow, and then to fruit; when ripe, I raise my sword and smite them to the earth.

“Race upon race of men have lived and died, nor have they known that I, their dreaded foe, but open up a way that angels tread. In fear they cling about my knees; nor

will they see that from corruption fire springs; a stream of light whose being is God's praise! Few are those star-eyed ones who see the truth. One of their poets cried: 'The mystery of love is greater than the mystery of death!' and his fellows slew before my sword could fall. I, the Destroyer, liberate the soul; but men are blind to all save five small things. Five Kings they serve, nor know that Princely Soul to whom their lords are serfs.

"Yet in my dream I thought Hope came as music on the wind, calling me to awake. I heard a sound, sky-wrought and sweetly shrill. O Man! Come from the womb of death once more: the mystery of Love is greater than the mystery of Death!"

(A silence—then on hands and knees, a Man, dressed all in skins, creeps from between the wings of Death. He rises slowly, grasping the blade of the Sword; then stepping forth, stretches his arms towards the sky; his head flung back as though he drew a deep breath of the dawn, that now begins to peer. Slowly, as though coming to recognition of himself by touching, he speaks, searching to find expression for his thought.)

THE MAN:

"How strangely things look in the dawning light! I scarcely seem to know my hand, and yet—yes, I remember well, not long ago it tore this skin from off a beast that came prowling in search of prey close where I crouched among the trees. I leaped on it, breaking its neck! With a sharp stone I ripped its hide and went, wrapped in the bloody pelt, howling with joy, till all the forest rang with my delight, and now, in this light, I seem almost a beast myself.

"A beast? I am not that; I named them! They are my slaves and I their King!

"A King with a slave's skin to cover him! I will not wear their badge: I will be King of myself alone."

(He tears angrily at the skins, then pausing:)

"Wait! If I discard these skins and stand myself; ah, why am I ashamed, afraid? There must be something else for a King to wear—ah!"

(He pounces on a little heap of blue stuff lying at the edge of the platform; laughing delightedly, he touches it; takes it in his hands as though a little afraid, speaking to it almost childishly.)

“See! See! The sky itself has fallen to cover me! How light and soft and wonderfully blue! Does not the sky feel lonely without you?—Lonely? How do I know what that means? How do I know?”

(The feeling of his solitude crushes him; he sinks down burying his face in the blue cloth.)

“Ah, I am alone, and there is none to comfort me!”

(Immediately on these words a voice is heard singing a great way off; like an animal, alert, the Man listens. At the end of the first verse a beautiful Woman appears from the far end of the room, and comes through the audience towards the Man, singing. She is dressed in a filmy garment of blue such as the Man holds in his hand; she carries a bunch of starry white flowers.)

THE VOICE OF THE WOMAN:

“O hoi-e-o, hoi-e-o, hoi-oo!  
 Down from the sky I come,  
 O hoi-e-o, hoi-e-o, hoo.  
 Drawn by a voice that calls,  
 O hoi-e-o, hoi-e-o, hoo!  
 Drawn by a voice that weeps,  
 O hoi-e-o, hoi-e-o, hoo.  
 Drawn by a lonely heart.  
 O hoi-e-o, hoi-ego, hoo.  
 O hoi-e-o, hoi-e-o, hoo!  
 On earth the fields are green,  
 O-oo-o-oo-o-oo-oo-oo-O-OO!  
 With crimson flowers set between,  
 O hoi-O hoi-hoi-e-o-OO!  
 But the fields of heaven are blue, and bright  
 With myriad flowers that shine by night,  
 O hoi-e-o, hoi-e-o, hoi-oo!”

THE WOMAN (stopping in amazement, close to the Man):

“Oh! What are you?”

THE MAN :

"I am not sure. I have called myself Man. And you, where do you come from? I have never seen you in the forest. You are beautiful! Where do you come from?"

THE WOMAN :

"I am beginning to forget, but I know it was all light, and there were wonderful sounds. Oh, not like the sounds that I am making now; how strange they are, and yet I think I must have heard them before, music sounds, that our thoughts made as they flew from flower to flower. I had to wade through fields of crimson flowers before I saw you; they frightened me; ours are quite different: all shining clear, like little—little—"

THE MAN (proudly) :

"Stars! I have named them all."

THE WOMAN :

"Yes—stars. One must have names for things down here, or one would quite forget. Ah, look, my star-flowers have gone dim: they are changing color, they are beginning to forget. Among the air-hills I was gathering them, when a sad music swept past upon the wind, borne from a long, long way. It seemed to call me and I followed as one might follow a silver thread, with my eyes shut, down, down, down, until—Oh! I think it must have been your voice! Are there not still tears in your eyes? Were you not calling me?"

THE MAN :

"I do not know. When I found this—so soft, so wonderfully blue—I felt that you were in the world, that you had left the sky; you, beautiful, not like the barred and spotted beasts that prowl about the forest: lovely beasts, with great white tusks and gleaming eyes! Like me, and yet, quite different.

"I thought the sky must be lonely without you—without this—and I wept. Then you came, and you are just like this, part of the sky! if I wear it, part of me!"

THE WOMAN (gravely touching the blue cloth):

"Yes, this is part of me: one of my thoughts. I lost it when I heard your voice calling me. Now it belongs to both of us!"

(She wraps the Man in the cloth so that the skins are partly covered; as her hands touch his body he seizes them.)

THE MAN:

"Mine! Mine! Part of me! I will never let you go; if you struggle I will hold you fast; you shall not escape; you are mine!"

THE WOMAN (with tears in her voice):

"Oh! why do you speak like that? Do you not see that you are driving me away? You are as beautiful as I am: you are so strong: I love you. I would stay with you always, but you must never hold me against my will. Will you not let me go? I shall not run away."

THE MAN (releasing her):

"You make me afraid. I never knew before what fear meant."

THE WOMAN (retreating a few steps):

"I too; I am frightened of you. We shall learn not to be afraid of each other: we shall learn so many things. Will you not tell me about the world, and I will tell you about the sky? (She lays her two hands on his breast with renewed, childlike confidence, looking beyond him as it were across great distances.) The world is so very beautiful. I am beginning to forget the sky."

THE MAN (putting his arms round her tenderly):

"I am beginning to forget the world."

(From the Cave of Death the voice of a Child is heard calling.)

THE VOICE OF THE CHILD:

"Mother! Mother! Mother!"

THE WOMAN:

"Listen! Listen! There is music that I never heard before: not even in the sky! Can you not hear it too? It is coming from myself! It is sounding through every

part of me! You too—the wind is shaking lovely music through you! We are the music of the world, the music of the sky! Listen, listen, now there is a sorrowful tune in it, and pain—pain clashing with joy—but joy above all! Joy above all!”

(The Child creeps out of the Cave, and rushes to the Man and Woman. He is dressed in skins, and has a star bound on his forehead.)

THE CHILD :

“Mother! Mother! Mother!”

The Man and Woman (embracing the Child) :

“Where have you come from?”

THE CHILD :

“I can't remember; but your little soft voices have been calling me for a long time, and I know that I have to show you the way.”

THE MAN :

“The way? How can you know the way?”

THE CHILD (pulling them by the hands and speaking as they go) :

“I don't know; but we shall go on and on, over the hills and down again: across the sweet water lakes and the salty seas, and hold hands tight in the stumbly places where there are no more trees.”

(The Man, Woman and Child walk slowly round the platform, the Child leading.)

THE WOMAN :

“How beautiful the world is!”

THE MAN :

“I can hear the stars laughing!”

THE CHILD :

“Come on! Come on! It will be dark before we get back.”

THE MAN :

“Back? How are we to get back?”

THE CHILD :

“The way we came. We must go home in the evening.”

THE WOMAN (pausing) :

“I come from very far away.”

(Slowly the Angel of Death raises the Sword.)

THE MAN :

“We will let the Child lead us: she seems to know the way.”

(The Child dances gaily on before the two.)

THE WOMAN (clutching hold of the Child) :

“Be careful! Be careful! A great Danger is asleep in that pool! I can see its face below the water, and evil dreams twine in its floating hair. Do not go near it!”

THE CHILD (breaking from her) :

“I am not afraid!”

THE MAN :

“We will follow the Child: she has a star on her forehead.”

THE CHILD :

“Come! Come! It is growing late!”

THE WOMAN (shuddering, and drawing her cloak about her) :

“Ah, where has this bitter wind sprung from? It pierces my heart! it will tear you from me.”

THE MAN (embracing her) :

“If we keep close together we can defy the cold.”

THE CHILD (running to the mouth of the Cave and calling them impatiently) :

“Come! Come!”

(The Man and Woman draw near to the Cave; the Woman peeps in and timorously draws back.)

THE WOMAN :

“Alas! There is darkness here, and I came out of the light. The air is full of the sound of falling leaves; it is cold. I am afraid.”

THE MAN :

“Do not be afraid. I will protect you. The Child is not frightened; she has gone into the Cave. I think I should be afraid myself if it were not for you. Let us follow the Child.”

THE WOMAN :

“If you will give me your hand, I will follow you, even into the dark.”

(They bow their heads and pass into the Cave. The Sword of the Angel slowly descends to its original position. A hidden light springs up, showing the Cave to be all golden within. The Child's voice is heard, screaming with delight.)

THE VOICE OF THE CHILD :

“Oh, it is all gold! All shiny gold!”

(There is darkness; then the Voice of the Angel is heard, vibrating with the deepest note of gladness.)

THE VOICE OF THE ANGEL OF DEATH :

“Truth from the mouth of babes! My wings are lined with gold that children see. They, they alone conceive the luminous splendors, like a pall of light, that overarch the Abyss of Nothingness; they, they alone can hear the voiceless songs that thrill the Eternal Void; they have no fear. O Man! My Sword is a spell to cleave the night, and ye have rusted it with dreadful tears. I say ye shall not cease to weep until, like clear-eyed children, ye shall know that the Mystery of Love is Greater than the Mystery of Death!”

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[This Platform Play by Gwendolen Daphne Bishop was first acted in the Theosophical Society's Rooms in London on January 14th, 1910.]

## FIRE

*God is a living fire, old wisdom taught.*

I take this taper, light with it another—  
No change whatever in the first is wrought :  
I spend my spirit on a needy brother,  
Yet is my spirit whole, its diminution naught.

God said : " Let there be Light " ; and Gods awoke  
And lit a world to life with their pure flame,  
And shone there 'mid in peace, till something broke  
The silent spell ; whereon disturbed became  
They all—uneasy for a change ; yet 'twas God spoke.

And in the change that thereupon began—  
The lighting of world after world to life—  
They last a dark, gross, spheral world did plan,  
And passed down into ways of stress and strife,  
That through all being they might rise free-souled to Man.

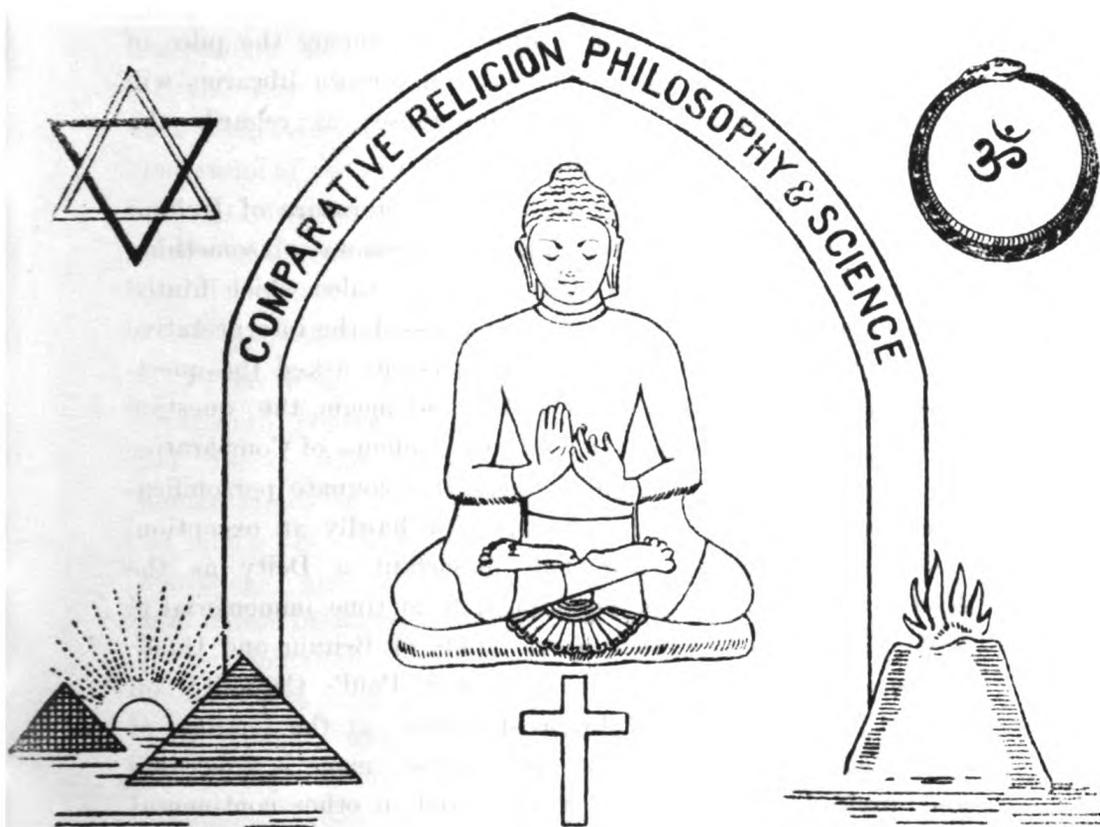
This darkling globe in which the Gods immured  
Themselves in search of being, fuller, higher,  
And which through myriad ages hath endured,  
I find is even yet sustained by Fire—  
Ethereal Principle to ken of sense obscured.

Throughout its seeming dead and formless crust  
The Light-born atom-constellations swing ;  
And shone into by more of Light, and thrust  
Forth into form, the crystal-thought and thing  
Now one—bears humble witness to the Fire august.

And so the plant, the animal and man—  
Successive reaches of the embodied Light—  
Bear witness to the richly-ordered plan,  
Love-kindled, which doth seek to so unite  
All things that each in other its own self may scan.

And that before which these do witness bear,  
The Light itself, doth see itself in all,  
All in itself, and grow with joy aware  
That its own generation from the Fall  
Is rising free, full-wise, immaculately fair.

F. MILTON WILLIS



## THE MYTHOLOGY OF ANCIENT IRELAND <sup>1</sup>

**F**ELLOW-members of the Theosophical Society, and Friends: I consider it not only a matter of personal gratification and honor, but also of extreme significance, whose value may be estimated by those who have eyes to see the signs of the times, that the opening public lectures under the auspices of the Irish Lodge should be concerned with the Ancient Wisdom as it is revealed in the reliques of the Ireland of the distant past.

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A résumé of the first of the three opening public lectures of the Irish Lodge of the Theosophical Society, delivered in Dublin on February 19th, 1910.

My first task is to present to you some details of the antique mythology of Ireland, details intended only to be suggestive, since the materials now at hand have assumed immense volume, and future discoveries among the piles of untranslated manuscripts in home and foreign libraries will modify and illuminate present hypotheses as regards the source and significance of the mythology.

For several centuries the ancient literature of Ireland had passed out of mind. Vague suggestions of something beyond had been preserved in grotesque tales which hinted deep things to the very few who possessed the interpretative sense; but the wise men of the universities asked the question: "What literature has Ireland?" and meant the question to carry its own answer. Industrious students of Comparative Mythology, ransacking the universe for cognate personifications and parallel events, have, with hardly an exception, failed to contact so supremely important a Deity as the Keltic Lugh, who was worshipped from time immemorial in Ireland, and in the other Keltic lands of Britain and Gaul; whose temple was the forerunner of S. Paul's Cathedral on the Hill of the Gate of Lugh—Ludgate—at the fortress of Lugh—Lugudunum, London; and whose name is concealed and preserved in Lyons in France, and in other continental topographical names.

For an explanation of phenomena such as these, we have to hark back to a period somewhat more than half way through the twelfth century, when the Knights of Normandy who had settled in England came to Ireland at the invitation of the dethroned King of Leinster, and continued the process of pushing the old Keltic population of western Europe into the Atlantic. When, five centuries later, the zealous Cromwell, in the name of religion and liberty, ordered the remnant of the "mere Irish" to betake themselves "to Hell or Connaught" (the western and poorest province of Ireland), he swept away a national tradition of great antiquity, and gave to the winds the vestiges of the records which had survived the ravages of the usurping Normans and the predatory Danes, and on which scholars of

supreme attainment for their time had expended infinitudes of affectionate industry. The conquest of Ireland was regarded as an accomplished fact: at all events, the Ireland that had broken the Danish power in the island, and had blocked the way of Strongbow and the first Plantagenet Kings, had been crippled and perverted and rendered impotent. The final stage of the process was the wiping out of even the memory of that ancient civilisation, by forcing upon the country the educational methods and ideals of an alien and temperamentally different race, and by stamping out with the death penalty its native language.

Then a strange thing happened. Towards the end of the nineteenth century, when the scientific spirit in Europe had fed full on the flesh and bones of physical evolution, the human mind, in its incessant and intensifying activity, began to apply the methods of science to the study of its own operations, and to the manifestations of those operations in the elder literatures of various lands and epochs. Under the examination of free and acute intellects in continental universities came a few fragments of the literary débris of a country that for generations had been lost in the mists beyond the western border of Britain: and lo! the language which it had been death for one to speak in Ireland found a place for purity and value beside the Greek; and the joy and enthusiasm of the discoverers of the classics at the break-up of the mediæval darkness in Europe in the fifteenth century was repeated in the joy and enthusiasm of a few scholars, as they unearthed a new-old literature full of romance, full of the poetry of nature and humanity, full of glimpses of a heroic race and polity, and full of suggestions of a unique mythology setting forth in quaint personifications and symbols a Theogony as rich as any known, and a view of the universe and man's relationship thereto, which in its essentials and implications has not been surpassed by the most advanced thought of modern times.

From the materials now at our disposal it is possible to construct with convincing fulness and understanding the

ancient Keltic Pantheon, and therefrom to arrive at a considerable knowledge of the religious ideas that swayed and moulded the minds of the people of the western islands of Europe for long ages before Cæsar and his legions set foot upon them, B. C. 55.

According to the oldest known manuscripts in the Irish language, it was held as a tradition from earliest times that the first race to inhabit Ireland was that of Partholon, who came from the hidden world—euhemerised as Spain—fought and vanquished the forces of chaos and darkness called the Fomorians, and vanished—save one survivor.

After them from the same source came the Nemedians, who were tyrannised over and finally exterminated by the Fomorians.

Then came 'from heaven' 'the men of the God-son of the Goddess Dana,' the Tuatha De Danann, who overcame the Fomorians, but were themselves overcome by a subsequent race, which enslaved them in the lakes and mountains of Ireland.

Now I would ask you to observe that, while the genealogy of the Greek Deities is divided into three stages under three male personifications—Uranus, Cronus, Zeus—each stage marking a great movement from chaos to humanity; a progression similar in significance, though differing in detail, is seen in the Irish traditions of the colonisation of the island. Let it be observed also that while the progression in the Greek mythology is by way of a genealogy preserved by marriages very much within the proscribed limits of consanguinity (Gæa with her son Uranus, and Cronus and Zeus with their sisters Rhea and Hera), the underlying idea of unity in origin and descent is expressed in the Irish tradition by the three great races coming from the unseen world.

Further, while the cosmic significance of the Greek genealogy is expressly stated by its transmitters; the relation of the mythic Irish invasions to cosmic evolution is implied in the curious gradual development of the country

under the eyes of the invaders. When the Partholonians came, they found Ireland a single plain with three lakes and nine rivers; but things had so far evolved when the Milesians dispossessed the Tuatha De Davann that the latter found no difficulty in securing a sufficiency of lakes and mountains as places of retreat, and many a place in Ireland is called after one or other of the Irish Divinities whose place and office we shall now seek out.

One turns naturally first to her whose name was given to the Divine race, Dana, the mother of the Keltic Gods of Light. In one aspect she is daughter of the King of the Tuatha De Davann, Dagda—'good God'—and wife to Bress, King of the Fomorians. In another aspect she was called Brigit, the patroness of poets, healers, and smiths. During the Roman occupation of Britain the worship of Brigit was widespread, and several votive inscriptions bearing her name have been discovered. As wife to Bress, she became the mother of a trinity of Deities, Brian, Juchair and Jucharba, the first of whom came to be regarded at one period as the greatest of the De Davann Divinities. The worship of Brian, 'the God-son of Dana,' was not confined to Ireland or Britain, but was practised among the Kelts of Gaul—that portion of Europe now called France. To Brian was attributed success in arms; and when the Kelts, in the fifth and fourth centuries B. C., overran the Italian and Balkan peninsulas and ravaged Rome and Delphi, it was given out amongst the vanquished Romans and Greeks that the triumphant leader was Brennos, who was none other than Brian, son of Brigit, a fact which establishes the worship of Brian five centuries before the Christian era, and pushes the worship of his mother back into hoary antiquity.

With whom, then, in the Greek Pantheon shall we equate this ancient Goddess of our Keltic ancestors? As 'Mother of the Gods' she is reputed to have "nourished them well," a saying which bears the implication of maternal care, and wealth of things that make for well-being. A continental counterpart figures her on an ancient

sculpture as bearing a cornucopæia, or horn of plenty; but nowhere does she appear to be associated with human marriage and birth as was Hera, the wife of Zeus. She appears to belong to the realm of natural, rather than of human, fruitfulness; and we are thus brought to regard her as the Keltic equivalent of Rhea, who was worshipped by the Greeks primarily as 'the Great Mother'.

If Dana be the Keltic Rhea, in what divinity shall we find a parallel for Rhea's consort Cronus? It happens that we have in the mythological tradition of Ireland an almost identical story to the classic usurpation of the sovereignty of Cronus by his son Zeus. In the Irish story the usurper is Argus the Young, and the fallen Divinity is Dagda, who is called also Eochaid Olathair, or Great Father. Assuming that the underlying idea in both stories is identical, we are led to enquire as to whether the intimate association of Cronus and Rhea as both husband and wife and brother and sister, is repeated in a similarly intimate association between Dagda and Dana.

We have seen that Dana was said to be *daughter* to Dagda. As Brigit she was also called his daughter. We have also seen that Dana was the wife of Bress. These relationships need not, however, deter us from further enquiry. We are not on the verge of a scandal in high life, but in the presence of elemental representation of vast ideas, whose phases are embodied in multiple personifications, held together by the fundamental human relationships of parent, consort, or offspring.

