

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

ANOTHER half-yearly volume begins with this number, and THE THEOSOPHIST finds itself steadily rising in circulation, as issue succeeds issue. Thanks to the work of many friends, and, in England, to the generous help rendered by the National Society, our existence is becoming known to a larger and larger circle of the public; the General Secretary in America also works hard to apread our central magazine, and it was America that led the way in sending a sample copy to every new member enrolled there in the ranks of the Society. But I shall not be satisfied till we reach a steady circulation of 10,000 a month.

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One of the most striking signs of progress is the constant presence in the mental atmosphere of ideas which, a few years ago, were regarded as obsolete or even absurd. Of these ideas, that of Reincarnation is the most remarkable for general acceptance, and it will soon be difficult to realise that the nineteenth century, in the West, flouted it as the dream of a few poets and philosophers, a curious survival of ancient superstition. It appears now in the most unexpected places. Mr. Belasco—who has been

aided in his studies by the late Prof. James and Prof. Hyslop—bringing out a drama, in which the leading actor, Mr. David W. Wainfield, is to represent a reincarnated human being. It will be interesting to see how far the drama appeals to the cultured society of Boston. Equally significant in another way is the declaration of the Rev. R. T. Campbell: "I often feel that, as an individualised entity, I have lived before." And Mr. Campbell further stated:

I am now coming to feel, that it is not at all improbable that Christ will come again, and that in that event He will reincarnate. I rather agree with those who think that His work next time will be to lay the foundations of the world-religion—the synthesis of all religions, which is certain to follow upon the establishment of a world-civilisation which is now approaching.

More and more strongly is this expectation formulating itself, and the need for a synthesis of religion is being ever more keenly felt. But will not the establishment of a world-religion, according to all historical precedent, in smaller cycles, precede, not follow, the establishment of a world-civilisation? The Hon. Mr. Justice Beaman speaking in Bombay, said:

However much earnest men may deplore the fact, it is indubitably a fact that the revealed religion of Christianity has already become inadequate, and seems likely to become more and more inadequate, to satisfy the cravings at once of intellectual truths and the demands of the moral faculty. The fundamental hypothesis of what is loosely called Theosophy goes nearer perhaps than any other to give a logical explanation of the facts of human experience, reconciling them with man's invincible demand that the government of the world should be just, as his innate sense of justice enables him to understand the world. In the great doctrines of Reincarnation and Karma, rightly understood, we find provision made both for the innate spirituality of man, and for the operation, through all the happenings of human life, however bizarre, outrageous, irrational, unmerited, these may appear, of an inflexible law of perfect justice. As the man has sown so shall he reap, not in another, but in the same world, where he will return to expiate his crimes, and reap the reward of his good deeds. According to that teaching we all pay our debts with nice exactness in the coin in which we incurred them. And running through it all is the assumption that in each man is the potentiality at least

of spiritual progress. There can be no doubt that if we accept this reading of the riddle, although it can be easily pushed to ultimates, where human reason necessarily fails, we shall have a solid basis upon which to build.

And the world is seeking such a basis, whereon Religion and Science may clasp hands. The narrow and the intolerant may, for a while, continue to rage and to defame, but the ultimate issue is sure, and we may await with patience the time when the WISDOM shall be justified.

In the outer world also the nations are drawing nearer together. The peaceable reference to the Hague Tribunal of the question *re* Savarkar—that, a few years ago, might have involved two great nations in war—is a sign of the growing inclination to refer matters of dispute to a Court of Justice instead of to a field of battle. Again, Mr. Carnegie's endowment of 'Hero-funds' in America, Great Britain, France and Germany is another sign of growing international feeling. Mr. Carnegie has established these funds to provide for the families of men who lose their lives in trying to save others, or for their own maintenance if injured. He has endowed these four funds with \$8,500,000—a truly noble charity. He writes to the German Emperor:

Industrialism develops the heroes of peace. Scarcely a day passes without acts of heroism being revealed to one or other of the 'Hero-funds' already established. In cases of mine accidents the volunteers for rescue work who risk their lives by descending the pit invariably exceed the number required. Such are the heroes of civilisation.

I have long felt that such true heroes and those dependent upon them should be freed from pecuniary cares resulting from their heroism, and, as a fund for this purpose, one and one quarter million dollars in five per cent first mortgage bonds, yielding approximately two hundred and fifty thousand marks per annum, will be sent to the commission designated to administer this fund.

The Emperor has gratefully accepted the fund on behalf of the German nation.

Another international work on which Mr. Carnegie has bestowed the huge sum of eleven million dollars is that for the establishment of a World Peace. The editorial in the *New York American*, published on December 25th, 1909, pleading for Universal Peace, written by Colonel Graves, seems to have infused new energy into the Peace Movement. Why should not representatives of the Parliaments of the nations of the world gather in the Hague, at the opening of the Peace Palace in 1913, with powers to lay the bases of a World Peace Federation, and so definitely start a practical scheme?

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When one reads of Mr. Carnegie's immense benefactions, one sometimes feels a wish that he would build a couple of libraries for us, one at Adyar, one at Benares. When, some years ago, he wrote a letter to the papers, offering to build a library for any public body which could ensure its upkeep, I wrote to him asking him to build one for the Central Hindū College. We have freehold land, we are endowed, we are a perpetual legal corporation, and we have a thousand students; moreover the library would be available for all responsible scholars outside the College. No notice was taken of my letter. Mr. Carnegie has built many libraries, but I doubt if many are more useful than this would be. So here at Adyar: we have freehold land, our library is kept up by an endowment, it is of great value and contains some unique manuscripts; thousands of visitors come to it yearly, and scholars use it; it is insufficiently housed, and we are at our wits' end to provide room for the books that flow in yearly. \$50,000 would build our two libraries, one in north India, and one in south—a modest sum from the American standpoint, where millions are lavishly poured out. Perhaps some day, some generous benefactor will give us the sum. £5,000 would build one such library, and how great would be its use.

I have had several letters asking about the University Scheme, for which I have been quietly working during the last four years. It was sent up by the late Viceroy to Lord Morley, and is in the hands of the Government. I do not know what effect upon it the change of high officials may have. H. H. the Aga Khan is working for a Musalmān University, and the Hon. Pandit Malaviya for a Hindū one; it may well be that these will be preferred to my scheme, in which all religions in India were treated equally, and the attempt was made to unite instead of to divide.

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A useful Committee has been formed in London for the aiding of distressed Indian Students. While every attempt should be made here to prevent impecunious students from going to England, it is necessary, if they are there, to try to help them. The following are the members of the Committee:

Sir James Wilson, K.C.S.I., Chairman.
Mrs. Herbert Whyte, Hon. Sec. (Friends of India).
Miss E. J. Beck, Hon. Treas. (Nat. Ind. Assoc.)

T. W. Arnold, Esq. (Ed. Adviser).	K. G. Gupta, Esq. (Mem. Ind. Coun.)
F. L. Cheshire, Esq. (Asst. ")	Major Syed Hassan.
Digby Besant, Esq.	Kenneth E. Kirk, Esq.
Rev. S. D. Bhabha.	Sir Theodore Morison, K.C.I.E.
Samuel Digby, Esq.	Major Sinha.

Abbas Ali Baig, Esq., Member Indian Council, has also been invited to join. The Office of the Committee is at 21, Cromwell Road, S. W. It is not proposed to give scholarships or allowances, but only to aid students in immediate need, and to enable them to return to India, if that be the best course. Persons applied to for gifts or loans by Indian students are requested to refer all such applicants to the Committee. Wealthy Indians who desire to help Indians in need should send donations or subscriptions to Miss Beck at the above address. The Friends of India Society has removed to 21, Cromwell

Road, as it is thought desirable to centralise the various Societies which seek, in various ways, to extend a friendly hand to Indians in England.

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There is a curious statement in the *Daily Mail*, as to Mrs. Eddy's grave. It is stated that the coffin rests on 4 ft. of concrete, and that above it alternate layers of cement and steel sheeting, fastened to steel uprights set in the concrete foundation, fill up the grave. Surely Mrs. Eddy would not have approved of this method of dealing with her cast-off shell, she, who regarded matter as a mere illusion.

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It is pleasant to see that our good Brother, Purnendu Nārāyaṇa Sinha, of Bankipur, who has already received the Kaiser-i-Hind Gold Medal, has, with two other Indian gentlemen, received special thanks from the Director of the Bengal Agricultural Department for his useful work in connexion with the Behar Agricultural Association.

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H. H. the Mahārāja of Darbhanga gave an admirable presidential address at the Convention of Religions at Allahabad, where the T. S. was represented by Bro. Bhagavān Dās. It is pleasant to read the following from a Hindū who is orthodox of the orthodox:

I, therefore, welcome this great Convention assembled here to-day as a proof that the former one has done good work in kindling an interest in the comparative study of religions and in clearing the path for the realisation of the truth that all the religions of the world represent, each in its own way, on varying spiritual planes, the strivings of all human hearts to obtain a more and more intimate knowledge of the One God, who is over all and in us all—the Great Father of all mankind.

I desire to emphasise this truth at the outset, for it appears to me that the knowledge of God is the one master-quest of life; to know Him, His character, and His will concerning us, in order that by loving Him we may also obey Him and become more and more like Him, as daily we ap-

proach Him in reverent worship and lowly thought. This is the ultimate aim of all religions; and any religion that does not possess its adherent with the spirit and aim I have just referred to, is of little practical use in the ordering of a man's daily life.

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Alchemy is beginning to come to its own. Mr. H. Stanley Redgrove, B.Sc., F.C.S., has devoted a volume to *Alchemy: Ancient and Modern*, and shows, among other things, the similarity between the teachings of the alchemists and those of the latest science. Slowly, very slowly, but surely, the Occultists of the past are being justified.

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The attacks on liberty of conscience carried on against the Roman Catholic Church by the triumphant 'Free-Thinkers' of France have caused the French Protestants to rally to the support of the persecuted Catholics. A Protestant minister, M. Charles Verne, speaks of the injuries inflicted on Catholics as wrought by "men whose tyranny will bring about every kind of slavery," and declares that French Protestants would be unworthy of their great leaders if they did not raise their voices against every attack on liberty of conscience. We have had many proofs that 'Free-Thinkers' in power are as tyrannous as the clericals of the past. Charles Bradlaugh seems to have been the last of the great *Free-Thinkers*. He hated anti-religious tyranny as he did religious.