Now the wife by whom Dagda became the father of his usurping son Argus was Boann, a name which, like Brigit, is said to stand for another aspect of Dana. We have now set Dagda 'the Great Father', and Dana 'the Mother of the Gods,' side by side in the mythological relationship of husband and wife as Keltic embodiments of the same idea as embodied in Cronus and Rhea. Against the circumstance that Cronus and Rhea were children of the same parents, we have to place the circumstance that Cian, another aspect of Dagda, and his wife Ethniu, another

aspect of Dana, were, on a close scrutiny of their ancestry, brother and sister. Cian was son to Ailill Aulom, whom an authority declares to be etymologically equivalent to the Roman Dis Pater, or King of the Dead. Ethniu was daughter to Balar, who was also called Tigernmas, which means the Chief of the Dead; so that mythologically the father of Dagda and the father of Dana are one, and the double relationship between Dagda and Dana is as complete as that between Cronus and Rhea.

Let us see now if we can push our Pantheon a step further back and find an equivalent to the oldest of the Grecian Gods, Uranus. We have seen that the father of Dagda (Cian) was Ailill Aulom, and that the father of Dana (Ethniu) was Balar. Both fathers belonged to the hidden world—the Kingdom of the Dead—and to the mythic Fomorian race which was at perpetual feud with the De Dananns. Balar was the chief of a trinity which, a great scholar declares, involved a mythical conception originally identical with the Indian Varuṇa. Now the names Uranus and Varuṇa are both traceable to the Sanskr̥t root, *var*, to cover: hence, the identity of Balar with Varuṇa and of Varuṇa with Uranus leads us to the conclusion that in the Keltic Balar we have an equivalent of the Greek Uranus.

The circumstances in which we have found Argus the Young, as usurper of his father's dominion, appear to provide us with a *prima facie* reason for regarding him as a Keltic Zeus: the power of prophecy was a faculty possessed by both Zeus and Argus; both also were said to have changed themselves into swans.

But Argus was not the only usurper amongst the Keltic Olympians; neither, for that matter was Zeus. In the faculty of prophesying he had formidable rivals, and his power of metamorphosis is equalled by other deities; moreover he was the possessor of other powers, such as that of music, which are more definitely associated with other deities than with Zeus. In short, our search for Keltic equivalents to the Hellenic Pantheon—which we have undertaken for the purposes of suggesting its

equal worthiness for study—must take into account not only similarities but dissimilarities; and a short study of the two mythologies soon brings us face to face with the fact that while in many details the mythology of ancient Ireland is peopled with personifications of as vast significance as that of Greece—or indeed of any ancient race—there exists a wide difference in the sum total, a difference in sharpness of outline and characterisation, which makes the Keltic stand to the Grecian in much the same relationship as one of the early plays of Maeterlinck would stand to a play of Euripides; the one sensitive and suggestive, its characters overlapping and appearing as variations of a central concept; the other definite, unambiguous, solid.

Time will not permit an extended study of the numerous Keltic Gods and Goddesses. An indication of what remains to be done will be manifest even if we name only the deities which Cæsar found worshipped among the Kelts of Gaul, the names of which he translated into the mythological nomenclature of his own people. These, in order of superiority, were: Mercury, Apollo, Mars, Jupiter, Minerva—or, in their Greek forms, Hermes, Apollo, Ares, Zeus, Athene.

As the Keltic counterpart of Hermes we have Lugh, 'the prince of many sciences'. With Apollo an eminent authority equates a little-known mythical personage called Siorna, chiefly on etymological grounds. For Ares we have Ogma, champion of the De Dananns. For Zeus we have Argus. For Athene, with her mythic origin as a fly, we have Etain, who was blown about Ireland in the form of a butterfly for seven years.

But these are only the beginnings of the fascinating study of Irish mythology. Beside them stand the shadowy figures of Lir, the illimitable deep; Manannan his son, and many another one after them, the noble array of mythical heroes, in which the divine and the human commingle, the chief of them being the invincible Cuchullin.

The personifications, however, which I have placed before you will provide the necessary ground-work for consideration in our next lecture of the theological and religious teachings which accompany and elucidate the mythology.

JAMES H. COUSINS

## SONG OF IKHNATON TO ATON

### INTRODUCTION

THE following hymn illustrates an entirely different side of the religious life of ancient Egypt from that which found its expression in hymns of the type to which belongs the Hymn to Amoun Ra, published in the April number of the *Theosophist*.

If an Egyptian priest, initiated into the higher Mysteries of the temple cult, could be induced to give a summary of the religion of his land, his reply would be somewhat as follows. I give the thought rather than the form of expression.

“Our cult must be regarded from a twofold aspect, from the points of view of human and of superhuman activities.

“Man’s work is to create by will and imagination definite forms of matter, of matter belonging to the various realms of nature, through which higher Beings can manifest.

“In the physical world we call to our aid the sculptor and painter, who form images capable of being overshadowed by a divine Ka,<sup>1</sup> and, in the inner planes of nature, the magician forms and reinforces forms by desire and imagination, and excites even the populace to aid in this work, so that the divine Intelligences may be able more easily to draw nigh to man. With a view to the

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<sup>1</sup> Cp. e.g. Budge E. W., *Guide to Egyptian Col. B. M.* (1909) p.117: “Statues of Râ, inhabited by his doubles (Ka) were endowed with the fluid of life,” (SA-EN-ANKH) and this they transmitted to their human counterpart, the King, by resting their hands upon his head, or by drawing them over the back of his head and down his back.

popular mind, we have striven to select simple and impressive forms, forms easy to build, and willingly have sacrificed æsthetic beauty to utility and simplicity, and have even pressed man's love of the grotesque into our service.

"From the spiritual side we know that vast multitudes of spiritual intelligences exist, which rise in infinite gradations from man to that Thrice-unknown-Darkness, before whom thought falls dead.

"Such Beings have transcended humanity as man has transcended the brute creation, but there are gradations in superhuman perfection, and some stand mutually in the relation of beast to man.

"These Beings have outpassed the need for physical bodies and indeed for some of the bodies of finer matter. Thus, that these may manifest on lower planes they require vehicles of matter of corresponding density; such we provide, and our labor in building such aids our ascent to them, even as it aids in their descent to us."

Some such scheme as this, differing only in terminology, probably formed part of the basis of the Mysteries of Egypt, in the higher grades of which, that for example of the 'Divine Seer,' practices were taught which would permit the priest to actually see the God in his artificial body. I do not think that it would be incorrect to state that many of these 'thought-forms,' particularly that of golden-bodied Thoth, still exist, visible to those with eye to see.

A whole series of such forms belonging to any particular Deity were formed; the highest of such were probably informed by beings of the Elohim or Exousia class, and others by members of one or other of the three lower Hierarchies, corresponding to the Asuras, Solar and Lunar Pitris of the Theosophic literature.

So much for what one might term the 'orthodox school'.

There was however another class of thought in Egypt, a school which reached its climax of popularity under Amenhotep IV. author of our hymn.<sup>1</sup>

This school eliminated intermediaries between man and the Solar Deity, and regarded Him as acting directly upon humanity, and through His bio-chemical emanations upon the natural world. In short this school may be described as a union of Materialism with Puritanism, a conjunction by no means rare.

Traces of this school are by no means infrequent in the ages immediately preceding that of Amenhotep IV. and the fact of the complete, though temporary, triumph of this philosophy may be taken as an evidence, that it was a very decided spirit of the time. No new truth has ever immediately imposed itself upon humanity. Each new prophet is first laughed at, then stoned, and then men erect a monumental tomb. A new truth is first scoffed at, then persecuted, then emasculated, and finally its crumbling bones capped by its grinning skull are raised to become an orthodox cult. From such an end long may we be preserved!

A SONG OF KHU-EN-ĀTON (IKHNATON) TO ĀTON, C. 1370 B. C.

A

Fair is Thy rising in heaven's  
horizon,  
O Āton, Thou living One, ori-  
gin of life.  
Thou shinest in the Eastern  
horizon of heaven,  
Spreading Thy beauties over  
the whole earth.

<sup>1</sup> I venture to suggest that one of the reasons which determined its triumph even amongst members of the priestly class, was the ease with which their magical practices had triumphed over the spiritual form of the God Set (a being probably belonging to the 'Lucifer' or Venus class), which had attained great power and clarity of outline under the Hyksos. This form was so entirely blotted out that not a trace remained and the God remained as a mere philosophic abstraction of the generative as opposed to the regenerative principle, the philosophic abstraction attached by abstract thinkers to the God Horus.

Beauteous art Thou, Thou art  
 great, glittering art Thou.  
 Thou art exalted high above  
 all the world.  
 Thy radiant rays embrace all  
 lands,  
 Thou bindest them about in  
 Thy love.  
 Thou art far off, Thy radiance  
 is upon the earth.

## B

Thou settest in the Western  
 horizon:  
 The land is in darkness as in  
 state of death.  
 They lie down in their cham-  
 bers, their heads covered,  
 Their noses stopped, eye seeth  
 not his brother.  
 Their things may all be  
 stolen, yea from under their  
 heads,  
 Yet they perceive it not.  
 Lions all come forth from  
 their dens, all reptiles  
 sting....  
 The earth is in silence,  
 For He that made it rest-  
 eth within His horizon.

## C

The earth becometh light,  
 Thou shinest in the horizon,  
 Giving forth, as Aton, rays  
 by day.  
 Thou drivest hence the dark-  
 ness, emitting thy radiant  
 rays,  
 The Two Lands are in fes-  
 tival  
 (Men) awaken, they stand  
 upon their feet,  
 Raised up of Thee.  
 They bathe their limbs, they  
 take unto them their gar-  
 ments.

'Glittering' or 'like to crys-  
 tal' or 'fagence'.

"Radiant rays" (STUT or STWT)  
 represented on the monuments  
 as lines proceeding from the  
 disk terminating in hands,  
 some of which hold the cross  
 symbol of life. The poet re-  
 cognises that the Sun God is  
 in himself distant, but oper-  
 ative through his bio-chemical  
 emanations.

'Noses stopped,' a primitive  
 physiological hypothesis of  
 snoring. Can the royal con-  
 sort have been the subject on  
 which observations were made?  
 If so much of the royal neu-  
 rasthenia can be satisfactorily  
 accounted for.

'Two Lands,' Egypt, North  
 and South.

'Feet'. It is curious to note  
 the frequent repetition of this  
 phrase. This taken with the  
 curious malformation of the  
 King's lower extremities in his  
 portraits, might suggest his

Their hand they raise greeting  
 Thy dawning.  
 Throughout the land men  
 perform their labors.  
 All herds rest upon their  
 pastures,  
 Trees and herbs thereon wax  
 green.  
 Geese fly unto their sedges,  
 They raise their wings in praise  
 of Thy Kā.  
 Flocks all stand up upon their  
 feet.  
 Winged ones flutter. All live,  
 Thou shinest upon them.  
 Barges float northwards and  
 sail southwards.  
 Every path is opened by Thy  
 shining.  
 Fish into Thee leap in the  
 streams.

Thy beams of light are within  
 the Great Green

### D

Thou causest husband to come  
 unto his wife, for man's be-  
 getting.  
 Thou makest to live the man  
 child within the womb of  
 his mother.  
 Thou pacifiest him, so that he  
 weep not.  
 A nurse within the womb.  
 He giveth breath  
 Causing all his creatures to  
 live falling from the  
 womb. . . .  
 On the day of his birth Thou  
 decreest the word unto his  
 mouth.  
 Thou hast created all that  
 he hath.

lameness: a blind poet sings  
 the joys of light (if color-  
 blind he becomes an art-critic),  
 the deaf poet the wonders of  
 sound, and a lame poet. . . . ?  
 (Cp. *e. g.*, Lauzoni D. M. Eg.  
 pl. xlii.)

Sedges (SS) or 'nests'.

'Ka,' the use of this term,  
 taken with the funeral customs  
 of this reign, combine to suggest  
 that though the pantheon was  
 abolished, the 'psychological  
 anatomy' of the country was still  
 untouched. The human Ka was  
 a sort of replica of the man,  
 composed of matter finer than  
 physical; it required nourishment  
 after separation from the body  
 at death and in the 'other world'  
 it needed purification—Cp. *Budge  
 Pap. of Ani* (B. M. 1895, pp.  
 lxii-iii). The Ka of a God usually  
 connected itself with some statue,  
 through which the God  
 manifested.

Okeanos.

'Word'. Can this refer to  
 the 'name' (or 'words of power,'  
 or 'mantram') peculiar to each  
 individual. The name which  
 changes on Initiation.

To the young one within the  
egg, the word within the  
stone.

Thou givest breath within the  
inner chamber causing it to  
live.

When he is of Thee made per-  
fect, he breaketh forth from  
the egg,

He cometh forth that he may  
utter his perfection.

He goeth forth upon his  
feet. . . . .

After Thine own heart madest  
Thou the earth,

Thou the One!

Men, herds great and small, all  
beings upon earth that go  
upon their feet.

All that are raised on high  
soaring upon pinions.

Of Thee are the foreign peoples  
of Syria and Ethiopia,  
(Of Thee) the land of Egypt.

Unto each hast Thou given  
his seat,

Thou hast created their poss-  
essions, to each severally,  
provisions for his store-house.

Thou hast counted his times.  
Their tongues hast Thou divid-  
ed in speech,

Their natures like unto their  
skin.

O Thou who distinguishest  
the distinctions of foreign  
peoples.

Hapi hast Thou created in  
Tuat.

Thou bringest him forth that  
he may make intelligent  
beings to live.

(But) inasmuch as Thou  
hast created them for Thy-  
self, Thou art their Lord  
unto the uttermost. . . . .

'Word within the stone'  
(MṚU M ĀNA), or "crieth  
within the shell". This seems  
less probable, for the incomplete  
embryo is here spoken of, and a  
chicklet only sounds within the  
shell immediately before pecking  
out. A simile is probably  
intended. As is the embryo to  
the bird, so is a 'word of power'  
to the act, the act in potentiality.

"Utter his perfection" or  
giveth voice with all his  
might.

The Nile in the under-world.  
A curious theory of the source  
of the Nile.

Possibly the thought is "al-  
though Hapi, which you have  
long regarded as a God, provid-  
es you with means of sustenance,  
yet your only Lord is He who  
has made you for Himself."

Unto foreign lands far distant,  
 that Thou mayest make  
 them live,  
 Thou hast given Hapi in  
 heaven, he cometh down  
 to them,  
 He maketh waves upon the  
 mountains like unto the  
 Great Green,  
 He watereth the fields among  
 their villages.  
 (Thus) after a twofold man-  
 ner hast Thou brought to  
 perfection Thy designs, O  
 Lord of Eternity.  
 Unto the foreign peoples and  
 unto flocks roaming on  
 foot among the mountains,  
 Hast Thou decreed the Hea-  
 venly Nile,  
 Hapi cometh from Tuat unto  
 the land of thy Love. . . . .

If AB the heart, be supplied  
 after AU, (where the hiatus  
 commences) the reading would  
 be: "Thou art their Lord, that  
 they may rejoice."

Hapi, the Nile.

Reading UI (WJ) as sign of  
 dual, if it be taken as of  
 accentuated value the line would  
 read: "How richly hast Thou  
 perfected thy designs."

Egypt.

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J. R. SPENSLEY

## FRAGMENTS OF ANCIENT HAWAIIAN LOBE

THE Hawaiians of to-day retain but slight traces of their former knowledge and understand little of the meanings hidden in their legends and folk-lore. The de-throned Queen, Liliuokalani, in her translation of MSS. preserved exclusively in Her Majesty's family, entitled, *An Account of the Creation of the World according to Hawaiian Tradition*, gives much information of the strange 'Beginnings' of evolution, that is remarkably suggestive in the light of Theosophical teachings as given in *The Secret Doctrine*, and elsewhere.

Judge Fornander's *Polynesian Races* and *The Legends of Hawaii*, by King Kalakaua, edited by R. M. Daggett, have supplied material for most of the following.

"Mai ka Po mai"—from the time of night, darkness, chaos, from the beginning, from eternity, from and before chaos—existed One God, comprising three Beings, called Kane, the Originator, the One Established; Ku, the Architect and Builder; Lono or Noho i ka wai, Dweller on the Water, also the Executor and Director of the Elements. (There is said to be a name for the One God, which is never spoken, but I have not been able to obtain any information about that.)

An old chant says:

Kani-Po-Lani, O Heavenly Father, with Ku, the Builder in the blazing heaven, with great Lono of the flashing eyes, a God, the God of lightning, the fixed light of heaven, standing on the earth of Kane-kumu-honua, he is good, he is the true God.

By the united will of Hikapoloa, or the Trinity, light was brought into chaos. They next created the heavens, three in number, as their dwelling-places, then the earth, the sun, the moon and the stars. From their spittle, they

next formed a host of angels, or spirits, to carry out their plans.

Finally man was made; the body of red earth and the spittle of the Gods, his head of white clay, which was brought from the four corners of the earth by Lono. Another legend states that after Kane had destroyed the world by fire, on account of the wickedness of the people then living, he organised it as it now is, and then created man as above related.

Connected with their stories of the creation is the idea of previous creations, which either ran their course or were destroyed by an offended God. Specific mention of a creation next preceding that of Kumu-honua is made, and the names of the created couple are given as Wela-ahi-lani and Owe. (One translation of Wela-ahi-lani is heavenly fiery love.)

Kane is sometimes called Light; Ku, Stability; and Lono, Sound. From Darkness, Light evolves himself and then produces Sound.

There is a fourth personage, who seems to represent the dual or evil (matter) side of the Second Person of the Trinity; this one is called Kanaloa. The West (which the Egyptians consecrated to the setting sun and to physical death) is called "the much travelled highway of Kanaloa".

Another account given is that Kanaloa was one of the angels created by the Trinity, who incited a rebellion in Heaven—a Hawaiian Lucifer—and was defeated and expelled. When man was made, Kanaloa demanded his submission and worship. This was refused by Kane, as angels and men were equally the creations of Deity; whereupon Kanaloa resolved to create a man of his own who would adore him as his creator. Kane allowed him to proceed. He made a man in the exact image of the divinely-made one, but, like Prometheus, could not give it life; he breathed into its nostrils, it would not rise; he called it, but it would not speak.

This exasperated him, and he determined to destroy the man made by the Gods; so he crept into Paliuli—paradise—in the form of a lizard (moo), and through some deception, not definitely stated, caused Kumu-honna and his mate to commit some offence, for which they were driven from Paliuli by the “great, white bird of Kane”.

One of the many legends as to the discovery or creation of the Hawaiian Islands is that an immense bird laid an egg on the waters of the ocean; it was hatched by the warm winds of the tropics, and the group of islands came into being. Then a man and a woman, with dogs, hogs and fowls, came in a canoe from Kahuki—Tahiti, considered a sacred island—landed on the coast of Hawaii and became the progenitors of the Hawaiians.

The belief was general that the spirits of the dead continue to hover around their earthly homes and that sorcerers might see and hear them; also the souls of the living were sometimes invoked from their slumbering bodies by priests of exceptional sanctity. The *poe-poi-uhane* were ‘spirit-catchers,’ who crushed the spirit (astral?) of the sleeping person between their palms and the life left the physical body.

There was a God of the winds, of the husbandman, the warrior, the canoe-maker, the hula-dancer—originally a sacred dance—the orator, the doctor and the sorcerer; many Gods of the sailor and of the fisherman; indeed everything had its protecting deity.

The high-priest claimed to hold direct intercourse with the Gods, and confined his attention to the higher Gods and to the War-God of the King, or supreme chief; he was consulted on all matters of any State importance, and his auguries were always accepted with respect and confidence.

Several classes of priests, or *kahunas*, as they were called, were not connected with the temples; they were seers, doctors and dealers in magic. All physical ills were attributed either to the anger of the Gods, to witchcraft, or to the prayers of a bad *kahuna*. The cause of the illness

was first ascertained through incantation; then an effort was made to counteract the spells and prayers that were wearing away the life of the patient; sometimes with such success was the cure effected that the affliction was transferred to the party whose malice had invoked it. The belief that one person could offer his life for another who was dying, and save his chief or friend from death, had its counterpart in the universal belief that a person could be 'prayed to death' by one who knew how, and in case the kahuna was not strong enough of will to succeed, the evil thought would return to him, and he must himself die. It was essential that the praying doctor should possess some article closely connected with his victim, as a lock of hair, a tooth, a nail-paring, or a small quantity of his spittle; hence the office of spittoon-bearer to the ancient Kings was entrusted only to chiefs of rank, who might be expected to guard with care the royal expectorations.

The public temples, heiaus, were usually walled enclosures of from one to five acres in size, generally irregular in form. The walls were often ten feet thick and twenty feet high, built of unhewn stones, without mortar or cement. Within, was an inner temple of wood or stone and of small dimensions, called the luakina, or house of sacrifice, in front of which stood the lele, or altar, a raised platform of stone.

The inner temple was sacred to the priests. Within it stood the anu, a small wicker enclosure, from which issued the oracles of the kaulas, or prophets, and around the walls were ranged Gods and charms of special sanctity. Beside the entrance to this sacred apartment were images of the principal Gods, and the outer and the inner walls were surmounted by lines of stone and of wooden figures. On each side of the entrance to the outer enclosure was the tabu staff, an elevated cross, and near it was a small walled structure, in which the victims for the altar were slain.

When the answers from the *anu* were vague or unsatisfactory, other methods of divination were resorted to, such as the flight of birds, the shape of the clouds, the opening of pigs and fowls, etc.; the animals were killed and auguries were gathered from the manner in which they expired, the appearance of the intestines—which were supposed to be the seat of thought—and other signs; the spleen of swine was removed and held above the priest's head while prayers were offered.

Before war or any dangerous undertaking, human beings were sacrificed. The King provided the required number of victims, either prisoners of war or malefactors; if these proved insufficient, a promiscuous draft from the high-ways was made. Women were not permitted to enter the temples, but they were exempt when human sacrifices were sought. When a temple was being built, victims were offered, and at the completion the altars were piled high with human bodies. Oil and holy water were sprinkled upon the altars and all the sacred vessels. Ordinary services consisted of offerings of fruits and meats, of chants, prayers and responses, in which the people sometimes joined.

Temples of refuge, called *puhouas*, were maintained on Hawaii and perhaps on Lanai and Oahu, in the remote past. Their gates were always open and priests guarded their entrances. Any one entering these enclosures for protection, whether chief or slave, escaping criminal or warrior in retreat, was safe from molestation, even though the King himself were the pursuer.

*Kalaipahoa*, was the name of the poison War-Goddess of Molokai. She came with three sisters from an unknown land a few centuries back, and entering a grove of trees on Molokai she left in the trees a poison so powerful that birds fell dead in flying over the branches. The King of the island was advised by his high-priest to have a War-God hewn from one of the poisoned trees. Hundreds of his subjects perished in the undertaking, but

finally, by covering the body and face with folds of native cloth—*tapa*, which is prepared from the bark of the *fau* tree—the workmen succeeded in finishing the image and it was presented to the King. Kamehameha the First seized it, and at his death it was divided among his principal chiefs. It is said that at times, in the heat of battle, it uttered cries which were heard above the clash of arms.

In royal families, father and daughter, brother and sister, uncle and niece, frequently married; the only forbidden union was that of mother and son, which was reserved for the Gods. The children of these unions were physically and mentally strong.

The mourning customs were peculiar; for days they wailed and feasted over the dead body, frequently knocking out teeth, as do the Australian aborigines, shaving portions of the hair or beard, tearing the flesh and clothing. The bodies were usually buried or deposited in caves; they embalmed by covering the body with a glutinous wash made from the *ti* root, which closed the pores of the skin and excluded the air. The body was then deposited in a sitting position in a cave, or on a mountain side, or on some natural shelf or niche on the side of the precipitous volcanic rocks. Similar was the position and location of the so-called Cliff Dwellers' remains in western North America.

The royal remains were otherwise disposed of. The fear that the kingly bones might be used for making fish-hooks, arrow-points for shooting mice, and other debasing uses by their enemies, caused the royal bones to be destroyed or to be carefully hidden. Some were weighted and thrown into the ocean; others, after the flesh was scraped off, were hidden in mountain caves; the hearts of chiefs were frequently thrown into the crater of the volcano. The bones of Kamehameha the Great have not yet been discovered.

The ancient Hawaiians had astrologers, knew the planets and the prominent constellations, were acquainted with the

limits of the ecliptic and the situation of the equator, and knew that the earth was a globe hanging in space.

They divided the year into twelve months of thirty days each; these days were named, not numbered. As this gave but 360 days to the year, they added and gave to their God Lono, in feasting and gaiety, the days required to complete the sidereal year, which was regulated by the rising of the Pleiades. The new year began with the winter solstice, and the licence indulged in by the people at least equalled that of the Roman Saturnalia.

They named the five planets and called them 'wandering stars'. Jupiter was called Iao, for one name.

In counting they used fours and their multiples; four hundred thousand was their highest number, more than that was 'indefinite'.

Tahiti seems to have been considered a sacred land, and the King was called the Keeper of the Sun. Beings of supernatural birth are spoken of; some are thought to belong to the moon, others are demi-Gods living in the Sun. There was one celestial God, Kaonohiokala—the eyeball of the Sun—with an abode somewhere in the heavens, to whose presence the departed spirits of chiefs were conducted.

Laauli was the name of the God who made inviolable laws. La or Ra, is the Sun or Logos.

Manu, the name of the two Gods at the outer gates of the temples of Lono. (Two Manus for every Root-Race.)

Mana means superhuman power, as one gives his mana to another to perform some magical deed, *i.e.*, walk bare-footed over red-hot stones, etc.; it is equivalent to Amen at the end of a prayer to the Gods.

Kama-puaa, the water God, said to have eight eyes and eight feet. Eight-eyed is a frequent epithet for Gods and chiefs. Puaa means wild boar or hog.

Yellow was the color of royalty, red of the priesthood.

Belief that people belong to one of the elements, as fire, water, etc., and that those elements help them and can be controlled by the use of certain chants, and that a certain color is associated with the elements, is still held by the people. The Queen claims fire, red as a color, and in *The Theosophist* for December 1901, p. 177, will be found an account of the stopping of the lava-flow in 1881 by the use of mantrams recited by Liliuokalani.

Houses were built with the front opening to the east, but with another entrance to the west. The soothsayer turned to the north when divining. White was the color of the north; deep blue of the south; light red of the east; and yellow of the west.

Fishermen still throw the first fish caught back into the ocean, as an offering to the Fish-God.

Menehunes are nature-spirits, like ordinary human beings, but very much smaller; they work at night and build of stones many heiaus and also walls about fish-ponds. They would not work unless food was set out for them, shrimps, etc. There is no reliable history of the Menehunes, but traditions say that they were the original inhabitants of the Islands when the first people came. They are thought to have been supernatural beings, governed by some one higher in rank than themselves, whom they recognised as having power and authority over them, who assigned them to the hills and mountains, where they live permanently. They are invisible except to their own descendants, or those connected with them in some way. Many persons can hear the noise and hum of their voices still, but cannot see them. They willingly do the bidding of their descendants, and their powers enable them to perform some wonderful works. Any work begun must be completed during the night of its commencement, else they never finish it. They were always united in doing any service required of them. These Brownies were industrious, not mischievous.

In studying for the priesthood many degrees had to be passed through; the chronological songs (meles), the eso-

teric lore, and the secret symbols of the temples had to be mastered. In divination, the priest sat on the ground, covered his head with his mantle and pressed a talisman to his forehead.

The recognition of the totems appears, and those of high rank claim the lizard as their Akua, or God, and respect, almost fear, the tiny creatures. I have seen a high chieftainess leave a room when a lizard ran in. There are no snakes in the Islands, and the lizard takes its place in traditions where a Wisdom Deity is mentioned.

Arranged by SIERRA

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### ONE FLAME

My lamp is alight!  
 Shall a mantle of feathers  
 Yellow-gleaming surround it?  
 Then will thoughts winged or piercing fly forth to the world.

My lamp is alight!  
 Shall I sheathe it in rose-leaves,  
 That the depth of such fragrance  
 Be the message it sendeth afar to my brothers?

Or shall my lit lamp  
 Flare forth whitely, unhindered?  
 Then destroying, uniting,  
 It will grow to the River it was of aforetime.

M. CHARLES



## RENDS IN THE VEIL OF TIME

THE LIVES OF ALCYONE

### IX

**I**N the year 16,876 B. C. there flourished a great Akkadian maritime oligarchy, which was situated somewhat to the south of the central part of Poseidonis. The people belonged to the sixth Atlantean sub-race, resembling the Etruscans or the Phœnicians—essentially a race of merchants and sailors, opulent, business-like and inclined to be ostentatious. Mars was the Toltec Emperor at this time, as he had often been before, and this people owned him as suzerain, though practically independent of him.

They were governed by a nominally elected council, but the members of this all invariably belonged to half-a-dozen great families, and though Mars nominated the chairman of the council he interfered but little in their affairs. The person who had by far the greatest influence in the country at this time was the High Priest Sūrya, a man of saintly life and great wisdom, who was known and revered throughout the whole Atlantean empire. As a matter of policy and in order to consolidate the empire, Mars had offered his son Herakles to marry Saturn, the daughter of Sūrya, and this offer had been accepted. In this way Herakles became, not exactly a subordinate King, but the permanent head of the Akkad council, and so virtually the ruler of the country. The sons of Herakles were Mercury and Venus, and these sons married respectively Bṛhaspati and Osiris, which brings us to the generation with which we have to deal, for Alcyone was the eldest son of Mercury, and Sirius and Mizar were the daughters of Venus.

Alcyone was thus the grandson of Herakles, and the great-grandson of Mars and Sūrya. His brothers were Achilles and Selene, and his sisters Calypso and Orpheus. The Emperor Mars was already some sixty years of age in 16,876, when Alcyone was born, and he saw him only three or four times on the occasion of the periodical State progresses of the Emperor through his country, and once when he himself visited the capital. With his other great-grandfather, Sūrya, he was in constant touch, and a very close affection existed between the old man and the boy. Sūrya considered him a child of great promise, and devoted much of his time to superintending his education, so that he acquired a great deal more than the usual commercial training of the time. The priests were in a certain way highly educated men, for they were all expected to learn their scriptures by heart, and to have to use a book in any part of the service, even the most unusual, would have been considered a weakness. They were also the doctors and scientific men of the time, so that they had to spend

many years in study. As a rule only the children of the priestly class became priests, and not by any means all even of them, for it was quite usual for the younger sons of priests to adopt the mercantile or maritime profession.

Herakles being the son of the Emperor and therefore not of the priestly caste, was not considered eligible to succeed Sūrya, so that it was understood that when by death or resignation his office became vacant it should be inherited by his grandson Mercury, who had been trained in the Temple from childhood with that view. As his mother Bṛhaspaṭi was also a deeply religious woman, it was natural that Alcyone should find himself familiar with the Temple courts at an early age, and should learn to think the profession of a priest the most desirable in the world. As he grew, however, he made many friends among the boys of the town, and soon found that most of them did not at all agree with him in this, but that all their desires were centred round quite another life—the excitement of making good bargains and gaining much money, or the interest of sailing to distant lands where all sorts of strange adventures might be encountered. Thrilling stories of dangers surmounted and of fortunes quickly made were dinned into his ears, and there was a side of his nature which responded very readily to all this. But when he excitedly repeated these stories to his father and mother, or to his great-grandfather Sūrya, they gently told him that, fascinating as the life of a sailor or a merchant might be, it was still on the whole one of self-interest, while that of a priest was altruistic—that the one worked for this physical life only, but the other for a higher life and for all eternity. They told him also that while both the sailor and the merchant sometimes met with strange and exciting adventures, these were after all rare, while the daily life of each involved a great deal of dull, plodding hard work.

So he grew up with two antagonistic ideals in his mind, and for years he was not quite sure whether he most

desired to be a High Priest or a successful pirate. His boy-friends painted in vivid colors the delights of the swash-buckling life, while Sūrya spoke to him of the higher joys of self-sacrifice; and each in turn seemed desirable to him. Mercury and the gentle Brhaspaṭi doubted much whether such companionship was good for the boy, and debated whether it was not a duty to withdraw him from its fascination; but the aged Sūrya advised them to let him go his own way and decide for himself, pointing out that in him were mingled the blood of the Emperor and that of the High Priest, and that they must each have full play. For he said:

“I have seen in my long life many boys, and I believe in this lad and love him; and when the time of decision comes I think he will choose aright.”

The old man's confidence was justified. When Alcyone came to the age at which he might be accepted as a postulant in the Temple, his great-grandfather sent for him and asked him whether he wished to enter it. He replied that he did; but instead of immediately accepting him, Sūrya told him to go once more among his boy and girl friends and hear all the stories they could tell him, to go with them on board the vessels then in port and talk with the sailors, and then to come back to him a week later and tell him whether he adhered to his resolution. The boy did as he was told, and the struggle in his mind was a sore one. The tales of adventures had never seemed so attractive; the smell of pitch and of strange spices and far-away seas that hung round the great ships intoxicated him. Worst of all was the attraction of a certain young lady—Phoea, the daughter of Alcestis, one of the rich merchants—a little girl of about his own age; many boys were striving to be noticed by her, and she favored those who boasted loudly of the adventures which they would seek, and the deeds of prowess they would do; and she had once spoken of him half-contemptuously as “only a young priest”.

He went to see her on this occasion, and found her as usual holding a little court of admiring friends near the

harbor and listening to and applauding the gasconade of the would-be sea-captains or pirate kings. One boy especially seemed for the moment to be high in the favor of their fickle young goddess, and he gave himself airs accordingly, and sneered at Alcyone for his supposed want of dash and courage. Presently, however, his tone changed, for as the children all went on board one of the empty ships moored to the wharf he, being intent upon showing off before his lady-love some boyish prank, slipped from a plank into the foul water of the dock. He screamed and struggled helplessly, and was in evident danger of drowning, for he did not know how to swim; but Alcyone, who was a strong and practised swimmer, at once plunged in and dragged him to some steps, though only with great difficulty, as the drowning boy clutched him round the neck and he could not free himself. They were both much exhausted, the rescuer being in rather worse condition than the rescued; but some men who had come running up carried them up the steps and into a neighboring house, where they soon recovered. The little girl, who had fainted, remarked when she came to herself: "The young priest is the best of them after all." But Alcyone blamed her in his mind for the accident, and never after that felt any attraction towards her.

He went back at once to his great-grandfather and said:

"Take me into the Temple, for to help others at home is a better thing than to seek adventures abroad."

And Sūrya blessed him and said:

"You have chosen wisely, as I knew you would. I have prayed much for you, and last night, as I was praying, the past and the future opened before my eyes, and I know what has been and what shall be. Just as to-day you saved another life at the risk of your own, so long ago did you save my life, even mine, at the cost of your own; and once more in the future you may give up your life for me if you will, and through that sacrifice all the kingdoms of the world shall be blessed."

The boy looked up at Sūrya in wonder and awe, for the old man's face was transfigured as he spoke, and it seemed

as though mighty flames were playing round him; and though Alcyone could not then fully understand what he meant, he never forgot the impression which it made upon him. He was duly admitted into the Temple, and was very happy in his life there, for though the studies were arduous they were well arranged, and were made interesting to the postulants. Sūrya, wishing perhaps to show the boy that in the priestly life also one might have travel and adventure, offered him the opportunity of accompanying his father Mercury and some other priests upon a mission to a great library and university in Northern Africa. Naturally Alcyone accepted with the greatest joy, and the voyage was a never-failing wonder and delight to him. It was long and slow, but not too long for him; indeed, his excitement and interest when land came in sight were somewhat tempered by the regret which he felt at leaving the vessel, every sailor in which was a personal friend to him.

As they sailed along the coast a curious feeling came over him that he had seen it all before, and it grew so strong that he amused himself by telling the sailors what would come in sight beyond each headland as they came to it; and the remarkable thing was that he was always right. He described in detail the city which was their port of disembarkation long before they reached it; and the sailors who knew it said that his description of the hills and valleys and the position of buildings was marvellously accurate, but that what he said as to the shape and size of the buildings themselves and the extension of the town was almost all of it wrong. When at last they came in sight of it his feelings were of the most mixed description; he recognised instantly all the physical features of the place, but the town was enormously larger than in his opinion it ought to be, and the buildings seemed all different. He was strangely excited at this astounding half-recognition of everything, and constantly questioned his father about it, but at first Mercury could only say that he must have travelled on in advance of the ship in his eagerness, and seen these things in a vision.

Presently, when it became evident that the city which he knew was much smaller, it occurred to his father that they might be in presence of the phenomenon of a memory from a past incarnation; and when they landed he became almost sure of this, because when Alcyone described how, according to his idea, the various streets ought to run or the buildings to stand, in several cases the inhabitants said: "Yes, there is a tradition that it used to be like that." When they were carried out to the University on a curious hydraulic rock tramway he became still more excited, and described exactly how it used to work, and the form of the old cars, which had for centuries been superseded by another type; and when they reached the University itself he was quite unable to contain himself, for he declared that he knew every walk in the garden, and dragged his father about to show it all to him. Presently his fulness of memory reawakened that of his father, and Mercury also began to see things as they used to be and to recollect events as well as scenes of a far-away past. Then father and son were able to compare notes, and to realise that in those old days they had been, not father and son, but father and daughter, and that the relative positions had been reversed. Then Alcyone said to his father:

"You are an advanced priest of the Temple, and I am only a beginner; how could I remember all this before you did?"

Mercury replied: "It is just because your body is younger than mine that it is easier for you to remember; I have changed sex too, and so have an entirely different outlook on life, while you have not. Besides, this University was your life-work, and so it was impressed more strongly upon your mind than upon mine." They talked over all that old time together, and marvelled greatly as they recalled incident after incident of the earlier life, and went from building to building, noting the changes. Most of all, perhaps, they were interested in the library, where they found some of the very books in which they

used to read—some even that they had copied with their own hands.

Among other recollections the language of that country came back to them, but of course as it used to be spoken fifteen hundred years before, so that to those who heard them it sounded archaic and almost unintelligible; indeed, the professor of ancient languages was the only man with whom they could converse quite freely. The University staff were greatly interested in this wondrous phenomenon, and they had a very amusing argument with a professor of history, who insisted that their memory of various events must be wrong because it did not agree with his books. Alcyone found with great glee a statue of himself in that earlier incarnation, and after much persuasion he induced the authorities to inscribe on its pedestal his present name, and a record of the fact that he was a reincarnation of the founder, and the date on which he had visited the University. From this it will be seen that after a searching enquiry the claims of our two travellers were admitted, and this unusual occurrence aroused a vast amount of interest, and was noised abroad in many neighboring countries, for the University was widely known and had a great reputation.

After their work in connexion with the library was completed, they started on their homeward voyage. The ruler of the country sent for them, and desired to persuade them to stay in his realm, but Mercury respectfully declined the invitation, alleging as excuse that he had undertaken in Poseidonis duties belonging to his present incarnation, and that he must return to fulfil them.

Their voyage home was accomplished without serious mishap, though a heavy storm carried them far out of their course and gave them some new experiences. The vessel this time called in passing at the great City of the Golden Gate, and Alcyone was much impressed with its architectural splendour, though Mercury felt its moral atmosphere to be foul and degraded. Of course they took this opportunity to pay a visit to Mars, who

received them with great kindness, and kept them with him for two months. By force of example and by stern repression of evil tendencies, Mars had kept his court at least outwardly decent; but he was well aware that the Toltec civilisation was even then decadent, and that a very strong party among his subjects scarcely veiled their impatience of the restrictions which he imposed upon them. He felt that the outlook for the Empire was a gloomy one, and congratulated his descendants that their lot was cast in a part of the continent in which, though the inhabitants were often materialistic and avaricious, they were at least much freer from the darker magic and from what they called 'refined' forms of sensuality. Even Alcyone, young though he was, felt that there was something wrong with the place, despite its magnificence, and was glad when the time came for them to pursue their journey.

Mars was very deeply interested in the account of the remarkable recovery of memory on the part of both father and son at the North African University. He had no recollections of that nature himself, but said that in dreams he frequently found himself leading vast hosts through stupendous mountain ranges, and that he had speculated as to whether those might not be memories of actual achievements in some previous birth. As Alcyone sat and listened to all this, it seemed to him that he too could see those towering peaks and those slow-moving multitudes, with his great-grandfather riding at their head, and his vision added many details which Mars would certainly have recognised if Alcyone had not been far too shy to venture upon describing them in the presence of the Emperor. He *did* describe them afterwards to his father, but, as we know, Mercury had not been in the emigration to which they referred, and so they awakened no memory for him.

When at last they reached their native city, the aged Sūrya welcomed Alcyone warmly, and rejoiced to hear of his visions of the past. The report of these, which had pre-

ceded him, caused him to be regarded in the Temple as the most promising of its neophytes, and it was universally felt that he had a great future before him. One person at least reckoned upon that, and determined if possible to share it, and that was Phocea, the girl who had so nearly drawn him away from entering the Temple several years before. She had tried to attract him then; she tried with maturer arts to attract him now.

But by this time he was trebly armed against her wiles, for immediately on returning from his voyage he had met his cousin Sirius, and at once felt so strong an attraction for her that he determined off-hand to marry her at the earliest possible moment. She thoroughly reciprocated his feelings, and was just as eager for instant marriage as he was, but the parents on both sides did not quite understand such a violent case of 'love at first sight,' and insisted kindly but firmly on a delay of at least a year. The young people unwillingly consented to this, because they could not help it, but this intervening period was one of severe trial to both of them, and this became so evident to the discerning eyes of Bṛhaspati that she contrived to get it shortened by almost half, to the great relief of the lovers. Sūrya himself performed the marriage ceremony, though it was but rarely that he took any personal part in the services, usually giving only his benediction to vast crowds from a lofty opening in the façade of the Temple, much as the Pope sometimes does at Rome. This marriage was indeed his last appearance at any public function, and only a few months later Aleyone and his wife were summoned to his bedside to receive his farewell message. He said to Aleyone:

"Now I stand on the threshold of another world, and my eyes can pierce the veil which hangs between this and that. I tell you that there lies before you much of tribulation, for all that has been evil in your past must descend upon you now speedily, in order that its effects may be expiated, and you may be free. In your next birth you will pay something of your debt by a death of

violence, and after that you will return amidst surroundings of darkness and evil; yet if, through that, you can see the light and tear away the veil which blinds you, your reward shall be great. You shall follow in my footsteps, and shall fall at the feet of Him whom I also worship. Yes, and she also" (turning to Sirius), "she also shall follow me, and your father shall lead you, for you be all of one great Race—the Race of those who help the world. And now I go down into what men call death; but though I seem to leave you, yet in truth I leave you not, for neither death nor birth can separate the members of that Race—those who take upon them the vow that can never be broken. So take courage to meet the storm, for after the storm the Sun shall shine—the Sun that never sets."

A few days later Sūrya breathed his last, but Alcyone never forgot him through all his long life, and he often saw him in dreams and received blessing and help from him. So Mercury took charge of the great Temple in his stead, and strove to carry on everything as Sūrya's wisdom had ordered it, his father Herakles co-operating in every way as the head of the temporal government.

The daughters of Venus had been a very closely united family; indeed their feelings were so nearly identical that Sirius and Mizar were both in love with Alcyone, as well as with one another. When he married the former, the latter, incapable of any feeling of jealousy, loved both husband and wife just as dearly as before, and they so strongly reciprocated the affection that they invited Mizar to live with them. She joyously accepted, and no one could have been a more loyal and loving co-adjutor than she was to Sirius during all the years that followed. A more piteous case was that of Helios, a niece of Osiris, who had been left an orphan at an early age, and consequently adopted by her uncle Venus. She had grown up with the family, and was so much one with it that she followed the example of the two elder girls in falling in love with Alcyone, and was quite heart-broken when he carried them

both off, since she could not well offer to join his new household. She did, however, later come on long visits to the family, and in course of time accepted Alcyone's younger brother Achilles, thus remaining in close touch with all those whom she loved so well.

The authorities of the North African University had never forgotten their reincarnated founder, the little boy who had told them so marvellous a story and exhibited such vivid enthusiasm. The tale had caught the popular imagination and been repeated in every home in the land, and when, some twelve years after his visit, the headship of the University fell vacant with no obvious successor, and somebody set on foot the idea that the post should be offered to the original founder, there was a tremendous outburst of enthusiasm over the whole country, and the ruler in consequence sent so pressing an invitation and made so generous an offer that Alcyone felt it would be churlish to refuse. Though he had now a wife and three children he consented to expatriate himself, and set up a home for them in a foreign land.