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The Government of Madras has followed in the steps of the Imperial Government, and has issued a circular of instruction in manners to its younger officials, and has laid its finger exactly on many of weak points in behavior which give offence, and which often are due to ignorance of Indian ways. I am glad to see that the use of the word 'native' is tabooed, and it is to be hoped that Indians themselves will also eschew its use; for though

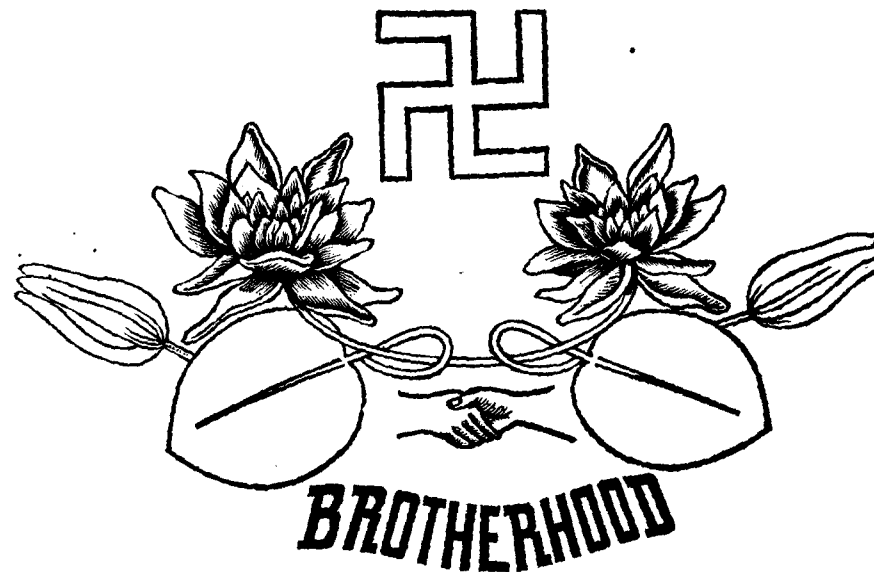
they resent it in the mouth of an Englishman they are as great sinners in this respect as those whom they blame.

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In the *Washington Post* of February 4, 1911, I read an account of "one of the most brilliant gatherings of women ever assembled in Washington," at which Miss Jenny V. Hughes delivered "a stirring address". Miss Hughes is a missionary in China, and 4000 people were before her.

Miss Hughes cited the case of a Buddhist nun, who had cut pieces of flesh from her hands and arms to burn before the altar in order that she might be cured of a disease. The woman had taken so much flesh off her hands and arms that there was hardly anything left but the bare bone. The missionary said these practices are of almost daily occurrence in remote parts of the empire. Miss Hughes said there was a desire on the part of the Chinese to be convinced of some faith which did not impose such hardships.

Apart from a natural curiosity as to the way in which the 'Buddhist nun' was saved from dying from loss of blood, after cutting through the main artery and vein of the arm—a manifest miracle—one is almost too astounded at this statement to comment on it. Anyone who knows anything of Buddhism knows that it is absolutely against the shedding of blood, and that no burning of flesh would be permitted before any "Buddhist altar." Presumably Miss Hughes was among some sect of devil-worshippers: she was certainly not among Buddhists. But what shall one say of the ignorance which allows such a cruel slander on the gentlest religion of the world to be spoken and to be believed—believed to the extent of Rs. 90,000 for "the missionary cause"? Can it be wondered at that missionaries are ill spoken of in the countries they malign? Let us, however, add that a new type of missionary is arising, which respects the older religions, and tries to influence rather than to supplant.



THE OPENING OF THE NEW CYCLE

Public Lecture delivered by ANNIE BESANT, P. T. S.,
at Adyar, December 26th, 1910

[The lecture form has been retained, with some additional matter, as the paper will be issued separately as a lecture.]

FRIENDS: Those of you who are Theosophists, and many others who are familiar with Theosophical ideas, will know, without explanation, the meaning of the words: 'The Opening of the New Cycle'. The word 'cycle' is used among us to indicate a succession of events—the shadows in our lower world of events on higher planes—which follow each other in a definite order, which are the manifestations of principles, which grow out naturally the one from the other, and which are repeated in the

course of history on larger or smaller scales. Looking over the history of our globe, with an eye to principles rather than to details, we see one sequence after another, a succession, clear, precise, definite, and we recognise that these sequences recur on higher and higher levels, with larger and larger sweep, so that a clear understanding of one sequence enables us to trace its congeners in the past, and to forecast with fair accuracy those in the future.

We are gathered here to-day on our thirty-fifth Anniversary, an Anniversary which marks for the world the opening of an important stage in a recurring cycle. The recurring cycle is the shaping and evolution of a new human type, embodying as its dominant characteristic one of the seven stages of consciousness of our humanity—(1)-(3), Vitality, embodying itself in etheric and dense matter, the triple embryonic and birth stages; (4), the passionate rising to the emotional (kāmic); (5), the mental (mānasic); (6), the purely rational (buddhic); (7), the spiritual (ātmic). We call the embodiments of each of these stages a Root-Race, and reckon seven of them in the life of a globe.

A smaller set of cycles within each of these large ones is made up of sub-races, of which, again, there are seven within the Root-Race; and the beginning of a coming Root-Race is in the sub-race of its own number in the reigning Race. Thus the fifth Root-Race grew out of the fifth sub-race of the fourth Root-Race, and the sixth Root-Race will grow out of the sixth sub-race of the fifth Root-Race. In the primary stage of such a cycle, recurring for the sixth time, we are standing now; the small cycle of the sixth sub-race of the fifth Root-Race, the Aryan, is already in its early stages, and the sixth Root-Race is, in its earliest germ, conceived in the womb of Time.

The embryonic stage of the cycle of the sixth Root-Race began in 1875, when two old and faithful disciples

of the Masters of the Wisdom, Helena Petrovna Blavatsky and Henry Steele Olcott, joined their hands together for the founding of the Society which since has spread so far. The birth will be seven centuries hence, in the founding of the colony out of which the sixth Root-Race will grow. These two disciples began the organic shaping of the germ-cell, or nucleus, of the future Brotherhood Race, the work long foreseen, long prepared for, by Those who generate the causes of events, who guide the destinies of nations. In the fourteenth century A. D., the great Teacher Tsong-kha-pa commanded His disciples to endeavor to enlighten the world during the last quarter of each century, and to carry into the western world, century after century, the light of the Ancient Wisdom, the knowledge of the ancient truth. Messenger after messenger was sent and bore his message to the West, and it is interesting to study in European history this recurring period, and to note the movement: sometimes the light of religious knowledge as in the fifteenth century; the impulse to scientific knowledge, as in the sixteenth; to philosophic, as in the seventeenth; or as a wave of influence to bring about social and political amelioration for the poor, the miserable, as in the eighteenth; always the efforts tended to one end, to a single goal: the raising of the people, intellectually and spiritually, until the time should be ripe for the open proclamation to the world of the Brotherhood of Man.

In the nineteenth century it was thought that the time had come when there might be gathered together out of all nations, out of all peoples, out of all tongues, a nucleus through which to organise that longed-for universal Brotherhood, and give it concrete form. And so when the latest Messengers came they made that the heart of their teaching, they made that the essence of their message in all the lands of earth. In all the languages talked by our humanity, wherever humanity had grown into civilisation, the cry that the nucleus of the

Brotherhood was forming went forth and entered into the ears of men. Then came the stages of the growth of the Society, and the gradual increase of knowledge, and the spreading of the great ideas of the Ancient Wisdom through the newer civilisation of the West. And so it went on, year after year, more and more gathering round its banners, some coming for a time and then departing, but with all the ebbing and the flowing the numbers steadily increasing. And so things went on till the new century dawned, till many signs were visible of a changing public opinion, of the minds and the hearts of men opening up to new ideals, of the reappearance of mysticism and of spirituality where materialism had deemed itself triumphant. And still for a while progress went on quietly, calmly, steadily, permeating literature, changing the outlook of science, inspiring the religions of the world with new life, new energy, and an immortal hope. Only a couple of years ago, speaking on this platform, I was bidden say that the year 1910 would see the beginning of an upward movement on the crest of which the Society would go forward in the world. Some of our brethren, apt to be a little timid, thought that the statement was somewhat rash, thought that no great change could occur in time so brief; and yet 1910 had scarcely dawned ere the first great step in the opening sub-cycle was taken, when we knew beyond all doubt the nature of the road that was opening before us, and the verity of the word that a new smaller cycle of progress should begin.

Since that time a year has well-nigh rolled away, and from every side has come the cry of rapid growth and ever-increasing power; and we stand to-day, knowing that this opening cycle has verily opened, and that both in the spiritual and in the physical world the signs are abounding that the world has set its face to the treading of a new and upward path.

Let us first consider the spiritual world, of the events in which worldly things are but the pale reflexions. For though in the physical world men may dream that the happenings around them are the really important things, and that all else is vague, dreamlike and impalpable, yet in truth physical events are the shadows whereof the substance is elsewhere; all comes from the spiritual to the material, not from the material to the spiritual, and the great changes begin above not below; the human world only treads with faltering steps where the super-human world has led the way.

What then, in the spiritual world, is the great Event which bears in its bosom blessing to the world of men? It is the preparation for the coming hither of a mighty Teacher, for the appearance among us of the Supreme Teacher of Angels and Men, that august and glorious Personage who from age to age manifests for the teaching of the world, to strike anew the note of a fresh chord of spiritual life, to proclaim the ancient message in new form in the world of men. Every sub-race, when the time of its rulership is approaching, as well as every Root-Race out of which the smaller branches grow, calls for its helping and its illumining on the great Teacher of the world, whose word is life, whose example is light.