He was received in Africa with a perfect ovation; he landed at the capital city, by the special request of the ruler, and after being fêted there for some time made a triumphal progress through the country to his ancient home. He was able to arrange to inhabit the very same suite of rooms or halls in which he had lived fourteen hundred years before, and he even had furniture constructed on archaic models, and endeavored to reproduce as far as he could the exact appearance of the place in that previous life. The recollection of his earnest efforts then was a never failing wonder and joy to him now, and he had such an opportunity as is given to few to see the permanent results of his own work after many generations. He threw himself into the University work with a vigor and enthusiasm which fourteen hundred years had not diminished, and his wife Sirius and his sister-in-law Mizar (who of course had accompanied them) co-operated with equal zeal.

Infected by his eagerness, both Sirius and Mizar began to remember something of that remote past, but they never-attained to anything approaching his perfect familiarity with the older time. Vesta, who at that time was the youngest child, seemed as thoroughly at home in it all as his father, but Bellatrix, though he also had been equally intimately associated with it all in that other life, had no memory of it whatever. Alcyone soon found that to establish a University and arrange it all just as one wished was one thing, but that to administer it when all its customs had the weight of a thousand years of tradition behind them was quite another. Still, he was very happy in his work, and he managed everything with such tact that no outcry was made against various reforms which he contrived by degrees to institute. He kept up a constant correspondence with his father Mercury, this being indeed one of the stipulations which the latter had made before giving his consent to his acceptance of the headship of the University. He had also made it a condition that his son should return whenever he had urgent need of him, or whenever he felt his own strength beginning to fail.

Some comparatively uneventful years of hard work followed; his children Bellatrix, Vesta and Vega grew up around him, and two more, Neptune and Aurora, were added to his family. Though they had married so young, he and his wife were exceedingly happy together, and as closely united as when they were twin brothers in the same country in that other life. While Alcyone was working in Africa, his great-grandfather Mars passed away in the City of the Golden Gate, and his grandfather Herakles was called to assume the imperial purple. Venus then took the place of Herakles as temporal chieftain of the Akkads, since his elder brother Mercury was already in charge of the Temple work. Herakles found that the position of Emperor was no sinecure, for he did his best to carry on government on his father's lines, though the opposition of the party who demanded greater licence in morals

grew ever stronger and more restive. Various conspiracies were unmasked and suppressed, yet new ones were ever coming to light, and it seemed that the hostility between the few who wished to retain the semblance of decent living and the majority who cared little for such things must soon break out into open war. Under these circumstances Herakles found the government of such an Empire a weary and thankless task, and often wished himself back again in the steady-going mercantile oligarchy.

Although the North African University was at that time probably the most famous in the world, the education of the poorer classes in that country was entirely neglected. This matter did not seem to occur at all to the upper classes, but it was brought prominently before Alcyone and Sirius by the fact that an especially faithful servant of theirs, who was really almost a friend, had an exceptionally bright-looking little boy (Boreas) to whom Alcyone's children took a great fancy. It was in enquiring about the education of this boy (in consequence of some remarks made by his own sons) that Alcyone first realised that there was absolutely no provision of this sort for the poorer classes. He arranged easily enough for the teaching of that particular child by a private tutor, and in due course admitted him as a free pupil of the University; but the incident suggested to him that there might well be many more equally bright children among the poor, for whom no such possibilities presented themselves. He and Sirius discussed the matter for a long time together, and finally worked out a tentative scheme, to the carrying-out of which they resolved to devote some of the large income of the University.

It was a sort of combination of a boarding-school and an agricultural community, and its plan was that the University should acquire tracts of land in central positions all over the country, and on these tracts should build and operate free schools. Each tract was to be under the joint management of a schoolmaster and a farmer, and the boys were to live at the

school and spend half of each day in learning and the other half in cultivating the land. The University was to support these colonies for the first year, after which it was expected that the sale of the surplus produce would be sufficient to maintain them. The feeding and clothing of the boys themselves was to be a first charge upon the school funds in either case. Girls were to be admitted to the extent to which suitable work could be found for them. If after a school-colony had worked successfully for some years it was found that it had a sufficient surplus, it was to be allowed the honor of founding branches or offshoots, but all to be under the direct control of the University. Boys who showed exceptional talent were to have facilities for entering other and higher schools somewhat on the plan of the modern scholarship system, and if they could work their way up to the level required for the University itself certain allowances were made to them, and remunerative work of some sort was to be found for them when they had passed through its curriculum.

This scheme was first submitted to the ruler of the country, who was graciously pleased to approve of it and to recommend his subjects to take advantage of it. Then Alcyone set vigorously to work, bought land in various places and got other tracts given to him, and began to have schools built very much on the general plan of the University itself—that is, not one large building, but a number of isolated rooms in a garden. The poor were at first a little shy in taking advantage of the establishments, mainly because the boys who went there were unable to earn any money for their parents; but very soon the vast benefits of the scheme began to be generally understood, and they were all filled to overflowing. Alcyone's plan for their management was an economical one, and as he was able to provide them with the right kind of seeds and cuttings from the vast estates of the University, they had rapidly become financially independent, and a brisk competition arose among them for

the honor of founding branches. Alcyone had coupled with it his old idea of physical training, about which he was just as enthusiastic now as in the previous birth, so that the boys whom he turned out were not only far better educated but far healthier than the rest. To conclude this part of the subject here, Alcyone stayed altogether twenty-seven years in North Africa and, before he left, a network of his schools had spread over the whole island, and the ruler had issued a decree making attendance at them compulsory upon all boys under a certain age until they had reached a certain level, with, however, discretion to local officials to make exceptions where they saw good cause to do so.

The plan on the whole worked exceedingly well, but it had one unexpected result. The care bestowed upon physical training and the direct affiliation with the University gave the pupils of these schools for the poor a considerable advantage over the sons of richer parents who attended private schools. A few merchants consequently began to send their sons to the school colonies, and presently several of them joined together, bought some land, erected a school of the Alcyone type exclusively for children of their own class, and then offered it to the University. Alcyone accepted it, it proved a success, and soon there were many others like it. The natural result was that one after another of the old private schools closed for lack of pupils, and in a few years the whole education of the country was entirely under the management of the University, and Alcyone was practically Minister of Public Education.

All this kept him very busy, and in such congenial toil the years slipped rapidly by. He and Sirius had agreed that their children should not be allowed to forget their native country, so they had sent each of them back once or twice on visits to their grandfather Mercury. During these visits the three boys had found themselves wives to accompany them back to the country of their adoption. Selene, a younger brother of Alcyone, had married Uranus, but died young, leaving one son (Leo) and one daughter (Mira). On his visit to Poseidonis, Vesta fell in love with and married

Mira, and when Selene's death occurred, her brother Leo decided to return to Africa with his sister and brother-in-law. Alcyone at once found work for him in connexion with the University, and he very soon fell in love with and married Alcyone's eldest daughter Vega. Not very long afterwards he met with a sad accident, being thrown from his horse, and receiving injuries which proved fatal; so Vega with her baby son Vajra returned once more to her father's house. After some years she married Pindar, a kind and capable man, and to them was born a daughter, Cygnus, who became a charming little girl, and was always a prime favorite with her grandfather Alcyone. They had also a son, Iris.

Alcyone worked on steadily for a number of years, and might have spent the whole of his life in guiding the University to which he was so closely linked, but that his father Mercury and his mother Brhaspati, finding themselves growing old and less active than of yore, wrote begging him to return and solace their last days with his presence. He felt it his duty to obey this call, though it was a great struggle for him to leave his African work. He discussed the matter with his wife, and she also agreed with him that they ought to sacrifice their own wishes, however strong they were, to the desire of the parents whom they so revered. So Alcyone made a journey to the capital and had an audience of the ruler, in which he told him exactly the facts of the case, and what he felt he ought to do.

At first the ruler flatly refused to give him permission to abandon the University; but after a night's sleep he sent for him again, and announced that if his son Bellatrix (whom the ruler had seen and liked) would act as deputy manager of the University, Alcyone might go and obey his father's call. But he insisted that Alcyone should still remain the nominal Head of the University, and that all important questions connected with it should be submitted for his decision. Alcyone thankfully accepted this arrangement, subject of course to its endorsement by Bellatrix,

of which however he had little doubt. On his return home he summoned his sons to a family council, and told them the ruler's decision. Bellatrix was a business-like and capable man, and his wife Ulysses had also considerable administrative ability, so it seemed that the interests of the University would be safe in their hands; furthermore Vesta, who was psychic and impressionable, seemed in many ways better fitted for succession to the priestly office in Poseidonis than was his eldest son. After the first surprise of the proposal was over, they all agreed that it was under the circumstances the best that could be done, and Bellatrix in his turn journeyed to the capital to place his formal acceptance of the office in the hands of the ruler, and to receive from him a solemn charge with regard to the conduct of the University. On his return Alcyone set sail for Poseidonis, in the year 16,823, taking with him Mizar, Vesta and Neptune.

On the voyage a great blow fell upon him in the death of his dearly-loved wife Sirius by an accident. She was enceinte at the time, and in very bad weather she was thrown off a couch and fatally injured. Her husband was overpowered by grief, and declared that he could not live without her, and should not know in the least what to do. But she tried to cheer him, and begged him to grant her one last request. Of course he promised to do so, and she asked him to marry her sister Mizar at once, so that the home might go on just as before, and she might feel satisfied that everything was being made comfortable for him. She said that if she knew that this would be done she could die in peace, and she would also keep near them if it was permitted, and would even try to speak to them. Alcyone and Mizar finally yielded to her request, and promised to marry as soon as they reached home; and when this was settled Sirius peacefully passed away, telling them with her last words not to grieve for her. She was buried at sea, and, true to his promise, Alcyone married Mizar as soon as possible after they reached Poseidonis.

Mercury, who mourned much over the death of Sirius, performed the ceremony for them, and they all felt the presence of the dead wife while the service was in progress. Indeed Bṛhaspaṭi declared that she saw her standing smilingly beside them, and joining in some of the recitations. Bṛhaspaṭi had had a dream or vision of the death of Sirius at the time when it occurred, and neither she nor Mercury was unprepared to hear the news of it on the arrival of the travellers. Mizar proved a true helpmeet for Alcyone; she knew his ways so thoroughly that everything went on just as though Sirius had been still on the physical plane. She was also thoroughly in sympathy with all his interests and knew the whole of the University business, so that though he never forgot Sirius he soon settled down into the new condition of affairs, and his life ran smoothly along its grooves. His old pleasure in the priestly work was soon revived, and he found that the manifold interests of the Temple left him little time for sorrowing over his loss. As soon as he was a little used to the management of affairs Mercury withdrew entirely into the background and lived the life of a recluse, coming forth only rarely and on very special occasions.

Alcyone retained under these different conditions his strong interest in educational matters, and made an attempt to introduce into his native land a system similar to that which had been so successful in Africa. He founded a University on the lines of the old one, and opened a couple of his farm-colony schools for the poor. Both attempts may be said to have succeeded, but they were never taken up in the oligarchy with quite the same enthusiasm as in North Africa. Still, he worked hard at the arrangements, and his system slowly spread, and he was thanked by the council for introducing it; but as years passed on he was obliged more and more to delegate to others the business connected with it, for his priestly work became more and more engrossing.

He kept constantly in touch by correspondence with Bellatrix and the University work in Africa, and frequent

and earnest invitations reached him asking him to pay another visit to the scene of his earlier labors. He always promised that he would do this some time or other, but for years no opportunity presented itself. He was training his son Vesta to succeed him in the Temple work, but Vesta, though eager, zealous, and psychic, was still somewhat too impulsive, and did not always distinguish impulses from intuitions, and so was sometimes hurried into unwise actions. His cousin and brother-in-law Auriga proved of the greatest assistance to him, and took up the educational work so enthusiastically that Alcyone soon turned over that department entirely to him. Auriga was a person of hard-headed common-sense, and a good organiser, so under his management the schools soon began to flourish exceedingly.

Venus, the father of Auriga, had long before been called to the City of the Golden Gate to succeed Herakles, and he in his turn had summoned his eldest son Crux to support him in his old age, and to learn the way in which so cumbrous an Empire was managed, in preparation for the time when he himself should be called upon to hold the reins of power. In 16,811 Venus passed away and Crux came to the throne, and very shortly after that Mercury and Bṛhaspaṭi died within a few months of one another. Though this was not unexpected at so great an age, it came as a shock to Alcyone, all the more so as he had been overworking himself for a long time and was therefore not at his strongest. He felt the need of rest and change, and with considerable difficulty he was persuaded to pay the long promised visit to North Africa, the hope being that the sea-voyage and the absence of responsibility might set him up again in health.

This anticipation was to a great extent fulfilled, for his passage was a pleasant one, and he received a most enthusiastic welcome at the University, and was delighted to find that Bellatrix had been managing everything with praiseworthy firmness and tact, so that both the University itself and the schools were in a most satisfactory state of efficiency. He declined to interfere in any way, or to

take any share in the management, though he was of course fêted everywhere, and expected to appear as a figure-head and make speeches on numerous occasions. He spent twelve months in Africa, and even then returned only because of an urgent request from Vesta. When he reached his native land he was already sixty-seven years old, and he yearned much for a life of meditation and repose, so he encouraged Vesta to continue as far as possible the work to which he had grown accustomed during his father's absence, and he himself remained rather in the background, coming forth only on great festivals or when special advice was needed. He was regarded by all the people as a great saint and a person of marvellous wisdom, and those who could obtain his advice in their difficulty thought themselves highly favored. On several occasions he mesmerically cured people suffering from various diseases, though he refused to make a regular practice of this, saying that he could help only those cases which he was specially inspired to help.

So he lived on seventeen years, passing the evening of his life peacefully and contentedly, hale and vigorous and keeping all his faculties to the last. Mizar remained inseparable from him (she had of course accompanied him to Africa) and their devotion to one another was touching. When Mizar died in the year 16,793 he seemed scarcely to mourn her, saying that it was not worth while to sorrow over so short a separation, as he knew he should follow her almost immediately. His prediction was justified, for he passed quietly away the following year, leaving behind him a great reputation on two continents. Two exactly similar statues of him were made, and were set up in the central halls of his two Universities—in that in Africa beside that other statue of his earlier personality on the pedestal of which in his boyhood he had had his present name engraved. The same sculptor produced the two statues, and each University presented one to the other with a suitable inscription. The story of the founder who had so strangely returned and recognised his work was

repeated in Africa for centuries, though later, when the statues had disappeared, it became confused, and ran that he was a great magician who had preserved the same body for fourteen hundred years, and so had revisited the scene of his former labors.

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

- SŪRYA : ... *High Priest. Daughter : Saturn.*  
 MARS : ... *Toltec Emperor. Son : Herakles.*  
 MERCURY : ... *Wife : Bṛhaspati. Sons : Alcyone, Achilles, Selene.*  
                   *Daughters : Calypso, Orpheus.*  
 URANUS : ... *Husband : Selene. Son : Leo. Daughter : Mira.*  
 VENUS : ... *Wife : Osiris. Sons : Cruz, Auriga. Daughters :*  
                   *Sirius, Mizar, Capella. Adopted Daughter : Helios.*  
 NEPTUNE : ... *Wife : Aldebaran. Sons : Pegasus, Berenice, Lomia.*
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- HERAKLES : ... *Wife : Saturn. Sons : Mercury, Venus.*  
 ALCYONE : ... *Father : Mercury. Mother : Bṛhaspati. Brothers :*  
                   *Achilles, Selene. Sisters : Calypso, Orpheus. First*  
                   *Wife : Sirius. Sons : Bellatrix, Vesta, Neptune,*  
                   *Daughters : Vega, Aurora. Second Wife : Mizar.*  
                   *Son : Libra. Daughters : Proteus, Virgo.*  
 ACHILLES : ... *Wife : Helios. Daughters : Aldebaran, Ulysses.*  
 SELENE : ... *Wife : Uranus. Son : Leo. Daughter : Mira.*  
 BELLATRIX : ... *Wife : Ulysses. Daughters ; Aquarius, Sagittarius.*  
 VESTA : ... *Wife : Mira. Sons : Melete, Regulus. Daughters :*  
                   *Tolosa, Polaris.*  
 VEGA : ... *First Husband : Leo. Son : Vajra. Second Husband :*  
                   *Pindar. Son : Iris. Daughter : Cygnus.*  
 ORPHEUS : ... *Husband : Ophiuchus. Sons : Aletheia, Fides, Phoenix.*  
                   *Daughters : Ausonia, Viola.*  
 ALETHEIA : ... *Wife : Aurora. Sons : Syra, Olympia.*
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## X

There was much movement and excitement in the central city of the Fifth Race settlement in Central Asia. Sveta-  
 ḍvipa, the White Island in the inland sea, whereon stood  
 and stands Shamballa, the Sacred City, was, indeed, pervaded  
 as ever by the solemn Peace which is the benediction of the  
 high Presences that dwell there; but the adjoining city on  
 the shore of the sea, taking its name from the Manu—Manu's  
 City—was full of eager turmoil, for preparations were on  
 foot for a great emigration, the greatest which we have so  
 far observed. Once more the Manu had spoken and had  
 demanded from Sūrya, the Deputy of the Mahāguru, the  
 gift of His two sons, Mars and Mercury, to lead the vast  
 host of emigrants. He had directed that the emigrants  
 should be divided into three army-caravans, and should  
 set forth on their march in three columns. One, forming  
 the right wing, led by Corona—a warrior of iron will and  
 extraordinary ability, but also of indomitable pride—was to  
 cross the Himālayas through what is now Kashmir, and to  
 find its way through the Panjab and the United Provinces<sup>1</sup>  
 to Bengal; the central and principal host, commanded by  
 Mars—who was the head of the three armies—was to penetrate  
 to Nepāl through Tibet, and march from Nepāl to Bengal;  
 the third, the left wing, under Vulcan, was to make its  
 way across Tibet to Bhutan, and thence to Bengal. Thus  
 the three armies were to converge on Northern Bengal,  
 and subjugate that country, making it their home.

This migration seems to have been one of special importance, and a very large number of now familiar figures were concerned in it. No less than ten who are now Masters are found playing important parts, to say nothing of Their many disciples who have followed Them through the ages. A great ceremony preceded the setting out of the vast hosts. In the Temple of the Sacred City on the White Island, in the great Hall of Audience—with its massive chair hewn out of living rock, covered with golden mouldings

<sup>1</sup> We use modern names throughout, as the old ones would convey no meaning to the reader.

that scarce allowed the rock to peep through—were gathered the most august of Figures. In the centre, in front of the chair but at the foot of its seven steps, towered the mighty form of Vaivasvata, the Manu, the typical man of the Fifth Root-Race. Clustering hair of dark brown shot with gold fell upon His shoulders, and the massive beard of like hue rolled, thick-curling, over His breast; eagle-eyed, with brows slightly arched and shadowing the eyes into darkness, save when the lids, normally somewhat drooped, were lifted suddenly and the eyes flashed out dazzlingly, compelling all who looked on Him to veil their gaze; the nose high and arched, the lips curved and set firmly. A King of men, truly; one whose word meant Law, whose lifted hand impelled or restrained at will.

Beside Him, on His right, stood the Mahāguru, His priestly Brother, the Head of the Religion of the Community. Stately and mighty also was He, but while the Manu breathed resistless Will and every gesture spoke of Rule, this Blessed One breathed Love most compassionate, and a Wisdom as pure and deep as the Manu's Will was mighty; His hair dusky as ebony, His eyes of darkest violet, almost black, His mouth tender, easily curving into a gracious smile. Seeking His name, we find many in the people's minds—as though reverence and love sought varied expression; often Piṭā, Deospitā, Vyās, Sarvajñārshi, Sūgata, Raviḍās, Ushādās, Mahāmuni, Jñānarāj—such are some of the names by which the people love Him. On the left side of the Manu stands Sūrya, with radiant hair and shining eyes—eyes that dwell with deep affection on His noble sons, the chief figures in the crowd facing the altar, which stands between the Heads of the Community and Their people.

They are clad with great magnificence; a long cloak of cloth of gold with heavy jewelled clasps falls around each, its folds sweeping the ground and lying in tumbled golden waves around Their feet; the Mahāguru and Sūrya have, beneath this, long white robes of finest material; the Manu wears a doublet-like garment of rich crimson, reach-

ing below His knees, the legs and feet bare. They are waiting, expectant, for the overshadowing presence of the Mighty Lords of the Flame, who are to appear to bless the departing hosts.

The Leaders of the army stand close to the ancient Altar, whereon each has placed his favorite weapon, mace, or axe, or sword, facing their Chiefs. Mars is in the centre, with his wife Br̥haspaṭi on his left, and Mercury upon his right. Mercury's wife, Saturn, is beside him, and by her, again, stands Vulcan. On Br̥haspaṭi's left is Corona, who had once in a previous birth ruled as an Emperor of the City of the Golden Gate in far Atlantis. A noble quartet of warriors they looked, with their stately wives, full worthy of them.

A group of children sat beyond the Altar, a little awed by the great Figures on whom their eyes were fixed; they were the children of Mars and Mercury; Jupiter, a noble boy of ten years of age, the eldest son of Mars, with his sisters Osiris, Uranus and Ulysses, his brother Siwa, a chubby boy of two, and in the arms of Osiris, the eight-years-old maiden, a baby boy, Virāj, who gazed with solemn eyes upon the Three. Mercury's eldest son was Selene, a thoughtful-looking boy, about the age of Jupiter, his arm thrown round the youngest girl, Mizar, a restless babe scarce twelve months old; his brothers Leo and Vajra sat, with arms round each other's shoulders; the sisters Herakles and Alcyone sat nestled together, little maids of five and three, for Alcyone had been born in 15,995, and Herakles was two years her elder and a little inclined to be protective of her junior. Another brother, Castor, was to complete the family, but he was born in Tibet on the way.

There is a great hush, for a single note rings through the great Hall, clear as a silver clarion, and a brilliant Light blazes out above the rock-hewn chair. The assembly bows down, for in the chair is seated a marvellous Figure, dazzling, an embodied Power, and behind Him are three

Others, only less great than He. They are the four Kumāras of Indian Scripture, the Lords of the Flame. "Go forth, my children, and do my work; my strength is upon you. Having wrought, return." The accents fall upon the hushed stillness; a hand is raised in blessing, and when the heads bent low in reverence are raised, the chair is empty and the Light is gone.

Sūrya stepped out and blessed his sons, who bent the knee before him, and then, stooping, raised the little Alcyone, his favorite grand-daughter, and drew close to him the sturdier form of Herakles:

"My little ones," he said, and his tender face grew gently solemn, "on a far rough way you go. Mothers of brave men you shall be, and fair women also shall call each of you 'mother'. Your race shall dwell long in the land and thither also you shall come again many times, to learn and teach. But this is the first of the lives of expiation, that old karma may be outworn, old wrongs made right. Death shall come to both of you together, in strange and violent way. In that hour, call on me and I will come to you, and the Light you have just now seen shall shine in the darkness then."

Little Alcyone hid her face in his neck and laughed softly; she did not understand, but she loved her grandfather; and Herakles looked up boldly, unwitting the gravity of the prophecy: "I shall call loud, so that you will hear," and Jupiter, who always called Herakles his little wife, said proudly: "I will take care of you."

Long and arduous was the journey, and many years had passed ere the three commanders met again. Corona found his way south fairly easily, as the road through Kashmīr was known, and the people of the settled portions were not unfriendly. But on reaching the Panjab he fell out with the inhabitants almost from the beginning, and presently he had to fight his way through a hostile country. He besieged the great Toltec city, now under Āryan rule, where Mars had been betrayed some fifteen hundred

years before, and at length reduced it by starvation, and made its ruler swear fealty to himself; he next subdued Ravipur—near the site of the modern Delhi—and established there one of his own officers as a tributary King; he pressed southwards, ever fighting and reducing his enemies to submission, till he had carved himself out an empire, with half a hundred tributary chiefs. Forty years had rolled away ere he reached Bengal, an aged warrior of over seventy years of age, to find Mars settled in Central Bengal, having founded and established his kingdom.

Vulcan had found his way through Tibet and Bhutan a good sixteen years earlier, had joined his forces with those of Mars, and in 15,953 had invaded Assam, and had there established himself in fairly peaceful possession by the time Corona arrived, in 15,952 B. C. Much, however, had happened ere that, and our hero, or rather heroine, is with Mars, and to her fortunes we must turn.

The route of Mars, on leaving Central Asia, took him in four years across the Great Range into Tibet, and he remained there for a full year, to rest the feebler members of his army-caravan, ere they began the toilsome road across the mountains to Nepāl. During this time Castor was born, and much time was given daily to training the boys of the party in athletics of every sort. Jupiter was the leader in all manly exercises, and among the boys whom he formed into a troupe, which he trained in scouting and mimic warfare, we note his cousins Leo, Vajra and Selene, Vajra making up for his juvenility by his reckless daring and extreme activity—and their friends Albireo and Arcor. Alcyone, a girl between seven and eight, was a somewhat dreamy maiden, quiet and thoughtful, more apt to sit at home than to roam abroad. She would sing softly to herself the chants to the Devas of her people, and lose herself in visions as she sang.

At the end of the fifth year since leaving Manoa, the army started again on its way, and climbed slowly over the mountains which lay between Tibet and Nepāl. It tried to follow the course of a mountain torrent, pouring eastwards

and southwards, but was constantly forced to turn aside when the river plunged into impassable gorges and foamed through ravines where the cliffs almost closed above it. There were many skirmishes with hill-tribes, but no serious fighting until two years later they approached Nepāl, where Mars found himself obliged to divide his army, leaving half under Mercury to guard the huge entrenched camp, and going out himself with the remainder of his troops to subdue the country sufficiently to make a safe road for his people. He took with him his eldest son, Jupiter, and his young troop, Mercury specially bidding his son Vajra learn the soldierly duty of obedience. One attempt was made to rush the camp during his absence, but Mercury repelled it without great difficulty and with little loss of life. It is a pretty scene to see Mercury seated with his wife and sister-in-law, with Alcyone nestling on his breast, and a girl-friend Capricorn, Herakles' special chum, leaning against his knee, as he told them stories of Sūrya and the Mahāguru, and sometimes, speaking softly and low, of the great Kumāras whom they had seen ere leaving Manoa. Herakles was a more restless child, and her eyes would rove eagerly over the camp outside while her father was speaking, bringing on herself sometimes a solemn reproof from the more demure Capricorn. Osiris and Uranus also, with little Virāj, were interested auditors, while Ulysses was apt to sympathise with Herakles' wandering gaze.

Two years passed before the waiting camp again welcomed Mars, and joyous were the greetings which met the returning wanderers. He had secured a passage through Nepāl, partly by fighting, partly by diplomacy, and the whole caravan set out, a couple of months later, in early summer. That winter they camped near the borders of Nepāl, resuming their journey the following summer, and thus slowly they went forwards, marching during the summer, camping in the winter, and spending four weary years on the way ere they reached India itself.

Meanwhile the sisters had grown into stately and handsome maidens, inheriting something of the beauty and grace

of their father and mother. Herakles was now eighteen, and Alcyone sixteen, and Mars sought his favorite niece as wife for his eldest son, while the sweet ways and gentle eyes of Alcyone had won the heart of Albireo, Jupiter's brother-in-arms. Demure Capricorn had become the ideal of Arcor, whose own somewhat stormy nature found rest and refreshment in her gentle household ways, and the three pairs were married ere the army left its winter camp in 15,979 B. C.

Mars led his great host peacefully through the extreme north of Bengal that summer, and camped along a huge river when marching time was over. Here he determined to wait the arrival of Vulcan and Corona, in order that their united forces might take possession of the land, and that he might there build up his kingdom. Another two years, however, elapsed before the approach of Vulcan was reported to him. Nothing whatever was to be heard of Corona, and after waiting for a third year, Mars, Mercury and Vulcan decided to press on without him. They left the women and children in an entrenched camp in northern Bengal (15,975 B. C.) while they marched southwards, taking with them Jupiter, Albireo, Selene and Leo, through a fertile but only thinly settled land, and at intervals the army stopped and threw up strong embankments, protected by deep trenches which seem to have become easily filled up with water, the water being thus drained away from a considerable surrounding area, which was readily cultivable, and afforded splendid grazing grounds for cattle. Mars detached at each of these settlements a considerable body of troops, leaving them orders to make broad and firm roads between the camps; after five years of this marching and building, he placed Vulcan in authority over the whole of the conquered land, directing him to return to the northern camp, taking with them all those who wished to settle down there with their wives and children, as well as a large force, sufficient to guard the great numbers that were to settle in the various camps established in Bengal. He himself determined to continue his march southwards, and arranged to return to the place where they parted after another five years.

Vulcan accordingly started visiting all the settlements on his way north; he found them prosperous and busy, the scattered inhabitants of the country having entered into friendly relations with them, often taking service as cowherds, laborers and so on. He pressed on northwards till he reached the original camp (15,967 B. C.) and was joyfully welcomed by its inhabitants. He found a few newcomers there; before they had parted Herakles had given birth to a son, Beatrix, and a daughter, Canopus; Alcyone to two sons, Neptune and Psyche, while Capricorn had borne Arcor a daughter, a pretty little girl, Pindar, and a son, Altair. To these had been added Aletheia, son of Herakles, Rigel, daughter of Alcyone, and Adrona, son of Arcor. The three older children, Beatrix, Neptune and Pindar were of an age—eleven years old, having been born in the winter of 15,978—and were as inseparable as their mothers, while the remaining trio, Canopus, Psyche and Altair were equally fond of each other. Each little maiden had her two knights, Pindar being everywhere accompanied by Beatrix and Neptune, Canopus by Psyche and Altair. A happy childhood was theirs, playing on foot and on pony-back, rough unkempt ponies, and gathering at eventide with their mothers, to tell of the day's delight, and to listen to stories of the land the mothers had left in childhood, above all to the story of the great Temple from the lips of Alcyone, and the august Figures their childish eyes had seen. Aletheia, Rigel and Adrona were but seven years of age, pretty healthy children, much petted by the uncles of the two first-named, Vajra and Castor, the younger sons of Mercury.

Vulcan gathered together all the families whose heads or elder members had followed Mars, and took them southwards, leaving each group with their long separated men relatives in the settlement where these were dwelling. Joyous were the meetings, saddened here and there by gaps in the family circles, when death had swept away by disease or violence those who were not to meet again their loved ones upon earth.

Meanwhile Mars had gone southwards, and soon found himself engaged in a long series of skirmishes and battles, for the country he invaded was thickly populated with people of Atlantean blood, and as he approached the seaboard these became more warlike, and offered more resistance to his advance. At last, he had to fight a serious pitched battle, to which the King of the Orissa country had summoned all his hosts: his priests, followers of the Atlantean dark magic, had incited the troops to fury by fiery harangues, and had rendered them, as they believed, invincible by human sacrifices offered to their gloomy elemental deities in the huge temple near the sea which was the most sacred centre of their worship, a temple of unknown antiquity and cyclopean architecture of the Lemurian type, standing in what is now the town of Puri. In the dim recesses of that temple, on the night before the battle joined, the priests had gathered in unholy conclave, and with ghastly rites and furious invocations had summoned their dark deities to give battle to the radiant Devas of the Áryan invaders.

At daybreak the decisive battle began, and for five days it raged; Mars and Mercury led their hosts with dauntless valor, well seconded by their sons and their faithful friends, among whom Arcor was conspicuous for his reckless courage. Great was the slaughter, but, as the fifth day darkened into evening, the hosts of Orissa were in headlong flight and the victorious Áryans chased them southwards, and encamped for the night in the camp that their enemies had left. Mars appeared to have carried a charmed life, but all the other leaders were wounded more or less, and very weary were the hosts that slept.

Rising ere daybreak, as was their wont, strange and new was the sight before the eyes of those who, all unknowing, had camped near the sea-shore. Never had they seen before the broad expanse of ocean, and loud cries of wonder and of awe burst from these children of the desert and the mountain as the huge plain of heaving waters burst upon their gaze in the dim twilight ere the dawn,

and the waves rippled to their feet, making them start back in fear. Their leaders came out at the shouts of the soldiers, wondering if the enemy had returned in force. Transfixed they also stood, and, as they gazed, the eastern sky began to redden towards the dawn; they watched, breathless, and suddenly the crimson globe of the Sun flung itself upwards from the waters, as though it leaped from the bosom of the deep, and Mars and Mercury threw themselves upon their faces and the red rays blazed across the ocean, and the cry: "Sāmuḍra! Sāmuḍra!" rang from a hundred throats. The Sun had been Pushan, the Nourisher, Panṭha, the Path, as he guided them over the deserts; now he was born of the sea, in the magical wonder of the dawning.

The neck of the resistance was broken, and Mars established the centre of his kingdom to the north of Orissa, in Central Bengal, leaving Jupiter, his eldest son, in charge of Orissa, with Albireo, Leo and Arcor as his lieutenants. He departed to keep his tryst with Vulcan, promising that Mercury should return, bringing with him the families of all left to settle in that part of his realm. Immediately after this Vulcan parted from Mars and invaded and conquered Assam, setting up there his kingdom with little difficulty.

In due course Mercury returned, bringing with him his noble wife, Saturn, and his sons Vajra and Castor, and his three daughters, Herakles, Alcyone and Mizar. He brought with him also Uranus, to be the bride of Leo, and Aurora to wed Selene. Arcor joyfully welcomed his fondly loved Capricorn and his sons Altair and Adrona.

And now came many years of hard work, the building up of a kingdom, interspersed with occasional wars of defence—wars of aggression were forbidden by the Ruler, Mars—skirmishes with predatory bands, endeavors to conciliate the former owners of the country, and efforts to put down human sacrifices. The families increased in number: a son, Betelgueuse, and two daughters, Pollux and Hector,

were born to Jupiter and Herakles; Perseus and Ajax, two boys, and two daughters, Demeter and Algol, gladdened the tender heart of Alcyone. Among the children of Leo and Uranus we see Leto and Draco as sons, Centaurus as daughter. Selene and Aurora rejoiced in three sons, Wenceslas, Theseus and Polaris, and three daughters, Taurus, Arcturus and Argus. Arcor and Capricorn had one additional son, Spica, and three daughters, Capella, Crux and Gemini. Once during these years, Mars paid a visit to his children, bringing with him his sons Siwa and Virāj, and his daughter Ulysses. Osiris had married and could not leave her home. On this occasion Vajra and Ulysses were wed, and after much discussion, the parents decided to leave these two as rulers of Orissa, and to return themselves to the northern capital, taking with them Jupiter and his family; for Mars was very old, and wished to instal his eldest son upon the throne and retire from the world with Mercury and their wives. This was done, and Vajra and Ulysses were left in charge.

For a time all went apparently well, but a storm was gathering below the surface. Vajra did not show the skill in conciliation characteristic of Jupiter, and his measures, aimed to bring about good results, were sometimes harsh. In 15,937 B. C. a great religious festival of the old religion was to be held, and Vajra had, the year before, forbidden its celebration, knowing the danger of such a concourse, excited by sacrifices and incantations. Herakles had come to spend some months with Alcyone, for the twain were not happy when apart, and she—having become learned in the deeper knowledge of the Atlantean White Magic and having wedded it to the worship of the bright Gods worshipped in her ancient home—began teaching this mingled philosophy and religion to the younger men and women of her brother's kingdom, and she included in her classes some of the younger priests of the dark Atlantean faith. This was to strike a deadly blow at the still powerful priesthood, and ere long the mutterings of hatred grew deep and angry. As the months pass-

ed, the growlings grew louder, and a conspiracy was formed to attack the house of Albireo, where Herakles and Alcyone were living, while he was away on a projected journey with Vajra to a distant part of the country. The priesthood resolved that the forbidden celebration should take place, and with victims nobler than the common herd; and they diligently circulated rumors that a rising was to take place in the district whither Vajra and Albireo were going. The result of this skilfully planned deception was that Vajra took with him the main part of his army, leaving a comparatively small force under Arcor to preserve order and defend his household. It was B. C. 15,937 and the high day, or rather night, of the forbidden festival was near. The early morning dawned clear and cool, but scattered groups might be seen slowly converging to a centre, and that centre the house of Albireo. The groups coalesced into a crowd; the crowd grew in number and denseness. Presently a deep clanging note clashed into the quiet: it was the note of the great bell of the temple, unheard for long, the bell that no longer might be sounded. The roar of the crowd answered the brazen voice of the bell, and in a moment a riot had broken out. The house of Albireo was broken into, the guards slaughtered, and in front of the crowd, as it surged inwards, towered the tall gaunt form of the Atlantean High Priest, Scorpio, on whose head a price had long been set, and who had lain hidden in the underground vaults of the temple, known to none but the initiated priesthood. "Yā-uli! Yā-uli," shrieked the mob, half-deeming him risen from the dead, and frenzied by religious excitement. A slow stern smile curved his iron lips as he heard his name re-echo, and turning, he waved back the yelling mob, and they stopped, silent. "Wait, children of the Lords of the Dark Face; your day has come. I go to bring forth the accursed, the women of the barbarians of the North, who have crushed your worship and closed the temples of your Gods. Aiyo! Aiyo! the Lords have arisen; they cry for blood, and blood shall they have.

Slay! slay all but the two women who are theirs. They are mine, as the Priest of the Gods who drink human blood and devour human flesh. To-night shall their thirst be slaked and their hunger appeased. Aiyō! Aiyō! I have said!"

Into the house he stalked, grim as death and stern as an incarnate Hate. At the first alarm Arcor had sounded his conch to summon his men, and, as they flung themselves into the passages and held the stairways, a fierce but hopeless combat had ended in their extermination. Arcor himself had rushed to the private entrance into the ladies' apartments, had struck down the priests who led the crowd—Yā-uli cautiously withdrawing till the way was clear—and had battled desperately, though alone, to bar the road. He fell, pierced by a score of wounds, and the Chief Priest stepped over his body to his prey.

Alcyone and Herakles were at their morning worship when the crash of breaking doors told them of danger, and as they rose, two tall and stately women—Herakles, now at the age of sixty, crowned with silver hair, and Alcyone with dark tresses, silver-streaked, falling below her waist—the door of their worship-chamber burst open, and the tall Priest stood on the threshold. The two women faced him, a proud interrogation as to such intrusion spoken by the uplift of the noble heads, the gaze of the steady eyes. "Come, ye accursed! the day of your oppression is over; the night of your doom is near. Come, for the Dark Lords call. I am their messenger of vengeance." Herakles threw her arm round her sister's slighter form: "Priest! you threaten those who know not fear. Begone! invite not death." A harsh laugh grated on the air: "Death, woman. I give it, I do not accept it. Come forth: you are mine."

He made a gesture to some priests behind him; they came in and seized the women by the arms, drawing out cords to bind. "Bind not!" said Herakles. "We shall not flee. Come, dearest, come. Our father's

daughters know how to die." Alcyone glanced up at her sister, an angelic smile upon her face: "I am ready, sister beloved." And they moved slowly forward, surrounded by the priests, through the passages strewn with the bodies of the dead. Unblenching they went through the seething crowd, which yelled at them, shook clenched fists as they passed, and would have torn them in pieces had it not been for the priests they feared. Slowly they went onwards through the city to the place where yawned widely the mighty open gates of the temple, with long aisles of dark pillars glooming away into darkness. White-robed, fair-skinned, the two sisters looked like angels of light amid the tossing crowd of dark faces and dark bare arms flung high in air. At the gate the priests turned and Yā-uli spake: "To-night, four hours after sunset, the gates will be opened; let all the children of the Lords of the Dark Face come to their festival." The gates clanged together, and Herakles and Alcyone were past all earthly help.

At first, no harm was wrought on them; they were offered rich food and wine, but would not eat. Only fruit would they take, and a drink of milk. Then commenced a long persuasive talk; Yā-uli strove to win their promise to take part in the worship of the Dark Gods that night, pledging himself that they should return home in safety if they would thus purchase life with dishonor. In his false heart he meant to slay after they had worshipped, but he longed to proclaim them renegades to their own faith and so win credit for his own. Uselessly he strove against their steady will, and in wrath at last he bade the priests take them to the gloomy centre of the temple, and leave them there awhile.

A dread and awful place it was in which they were left. Dim shapes, some red, some black, some sickly grey, were half visible through the gloom. Low moans, as of something in pain, came, dully muffled, to their ears. "Herakles," whispered Alcyone, "are these things alive or dead? They make me shudder." "Darling, I know not, but

living or dead, they cannot hurt the soul." They whispered to each other in the gloomy cavern, spoke of home, of husbands, of children, and then of the days of happy childhood, and the glorious vision of the past. "I think the time has come," said Alcyone, "and we shall see our grandfather again." "And the Light!" breathed Herakles.

It was ten o'clock, and a dense crowd filled the huge dark building, silent, expectant, awe-struck. At a sign the two women were seized, and lifted up on a high altar, in view of all, and a lurid light, blood-red, shone out, none could say whence, and threw the awful figures around into grim semblance of life. There was a sound of rending cloth, and the robes of the two women were torn from them, and the fair white bodies shone out nude and shrinking. A low cry of horror burst from them, and then Herakles threw up her proud head and flung her arms around her sister, striving to shield her from the gaze of the rough crowd: "You shame your mothers, men, in shaming us," she cried, and then stood silent. "Look at them," called the Priest, "before the Dark Lord feasts upon them. When next ye see them, he shall have had his fill." And then the light faded, and the crowd filed out, to wait for the rites that none save priests might see and live.

How tell the horrors that ensued: flames rose from surrounding altars, and shrieking captives were led in, and the fire fed with fat skinned from their living bodies till the flames roared high; then their blood was set flowing and caught in iron vessels, and set to boil in huge iron pots, and poured upon the images set in the circle round; foul creatures of the slime, huge spiders, monstrous scorpions, fed on the remnants of the mutilated bodies; and presently one after another of the images woke into awful life, began to stir, to slip downwards from their pedestals, obscene shapes of unimaginable horror, and crawled and writhed towards the central altar where Alcyone and Herakles still stood, clasped in each other's arms. "Fly! Fly!" yelled the priests, "the Dark Lord is coming, and his hosts are

here!" and they tumbled over each other in a mad rush to escape from the Terror they had invoked.

Out of the darkness loomed a gigantic face—a face of power majestic, of pain and wrath too deep for words, of intolerable weariness and despair. A mighty hand was waved, just visible by its own dull glow, as of hot iron half-quenched and the fearful figures rolled up around the altar and reared up red gaping mouths and hairy tearing claws. Then rang out the voice of Herakles, loud and clear: "Sūryadeva, Sūryadeva, Mahāpita, come, oh! come!"

And there, in the midst of all the horrors, there shone out the Light on which the children's eyes had rested, and beneath it the radiant form of the Sūrya they knew, with tender eyes and outstretched arms; and with a sob of joy Alcyone sprang forward, and her body dropped lifeless on the altar. And all the horrid shapes shrivelled into nothingness, and lay about like the cast-off skins of snakes, and the pillars broke, and the cavern walls fell in, and the bodies of the sisters had for tomb the mighty temple of the Lord of the Dark Face.

And that night in Pari, there was fear and trembling; for earthquakes rent the ground, and a huge tidal wave came rushing from the sea. But they who cowered in terror, and they who, remembering the two sisters, wept for their awful fate, they knew nothing of the outstretched arms that had carried them home, cradled on the Bosom that is to become the Refuge of the world; they knew nothing of the Light that had turned into heaven, the darkness of that hell.

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Of the vengeance Vajra wrought when he returned, and of the grief of Jupiter and Albireo, there is here no room to tell. And it was all over very long ago.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

- THE LORDS OF }  
THE FLAME: } *The four Kumāras.*
- THE MANU: ... *Vaivasvaṭa.*
- THE MAHĀGURU: *Vyūsa. Head of the Religion of the Community.*
- SŪRYA: ... *Deputy of the Mahāguru. Sons: Mars, Mercury.*
- MARS: }  
MERCURY: } *Leaders of the army.*  
VULCAN: }  
CORONA: }
- MARS: ... *Wife: Bṛhaspaṭi. Sons: Jupiter, Siwa, Virāj. Daughters: Osiris, Uranus, Ulysses.*
- MERCURY: ... *Wife: Saturn. Sons: Selene, Leo, Vajra, Castor. Daughters: Herakles, Alcyone, Mizar.*
- JUPITER: ... *Wife: Herakles. Sons: Beatrix, Aletheia, Betelgususe. Daughters: Canopus, Polhux, Hector.*
- VULCAN: ... *Wife: Cetus. Son: Procyon. Daughters: Olympia, Minerva, Pomona.*
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- ALCYONE: ... *Father: Mercury. Mother: Saturn. Brothers: Selene, Leo, Vajra, Castor. Sisters: Herakles, Mizar. Husband: Albireo. Sons: Neptune, Psyche, Perseus, Ajax. Daughters: Rigel, Demeter, Algol.*
- SELENE: ... *Wife: Aurora. Sons: Wenceslas, Theseus, Polaris. Daughters: Taurus, Arcturus, Argus.*
- LEO: ... *Wife: Uranus. Sons: Leto, Draco, Fomalhaut. Daughters: Centaurus, Proserpina, Concordia.*
- VAJRA: ... *Wife: Ulysses. Sons: Clio, Melpomene, Alastor. Daughters: Irene, Sirona.*
- CORONA: ... *Wife: Orpheus. Sons: Cassiopeia, Aries. Daughters: Andromeda, Elsa, Pallas.*
- ARCOB: ... *Friend: Wife: Capricorn. Sons: Altair, Adrona, Spica. Daughters: Rindar, Capella, Crux, Gemini.*
- SCORPIO: ... *Atlantean High Priest (Yā-uli.)*

## ADDITIONAL DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Widening our circle of investigation, 'so as to include in some cases more remote relations, in others earlier and later generations, we have found additional characters belonging to some of the lives already printed. We therefore issue the following addendum, for the benefit of those readers who are compiling lists of these characters.