Look back to the great religions of the Āryan Race, the religions which brought help and strength to our forefathers, and ever at their heads shines the majestic figure of a Teacher, superhuman in His splendor, infinite in His compassion, speaking as none save He may speak, manifesting the very essence of Wisdom, Love and Truth. In ancient Hindūism He labored as Vyāsa, side by side with Vaivasvata Manu, the Ruler, and as the Mahāguru, the Mahāmuni, He wrought in the building of the glorious Faith which was to be the Faith of India. Then He appeared in Iran, the Founder of the religion the fragments of which yet remaining testify to its erstwhile

splendor, the religion which ruled the mighty Empire of Persia in the days of its archaic glory, the religion which in modern days sent its remaining children hither to India, when time of tyranny arose, to keep alive the name of the ancient Faith, to revive it into fresh life in our modern days; as Zarathushtra He came, 29,000 years ago, Prophet of the Fire, of God symbolised as Flame. As Hermes, or in His Egyptian name as Thoth, He carried His message to the ancient Empire of Egypt, and sent the teaching into Arabia and along the borders of the Mediterranean sea; He spoke of God as Light, the Hidden Light, the Light which is Osiris both in heaven and in man, the Light which is God whether in loftiest heaven or in the human breast, the Light which is God in every heart of man. And later still, when the splendid civilisation of Greece was to be born, the civilisation that gave Art and Beauty to the modern world, then He came singing into Greece, the stringed viol in His hand, and chanted of God as the eternal Sound, speaking in music to His disciples. From Him went forth Beauty in all the harmonies of perfect Art, and shone resplendent on a dazzled world.

The Aryan Race had heard of God as Sun, as Fire, as Light, as Sound, and returning to the land wherein the Root-Race was finally established, He manifested once again as the Supreme Teacher. For the last time He came into a mortal body, He whom the world knows as Gautama, the Lord Buddha; He who as Prince became ascetic, the Man who counted all worldly things as dross when the cry of the world's sorrow touched His ear and smote upon His heart; He who went out into the forest, and wandered for six years, seeking for the Cause of Sorrow and the Ending of Sorrow by uttermost rigor of sharp torment in fast and penance; He who sat Him down beneath the sacred Tree, resolute to await there final illumination, until the Light within Him shone out and spread over all the worlds of Gods

and men; He who arose a Buddha, an Enlightened One, the Bringer of help to the sorrowful world, the Turner of the Wheel of the Good Law.

He preached and went: into the hands of His august Successor, the Brother-Soul that had climbed the Path beside Him for ages upon ages, the Twain walking side by side and hand in hand—into His hands He committed the teaching of the world. You know Him in your Scriptures as the Rshi Maitreya; the Buddhists call Him the Bodhisattva, or the Buddha Maitreya; He fills to-day the chair of the World-Teacher, and manifested Himself in that high office when another sub-race called on Him to send it on its appointed way. Two thousand years ago He came, in a land subject to foreign sway, little regarded among the nations; He took the body trained for Him by a faithful disciple, kept for a while apart from men in an Essene monastery; and then He appeared in the prepared body as He who is by the Christians called the Christ, and for three years of perfect life spread once more the Message of the Light. They slew Him "of whom the world was not worthy"—nay, they slew the body, they could not slay the Teacher; as His fellow-countrymen marred the perfect body, so His disciples marred the perfect teaching, and sowed the tares of hate here and there amid the wheat of love; yet the teaching spread, westward ever, westward to the young and sturdy civilisation of the fifth sub-race, subduing its stubborn mind, and dominating its predecessor in Europe, till Teuton and Latin made one Christendom, the sturdy trunk of Individualism, which is yet to bear the fair flower of self-sacrifice.

Each of these comings of the World-Teacher marked the beginning of a small cycle, the cycle of a sub-race; each of these gave new impulse to the forward march of man; each of these erected a new mile-stone on the path to human perfection; and all these mile-stones lie behind us now.

The world, rolling along its ancient path, has traversed another two thousand years, and again the time is ripe for the re-appearance of the Teacher, for the budding of the sixth sub-race.

This is the movement to-day in the spiritual world, the preparation for His manifestation once again as of old; again the Occult Hierarchy is making ready the Way of the Lord. Again shall He come, as in the former time He came, and the stir of preparation in the invisible is moving hearts and minds in the visible material world. There is not a country in the West in which some heads are not being lifted up in glad expectation, in the hope that the Beloved of all nations again draweth nigh. Preacher after preacher in the Christian churches is saying that the world needs a new revelation, is crying out for a supreme religious Teacher, who shall gather into one fold the religions of the world.

I have noticed how some of the leaders of religious thought in England are making this idea familiar to the congregations to whom they appeal week by week. And it is not alone in England that the idea is spreading; in other western lands the cry is also heard. Faces in many lands are becoming expectant; hearts in many lands are becoming alert; and the expectancy is the shadow cast down here by the changes that are going on in the higher world; the wheels of the chariot that are beginning to move in the Himālayas are waking their echoes from east and west, from north and south. And when the expectancy of the world is rising, it means an answer to a promise from on high. And so we of the Theosophical Society look for the coming of a great spiritual Teacher, the same Teacher who has come into the world before, whose office never dies, whose seat is never vacant, the one Supreme Teacher of the worlds, whose voice is music and whose heart is love. For Him we look, for His coming we strive to prepare the public mind of man. And we

know that the first definite step was taken, as I told you, in the year which was proclaimed as the beginning of the forward movement, the year that now lies almost behind.

That step is of the highest importance for the new sub-cycle, for it marks its definite birth; it tells us that the long preparation is over, and that the days of realisation are even at the door. It is the beginning of the mighty changes that are coming on the world.

If you want to understand a little of the nature of the approaching changes, you may find them outlined in the teachings of the WISDOM, proclaimed to the world by the Society which is His servant, that comes as the Herald of His will. Unity, Peace, Brotherhood—that is, as of old, the proclamation, not now within a Brotherhood of Faith, but in a wider Brotherhood of Nations. There is sounded on all sides the message of the Unity of Religions, that all spring from a single root, and all are branches of the immortal tree, the DIVINE WISDOM. For the children of the World-Faiths to quarrel and to struggle is, in truth, to show themselves but children still, when they should be growing into manhood. In the teaching of the coming Prophet that note will sound out, clear and strong—all faiths are one, all World-Faiths lead to a single goal. As the reflexion of the Unity of Religions must come the Brotherhood of Nations. There is only one foundation on which the multiplicity of forms can be builded, and that is the unity of the life which is embodied in each. When we proclaim the immanence of God, the indwelling of God in every one and in everything, then we implicitly proclaim the interdependence of the cells which make up the organism which we call a world. The Immanence of God and the Solidarity of Man are two phrases that imply a single truth—a double-faced Truth, one face divine, one human, and the twain inseparable for ever.

Thus the teaching for the new cycle is the teaching of Unity, the teaching of friendliness, the teaching of love between those who hold now-opposing creeds; and

your work, if you would co-operate in bringing about the great peace which is coming, is to purify your hearts from all religious hatreds, all religious antagonisms, all sectarian rivalries, from all dislike of the faith and customs of another; only thus can we prepare the way of the Lord, and make straight His Path. Only when Hindū and Musalmān, Buddhist and Christian, Pārsi and Hebrew, Jaina and Sikh—members of the religions living side by side here on a single continent—only when they know the Unity and live it, will India be prepared to give welcome to the coming Teacher.

The sense of unity is growing, despite the antagonisms which we see around us, and which from time to time burst into flame between our Hindū and Musalmān brothers; there is a growing unity which will, ere long, be manifest. The leaders on both sides are trying to pacify not to stimulate, to calm and not to irritate. Good men all over the world are ashamed that in this twentieth century there should still be the shedding of blood, in the name of religion, and the public sense of shame, the public expression of disapproval, are signs that far behind us lie the days when religious strife and persecution were subjects of rejoicing and congratulation. They have become subjects of sorrow and deprecation. And as this feeling spreads, as the coarser and the rougher people become influenced by the more thoughtful and more spiritual, we shall see the gradual beginning of a true religious unity, the era of religious hatred will close, and the cycle of Brotherhood will be seen. Then shall India with one voice proclaim the essential truths of the WISDOM, so peculiarly her own as the Mother-Race, and will make her household ready to receive the coming Prophet and Teacher.

Such is the preparation to be made here for the embodiment of the spiritual events which are approaching. Let us now turn to our material earth, and see if there are any signs therein of the opening of a new cycle.

(To be concluded)

INDIVIDUALISM AND BROTHERHOOD

IT seems obvious that in the consciousness of the American people are deeply implanted two doctrines which, viewed on the surface, are mutually contradictory. Perhaps we should call them not doctrines, but concepts which are serving as motives, concepts which are so interblended with the great aggregate of concepts we call character, that they color our view of life and regulate our actions. Ordinarily they are nameless, silent influences. Let us give them names and call upon them to speak. Let us designate them respectively Individualism and Brotherhood, and hale them before the bar of Reason. Are they irreconcilable?

Changing the figure, let us gravely enter our mental picture-galleries and scan the phenomena of life there portrayed. And then let the Self speak¹ and the Brother, and let the Father judge. For this is an important matter, and none but the parent-principle, that is, the highest and wisest in us, should decide it. And in our investigation let us call upon other knowledge than that current in the world, and let us seem to be pondering this question not like a cowed monk in a holy wilderness, but like a lover of truth glorying in the grandeur of the great world and its activities, and seeking patiently and hopefully to comprehend little by little their might and their meaning.

First, what is Individualism?

Here speaks the Self, with a candor as delightful as that of a buccaneer:

"Individualism," says the Self, "is the principle of acting according to one's own will, or to further one's

¹ The Self here is the Individual, and not the Spirit.—Ed.

own ends. Isn't that right? What is an Individual but that which has a continued existence in all its changes? And how is one to remain an Individual if he is going constantly to give himself to this or that, be snuffed out (metaphorically speaking) by this and snuffed in by that? To be sure, something seems to remain each time, but it's rather pale, and never up to the point of pork-chops and beer. Why not be constantly getting something? That is a fundamental law of Nature, isn't it? Evolution, isn't it?—getting new qualities, new strength, new powers?

"Why, Individualism is all about us—woven into our lives. The more Individual we are, the greater our pleasures and the greater our pains. We can stand the pains, though, can we not, if we know that the pendulum is bound to swing into pleasures—such pleasures as will throw quite into the shade the sallow delights of the self-sacrificer?

"Individualism, they say, turns man against man; makes the world cold and unfeeling; renders it difficult to make a living; causes so much of our energy to be used up in the acquiring of the mere necessities of life, that little is left for higher pursuits. They say, too, that Individualism is mercenary, irreligious, uncharitable, crying ever: 'I first, the Devil take the hindmost!' But, honestly now, don't these complaints come, after all, from the failures—those who cannot compete in the struggle for existence, those who have a grievance against the order of things because their food does not drop cooked and ready into their mouths?