## Table on page 918.

VAJRA :	... <i>Wife</i> : Ulysses. <i>Sons</i> : Alastor, Tolosa, Calypso. <i>Daughters</i> : Dorado, Clio, Gemini.
SIRIUS :	... <i>Father</i> : Brhaspati. <i>Mother</i> : Uranus. <i>Brothers</i> : Orpheus, Lyra, Vulcan. <i>Sisters</i> : Viola, Taurus.
DRACO :	... <i>Wife</i> : Phœnix. <i>Son</i> : Proserpina.
HECTOR :	... <i>Wife</i> : Pegasus. <i>Son</i> : Berenice.
ALETHEIA :	... <i>Wife</i> : Dorado. <i>Son</i> : Ophiuchus.
SPICA :	... <i>Husband</i> : Minerva. <i>Daughter</i> : Sirona.
AURIGA :	... <i>Husband</i> : Iris. <i>Sons</i> : Tiphys, Pomona.
POLLUX :	... <i>Husband</i> : Cetus. <i>Sons</i> : Adrona, Phocea.

## Table on page 922.

ALCYONE :	... <i>Brothers</i> : Uranus, Vulcan.
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## Table on page 929.

URANUS :	... <i>Wife</i> : Vega. <i>Sons</i> : Ajax, Brhaspati, Venus. <i>Daughters</i> : Neptune, Rigel.
VAJRA :	... <i>Wife</i> : Dorado.
ALETHEIA :	... <i>Wife</i> : Phœnix. <i>Daughters</i> : Virgo, Pomona.
MIZAR :	... <i>Husband</i> : Achilles. <i>Sons</i> : Orpheus, Polaris, Olympia. <i>Daughters</i> : Sagittarius, Aquarius.
HECTOR :	... <i>Wife</i> : Selene. <i>Sons</i> : Aurora, Bellatrix, Algol. <i>Daughters</i> : Pegasus, Viola.
FIDES :	... <i>Husband</i> : Ophiuchus. <i>Sons</i> : Tolosa, Berenice.
CENTAURUS :	... <i>Husband</i> : Tiphys. <i>Sons</i> : Iris, Proserpina. <i>Daughter</i> : Clio.
VESTA :	... <i>Wife</i> : Lomia. <i>Sons</i> : Libra, Minerva.

## Table on page 1047.

- ALCESTIS: ... *Priest of Girnar. Wife: Sirona. Sons: Tolosa, Aries.*
- PHOCEA: ... *Priest of Temple in the Vinđhya Hills. Wife: Procyon. Sons: Alastor, Cancer.*

## Table on page 1055.

- MARS: ... *Emperor. Father: Herakles. Mother: Bṛhaspaṭi. Brother: Venus. Sister: Neptune.*
- MERCURY ... *Husband: Osiris. Sons: Saturn, Virāḡ, Vulcan. Daughters: Beatrix, Pindar.*
- AJAX: ... *Wife: Aletheia. Sons: Ophiuchus, Uranus, Calypso. Daughters: Dorado, Sagittarius, Aquarius.*
- VEGA: ... *Husband: Tiphys. Sons: Algol, Proserpina, Libra. Daughters: Iris, Phœnix, Viola.*
- MIZAR: ... *Husband: Polaris. Sons: Minerva, Siwa, Olympia, Tolosa. Daughters: Fides, Virgo.*
- LEO: ... *Wife: Iris. Sons: Aurora, Lyra, Berenice. Daughters: Pegasus, Clio.*

## Table on page 1074.

- NEPTUNE: ... *Husband: Hector. Sons: Siwa, Orpheus. Daughter: Mizar.*
- CASSIOPEIA: ... *Wife: Capricorn. Sons: Cetus, Spica, Adrona. Daughter: Sirona.*
- ALTAIR: ... *Wife: Polaris. Son: Tolosa.*
- MIZAR: ... *Husband: Arcor. Daughters: Regulus, Irene.*

## Table on page 1175.

- HERAKLES: ... *Wife: Aurora. Sons: Neptune, Capella. Daughters: Clio, Dorado.*
- VEGA: ... *Wife: Beatrix. Sons: Virāḡ, Saturn. Daughter: Proserpina.*
- AURIGA: ... *Wife: Iris. Daughters: Viola, Tolosa.*

## Table on page 1183.

- JUPITER: ... *King. Sister: Mercury. Wife: Saturn. Son: Mars.*
- RIGEL: ... *Brothers: Spica, Olympia.*
- VAJRA: ... *Daughters: Bṛhaspaṭi, Uranus, Proserpina.*

## SOME NOTES ON THE HIGHER PLANES

### NIRVĀNA

**I**T has often been said that in the final consummation all individual souls merge into the Great Soul, and our students sometimes find it difficult to reconcile this with other statements which seem to imply that the individuality is maintained, in some form or other, even up to the very greatest heights. The fact is that no experience which we can see, and no ideas which we can formulate down here in our physical brain, will at all express the glorious realities of Nirvāna and the planes beyond it. We know so little of that transcendent glory, and what little we do know can never be put into adequate words. Perhaps, however, it is in a certain sense somewhat misleading to speak of individual souls as merging into the Great Soul. Every Monād is fundamentally a spark of the divine Flame; he cannot merge into that of which he is already a part. Surely a better explanation of what happens would be to say that as he evolves the spark developes into flame; he becomes more and more conscious of his unity with the divine, and so the Logos is able more and more to manifest Himself through him.

This much at least I can say, that up to the highest level of the consciousness which any of our students have yet attained—up even to what is commonly called Nirvāna itself, there is no loss of individuality, of the power to think, to plan and to act. Long before that there is an entire loss of the sense of *separateness*, but that is a very different thing. Sir Edwin Arnold wrote of that beatific condition that “the dewdrop slips into the shining sea”. Those who have passed through that most marvellous of experiences know that, paradoxical as it may seem, the

sensation is exactly the reverse, and that a far closer description would be that the ocean had somehow been poured into the drop! That consciousness, wide as the sea, with "its centre everywhere and its circumference nowhere" is a great and glorious *fact*; but when a man attains it, it seems to him that *his* consciousness has widened to take in all that, not that he is merged into something else. And he is right, for that which he had ignorantly supposed to be *his* consciousness was never his at all, but only the shining of the divine power and wisdom and love through him, and he is now at last beginning to realise that stupendous fact. The truth is that what is commonly understood by individuality is a delusion and has never existed, but all that is best and noblest in that conception is maintained up to Adeptship and far beyond, even into the realm of the great Planetary Spirits, for They are very assuredly individuals, though mighty beyond our feeble powers of conception.

Even though the attempt be foredoomed to failure, let me endeavor to give some slight idea of an experience which some of us once had in connexion with this lofty plane. Before we ourselves by our own efforts were able to touch it, a Master, for certain purposes of His own, enfolded us in His higher aura, and enabled us through Him to experience the glories of Nirvāṇa. Try to imagine the whole universe filled with and consisting of an immense torrent of living light, and in it a vividness of life and an intensity of bliss altogether beyond all descriptions, a hundred thousand times beyond the greatest bliss of heaven. At first we feel nothing but the bliss; we see nothing but the intensity of the light; but gradually we begin to realise that even in this dazzling brightness there are brighter spots—nuclei, as it were—which are built of the light because there is nothing but the light, and yet through them somehow the light gleams out more brightly, and obtains a new quality which enables it to be perceptible upon other and lower planes, which without this would be altogether beyond the possibility of sensing its effulgence. And by

degrees we begin to realise that these subsidiary suns are the Great Ones, that these are Planetary Spirits, Great Angels, Kārmic Deities, Buddhas, Christs and Masters, and that through Them the light and the life are flowing down to the lower planes, and gradually, little by little, as we become more accustomed to the stupendous reality, we begin to see that in a far lower sense, even we ourselves are a focus in that cosmic scheme, and that through us also, at our much lower level, the light and the life are flowing to those who are still further away—not from it, for we are all part of it and there is nothing else anywhere, but further from the realisation of it, the comprehension of it, the experience of it. If we can see and grasp even a little of the glory, we can to some extent reflect it to others who are less fortunate. That light shines for every one, and it is the only reality; yet men by their ignorance and by their foolish actions may so shut themselves away that they cannot see it, just as the sun floods the whole world with light and life, and yet men may hide themselves in caves and cellars where that light cannot be seen. Just as a mirror properly placed at the mouth of such a cave or cellar may enable those within to participate, at least to some extent, in the benefits of the light, so may we when we see the light, reflect it to others who have so placed themselves that they cannot perceive it directly.

No words that we can use can really give even the least idea of such an experience as that, for all with which our minds are acquainted has long ago disappeared before that level is attained. There is of course at that level a sheath of some sort for the Spirit, but it is impossible to describe it in any words. In one sense it seems as though it were an atom, and yet in another it seems to be the whole plane. Each man has a centre of consciousness and therefore must have some position; that focus in the stream of the life of the Logos must, one would say, be in one place or another. Yet he feels as if he were the whole plane and could focus anywhere, and wherever for the moment the outpouring of this force stops, that is for him

a sheath. The man still feels absolutely himself, even though he is so much more; and he is able to distinguish others. The Great Ones whom he knows, he is able to recognise with perfect certainty, yet it is rather by instinctive feeling than by any resemblance to anything that he has seen before; but if he focusses his consciousness upon one of These he gets the effect of the form of the man as he knows it in the Augoeides, two planes below.

#### THE TRIPLE SPIRIT

The Monads are clearly all centres of force in the Logos, and yet each possesses a very distinct individuality of his own. In the average man the Monad is but little in touch with the Ego and the lower personality, which are yet somehow expressions of him. He knows from the first what is his object in evolution and he seems to grasp the general trend of it, but until that portion of him which expresses itself in the Ego has reached a fairly high stage, he seems scarcely conscious of the details of life down here, or at any rate takes little interest in them. He seems at that stage not to know other Monads, but rests in indescribable bliss without any active consciousness of surroundings. As evolution progresses, however, he grasps matters on the lower plane much more fully, and finally takes them entirely into his own hands, and at that stage he knows both himself and others, and his voice within us becomes for us the Voice of the Silence. That voice differs for us at different stages. For us now in this lower consciousness it is the voice of the Ego; when we identify ourselves with the Ego it is the voice of the Spirit; when we reach the Spirit it is the voice of the Monad, and when in the far away future we identify ourselves wholly with the Monad it will be the voice of the Logos; but in every case we have to subject the lower, and rise above it before the voice of the higher can be heard.

This Monad resides permanently upon the second of our planes, and when it descends upon the third, the plane of Nirvāṇa, it manifests itself as the triple Spirit, and this

triple Spirit is a reflexion or (even more truly) an expression of the Logos as He manifests Himself in our set of planes. His first manifestation on our highest plane is also triple. In the first of these three aspects He does not manifest Himself on any plane below the highest, but in the second He descends to the second plane and draws round Himself a garment of its matter, thus making a quite separate expression of Him. In the third aspect He descends to the upper portion of the third plane, and draws round Himself matter of that level, thus making a third manifestation. These three are the "three persons in one God," of which Christianity teaches, telling us in its Athanasian creed that we should worship "One God in Trinity and Trinity in Unity, neither confounding the persons nor dividing the substance" —that is to say never confusing in our minds the work and functions of the three separate manifestations, each on its own plane, yet never for a moment forgetting the eternal unity of the "substance," that which lives behind all alike on the highest plane, at the level where these three are one.

Now an exact repetition of this process takes place in the case of man, who is in very truth made in the image of God. The Spirit is triple upon the third plane, and the first of its three manifestations does not descend below that level. The second manifestation descends one stage, on to the fourth plane, and clothes itself with its matter, and then we call it buddhi. Just as before the third aspect descends two planes, and shrines itself in matter of the highest level of the mental plane, and we call that manas, and this trinity of ātmā-buddhi-manas, manifesting in the causal body, is what we call the Ego. Never forget that the Ego is not the manas only, but the spiritual triad; at our present stage of evolution he rests in his causal body on the higher levels of the mental plane, but as he passes onwards his consciousness will be centred on the buddhic plane, and afterwards, when he attains Adeptship, on the nirvāṇic. But it must not be supposed that when this further development takes place the manas is in any way lost. When

the Ego draws himself up into the buddhic plane, he draws up manas with him into that expression of it which has all the time existed on the buddhic plane, but has not been fully vivified until now. In the same way when he draws himself up into the nirvānic plane, manas and buddhi exist within him just as fully as ever, so that now the triple spirit is in full manifestation on its own plane in all its three aspects. Therefore the Spirit is truly seven-fold, for it is triple on its own plane, dual on the buddhic, and single on the mental, and the unity which is its synthesis makes seven. Though he draws back into the higher he retains the definiteness of the lower.

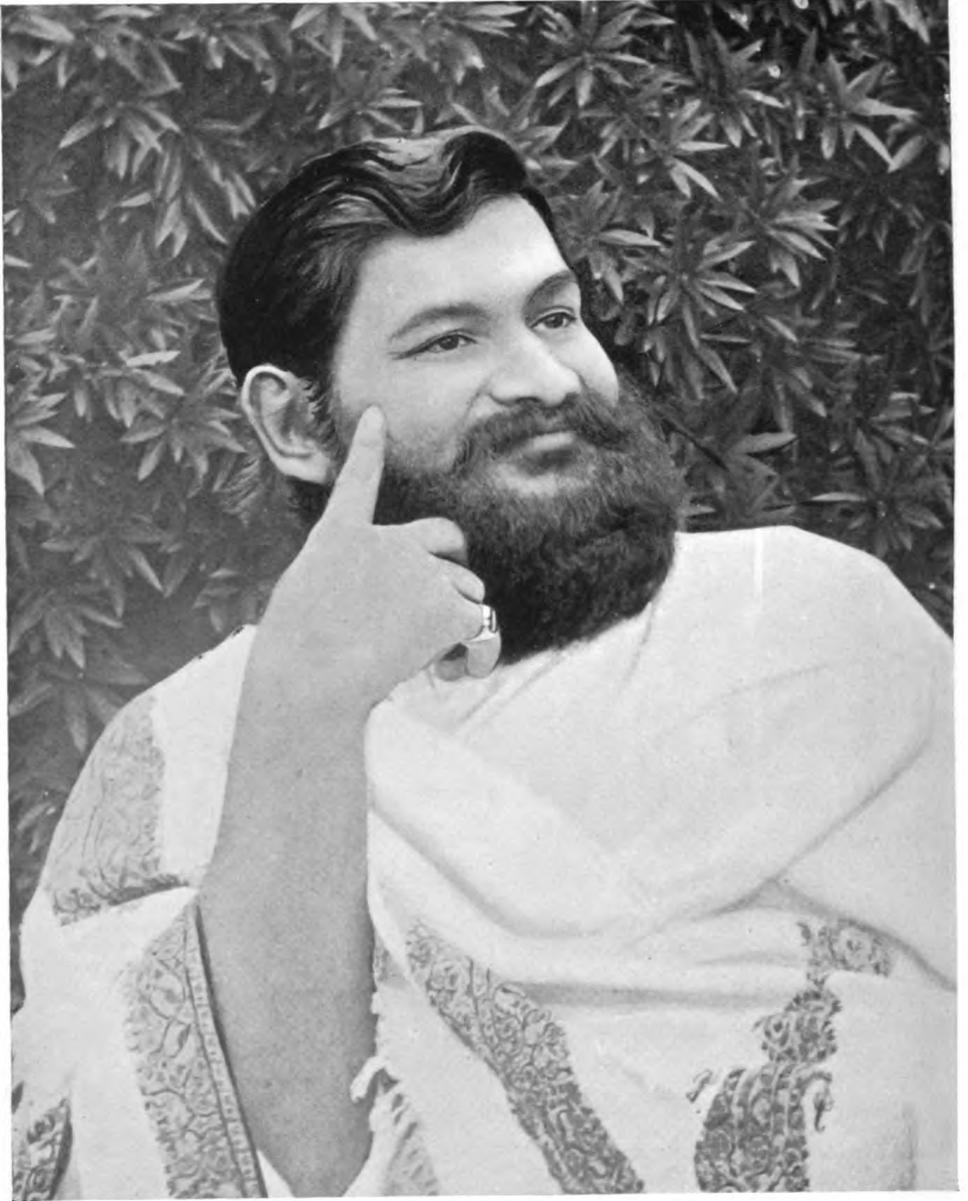
This is probably what Madame Blavatsky meant when she spoke of the auric egg, but she surrounded this idea with very great mystery, and it seems probable that she was under some pledge not to write freely about it. She never clearly explained the triple Spirit, but evidently endeavored to suggest the idea without clearly expressing it, for she laid great stress upon the fact that just as the astral plane may be said to be a reflexion of the buddhic, so may the physical be said to be a reflexion of the nirvānic, and then she furthermore emphasised the fact that there are three bodies or vehicles of man on the physical plane—apparently going out of her way to make this agree, and for that purpose dividing the physical body of man into two parts, the dense and the etheric, and adding as a third principle the vitality which flows through them. Now as this vitality exists on all the planes, and might just as well be made into additional principles on the astral and mental planes as on the physical, it would seem that some reason is required for her rather peculiar arrangement, and perhaps this reason may be found in her desire to indicate the triple Spirit without actually mentioning it. I think the President has said that when Madame Blavatsky spoke about the sacred auric egg she meant the four permanent atoms within an envelope of matter of the nirvānic plane.

## BUDDHIC CONSCIOUSNESS

A selfish man could not function on the buddhic plane, for the very essence of that plane is sympathy and perfect comprehension, which excludes selfishness. A man cannot make a buddhic body until he has conquered the lower planes. There is a close connexion between the astral and the buddhic, the former being in some ways a reflexion of the latter; but it must not therefore be supposed that a man can leap from the astral consciousness to the buddhic without developing the intervening vehicles. Certainly on the highest levels of the buddhic plane a man becomes one with all others, but we must not therefore assume that he feels alike towards all. There is no reason to suppose that we shall ever feel absolutely alike towards everybody; why should we? Even the Lord Buddha had His favorite disciple Ānanda; even the Christ regarded S. John the Beloved in a different way from the rest. What *is* true is that presently we shall come to love every one as much as we now love our nearest and dearest, but by that time we shall have developed for those nearest and dearest a type of love of which we have no conception now. The buddhic consciousness includes that of many others, so that you may put yourself down into another man and feel exactly as he does, looking upon him from within instead of from without. In that relation you will feel no shrinking even from an evil man, because you will recognise him as part of yourself—a weak part. You will desire to help him by pouring strength into that weak part of yourself. What is required is really to be in this attitude and to do it, not merely to talk about or think vaguely of it; and it is not easy to acquire this power.

C. W. LEADBEATER





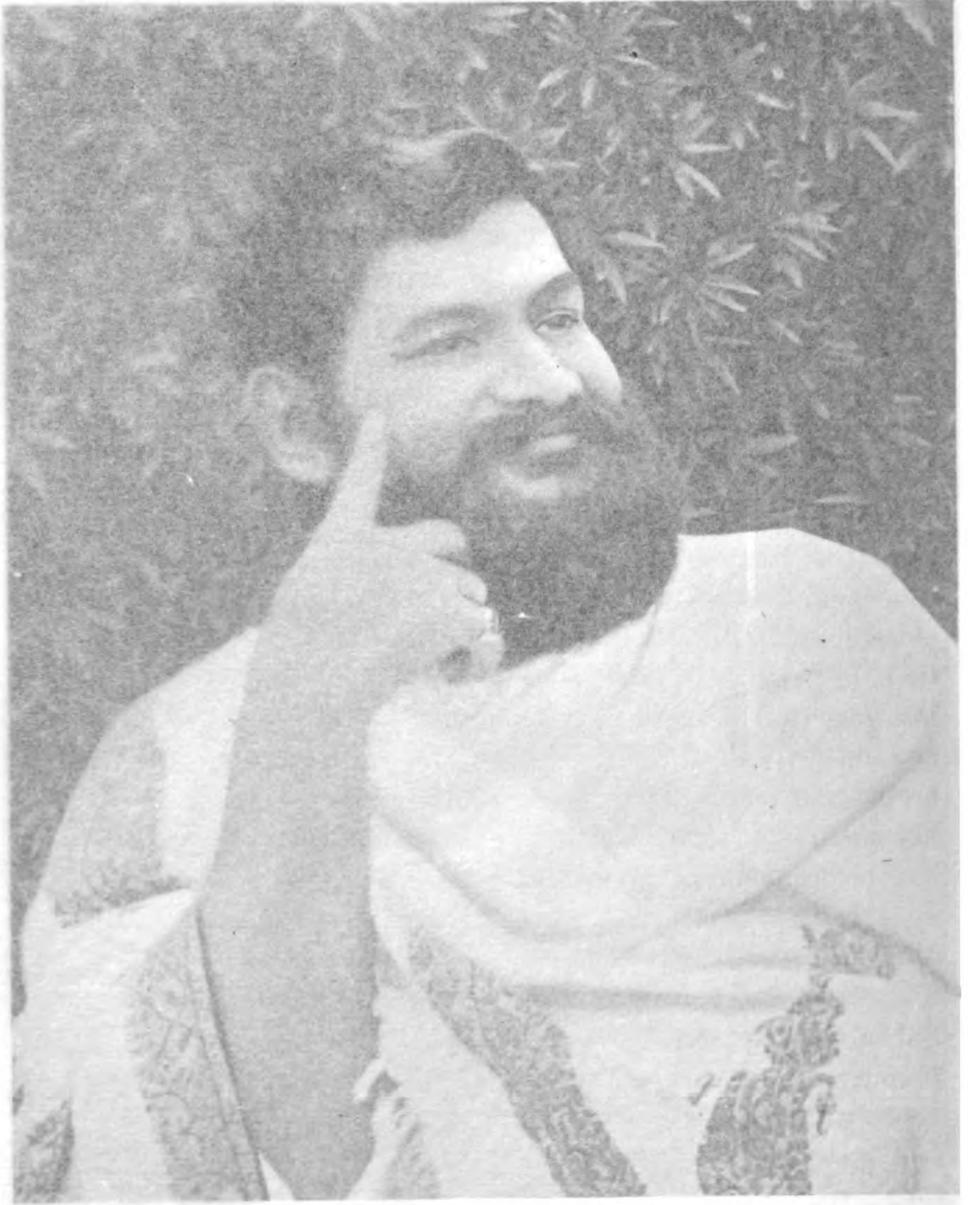
UPENDRANATH BASU.

## THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY OF INDIA

### UPENDRANĀTH BĀSU

**A**MONG the names well-known and honored in the story of Theosophy in India that of Upendranāth Bāsu in the present sketch stands high. For he has been one of the chief builders of the Society here, and his work was that which lifted the Indian Section to the lofty position which it holds to-day.

Upendranāth Bāsu was born in 1831 at a village in Bengal, where was the paternal estate of his grandfather, of the well-known family of Miṭra, of which three generations had been settled in Benares ere one of its daughters, returning to Bengal, gave birth to Upendranāth, his youngest and eldest son. He was educated in Calcutta, and graduated both in Arts and Law at Calcutta University. After taking his degree, he went to Benares, to the maternal home, and settled down there, beginning to practice law. His strong brain and acute mind soon bringing him to the front in his profession. But despite the brilliant prospects opening out before him, he turned away from them, unheeding, for his eyes had seen and had fixed themselves on a higher light. He had entered the Theosophical Society in 1847, and we find his name in the first report of the *Benares Theosophical Sabhā*, the Benares Lodge of the T. S.; he was one of the founders of the Lodge, which was constituted in the year 1855, with himself as Secretary, Bhagavān Dās as President, and his lifelong friend Govinda Dās as one of the ruling members. As the years went on, his heart became more and more consecrated to Theosophy, until he threw up all his professional prospects with his already lucrative practice, and gave himself wholly to the Theosophical Society "mind, body and estate".



UFENDRANATH BASU.

## THEOSOPHICAL WORTHIES

### UPENDRANĀTH BĀSU

**A**MONG the names well-known and well-beloved in the story of Theosophy in India, that of the subject of the present sketch stands high. For he has been one of the chief builders of the Society here, and his was the hand that lifted the Indian Section to the lofty position which it holds to-day.

Upendranāth Bāsu was born in 1864 at Kolnagar, in Bengal, where was the paternal estate; his mother came of the well-known family of Miṭṭra, of which five generations had been settled in Benares ere one of its daughters, returning to Bengal, gave birth to Upendranāth Basu as her eldest son. He was educated in Calcutta, and graduated both in Arts and Law at Calcutta University; after taking his degree, he went to Benares, to the maternal home, and settled down there, beginning to practise law, his strong brain and acute mind soon bringing him to the front in his profession. But despite the brilliant prospects opening out before him, he turned away from them, unallured, for his eyes had seen and had fixed themselves on a purer light. He had entered the Theosophical Society in 1884, and we find his name in the first report of the Kāshī Taṭṭva Sabhā, the Benares Lodge of the T. S.; he was one of the founders of the Lodge, which was constituted on March 7th, 1885, with himself as Secretary, Bhagavān Dās as Librarian, and his lifelong friend Govinda Dāsa as one of the founding members. As the years went on, his heart became more and more consecrated to Theosophy, until he threw up all his professional prospects with his already lucrative practice, and gave himself wholly to the Theosophical Society "mind, body and estate".

In January, 1894, I had the happiness of meeting him for the first time in the present life, and from that time onwards he accompanied me in many of my Indian lecture-tours. After a short time it was decided that Mr. Bertram Keightley, the Countess Wachtmeister and myself should settle in Benares, and with his help establish in India's most sacred city the Headquarters of the Indian Section of the T. S. In 1895 this plan was carried out, and Bābū Upen-dranāth Basu was elected Joint General Secretary with Mr. Keightley. The entire work of the Section soon fell into his hands, owing to Mr. Keightley's enforced absence in England, and he became General Secretary, and filled the office with splendid success until his health broke down in 1907; he was persuaded to allow himself to be again elected in that year, but found himself unable to grapple with the work, and resigned in the late autumn of 1908.

During this long period of unselfish and unwearied service, immense strides were made by the Section under his care. In 1898, it was established on land of its own, and, with the assistance of Rāi Ishvara Prasād and other friends, the General Secretary planned out and raised the fine structure which is the Headquarters of the Section. He saw his work crowned by the holding there of the T. S. Anniversary Meeting of 1899, and the Convention of the Indian Section. After this, he planned and carried out a number of valuable and important buildings on the Section's land: the Press Building, in 1900; the East Bangalow in 1902; the Hindū Quarters in 1903-04; the European Quarters in 1905-06. The Book Depôt and Quarters, built by myself, were purchased by him for the Section in 1903, and various Bangalows were erected, the total value of the property thus admirably constructed and managed amounting to about Rs. 100,000.

I must not omit to chronicle here that he was one of the seven Founders of the Central Hindū College, and held from its inception the important offices of Vice-President of the Board of Trustees and Vice-Chairman of the Managing Committee. He was one of the hardest working

members of the Committee until his health broke down, giving his attention specially to the buildings, which owe their beauty and good construction more to him than to any other member. The College owes him as much as does the Theosophical Society, and in both his name will ever be cherished with love, gratitude and admiration.

This is not the place to speak of him as he is to those who love him, nor to intrude into the sanctities of a singularly noble and happy family life. A man of high spirituality, of spotless character, ever seeking to serve, to uplift, to bless, Upendranāth Basu will long remain in the hearts of his friends and compatriots as an exceptionally high example of pure and lofty manhood.

A. B.

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There are fixed moral laws, just as there are uniform physical laws. These moral laws may be violated by man, endowed as he is with individuality and the freedom which that involves. Each such violation becomes a moral force in the direction opposite to that toward which evolution is drifting, and inheres in the moral plane. And by the law of reaction each has a tendency to evoke the operation of the right law. Now, when these opposing forces accumulate and acquire a gigantic form, the reactionary force necessarily becomes violent and results in moral and spiritual revolutions, pious wars, religious crusades, and the like. Expand this theory and you understand the necessity for the appearance of Avatāras on earth. How easy things become when one's eyes are opened; but how incomprehensible they look when the spiritual vision is blind, or even dim and dull. Nature in her infinite bounty has provided man on the outer planes with exact facsimiles of her inner workings, and verily those who have eyes to see may see, and, those who have ears to hear may hear.—*The Doctrine of the Heart.*

## IN THE TWILIGHT

“**I** had a prophetic dream,” said the Brāhmaṇa, “of which I do not understand the rationale. A friend of mine in Government service was transferred to B.—a place he very much disliked. One night, after he had been speaking to me of this appointment, I dreamed that he had been appointed to a place I will call C. I told my dream to my friend, who answered that he would most certainly very much like to be transferred to C., but that he had no chance of being appointed to it. The dream, however, came true, for when my friend had been at B. for only two or three months, incidents occurred which led to his transfer to C. Now, what I cannot understand is why *I* should dream of a matter of this sort, in which I took no special interest, and in which I was not concerned.”

“The Ego,” said the Vagrant, “constantly foresees coming events, and may be said normally to foresee the near future. But, at the present stage of evolution, his knowledge is not readily impressed on the physical brain. When the brain happens to be in a receptive condition, some of this knowledge, normally possessed by the Ego, is impressed on it. These astral happenings need not be of any importance, nor related to the clairvoyant; they only happen to be taking place at the time when the physical condition enables them to be recorded. If a part of a dirty window is cleaned, a person behind the window would see, through the cleaned spot, anything which happened to pass by outside. The things would not ‘mean’ anything to him; he would see them because they were there. The brain passes through a number of physiological conditions, some of which are favorable and some unfavorable to the transmission of impressions from the higher planes. A little extra fatigue, a little fever, may provide

the conditions, by slightly increasing the sensitiveness of the brain."

"Looking at the matter from outside the physical plane," remarked the Shepherd, "the wonder is not that people bring so little through into their physical consciousness, but that they bring through anything at all. So many conditions have to be present to make it possible. A fairly common experience of psychic people is to *see* the events which some one is relating to them; they often see more than the narrator relates, because they see the thought-forms he is generating. Sometimes, even, they see more than the narrator himself knows."

"I had once a curious dream," said Serena. "I dreamed that I was in a house, and I was a man lecturing in the upper storey; but at the same time I was a woman, talking about Theosophy to a small circle of people downstairs. I was both these people at the same time."

"You were probably neither of them," said the Shepherd with a smile, "but were helping both of them, and so thoroughly identifying yourself with them that you felt yourself to be each of them. Sometimes, when working astrally, one may get a glimpse of some previous incarnation of one's own, but if that had been the case here, the difference of dress would have shown that the picture belonged to a period other than the present. Some people do very thoroughly identify themselves with a person they are helping on the astral plane. I remember a case where a helper, sent to an explosion, felt himself blown up into the air like the real victim. A great many years ago, I found myself in three places at once: I was standing in my bed-room, leaning against the foot of my bed, when I became aware that I was in a temple; while I was both in the room and in the temple, I found myself walking round the temple outside."

"Once at Avenue Road," said the Vagrant, "I was lying in bed in my own room; still conscious of this, I found myself in the Āshrama of the Master, and the double

consciousness gave me such a sense of unreality, that I asked the Master whether I was really with Him or was only making an imaginary picture. He said no, that I was really there, and that later on I should find it very convenient to be able to keep my consciousness simultaneously in several places."

"You can hold a meeting here," remarked the Shepherd, "and at the same time put a question to the Master at Shigatse, and hear His answer."

"One is centred in the causal body on these occasions," said the Vagrant, "and may have various bodies working at different places, animated by one's own consciousness. The consciousness is one, and the separation only exists in the spheres of the lower bodies."

"Or," proceeded the Shepherd, "while sitting in this chair, you may, by an internal operation, produce yourself on another planet, and your consciousness will then be in two places, separated by millions of miles."

"Mr. Leadbeater," said the Scholar, "when looking at the future community, 'got out the way,' as he called it, and allowed an Ego there to speak through his body and answer my questions. That seems to me even queerer, for that Ego was speaking, so to say, at a point several hundred years hence. Is time as unreal as distance? And he also described the appearance of a man sitting in a particular seat in the second row on a certain occasion in one of the temples."

"If you see a thing at all, you see it in its details," replied the Vagrant. "You may fancy a thing vaguely, but if you see it, you see it with its characteristics. It is metaphysically true that what we call the past, present and future all co-exist now, and there is a consciousness which sees things simultaneously instead of in succession. To us things appear as successive which must be ever present to the Logos, and far far below Him future and past may be seen as mutually re-active. Alike by the Vedāntin and in the scholastic writings of Musalmān metaphysicians, it is seen that in eternity all things exist simultaneously which, in manifestation, appear successively."

# ELEMENTARY THEOSOPHY

## OUR SOLAR SYSTEM

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**A** Solar System is a group of worlds circling round a central Sun, from which they draw light, life and energy. On this, all Theosophists and non-Theosophists, are agreed. But the Theosophist sees much more than this in a Solar System. It is to him a vast Field of Evolution, presided over by a divine LORD, who has created its matter out of the æther of Space, permeating this matter with His Life, organising it into His Body, and from His Heart, the Sun, pouring out the energy which circulates through the System as its life-blood—life-blood which returns to the Heart when its nutrient properties are exhausted, to be recharged and sent forth again on its life-sustaining work.

Hence a Solar System is, to the Theosophist, not merely a splendid mechanism of physical matter, but the expression of a Life, and the nursery of Lives derived therefrom, instinct in every part with latent or active intelligence, desire, and activity. It “exists for the sake of the Self,” in order that the germs of Divinity, the embryonic Selves emanated from the supreme Self, may unfold into the likeness of the Parent-God, whose nature they share, being truly “partakers of the divine Nature”. Its globes are ‘man-bearing,’ and not men alone, with sub-human beings, are its inhabitants. In worlds subtler than the physical dwell beings more highly evolved than men, as also beings less evolved; beings clothed in bodies

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of matter finer than the physical, and therefore invisible to physical eyes, but none the less active and intelligent; beings among whose hosts myriads of men are found, men who have, for the time, discarded their fleshly raiment, but who, none the less, are thinking, loving, active men. And even during life on our physical earth, encased in the garment of the flesh, men are in touch with these other worlds and other-world beings, and may be in conscious relation with them, as the Founders, Prophets, Mystics and Seers of all the faiths have witnessed.

The divine LORD manifests Himself in His System in three Aspects, or 'Persons,' the Creator, the Preserver, the Regenerator; these are the Holy Spirit, Son and Father of the Christian; the Brahmā, Viṣṇu, and Shiva of the Hindū; the Chochmah, Binah and Kephir of the Hebrew Kabbalist; the Third, Second and First Logos of the Theosophist, who uses the old Greek term, "the WORD," for the manifested God.

The matter of the System is built up by the Third Logos, seven types of atoms being formed by Him; aggregations composed of these yield the seven fundamental kinds of matter found in the System, each denser than its predecessor, each kind being correlated with a distinct stage of Consciousness. We call the matter composed of a particular type of atom a plane, or world, and hence recognise seven such planes in the Solar System: the two highest are the divine, or super-spiritual planes, the planes of the Logoi, and the lower of these two is the birth-place and habitat of the human Self, the Monad, the God in man; the two succeeding are the spiritual planes, reaching which man realises himself as divine; the fifth, still densifying, is the intellectual plane; the sixth, the emotional and passional, the seat of sensations and desires, is generally called the astral plane; the seventh, the physical plane. The matter of the spiritual planes is correlated with the spiritual stage of Consciousness, and is so subtle and so plastic that it yields to every impulse of the Spirit, and the sense of separateness is lost in that of unity. The matter

of the intellectual plane is correlated with the intellectual stage of Consciousness, with Thought—Cognition—and every change in Thought is accompanied with a vibration of its matter; the late W. K. Clifford seems to have recognised ‘mind-stuff’ as a constituent of the cosmos, for, as every force needed its medium, thought, regarded as a force, needed a special kind of matter for its working. The matter of the astral plane is correlated with the desire stage of Consciousness, every change of emotion, passion, desire, sensation being accompanied with a vibration of its matter. The matter of the physical plane is the coarsest or densest, and is the first to be organised for the *active* expression of human Consciousness.

These seven kinds of matter, interpenetrating each other—as physical solids, liquids, gases, and ethers interpenetrate each other in the objects round us—are not all spread evenly over the whole area occupied by a Solar System, but are partly aggregated into ‘planets, worlds, or globes; the three finest kinds of matter do spread over the whole and are thus common to the system, but the four denser kinds compose and surround the globes, and the fields occupied by these are not in mutual touch.

We read in various Scriptures of ‘Seven Spirits’: Christianity and Muhammadanism have seven Archangels; Zoroastrianism, seven Amshaspends; Hebraism has seven Sephiroth; Theosophy calls them the seven Planetary Logoi; and they are the Rulers of the Planets Vulcan, Venus, Earth, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune.

Each of these seven Planets is the turning-point in a chain of interlinked worlds, presided over by the Planetary Logos, and each chain is a separate Field of Evolution from its earliest beginnings up to man. There are thus seven such subsidiary Fields of Evolution in a Solar System, and they are, naturally, at different stages of progress. The chain consists of seven globes, of which generally one is physical and six of finer matter; in our own chain, however, our earth has two sister globes visible to physical

sight—Mars and Mercury—and four invisible companions. The wave of evolutionary life, bearing the evolving beings, occupies one globe at a time—with certain special exceptions which need not be mentioned here—passing on to the next in order when the lessons on the earlier have been learned. Thus our humanity has travelled from globe 1 on the mental plane to globe 2 on the astral; from that to globe 3, Mars, and to globe 4, our Earth; it will pass on to globe 5, Mercury, and from that to globe 6, again on the astral, and thence to globe 7, on the mental. This completes a great evolutionary Round—as it is aptly called.

This huge scheme of evolution cannot be readily grasped by the ignorant, any more than can the corresponding scheme of the astronomer, which deals only with the physical plane. Nor is it necessary that it should be understood by those of small intelligence, since it has no *immediate* bearing on life. It is interesting only to the man who desiring to understand, is ready to grapple with the deeper problems of nature, and does not grudge strenuous intellectual exertion.

ANNIE BESANT

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## REVIEWS

### MRS. BESANT'S NEW BOOK

*Popular Lectures on Theosophy*, by Annie Besant, P.T.S. (The Theosophist Office, Adyar, Madras. Price Re. 1.)

As Theosophy becomes more popular, elementary books on the subject are in great demand. Mr. Leadbeater's *An Outline of Theosophy* was long the only work for beginners, and a great need was felt for something from the pen of Mrs. Besant suitable for enquirers. The six lectures delivered at Adyar give a simple outline of the fundamental ideas of Theosophy, and we have no doubt that the book will "help in leavening the public mind with the truths necessary for its welfare". The subjects treated are: (1) What is Theosophy? (2) The Ladder of Lives, (3) Reincarnation: Its Necessity, (4) Reincarnation: Its Answers to Life's Problems, (5) The Law of Action and Reaction, (6) Man's Life in the Three Worlds. The lectures, convincing in argument, lucid in reasoning, eloquent in language, are worth perusal by all members of the Society, and we strongly recommend them to keep by them a number of copies to be given away to friends and enquirers. The book is well printed and neatly bound at the Vasantā Press, and for its price of Re. 1, it is cheap.

B. P. W.

### A PURE DIET

*Food and Health*, by Arthur E. Powell, Lieut. Royal Engineers. (Methuen & Co., 36, Essex Street, London, W. C.)

The best book which I have as yet seen on the question of right food is Mr. Powell's *Food and Health*, for it deals with the whole matter from an eminently reasonable point of view, and gives a mass of information in support of its thesis. The author aims at securing "the maximum of physical health and efficiency and enjoyment of life," while he avers that "there is only too good reason to be dissatisfied with the present state of the health of the community as a whole". He examines the human organism and the functions of food therein, and brings a number of authorities to show the non-necessity of flesh as food. He gives the experience of nations and of individuals to show that vegetable products are sufficient

to maintain men "in a high state of physical health and intellectual vigor". From this, Mr. Powell turns the tables on flesh-eaters, and points to the disadvantages of their diet as giving rise to disease, and explains Dr. Haig's uric acid theory. Thorough mastication is urgently recommended, and then the author passes on to the amount of food and drink needed, cooking, and various subsidiary matters, dealing finally with the bearing of mind on health, and the ethics of diet. Some valuable appendices conclude a book which we can heartily and conscientiously recommend.

A. B.

### THE PERENNIAL STRUGGLE

*The Priestess of Isis*, by Edouard Schuré. (Translated from the French by F. Rothwell. William Rider & Sons, Ltd., 164, Aldersgate Street, London, E. C. Price 3/6.)

The name of Edouard Schuré as an artist in language is well-known. The story under review has a simple but charming plot, and its characters show the depth of knowledge of human nature possessed by the writer. The story opens in Pompeii, "the city of art and pleasure" which "had a strange attraction for poets, orators, and philosophers," and ends with its doom in 79 A. D. brought on by the corruption of its inhabitants and rulers. A great fight between the powers of Light and Darkness, the followers of Isis and the worshippers of Hecate, is the chief theme of the plot; Memnonos, the Priest of Isis, and Alcyone, the Prophetess, champion the cause of righteousness against Hedonia Metella, who with her party arrays herself against them overshadowed by Hecate; the stake is a human soul, that of Ombricius Rufus, who in a way is the hero of the story. In spite of sure signs of power possessed by Memnonos, of which Ombricius gets proofs, he allows himself to be dragged astray and in the death he meets with in the end he does not seem to be setting himself free. That appears to us to be the most pathetic point of the story and has a grave lesson to impart. Ombricius falling in love with Alcyone, the Prophetess, is accepted by Memnonos as a disciple, who gives him a promise that if Ombricius passes certain tests Alcyone shall be his. Ambition and impatience make short work of Ombricius, who fights his fight. He, in the beginning, spurns with courage the wild temptings of Hedonia, who has resolved to make him her instrument and slave, working upon his love of power and pride; she invites him to her strange temple of Hecate where Ombricius falls because of his uncompassionate nature. The chapter entitled "The Oath of Hecate" is perhaps the finest; we will extract:

"Swear by Hecate," Hedonia said, in a deep, almost masculine tone of voice—"swear that thou wilt be mine, for life or death, swear by this consecrated weapon that thou wilt be in action as is this cold blade in my burning hand—so will I make thee strongest of the strong and greatest of the great. Swear to obey me—even as I obey Hecate! . . . . Above all, swear that thou wilt never again see the priest and priestess of Isis." "Alcyone?" sighed Ombricius . . . . "Yes," continued Hedonia . . . "She is my

enemy. Thou must choose between Alcyone and me!" ..... "Never." "Farewell, then! Thou art a coward like the rest," she said....."Woe to thee, Ombricius Rufus, thou votary of Isis and enemy of the Empire. Woe to thy master and thy priestess!"

And then Ombricius committed the blunder, arising out of lack of compassion and forgiveness. Instead of letting the cursing opponent alone, he cursed her in turn and forgot the ancient maxim: "Hatred ceaseth not by hatred." The two fought; he wounded her and inadvertently allowed his lips to touch the drop of blood on her neck. This gave Hedonia power over him and thus she was able to bring his tragic doom, with which the story ends. It is strange that he did not learn the lesson and committed the same blunder again, when at the end she was trying to leave him alone to suffer and thus expiate. "Thou shalt die with me," he said to her and forced her to perish with him, thereby setting up a fresh bond of karma which will tie him to her when he next appears on earth. Indeed human beings are slow in learning the lessons of life.