"Really, is not Individualism the very mainspring of progress? Where would be ambition and enterprise and desire to acquire and conserve, and consequently how would the development of Society proceed, were it not for this principle in us of acting for our own ends?"

So speaks the Self.

Now, what is Brotherhood?

Let the Brother speak:

"Brotherhood," says he, with a certain gentleness yet firmness, "is the principle of so acting that our actions shall benefit all—the principle of giving rather than that of getting, the principle of enlarging ourselves by the identification of our interests with those of all, the principle of urging on the evolution of humanity by devoting our energies in reasonable ways to the benefit of our fellow-beings. We do not give to get, but actually by giving we do get in one way or another—happiness, if nothing else. What more can one say? 'As ye mete, so shall it be measured to you again.' A law of Nature this; practice shows it, though we cannot explain it. The happiness and inner harmony that flow from adherence to it, indicate it to be a law. Why are we impelled so to act that our actions shall benefit others? Why, without deliberation or with it, does a man risk his life for another? Why these things if Brotherhood be not a fact in Nature, be not in strict accord with the great scheme of things?"

So speaks the Brother.

Now let the Father speak; let him from his wide survey of things present and past, his knowledge of fundamental laws, his utter impartiality—let him speak, let him decide:

"The question before us is a momentous one. To know the truth of the matter is to have acquired a safe guide through the bewildering conditions of life. This truth is one of the greatest vouchsafed to men. Let us begin at the beginning.

"Just as no two children of a family are of exactly the same age, so are no two individuals at exactly the same stage of evolution. Some individuals, some souls, are older, far older, than others—came into existence sooner in

this world, and have acquired more wisdom in their many incarnations. A soul comes into existence as the result of three streams of evolution. One stream provides the materials of which forms are to be built—that is, provides the molecular matter of the particular universe we are considering, our Solar System. Another stream provides the developing forms from mineral to human. The third stream provides the tenant of the human form, the lord of the human body. The human soul comes into existence at the point where these three converge, or rather where they merge into one another, and it accordingly has a birth in Time. From that moment in the long-past ages when the Divine Spark settled down within the animal-soul which by its long evolution had been prepared to receive it and in a measure to respond to it—from that moment we have been individuals manifesting here periodically in this lower world. We did not originate here, for we are Divine Sparks. The Source of our being is the Divine Flame—God, the Ruler of our Solar System. As souls, however, we have had a birth in Time, and we are here in this world to learn lessons as in a great school. We learn these lessons by being born again and again amid differing conditions and by reaping as we have sown, thus learning the laws of Nature and Spirit by suffering penalties for breaking them, or by gaining happiness through observing them. Consequently some souls are wiser than others, through having had more earth-lives and having acquired more experience.

“In the evolution of the human soul there are two great, distinct stages: one, the stage during which the soul grows by getting; the other, the stage in which the soul develops by giving. The stage of getting is one of separation from our fellows. During that enormous period of our evolution all actions are motivated by self-interest. During that time, however, we are developing power, will, energy, even though it be selfish. We are building up so strong a centre of consciousness that it cannot be disorganised in the vast stretches

of altruistic existence that lie before us in the stage of giving. We are selfish in the beginning in order that we may be strong, definite channels for the divine Life later, for the more rapid evolution of those who are below us in the scale of being. The Individualism of to-day is the selfishness of the stage of getting. In some cases it is very necessary for the growth of the souls in which it is exhibited. In other cases it is no longer necessary, but persists because those souls do not as yet see any better way. In those cases where it is necessary, no heed will be paid to higher promptings from without. In the cases where it is not necessary, at least a dim consciousness that this selfishness is not right will arise, and self-examination will begin and proceed until the path of getting is abandoned and that of giving is entered upon.

“It has been said that in Atlantis a thousand centuries ago, there were placed in the great temples, shrines in which men of social standing set up their own images, wrought in gold and silver or carved in stone or wood, and actually worshipped them, the wealthier classes employing great numbers of priests to care for these shrines and make offerings to the statues as to Gods. The exaltation of Self could go no further. It was the period in human evolution when man was deepest sunk in matter. The Roman Emperors unconsciously imitated the Atlanteans in this. We were the Atlanteans, and great numbers of us were the Romans. The majority of us are still on the path of selfishness. Witness the mad passion for gain and the indifference to culture in the far greater number. Witness the over-riding ambition—the Cossack impetuosity—of personal interest. Witness the striking fact that even our religionists believe their religion the only true one, and consequently consider themselves superior to the rest of the world, whom they call heathen and try to convert; and this despite the fact that the true inner nature of their own doctrines is to be found in most cases in the very religions they are seeking to

supplant, and in some cases even better expressed in those religions. So selfish are the majority of us yet. There are, however, strong forces in the world seeking to counteract this selfishness."

"But," interposed the Self, "if, as you say, this struggle of Individual against Individual, this 'selfishness,' be for the very purpose of building up strong centres of consciousness, powerful 'brains,' why should one seek to counteract it, for surely one cannot be too powerful?"

"The stability of the great system to which we belong," replied the Father benignly, "depends upon restricting the development of selfish personal power, preventing the increase of soul-energy turned selfward, where it is no longer necessary for growth, where it is merely the result of following the example of those for whom it is still right. Selfishness is essentially a separative principle. You know that. You do not like to share with others without some return over and above what you give."

"But that's the way I grow," answered the Self somewhat impatiently.

"To be sure," responded the Father; "and it is perfectly right for you if you see no other way. We might suggest, though, that the struggle with others might be elevated above such strife as that for mere material possessions. If you must still strive for dominance, what a fertile field is the higher plane of Knowledge! Your development can be carried out by strife with the problems of life, in ethics, philosophy, science. You can forget persons in your striving, and aim at excelling in intellectual quality. Intellectualise, then spiritualise your ambition, transforming it thus into aspiration. Struggle, strive, demand the Truth. And let us predict for you that when you have found any real truth, you will want to communicate it. This may be prompted by pride at first. Later you will find an intense pleasure in the mere giving, without thought of return even in the form of gratitude. Being now a

thinker and possessed of energy, you will pass rapidly higher and higher, and will in time begin to aim to be the 'help ahead' for those who do not think. This is certain, and, like everything else, it has a material basis; for, as thinking proceeds, it passes from the lower, or denser, mind-body, which is the instrument of the Soul for the lower, or concrete, mental processes, into the higher, or more ethereal, mind-body, which is the Soul's own form, where it becomes more and more abstract and universal and eventually, through inter-vibration, stirs into activity and merges with itself other high qualities of the Soul, becoming thus widely comprehensive, deeply penetrative, sympathetic and altruistic.

"Thinkers should endeavor to provide the higher forms of thought which shall be inherited by those who are breaking away from the mere personal strife of the earlier stages of evolution and are ready to begin the development of the higher individuality, that which includes—the Individuality of the Higher Self, whose distinguishing marks are penetrative intellectuality, surrender to the Divine Will, self-restraint, glad sacrifice for others, purity, absence of wrath, compassion for all that lives, vigor, forgiveness, fortitude, straight-forwardness, and absence of envy and pride—the Individuality which ever seeks to perfect itself in the highest knowledge and noblest culture, in order that it may become more and more fit to offer itself for more and more responsible work in the Divine Economy."

"There is one expression which you have just used," said the Brother at this juncture, "that seems to me laden with meaning, and that is 'the Individuality of the Higher Self'. Will you not tell us more explicitly of this?"

"Presently, my son," replied the Father gently. "Let us proceed gradually, for this is a matter of extreme importance. We said a few moments ago, that there are

in the world strong forces striving to counteract the spread of selfishness. The forces we refer to are not the distinctively and obviously moral forces working through religions and ethical teachings in general. The Great Ones in charge of the evolution of life on the earth, work in subtler and deeper ways than this. The very selfishness of men is utilised by Them to overcome that selfishness. The process is an exceedingly long one, for the aim of it all is not to coerce, but to lead to enlightenment. It is a process of elimination of qualities which form, as it were, a shell about the Individual, shutting him off from sympathy with his fellows. A painful process ordinarily, but one that is necessary. One is here reminded of a certain Chinese anecdote: A monkey brought after death before the King of Purgatory, begged to be reborn on Earth as a man. 'In that case,' said the King, 'all the hairs must be plucked out of your body,' and he ordered the attendant demons to pull them out forthwith. At the very first hair the monkey screeched out and said that he could not bear the pain. 'You brute!' roared the King, 'how are you to become a man if you cannot even part with a single hair?'

"The forces we mentioned are those which are working through any organisation in which, to accomplish some end, men join together voluntarily; for instance, beneficiary and pleasure organisations, churches, cults of all sorts, labor unions, trusts, even gangs of thieves. These associations all inculcate in their members a feeling of interdependence which is to ripen into brotherhood, based upon mutual sympathy and mutual endeavors. People do not thus associate themselves together from a feeling of brotherhood—generally far from it: it is for some personal gain, such as pleasure, companionship, self-cultivation, self-protection, money, power, etc.; but from these beginnings is bound to be fostered the innate feeling of brotherhood which impels even one low in the scale to risk his life for another.

"Now let us ask: Do those who work with others and for others for some gain for themselves, lose any of their Individuality? Does this great sense of interdependence destroy the sense of Individuality? And if I feel an intense sympathy with each of you, so that your want is my want, and your fulness my fulness, so that I share in your sorrows and your joys, am I any less an Individual? In either of these cases, that of selfishness or that of sympathy, is not the Individuality extended rather than restricted?—is it not a greater Individual, larger in every way, more comprehensive? If I have begun to feel in you, to truly sympathise with you, is it not obvious that I am really greater than when shut up within myself? And is it not plain that the wider my sympathy and the greater my knowledge, the greater will be my Individuality, which can thus grow without limit, even as knowledge and sympathy can increase without limit?

"Now this extension of Individuality, this growth of the Individual, life after life, so that he includes within his scope of compassion, sympathy, love, more and more of his brother-men, and within his purview of knowledge more and more of the Universe, produces finally, my sons, *the Individuality of the Higher Self*; and the doctrine of this is the Individualism which includes rather than excludes, which postulates not selfishness but Brotherhood.

"This extension of Individuality—let us examine it. We have said that it can grow without limit. Let us consider a little reasoned form of this vast conception:

"First: We are greater than our knowledge, greater than anything we can know, no matter how comprehensive it is; for each thing that we know is but one of innumerable other things in our minds, and it is obvious that there is no limit to our capacity to know that which by the constitution of our minds we can know.

the Brother. On the other hand, the Brother does not understand the Self, does not realise that the Self, being on the path of getting, is but acting according to his nature and hence rightly, no matter how inconvenient it may be to others. What we want is Individualism which is exalted Brotherhood, a state of consciousness in which each feels himself in all, all in himself. Speaking on the plane of every day, the reconciliation between Individualism and Brotherhood lies in the exaltation of Individualism, not in crushing it out; lies in including within it all Individuals, not in forcing all away from it. Through cultivation, of the helpfulness, good-will, charity, tolerance, decent common-sense which lie at the root of practical Brotherhood, let us strive to strengthen the tendency toward Transcendental Individualism, which we find in the Selves who are at the point of entering the path of giving. Our aim, my sons, should be to strive, ourselves, to become definite channels of the divine Life, to become ever worthier objects of love in order that God may the more fully lavish upon us His Love, and in order also that we may become more and more conscious of that Love and may share in the divine Bliss. God Himself—let us whisper it—grows through sacrifice, through the lavishment of His Love. All this struggle through incalculable ages is to make of us strong Individuals, that we may persist; that we may emulate Him in giving, that we may even aid Him, the magnificent Ruler of our Solar System, even aid Him to grow, by becoming constantly worthier objects of His Love."

The Father ceased. The Self in a day or two sent a thought of compassion to one in distress. The Brother strove harder than ever to help each in his place, each according to his stage of development, and went through the world doing good yet leaving no trace behind, for he became presently 'one who knows'.

DR. F. MILTON WILLIS

"Secondly: We are warranted in affirming that, by the constitution of our minds, we can know every physical fact in the Universe, if we can but be placed in front of the fact. The whole physical Universe is knowable by us. Moreover, even should we know the whole Universe in its physical aspect, it nevertheless would be but a portion of the contents of our minds; for even now, a considerable part of our knowledge is superphysical—philosophy, art, religion, psychological science. Hence we are greater potentially than the whole physical Universe and the higher, or superphysical, planes of it, the realms of abstract thought. We are essentially greater than anything knowable.

"Thirdly: Even in the case of omniscience, it is a One that knows, it is an Individuality that has become so comprehensive as to include all within itself.

"Hence we can safely affirm that there can be no limit to the growth of our Individuality, and that, as omniscience is a distinctive mark of Divinity, we are Gods in the making, are essentially divine.

"Men are far from equal, my sons," pursued the Father; "from the very nature of the birth and evolution of the human soul equality cannot exist in mankind. Mankind is like the children of a family, none of which, as before mentioned, are of exactly the same age as the others; and as in a family the elder and more experienced and more competent should aid the younger and less experienced and less competent, so in the great human family should the elder brothers aid the younger, rather than use their greater faculties for outwitting them, defrauding them of their rights, enslaving them, setting them examples of rapacity and greed.

"The Brotherhood of Man and the Fatherhood of God are facts. And so essentially divine is man that there is a stage in his development when he, the Individual, becomes all, sees himself in all, yet loses not his identity; it is as if

his consciousness expands to take in all. This is the stage in the human development which in the East is called Nirvāṇa. For a long time we of the West were assured by our scholars that this great word meant absorption in God, with loss of Individuality. A greater scholarship and deeper knowledge proclaim that it connotes a certain stage in the development of the soul, the stage at which the personality is lost, but not the Individuality—the stage at which the Individuality expands to take in all. Individuality is never lost; personality, however, is. Individuality is the permanent Self; personality the manifestation of the Self in the physical world for the purpose of gaining experiences, and from them wisdom and growth. The Individuality is the 'thread-soul' on which are strung like beads the personalities of life after life. The Individuality is the immortal Actor, who takes a new part in each earth-life until he has run through the whole repertoire, passed through all classes of experience, learned human life from the beginning to the end.

"Never do we pass into nothingness. On and on into the dizzying future shall we be Individuals, constantly growing in power and glory, passing in the course of time into the very effulgence of the Godhead, re-emerging then as Teachers of a new humanity, guardians of new worlds, and passing on and on upward unto heights of attainment beyond our conception wholly, but not beyond our belief, when we knew something definite of the rationale of the Universe and the beneficence at the Heart of it.

"Now, my sons," continued the Father, with infinite kindness, "what we want is Individualism centered in our Higher Selves. Our Individualism when we were Atlanteans was founded in our lower selves and was separative in the highest degree. The Individualism rampant in the world to-day is essentially separative, with germinal tendencies toward better things. The Self does not recognise



PEACE!

THE COMING FEDERATION OF NATIONS: CAN IT BE ATTAINED PEACEFULLY?

IT has been prophesied that, within a few hundred years, the leading nations of the world will have combined in a mighty Federation, and this could come about in two very different ways. It may be that the good sense, or Reason, of the nations, if not cast from its throne by the inrush of some violent, disturbing emotion, will increasingly perceive the substantial advantages to the Many (albeit loss to the Few) resulting from mutual agreement. On the other hand, it may be that some slight friction may ignite the combustible material provided in the huge armaments of Europe, and that a terrible war must teach its hard lessons, ere the smaller nations, in self-defence, will join together against an over-aggressive Power, and by force of combination compel that Power to forego the advantages of superior strength, and comply with measures favorable to the Common Weal of the civilised world.

At first sight, there seems nothing to prevent the former peaceful consummation, for not only is such a Federation the ultimate goal of the efforts of the most enlightened of our age, but it is in accordance with the ideals held up for nineteen centuries by the religion which has been educating Europe; and moreover, to adduce lower but not ineffective grounds, the self-interest of the masses urges whatever tends to the avoidance of the expense of war. Brotherhood is the very keynote of the progressive movements of to-day. Esperanto aims at removing the curse of Babel; international exhibitions are meeting-grounds for the pleasure-seekers of all lands; Labor and other Congresses draw the workers together to

consult on their common interests; the very school-children in our public schools are corresponding with their fellow-scholars in France and Germany, and thereby, let us hope, knocking off some insular angularities.

But we must not be led too far by these hopeful symptoms! The corporate intelligence of a mass is not that of its constituent units, but lags considerably in the rear; hence our rate of political progress is determined, not by the standard of the more advanced, nor even by that of the average unit of society, but rather by that of the nations *en masse*; and for them the ethical and religious motives are too high, while the mercenary and utilitarian are too low. The peoples of to-day are still impelled by feeling rather than thought, and of all planes of consciousness that of feeling is least to be depended upon; hence the well-known instability of popular governments. Still, in bodies of the most unstable equilibrium, some centre of inertia can be found, some normal condition to which it tends to return after unusual stress. This normal state of feeling can be gauged by its outer expression in national and social institutions, which are but crystallised habits of thought or feeling, or the forms which conserve yesterday's thoughts and feelings, till those of to-morrow shall generate force to emerge from them. Just as our physical bodies, framed by our past acts, condition and partly mould our present activities, so do national institutions condition and partly mould the national life, till the evolving consciousness becomes a disruptive energy, able to break through the form of its own past creation. It therefore remains to be seen whether this idea of international Federation is infolded, as an embryo in the egg, within our institutions of to-day, to be hatched out in due time, with the mere casting aside of an inanimate shell; or whether it may be better compared to a young seedling, in danger of being choked by suckers and weeds, which are strong with an independent vitality of their own, drawn from the same source whence

the seedling derives its nourishment. If the former be true, then we may surely expect, in due course, a peaceful accomplishment of this political revolution, the next turn of the wheel; but if the latter, we shall hardly escape the consuming fire, to burn up tares and clear the ground for the wholesome seed.

The social order in which we live has been built up on Individualism, Separatism, Materialism, Conservatism, or whatever in human development we like to call that necessary stage in which the concrete reason must assert itself and build a strong egoistical centre—in which the mind must realise itself in and through its limitations of matter. It has been assigned to our sub-race of the Aryan root to carry this development to its highest point, and the student of history sees this self-centered individualism expressing itself in the life of nations as of man. He sees sturdy little States, after the Renaissance, asserting their national independence in despite of religion called universal; in England, even good Catholics being constrained by patriotism to support an excommunicated Queen against her more legitimate and Catholic rival. Unity and solidarity of national life was the Tudor ideal of government, and on this basis has been reared our world-wide Empire and free intercourse with other races.

The spirit of Individualism has, in very sooth, borne noble fruit, especially in its assertion of human dignity and personal liberty. It has made the idea of slavery intolerable to any enlightened people, and noble Constitutions preserve individual freedom.

Such is indeed the spirit of our Constitution, but is it so administered, and have we in truth the substance, or only the shadow of freedom? A glance at the economic conditions of the modern world shows us at least one noxious weed choking the life out of the wholesome plant of individual freedom. A man is valued to-day by what he has contrived to grab for himself, by his personal

property, and laws are framed and administered for the protection of the rights of property. Selfishness has grown, as was to be expected, side by side with self-realisation, and the more advanced have used their greater intellectual power to make themselves hard task-masters over their weaker fellow-men. To some of us it seems as if the condition of our poorer classes to-day is a worse slavery than any of the ancient world. How is it that the safeguards alike of Constitution and Religion have failed?

To refer once more to history: it seems that a deadly error crept into human thought at the Renaissance, and has borne a plentiful crop of ills. Since that great era, liberty has been our cherished blossom; aye, and the seeds of fraternity have been germinating, for freed and self-conscious men soon learn to extend the hand of fellowship. But a third fatal word has been uttered with those two, namely, Equality. An enemy has sown tares among the wheat, and the harvest is ruined. Since religion had long been teaching that men's souls came direct and newly-made from their Creator, it only needed the final overthrow of the feudal system and class authority to completely destroy the mutual responsibility of man to man. No man can be responsible for his equal, with whom he cannot interfere without impertinence, so it became: "Every man for himself, and the Devil take the hindmost."