There is another interpretation that suggests itself in reading this admirable book. There is a strange law which students of occult psychology have come across, *viz.*, that the events in the world at large are reflexions of what takes place within the limits of a human organism. The reverse is also true, that the psychological workings of a human being are seen reflected in the events of history. Thus the story could be interpreted by taking Hedonia to be the human *kāma*, domineering over the mind, Ombricius as the mind which is pulled on the one hand by *kāma*, on the other by *buddhi*, Alcyone in our story; Memnonos is the Ego who influences the mind helped by *buddhi*, but is helpless without it; Anteros is the overbrooding *ātma* that guides and enlightens Alcyone. And the end comes out as it should do when the story is thus understood. Alcyone sacrifices herself to save Ombricius and *when* that is done Memnonos realises his own divinity, and *then* only Ombricius prefers to suffer and compensate for his wrong, and forces *kāma* to perish in the fire that will purify him.

It is an excellent story, well written, interesting and instructive; we wish to see more novels of the same type, for such raise the mind of the reader to high altitudes. Moreover it is a psychological study, and gives a glimpse of human nature we very rarely get in light literature.

B. P. W.

#### FOR THEM THAT HUNGER

*The Christ of the Holy Grail*, by James Macbeth (James Leith Macbeth Bain). (Theosophical Publishing Society, London, Price 2/6.)

When I read Mr. Macbeth's *The Brotherhood of Healers* a little more than a year ago I wrote: "It is one of the sweetest books I have read for many a day . . . no summary can do justice to its beauty and its power." The words may stand

as a description of this book also. The number of those who are starving on the dry diet of dead literalism provided by the Churches is annually growing, but Mr. Bain's books offer a satisfactory substitute, and will be accepted by many who are not yet ready for books more technically Theosophic. Although Christian in form, *The Christ of the Holy Grail* is universal in spirit. A Hindū, a Sūfi or a Christian might use "A Prayer to the Christ of the Ages," or join in the "Hymn to the Christ of the Holy Grail". I should like to quote a sample or two of Mr. Macbeth's style, but space forbids.

C. S. M.

### THE FINDING OF THE LOST WORD

*The Quest*, by Dorothea Hallins. (Williams and Norgate, Henrietta Street, Covent Gardens, London, W. C. Price 4/6.)

This is a drama in seven scenes and a vision, cleverly conceived and well written. Its theme is the deliverance of mankind. The seven scenes are the seven typical stages through which humanity must pass to redeem itself from the thralldom of ignorance, pain and death. These seven stages are represented in the persons of King Arthur and his Galahad, S. Augustine and his young Acolyte, Dante and his Beatrice, Sir Thomas More and Raphael Hythloday, S. Teresa and a novice, Giordano Bruno and his friend Sir Philip Sidney, and Mary and Martha, two women—one rich, the other poor—of our twentieth century. All fail to remove the three Guardians of the Gates: Death, Pain, Ignorance; only the child—whom we take to stand for the Twice-Born, the Initiate (the result of perfect wedded love, the Father representing the Spirit, the Mother, the Matter)—succeeds in transforming Ignorance into Light, Pain into Love, and Death into Life; then only the long sleeping Princess—Divine Wisdom—wakes up. A votary has been in demand to worship at Her shrine, "to unseal her lips long dumb," and seven pairs, above mentioned, try their respective keys to open the lock in vain. These are termed the Knights of the Quest. The drama has some beautiful lines of the nature of true poetry; scene VI, wherein appear Bruno and Sir Philip Sidney, appeals to us the most and has for us fascinating sentiments. For instance, Bruno's challenge to Ignorance is forcefully written:

I'll dare you, sullen, green-clad shape.  
Pain may be mock'd, and Death may be defied,  
But Ignorance may never be dislodged.  
Save by the mass of men becoming Gods  
And wedding Knowledge like a Deathless bride.  
Base Ignorance! I bid thee step aside!  
This key and thou are foes as sea and flame.

IGNORANCE: Nobler than thou, O perjured monk, have sought  
To oust me from my post. What is thy key?  
'Tis but a fresh delusion. We are true,  
I and my comrades.

BRUNO: Sidney, lend thy sword.

- SIDNEY: Nay, not—in Heaven's name! they are not of earth!  
Thou wilt be spell-bound, friend!
- BRUNO: And if I be?  
One thrust at Ignorance is worth a life  
Of faineance that suffers him to live.  
Have at thee, slave!
- DEATH: [Steps in]: Stand back! thy lord am I.
- BRUNO: I will not yield! The body may be thine,  
But not the soul!
- DEATH: The body then! 'Tis all  
I claim, but 'tis enough to slay the soul  
With vast o'er-mastering importance. The flames  
Shall test thine immortality.
- BRUNO: 'Tis well,  
Said not the great Plotinus at his death  
He strove to knit what was divine in him  
To what's divine i' the cosmos? Even so  
Will I.

Then enters the Spirit of Deliverance and speaks an admirable address. We regret we cannot extract more for want of space, but hope our readers will peruse the book, for it has a message to give.

B. P. W.

### THREE ITALIAN DRAMAS

*Commedie Medianiche*, by Mario Mariani. (Ars Regia, Milan. Lire 3, 50.)

In his preface Sig. Mariani tells us that they form part of a large number of mediumistic communications, given through a member of his family. Spiritualism had been resorted to by them when in despair about the fate of a beloved one after death; and he publishes some of the results of their sittings with the desire of sharing their hopes and beliefs with other sufferers. The *Commedies* are somewhat childish productions, naïf in form, and in substance certainly not rising above the ordinary level of spiritualistic communications. The ideas of reincarnation and karma are however clearly presented in them. And while wishing for all the readers to whom this kind of book may appeal, a more certain light to walk by than it can afford, we are glad that they should at least be made acquainted with these great doctrines. The volume is well printed and tasteful in appearance, as is the rule with the publications of the Ars Regia.

M. R.

### A BIOGRAPHY OF M. K. GANDHI

*An Indian Patriot in South Africa*, by Joseph J. Doke. (The London and Indian Chronicle, 154, High Road, Ilford, London. Price 2/6.)

From time to time we come across a biography which creates in us a genuine admiration for the hero of the book.

When it is a living hero in the thick of his battle, manifesting a strength of character met with but rarely, our sympathy and love go out to him and we look for ways and means of giving him a helping hand. Such a man we have found in the hero of the book. We have heard and read much about this clever, hard-working, self-sacrificing and much-trying man, but this excellent biography from a sympathetic pen enhances the value of Mr. Gandhi in our eyes. The biographer, Mr. Doke, is a Christian, a Baptist Minister at Johannesburg and a friend of his hero, who has been watching him and his work for some years. The whole story from beginning to end is thrilling with life, and to enjoy it one must read it. Its graver mission is the arousing of genuine sympathy for Mr. Gandhi's noble cause, and it is a matter, as Lord Ampthill points out in his Introduction, "which touches the honor of our race and affects the unity of the Empire as a whole". Mr. Gandhi is so much at one with his cause that it is difficult to speak of him apart from his work; and yet in reading the book it is the personality with all its romance and pathos that attracts us more than the cause. Mr. Gandhi seems to us to be a true Theosophist in principles and spirit, though he is reported to have said: "No, I am not a Theosophist. There is much in Theosophy that attracts me, but I have never been able to subscribe to the creed of Theosophists." But Theosophists have *no* creed. It is not of grave consequence, however, that Mr. Gandhi is not a member of our Society; he lives the life of a Theosophist, preaches our ideas and ideals in his own language and acts as we should wish to act. What more do we need?

B. P. W.

#### KARMA IN ITALIAN

*Karma: La Legge di Causalità Morale*, by Olga Calvari. (Biblioteca 'Ultra'. Società Teosofica Internazionale, Roma. Lire 0, 50.)

This little volume is one of a series that is being gradually brought out by the Group 'Roma,' in which lectures, studies in various subjects, etc., either directly Theosophical or having a close connexion with Theosophy, will see the light. The exposition of Karma contained in the present booklet, is, we believe, the substance of some of Mme. Calvari's largely-attended lectures at the seat of the Rome Lodge, and is a clear and well-written attempt to popularise the conception of the Great Law. The brochure is well printed, and is pleasing in shape and general appearance.

M. R.

## ACADEMICAL MAGAZINES

*Journal of the German Oriental Society, Vol. LXIII, No. 4*

Dr. Schmidt's edition of Rāma's *Maumathonmathana* is concluded.

Dr. Bloch speaks of the Centaur-like clay-figures representing the Duldul (the famous horse of 'Ali'), which play such an eminent part in the Muharram-processions. He compares the Duldul with the Garuḍa who is the mediatory link, as it were, between the sun-bird and the human-like representation of Viṣṇu, though he has now become the vehicle of this God, and he draws the conclusion that "the intellectual forces that led in ancient India to the humanisation of symbolical figures of deities, have kept alive up to the present day". Further Dr. Bloch calls attention to the problem presented by the celebration of the Muharram. Among the sixty millions of Muhammadans in India the number of Schiites amounts to hardly more than two millions, and yet the Muharram is celebrated by the whole Muhammadan community, nay even by certain classes of non-Muhammadan Indians. Just imagine a Roman Catholic celebrating the day of Reformation, and at the same time a sort of Carnival! "Merely as a hypothesis" the author states that the said popularity may be connected with the coinciding of the Muharram with the beginning of the Muhammadan year. This could, indeed, account for the merry side of the festival, but the rest remains unexplained. The Hindu parallel to this Muhammadan Carnival, namely the Hōli festival, is originally also a new year's day, *viz.*, the one celebrated in the Vedic time, the civil calendar having meanwhile proceeded from Phālguna to Caitra.

An exceedingly interesting contribution is M. Horten's article on 'The Doctrine of the Kumūn with Nazzām'. It shows to what an extent the first phase of Islāmic philosophy may be considered as a parallel-phenomenon to the pre-Socratic philosophy. "The spirits in Islām appear to have not been ripe enough to assimilate the deeper and more abstract conceptions of an Aristotle and Plato, though these were known to them. They naturally felt attracted by the pre-Socratic systems congenial to them, these being more easily conceivable and capable of figurative representation." The philosopher Nazzām died in 845. He proclaimed the doctrine that God created all things at once and in the very form and composition in which they now exist, but in a state of concealedness (Kumūn) out of which they come forth by and by (Zuhūr). This doctrine he borrowed, according to a famous source (Schahrastāni), from Greek philosophy, it being evident, for various

reasons, that only Anaxagoras can be meant. Like the latter, Nazzām taught an infinite number of elements. His doctrine was attacked as atheism, because it confined the activity of God to the creation of the world. Against it there arose the theory of Dirār, according to which the fire is created by God in the moment we light it, our activity being not the cause of the lighting but an occasion of God's creating. Nazzām denies the reality of origin and decay: when a thing becomes and develops, there is in reality only the fact of some qualities coming forth from and others returning into the Kumūn. Impenetrability is therefore expressly declined: things constantly interpenetrate each other without losing their peculiarities. Soon after Nazzām's death his followers got hold of the Indian doctrine of reincarnation and applied to it the theory of the Kumūn by teaching that the development of man is a slow coming forth of the soul out of the state of hiddenness. The so-called qualities and accidentia are, according to Nazzām, primary elements which cannot be further analysed. The elements (iron, bone, skin, etc.; color, sound, smell, etc.) are essentially different from each other, but are all of them contained in every body (interpenetration). Therefore bodies can be changed into each other by making appear one or the other element out of the mixture. The whole mass is constantly moving in the eternal change of emerging and diving. This process deluded men call origination and passing away. But are there not things that do *not* move? To this Nazzām answers that rest too is a sort of motion, namely, 'tension,' which is hindered motion or latent force. Here Nazzām approaches Herakleitos, but the doctrine of the flux is, with him not a postulation but a natural and necessary conclusion, and his theory of tension is quite original.

*Other Contents:* 'A Brief Grammar of the Kanauri Language,' by T. Grahame Bailey; 'Special Forms of the Babylonian System of Weight,' by K. Regling and C. F. Lehmann-Haupt; 'Notes on the Arṣeyakalpa and Puṣpasūtra,' by R. Simon (the Pps. is not dependent on the Āk., but Uttaragāna was known to the former, and Ūhagāna to the latter); 'The Modern Form of the Turkish Magic Lantern,' by Karl Stüssheim; 'Hispano-Arabica III,' by C. F. Seybold; 'On the *rakrokti* (A Contribution to the History of Indian Poetics),' by Carl Bernheimer.

*Mind* January, 1910

The number opens with 'Observations on the Case of Sally Beauchamp,' being a discussion, by W. Leslie Mackenzie, of Dr. Morton Prince's sensational book *The Dissociation of a Personality*. Miss Beauchamp, student, came to Dr. Prince and, having been hypnotised, spoke of her waking state as 'She'. Acting on the hint Dr. Prince had a number of sittings with the young lady, and ultimately found that there were no less than four Miss Beauchamps speaking to him through one and the same mouth, these four personalities being partly acquainted with, partly totally ignorant of, each other's thoughts and faculties.

Mr. Mackenzie's explanation of the essential part of the phenomenon is contained in the sentence: "If there be anything in the theory that mental complexes formed under stress of emotion persist longest consciously or sub-consciously, it is reasonable to infer that, when under stress of great emotion, dissociation takes place in early adolescence, the split-off complex will retain the characters of the adolescent life." The following remarks will be interesting to the student of Theosophy: "There are large masses of the brain that are probably lying fallow or resting. It may be, as Dr. McDougall points out, that this is somewhat difficult to account for from the standpoint of evolution; but it seems to be the fact none the less, and is a variation of the first importance for the survival of man. We are not to gauge the mental capacity or the nervous capacity of man or animal by the small range of experiences open to our observation." "Whenever an experience passes out of the field of attention, it tends to sink below the level of the current consciousness, to become a 'disposition' or, as Dr. Prince would say, a 'dormant complex,' and there it is apt to get beyond recall, except by special artifices, like hypnotism, . . . or by dreams, . . . or, for no apparent reason, the experience will appear 'long after'." This explanation comes curiously near to the Eastern notion of the *vāsanās*.

Mr. F. C. S. Schiller evidently does not share the opinion of some of his colleagues that Mr. Bradley is the greatest of living philosophers. For in a paper entitled 'The Present Phase of "Idealist" Philosophy' he endeavors to show that his former diagnosis of Mr. Bradley's philosophy as a "chimerical combination of absolutism, scepticism and pragmatism" still holds true. Mr. Bradley's critics have no reason for withdrawing their charges of (a) verbalism and (b) abstractness.

'On Evolutionary Empiricism,' by H. S. Shelton, is an essay in honor of Spencer, "a philosopher whose achievements are far too little recognised at the present time". Dr. Schiller's postulate theory is examined and found insufficient. "No amount of individual and empirical experience of its working qualities can raise a postulate to the rank of an axiom." But Kant's apriorism and Mill's empiricism are no less unsatisfactory. A sound standpoint is attainable only by the application of the idea of evolution to the problems of the human mind. We must regard human faculties from a biological standpoint: there are *a priori* truths, but they are the product of the experience of the race.

In the 'Critical Notices' we have the interesting spectacle of A. E. Taylor (the great authority on ancient Greek philosophy) and J. A. Stewart reviewing each other's books on Plato, *viz.*, *Plato's Doctrine of Ideas* by J. A. Stewart, and *Plato* by Prof. A. E. Taylor. As might be expected, Prof. Taylor's objections are rather numerous.

DR. F. OTTO SCHRÄDER

## THEOSOPHICAL MAGAZINES

### ASIATIC

*The Adyar Bulletin*, Adyar, June, 1910. The 'Headquarters' Notes' radiate their customary optimistic influence. Mrs. Besant contributes a three-monthly 'Letter from the President' as well as a lecture on 'The Immediate Future' dealing with many present day problems in practical life and politics. Mr. Leadbeater is represented by an article on 'The Spheres' full of practical information about the various planes and life on them. 'Theosophy the World Over' completes the number.

*Theosofisch Maandblad voor Nederlandsch Indië* (Dutch), Surabaya, April, 1910. This number is practically entirely one of translations, Mrs. Besant, Mr. Leadbeater, Mr. Sinnett and N. W. J. Heydon being the original authors. An enthusiastic and full report of the recent third Convention of the Javanese Theosophists completes the number.

### EUROPEAN

*The Vahan*, London, May, 1910. The number is brimful of news and reports of activity. One solitary literary contribution appears in its columns. It is 'From the Diary of a Russian Theosophist' translated from the Russian and written by Alba, describing a visit to (Theosophical) England during the summer of last year.

*Theosophy in Scotland*, Edinburgh, May, 1910. Our youngest sister is this friendly little Magazine, the organ of the newly created Scottish Section. The Magazine is well executed and well edited, concerning itself mainly with the news-side of Theosophical Journalism. It is full of reports, notes, plans, programmes and other evidences of hustling Theosophy. Some book reviews; a 'Paper(s) in Brief' on 'Our Complex Nature,' 'Some Questions and Answers,' and a Letter by Mrs. Windust on the early history of our Society in Holland represent in a few pages the more literary side. It is a cheerful little paper, pleasant to see and to read; we wish it Godspeed on its journey.

*The Lotus Journal*, London, May, 1910. Alas, alas! The number opens with a 'To our Readers' stating that the year's deficit is £11-17-11. And that, after seven years' hard work; the Editors deserve better. Mrs. Besant's lecture on 'The Coming Generation and the Coming Christ' is concluded. 'Hoggy' is a pleasant little story. 'The Palace of the Sun' by E. L. Foyster explains the Arcana of Astrology. 'How Past

Lives are seen' by C. W. Leadbeater is reprinted from the *Adyar Bulletin*.

*Bulletin Théosophique* (French), Paris, May, 1910. The number is mainly filled by a lengthy report of the proceedings of the French Section's Annual Convention. A few pages are devoted to notes, news and similar matter.

*Le Théosophe* (French), Paris, May, 1910. The usual variety of interesting paragraphs and short articles on all and sundry topics.

*Isis* (German), Leipzig, June, 1910. This number contains five articles, all translated, of which two are from Mr. Leadbeater and three from Mrs. Besant. A. Dunkhase is responsible for no less than four of these renderings.

*Neue Lotusblüthen* (German), Leipzig, May and June, 1910. This little Review, the articles of which are unsigned, so that they are likely to be from the pen of its Editor, Dr. Franz Hartmann, contains the following contributions. First comes 'Theosophy and Philosophy,' followed by 'Confidential Communications from the Circles of the Tibetan Masters'. These communications are in the form of reprints of letters received in 'The Early Days'. 'Theosophy in the Bible' is continued. A review of foreign Theosophical literature and a correspondence column complete the number.

*Sophia* (Spanish), Madrid, May, 1910. A fine portrait of H. P. B., fronts the first page of the number. Our friend José Xifré writes some loving, loyal, accompanying words. Then there are translations from C. W. Leadbeater, Dr. A. Marques, Dr. A. H. Ward and Eliphas Lévi. Francisco de B. Echeverria contributes a study on 'Mexican Solar Myths'. Notes and news take up some space and there is a four page supplement in Esperanto.

*Bolletino della Società Teosofica Italiana* (Italian), Genoa, April, 1910. A full report of the Sectional Convention opens the number. Then follows Mr. Leadbeater's 'How Past Lives are seen' and Mr. Kirby's article on 'The Outcastes.' Johan van Manen contributes a short note on 'Transliteration of Samskr̥t terms'. Notes, news and other minor matter complete the number, including a tiny instalment of Mr. Leadbeater's 'Sixth Root-Race' article.

*Theosophia* (Dutch), Amsterdam, May, 1910. The translations include articles from H. S. Olcott, A. Besant, Bhagavān Dās and D. G. Pole. The original contributions are: 'White Lotus Day,' by M. J. Vermeulen; 'Leaders,' by E. Windust; 'Classical Hindū Ruins and the Shilpa Shāstra,' by K. E. Schalkwijk (treating of the old Buddhist ruins in Java); and 'Multatuli,' by the Editor, Dr. J. W. Boissevain. 'Multatuli' is the pseudonym of a famous Dutch author, Eduard Douwes Dekker, who died some decennia ago.

*De Theosofische Beweging* (Dutch), Amsterdam, May, 1910, contains only official matter, reports, correspondence and notes.

#### AMERICA

*The Theosophic Messenger*, Chicago, May, 1910. As usual this eminently readable Magazine is filled with the greatest variety of contributions, many of small length, a few only of greater size. W. V.-H. (whose initials are always welcome) contributes five small articles: a poem called 'Seeking'; 'The Disaster at Cherry'; 'Life and Death in Hospitals'; 'The Symphony of Evolution'; and 'The Choice of Work'. Mr. Leadbeater has four articles: his 'Sixth Root-Race' article is concluded. Various questions are answered. 'How Past Lives are seen' and some of the 'Twilight' Stories are reprinted. Ernest Wood contributes another 'Hour with Mr. Leadbeater,' this time about 'Auras and Devas'. Amongst the remaining articles we may mention the following: 'St. Francis of Assisi,' by Elisabeth Severs; 'The Outcasts,' by W. H. Kirby (reprint); 'Spiritual Refinement,' by Albert P. Warrington; 'Sympathy,' by E. Holbrook; 'Clearing up the Aura' and 'Reincarnation and Evolution', by L. W. Rogers. Lastly there are 'Notes,' a 'London Letter,' a 'Benares Letter,' an 'Adyar Letter,' 'Correspondence,' 'The Field,' 'Book Reviews' and the 'Children's Page'.

#### AUSTRALIA

*Theosophy in Australasia*, Sydney, May, 1910. The general contents are 'The Outlook,' 'Questions and Answers,' 'Questions Answered' by Mrs. Besant, 'The Magazines' and 'At Home and Abroad'. Then there is a full report of the Sixteenth Annual Convention, held at Brisbane, a reprint of Mr. Leadbeater's 'How Past Lives are Seen,' 'The Seventeenth of February at Adyar,' and Mrs. Besant's last year's London lecture on 'Vivisection.'

*Theosophy in New Zealand*, Auckland, May, 1910. 'From Far and Near,' 'The Round Table,' 'For the Children' (Chitra), 'Activities' and 'Lecture Record' are the more general contents. Separate articles are 'A Scripture of Yoga,' by Maitra; 'Studies in Astrology,' continued, by Gamma; and 'Theosophy the Joy of Life' by Marion Judson.

*The Seeker*, Pietermaritzburg, April, 1910. There are some topical remarks 'From the Minaret'; an article on 'Theosophy and Christianity,' by A. Tranmer; a note on 'Retreats for Churchwomen,' by E. B. R.; a small essay on 'Renunciation and Realisation,' by W. Wybergh; a note on 'Brotherhood and Unity' by K. E. T.; a 'Book Review,' some 'Correspondence,' and a record of 'Activities'. The number is concluded with a poem on 'Opportunity'.

J. v. M.