It may seem that we have wandered from our subject of the Federation of Nations, but some digression has been necessary to show that whereas the blossom of this age, Liberty, really contains within itself the seed of the achievement of the future, Fraternity or Federation, our present social conditions make it extremely difficult for the fruit to ripen.

International Federation must then be preceded by social revolutions in many countries, for only the free can federate, and the masses are not free. In England the

revolution may be accomplished peacefully, for we have a talent for illogical compromises, as witness a democratic Monarchy, and an independent, national Catholic Church! The safety of a compromise lies in its elasticity; it can, by its very nature, never become rigid, so is capable of organic growth. Holland is somewhat like England in this respect, but in other countries there is likely to be violence ere the Giant Grantorto is slain, and the people freed from the thralldom of Capital. The forces that the Capitalists can muster are mighty, but there can be no doubt of the issue; for they will be struggling against the evolutionary impulse, and of such struggle history teaches us the futility. Once more God is looking on His earth, and seeing that the wickedness of man is great, and once more the cleansing floods of His wrath will be loosed. When the time is ripe, the Man will appear, who can focus in himself the revolutionary forces in our midst, and no longer will the multitude be as sheep that have no Shepherd. When a new social Order has been established, not entirely peacefully, then will the Federation of Nations be swift to come about, for Brotherhood will no longer be considered outside the pale of practical politics. "They shall beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning-hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

HELEN V. VALE

A FEW OF THE LESSONS TO BE LEARNT AT ADYAR

EVERY privilege brings with it a duty. One of the most highly-prized, one of the dearest privileges that a Theosophist can have, is that of coming to live awhile at Adyar, and those to whose lot it falls must see to it that they hand on to their comrades as much as possible of the benefit which they themselves receive by doing so. Indeed, were it not for this duty one could not desire the privilege; those whose karma allows them to come here rejoice, because it is a great opportunity for fitting themselves to serve better, either immediately or in some future time. Were it not so, were the joy and the benefit to be for it alone, what generous soul would not prefer to stand aside, and yield, if so it might, the privilege that its past has won for it to someone else, seeing that *all* cannot have it?

In the fifteen months that I have been here, some things have been growing very clear to me, they have been impressing themselves very deeply on my mind. So much instruction is given to us, there are so many things to be learnt, that for some time it would be difficult to say which of the ideas that come to one are going to assume the most prominence. But now this mass has fallen into order, and I see a few of the ideas as the central ones, round which the others group themselves. I therefore think it may be useful if I try to express these leading ideas. I am quite aware that other students here may arrange the same lessons which we are all learning in a different order of importance, and I think it would be very instructive if several of them would tell us what seems most essential to them among the things they have learnt. There would be a uniformity underlying the diversity; for I am not talking now of ideas that may spring up in the

mind in the course of study, or while one is thinking or meditating; but of principles given to us from outside: explained to us first of all by our Teachers, and *experienced* by living at Adyar.

To live at Adyar connotes a vague beauty and wonder, I suppose, in the minds of many—an inevitable vagueness, which accurate accounts of personal experiences there may, however, do something to dispel. I think also (though I speak under correction) that very often it is not sufficiently realised that life at Adyar must be one of *strenuous effort*. It is difficult to live at Adyar. If one is wise at all, one adds one's own willing effort to that imposed on one by circumstances; but even if one should not do so, one could not escape from the strong pressure that is brought to bear on all. The tremendously powerful vibrations in this sacred place are all the time acting on one's various bodies; some are more sensitive to the action, some are less so, but all are well-advised, if only for the sake of their own comfort, who get rid as quickly as possible of everything in themselves that does not harmonise with these vibrations, for they are too strong to be resisted. One needs to be constantly on the watch; for it is easy under this strain to slip into irritability or depression; also because old faults one thought one had conquered have a habit of reappearing, and weak points are probed. One is not engaged in celebrating a love-feast! We do not meet—like the primitive Christians at their Agapæ—to commemorate any event and to exchange any outward sign of brotherhood; we meet with our faces turned to the future, and though the love and the peace here are not to be told of in words, and mutual good-will is free to find expression, our bond of union is a common endeavor; we are here to learn and to grow, and meanwhile and always, *to work*.

The first thing I would lay stress on among those which here one learns to understand is—

(1) *Brotherhood*. We all think we know all about that. But do we really do so? Are not many of us partially at least under the sway of the false ideas that are current about this great fact? Many of the troubles and difficulties that take place in the Society would not take place if a sane and true view of it were universally held by us. On consideration I think it will not be found strange when I say that the meaning of Brotherhood needs to be and is taught to one by living at Adyar. Certainly if one has not got rid, before coming, of all confusion between the terms *brotherhood* and *equality*, one's ideas on this point are likely to be clarified for one here, once and for all. Brotherhood implies differences of age; that again implies all sorts of further differences. We have been told something about the Great White Brotherhood, and we know that it is a *graded Order*. That Hierarchy is the perfect type of Brotherhood. And if men are ever to live in brotherly fashion upon earth, they must recognise frankly the differences that do exist between them, and group themselves into classes accordingly. At Adyar we are sufficiently close to realities for such order to be seen. At our head stand the President—pre-eminently the Ruler—and Mr. Leadbeater—the Teacher. Next to these, a small group of disciples; after them, a few of the more advanced students, who are drawn into closer association with those above-named than are their fellow-students, because such association is helpful for their progress, and through them, when they take a step forward, all the rest will be helped; lastly, come those others, the great number, among whom differences are not so obvious although of course they exist. If Theosophists want further proof that 'brotherhood' and 'equality' are not synonymous terms, beyond the fact that the Perfect Brotherhood is arranged in ranks, each of which is subordinate to the one above it, let them consider a little what disasters this confusion of ideas has occasioned in history. We all know, I think, that a great movement was started by the

Hierarchy in Europe towards the end of the eighteenth century, that it escaped from control, and degenerated into the French Revolution; the true idea of brotherhood with which it started was distorted, and 'liberty, equality and fraternity' became the watchword of the Revolutionists. Fraternity is the thing last-named, which perhaps is significant; for where equality is aimed at, fraternity is in truth apt to disappear; where brotherhood reigns, equality is impossible. There is another classic example of the untold harm the ignorant may do when they succeed in foisting their views of brotherhood on the world at large. In the early Church the unlettered, undeveloped majority expelled the Gnostic Doctors: they were too narrow-minded and self-sufficient to appreciate the value to them all of the superior knowledge of the few; so this knowledge was lost to the Church, and later, that order might be kept, it had to fall back upon authority and tradition—upon dogmatic statements. Natural laws cannot be violated; order and subordination are necessary if a vast number of small units is to be held together so as to build up one great unit; therefore when the natural distinctions are ignored, artificial ones have to be tyrannously imposed.

In our Society there is no room for these false notions about equality, seeing it includes people at enormously far-removed stages of development. We have read that the gulf is very great between the good man and the man who has attained knowledge; and that it is immeasurable between the good man and the one on the threshold of divinity. If ever it came to pass that the democratic idea of brotherhood took hold of our Society, its days as a vehicle of Theosophical truth would be numbered. Our Founders laid down that the first object of the Society was to form a *nucleus* of the Universal Brotherhood of Humanity; it is in the world what the nucleus is in the cell, the point where the vital energies are concentrated, and where *growth begins*. The vital energies in

our Theosophical nucleus proceed from the Great Brotherhood, and spread outwards from it into the world. Theosophists, then, have not got to try and believe that the great natural fact of human brotherhood has yet been realised, or is immediately realisable, on this plane; but to study how it may be reached, what qualities have to be developed before a brotherly civilisation is possible. We cannot get this knowledge from the Fifth Race, for it does not belong to it; we have to search for a conception of what the Sixth Race virtues and characteristics will be.

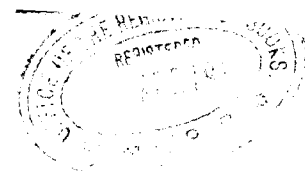
We are all one, truly—on the buddhic plane. That is the plane of unity. On the physical plane we are different, and always shall be. What down here we have to do is to try and see the one divine life which we all have in common—to see the Self behind the forms. We do not want to do away with the differences between our *personalities*. Many have attempted to believe that people can be non-separated down here, on this plane, but it is a vain attempt. It is only on the buddhic plane that no sense of separateness is found, and in order that this absence of separateness should be a fact to us, we have to rise to that plane. Till we have developed ourselves sufficiently to be able to do this, we must take the glorious truth, like so much else, thankfully from the hands of our Teachers, but must not pretend that we ourselves have realised it. In order to “kill out all sense of separateness” we have to try to raise our consciousness to higher planes, where separateness does not exist; down here it *does* exist, and it is no use pretending it does not. Even at the level of the *ego* it exists; our causal bodies are separate bodies. We are told that it is at the First Initiation that a man first gets a touch of buddhic consciousness; and it is only when he has taken the First Initiation that he is really a ‘Brother’. The title ‘Brother’ technically belongs only to the Initiates. We may loosely speak of ourselves all as brothers, and there is a truth behind

the words, as there was behind the words of S. Francis when he spoke of “Brother Sun” and “Brother Ass”. (The latter term included both the beast of burden and his own animal, his body.) We are a stage or two nearer to realise Brotherhood than are the animals, but we have not reached it yet. We are brothers in the making, we are not yet brothers in fact. Brotherhood to us is an *ideal*; let us press forward to it, not drag it down to our level; let us strive to reach the spirit of it, not warp it by trying to apply it literally under impossible conditions; remembering that in this also “the letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life”.

(2) *Loyalty*. Out of a true conception of Brotherhood springs naturally an impassioned loyalty to the Elders who are able and ready to help us. Realising how far beyond our grasp our ideal shines, we eagerly follow those who can lead us towards it. Realising that the heritage they have entered upon waits also for us and that they desire we should share it with them, we come to them to learn how we may fit ourselves to claim our birthright, what it is that we must do. We should all win to it at the long last, in the slow course of evolution; but if we would reach it sooner, we need the aid they voluntarily give. If we would strike out for ourselves along a quicker road, we cannot do without their guidance. Moreover, if we are really searching for the Self in all, we cannot but be attracted to those in whom the Self is so much more manifest than in the rest. Our need of them and our love for them draw us to them; and when we really begin to follow their instructions, when we put to the proof what they tell us, then little by little an unshakable trust grows up in our hearts, and that deepens into devoted loyalty. We see how before they came to us we were blinded and helpless, and jogged along the ordinary ways of the world unconscious that we might do differently; sensible perhaps of a craving in our hearts that we could not satisfy, and so did our best to smother. Then they revealed another world to us, and offered to lead us to-

wards it, if we on our part would make the exertion of walking along a steep, rough road. And if we have accepted their offer, our wisdom is to follow them to the uttermost, unafraid. Even supposing they were to make a mistake? that may be a risk; but that without them we could not progress at all is a certainty. A man who wants to scale the Alps neither resigns himself to sitting down at the foot of them, nor attempts the ascent without guides, because of the possibility that the guides themselves may blunder. I for my part echo the words recently spoken of our Leaders by Mr. Arundale, in the course of his most valuable Convention Lectures: "I would rather go wrong with them, than go wrong by myself in my ignorance." But soon these fears, if ever we entertained them at all, begin to look at once mean and ludicrous; it dawns upon us that it is they who suffer for our blunders; that they are assuming risk and responsibility and endless trouble for our sakes, while the prize of the endeavor is ours. We have all to gain; they, nothing. The Theosophical Society is a living, growing organisation; if we would take part in its development, we must move with it, and we cannot do that unless we follow its Leaders. Those who, having appropriated the doctrines of Karma and Reincarnation and one or two elementary ideas, do not want to go any further and learn any more, belong properly to the outside world which soon will do as much. Those who think they drank so deeply of the waters of knowledge from the hand of Mme. Blavatsky that they can dispense with her successors, that they are grown wise and great enough to have the right of despising and rejecting these, may nominally belong to the Society but cannot really form part of it.

(3) *The absolute necessity of getting rid of the personality.* All the difficulty we have in recognising greatness, in welcoming superiority, in subordinating ourselves, comes from the personality. All that hinders us and all that makes us discontented and unhappy, comes equally



from the personality. If we would see the Self in others, we must first find it in ourselves; and in order to find it, we must disentangle ourselves, draw ourselves apart from our lower bodies. Perhaps we should be more ready to make this effort, if we realised that the personality causes us perpetual pain and discomfort. No wrong thought or feeling is pleasure-giving; anger, jealousy, suspicion are most uncomfortable guests, self-love, vanity, ambition bring us mortification and disappointment. Only it is a trouble to resist these things when they come; and what makes our difficulty greater is that we identify ourselves with them. Gradually, as we make the effort we know we should make, our sight grows a little clearer; we begin to recognise the slavery we are in, and the sense of it grows and grows until we could pray to be delivered from some fault that vexes us and with which we do not feel ourselves able successfully to cope, at the cost of whatever suffering may be necessary. So gradually we begin to understand what I have heard our President say, that on the Path the suffering which purifies is the most welcome of friends.

Personalities are not proper objects of admiration. We do well to gladly acknowledge all the good and beautiful qualities we see in anyone, knowing that in so far as it shows out those, the personality is shadowing forth the real man; we do well to be tolerant of his bad qualities, gently putting them aside, for they are only encumbrances from which he will some time free himself and meanwhile they are no business of ours. But the personality as a whole is not an admirable thing; if it is weak, it is uninteresting, and if it is strong, it is dangerous. Even with our dearest friends, though some tenderness of ours may cling round the bodies they are using, as it even may round any material object which they have in constant use, we should always try to reach the real man shrouded in each, and love that. A strong *individuality* we naturally admire; and when it is also a purified

one, it has felt the "grasp of the awakened spiritual will," it is being used by the latter, and so we may fitly honor and study it, and will profit much by doing so. A strong individuality implies a considerably-developed ego; the personality is only an individualised animal. Of course one might speak of the 'personality' of an Adept even, but then clearly one would be using the same word in a totally different sense; there it would designate the manifestation of Himself in the matter of the lower planes, the perfect expression in that matter of the Perfection behind.

We must not try to cement the bonds of Brotherhood at the level of our animal selves. A herd of cattle lives amicably and peaceably on the physical plane. Any ordinarily united family does as much on the astral and lower mental levels. We are comrades in a high emprise, or we are nothing to one another. Those in the Society who are struggling onward together are knit by a friendship that will endure till the Great Portal is passed, and they are Brothers indeed.

We must not expect the great people among us to cater for the approval of our personalities. Since they care for us, they want what we really want, that we should break them and be free. Over and over again we make the mistake of taking our stand on too low ground, of being satisfied with a small perfection. A Lodge-meeting will degenerate into a pleasant gathering of friends; the aspiration for unity sink into a kindly 'family' feeling for the people round one. Welcome anything that breaks up these forms and forces us to start again at a higher level! At Adyar one is fortunate in this as in so much else. Anyone who comes here hoping (even unconsciously) for a pleasurable time for his personality will not get it. When he forgets all about it, or refuses to care, he removes the barrier, and the great joy which is here floods every layer of his being.

We have each to train and purify our lower bodies for our own use, killing out the personal will and substituting the true will. From this follows (a) that we shall have plenty of occupation for our energies, and (b) that we have no right whatever to interfere with anybody else. Every personality is the concern of the ego behind it. We talk so much of other people being our brothers, and are so unwilling to allow them their most elementary rights! Real love for our fellows is the crown of long and patient exercise of so many other virtues with respect to them! If we judge them, carp at them, ignore them at the moment when they need us; if we are not always forbearing and just and kind; if we are not always polite, standing ever-ready to help but recognising that they have as much right to liberty of action as ourselves, how can we say we love them? The perfect love of those who have realised unity is at present beyond us who are but students; and we do not want to cultivate high-flown sentiment that masquerades as such; what we do need to cultivate is that sober love-attitude that always sees *first* the good in everyone and everything.

"Kill out all sense of separateness," it is written in *Light on the Path*, "yet stand alone and isolated, because nothing that is embodied, nothing that is conscious of separation, nothing that is out of the Eternal can aid you;" and if not you, then not your fellows either. We are all isolated. This isolation cannot be broken through; and we cannot even bridge over the gulf from below. We may not realise it when life goes brightly and smoothly, but pain shows us our true isolation. What can we do to relieve the pain of another? and when it is our turn to suffer, though we be in a crowd of friends not one of them can break in upon our solitude and bring relief. There is no bodily affliction which so cuts a man off from his fellows as deafness; and to realise how dependent we are for communion with them on the ear, may help us a little to understand how much is meant by the words: "Before the ear can hear,

it must have lost its sensitiveness." The silence and solitude are not a matter for regret; when we begin to live the inner life, we begin to desire their deep and fruitful peace. A Master has said: "Those of you who would know yourselves in the spirit of truth, learn to live alone even amidst the great crowds which may sometimes surround you. Seek communion and intercourse only with the God within your own soul."

All that we can do when we think another person is not acting wisely, be it an important matter or a trivial one, is quietly and in the most friendly spirit to put the case to him, and then leave him alone to follow whatever course he thinks is best. Too often we are not content with doing that. The hankering for more primitive and forcible methods is not yet quite extinct in us. One savage will kill another for disagreeing with him; semi-civilised man will try to bully and browbeat. We may only put ourselves at the service of others. Why are we so impatient with one another? We know how hard it is to change anything in our own characters, but expect other people to be able to do so all at once, and even think our blame and interference ought to effect such changes in them. Not our real selves, of course; it is always the personality that cannot let well alone, the fretting, petty creature whose span of life is so brief that it is always in a hurry.

Theosophical work would be so much simplified if we all minded our own business. But if on the one hand we are lazy and mind nothing, or weak and shirk responsibility and initiative; or if on the other hand we have the kind of energy that wants to push people about and set them to rights and force them to do their work in our way—we become dead weights that the Society has to pull along. If a good worker sees that something might be done, and cannot get it done without creating a disturbance, he had better let it go. The negative loss of a wasted opportunity is less injurious than the positive one caused

by friction and bad feeling. If two workers cannot manage to get on harmoniously together, they had better work separately; that shows weakness in themselves; but by continually grating on one another they spoil the atmosphere for everyone round them; and of the two it is better they should lose the personal benefit that trying to work with an incongruous partner would bring them, than that the whole work should be hampered. Short of such an extreme case, we had better make up our minds not to pick and choose who we will work with and what kind of work we will do. Most of us are more or less prone to want to make things easy and pleasant for ourselves. In this again we who are at Adyar have an advantage. We are a small number of people, representing about a dozen nationalities and an even greater diversity perhaps of habits, tastes, types, idiosyncrasies; and the space is too limited for us to get away from one another if we wanted to, while the whole of our surroundings and the prevailing atmosphere help us to get rid quickly of our whims and prejudices and to cultivate harmony and good feeling; for outer distractions are excluded and we are all strung up to do our best.

In view of the great need there is of harmonious co-operation, and of learning to *dovetail*, so to say, our personalities with those of others, it might be well if we all decided to practise these qualities at least in our relations with the Officers of the Society. The whole Society is one Kingdom, and it goes without saying that to the Sovereign reverence is due; and every National Society is like a State therein, its General Secretary being the Governor of it. He, with his Executive Committee to help him, has the sole duty of directing and controlling its affairs. He should be supported and assisted in every way; while all that any member has a right to do, in case of disagreement with any of his decisions, is to make courteous suggestions and proposals; advice should only be given to him when he

solicits it. The same holds good with the Presidents of Lodges. No member has the right to take the undignified course of trying forcibly to interfere, or to go about making complaints and uttering censures to third parties.

The capacity for non-interference is essential, if we are to be useful parts of a whole. Nor need any one imagine that by limiting himself strictly to his own sphere he will not have full scope for his activities and the opportunity for progress; it is much harder to go on doing one's own part of the work steadfastly and faithfully than to pursue an erratic course, doing whatever at the moment seems good in one's eyes. The task of the Fifth Race has been to develop individualism, and if we examine its conceptions of Brotherhood we shall find they are as individualistic as anything else about it. We should now feel sufficiently certain that we can keep our own centre and stand on our own feet not to need to be always thinking of ourselves, and to be ready for the next step forward, that of realising ourselves as parts of a greater whole. Members of the Society are not a mere collection of units; they are integral parts of the Society. It is not the work or the progress of the units that matters; what matters is that by the perfection of its parts the Society should become an ever more efficient instrument. The Society is one body, and from each cell in it a contribution of work is due, because it shares in the great life of the body.

Among themselves, all members should be constantly on the watch to catch sight of any special aptitudes, any unusual qualities, and to make room for them, stepping back themselves into an obscurer place if that is necessary. And this for a very special reason; we have to train ourselves to recognise nobility, superiority, at sight. In Masonic Lodges, for example, every Degree has outward distinguishing marks, and no mistake, no presumption, is possible. With us this is not so; we have to rely on our intuition, we have to develop that, in order to recognise our proper

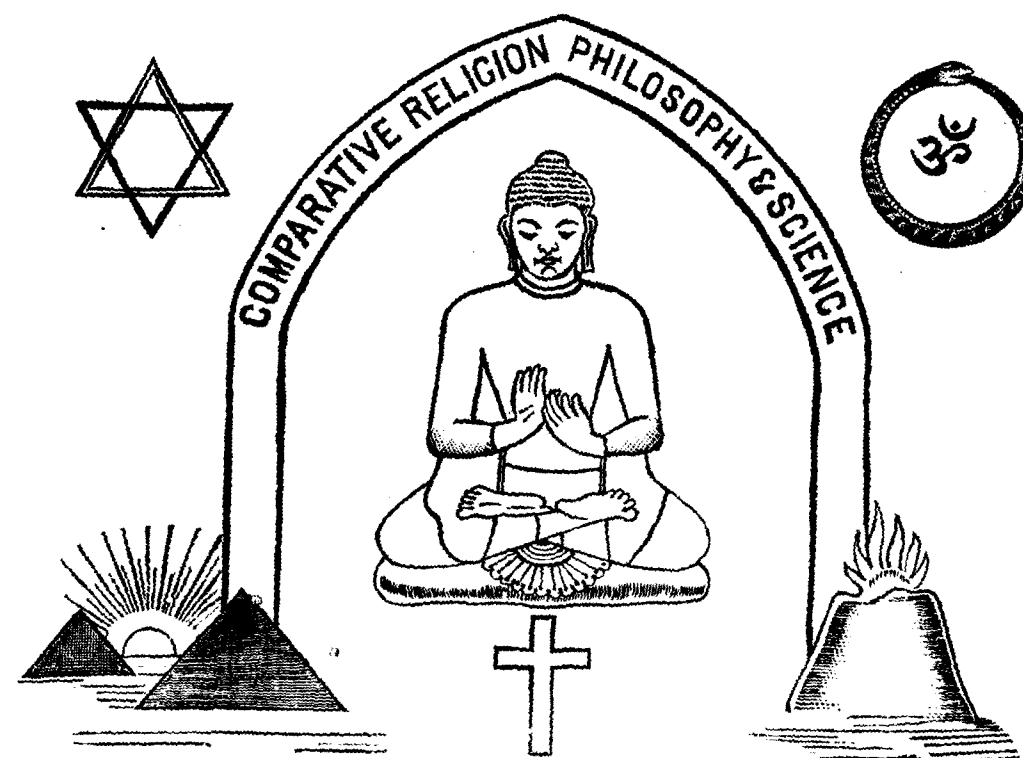
Leaders. No one will come and say to us: "So-and-so is your superior; work in with him and under him." It is obvious that such outer directions will not be given, and the reason is obvious too. People whose eyes are not opened to see to some extent for themselves are not fitted to take part in a spiritual work. Ours is a spiritual Society; it is also a great sifting-ground, where those people who can be of use in the near and in the distant future are sorted, and those who cannot are rejected. To keep this attitude also means to escape a great danger. It means that we shall not commit the error (already committed in the Society) of being jealous of the later-comers, when we see them step forward into leading places. In preparation for the great days that are coming, we may well expect to see an influx of young members who are old egos, and it will be a fatal slip for us if we allow ourselves to be grudging or hostile in our attitude towards them.

Adyar has also a lesson for our warning and guidance in the changing conditions of the Society, into which more and more life is flowing.

We are all accustomed to living in a mental and moral atmosphere that is made up of many confused and changing currents, into which good and bad and paltry thoughts and feelings are for ever pouring, a disturbed and agitated atmosphere composed of a whole host of small influences, where no one rate of vibration is strong enough to impose harmony, reducing discordant vibrations to silence. Into such an atmosphere it does not, so to speak, seem to matter very much if we pour a little more jangling force. We make the confusion a little worse confounded, instead of helping to clear and cleanse the moral air we breathe, and our action will react on us in due course; but we are not very sensible at the time of what we are doing. Compare that state of things with Adyar. The strong, still, purity of this atmosphere is not to

be lightly ruffled. A passionate, discordant force would rush out into it only to be stopped dead, and to return on the sender; he would then, I suppose, be in a better or a worse plight here than elsewhere according to the way he acted; either he would bring himself quickly into unison, or, if he did not, he would suffer immediately the terrible reaction of his own obstinate wrong activity. In this latter case he would probably further aggravate matters for himself because of the feeling of helplessness he would have, seeing that nothing maddens an already-excited person so much as to find his rage is futile. As the increasing force thrown into the Society from higher planes gradually creates a condition of high tension, and the whole body begins to vibrate strongly at one rate, every cell in it—every member—will be faced with the alternative of falling in with that rate or of being flung off from the body. The condition of the Society will approximate to that of Adyar. So let us take heed in time. If we strive to make our lives pulsate with the life in the Society, we shall receive greater and greater help; we shall be tuned up to an ever-higher pitch, and that far more rapidly than we, by any effort of our own, could accomplish for ourselves. We shall not be able to alter the outer conditions; whenever we feel a jar, we must find out what it is in ourselves that is jarring and alter that. And it will be invaluable practice for us; for we know that in the spiritual life every change that must be made is change in oneself, every obstacle that has to be removed is an obstacle in oneself.

MARGHERITA RUSPOLI



THE RELIGION OF BURMA¹

I

THE ORIGINS OF BUDDHISM

THE national, and in former times the State-supported, religion of Burma is Buddhism of an exceptionally pure type. This religion was accepted, at the time of the last census (1901), by 9,184,121 persons, amounting to 88.6 per cent. of the total population, inclusive of a large

¹ Reproduced, by permission of the Author, with his additions, from *Twentieth Century Impressions of Burma*; Lloyd's Greater Britain Publishing Co., London, 1910. Ed.

proportion of alien races, as well as the savage or semi-civilised tribes (Chins, Kachins, Karens, etc.) inhabiting the remoter parts of the country. Buddhism of the national type may, in fact, claim the adhesion of practically the whole of the two chief civilised races inhabiting the country—the true Burmese, constituting the bulk of the civilised population of Upper Burma, and the Mon or Talaing race, for the most part resident in Lower Burma. It is further predominant in the Shan States, and has of late years made considerable progress amongst the semi-civilised Karens; whilst Buddhism of the type prevalent in China (which differs widely from the local type, as will shortly appear) is followed by the large and important Chinese community, including both immigrants direct from China and the offspring of their marriages with Burmese wives.

The religion of Burma is commonly classified by Occidental scholars as belonging to the 'Southern' school of Buddhism. In fact, however, the terms 'Northern' and 'Southern,' as applied to the different types of Buddhism, are misleading; both historically—since all schools of Buddhist thought alike took their rise in India, and even in China and Japan have undergone later but minor modifications—and also as a matter of fact. For whilst, in speaking of the so-called 'Southern' school—predominant in Burma, Ceylon, and Siam—we have to deal with a single and definite body of doctrine and ethics, we find no such unanimity in the 'Northern' Buddhist countries—China, Japan, Tibet, Corea, and a large area in Northern and Eastern Asia in general. There is, in fact, no one 'Northern' Buddhism, but a great number of widely differing sects—bodies agreeing only in the absolute fundamentals of Buddhist doctrine, and in claiming The Buddha as the Founder of their respective creeds.

Another classification which has been put forward by western scholars in the attempt to define between the

Buddhist schools now prevalent is that of the Vehicles—Northern Buddhism being defined as Mahāyāna or the Greater Vehicle, and Southern Buddhism as Hinayāna or the Lesser Vehicle. These terms are, indeed, of Buddhist (and, as might be deduced, of Northern) origin, but, whatever distinction may have been originally involved in these terms, it certainly is not the same difference as that now prevalent as between the Southern and the Northern schools, so far as we can tell by comparing the works of Ashvaghosha with the Pāli and its commentaries; or judging from the accounts the Chinese pilgrims to India have bequeathed to us, concerning the doctrines and the distribution of followers of either sect.

The native, and the correct designation of the pure form of Buddhism now prevalent in Burma, Ceylon, and Siam is *Theravāda*—'The Tradition of the Elders'—or, as we might justly render it, the Traditional, Original, or Orthodox School. It unfortunately happened that European scholarship, during that past most remarkable century characterised by so general a widening of the mental horizon, came first into contact, not with the pure and simple Buddhism of the *Theravāda* School, but with the diverse teachings and Scriptures of the various Northern sectaries, and the earlier work of Occidental scholars in the field of Buddhism was directed for the most part to the study and translation of the multitudinous Scriptures—in Samskr̥t, Chinese, Tibetan, and so forth—of the various sections of the Northern Church. The effect was much the same as if a body of non-Christian scholars, setting out to investigate the nature and origins of Christianity, had first encountered, not the genuine sources of that religion, the Canonical Scriptures of the New Testament, but the later, garbled, and miracle-teeming writings of mediæval monks. Buddhism came thus to be first presented to the western mind as an Oriental mysticism of the most extravagant type; its Founder no historical personage, but an imaginary divinity evolved from solar

myths; and so tenacious is the human mind of first impressions, that when, later on, the Pāli Scriptures of the Theravāda School, with their Commentaries, came to the knowledge of western scholars, there were not wanting many who still maintained the earlier and inaccurate views; supporting these, in face of the new additions to our knowledge of Buddhism, by the astounding supposition that the Pāli literature was the production of Buddhaghosha and other Buddhist divines who lived some thousand years after the date ascribed to the Founder of the Religion.

Happily, however, further evidence was brought to light by the discovery in India of the celebrated Inscriptions of Ashoka—inscriptions written in a character that no Singhalese monk of the tenth century of the Buddhist Era could have read, even had he been aware of their existence; and the contents of these Edicts, written in a language practically the same as that Pāli used in the Scriptures of Theravāda Buddhism, demonstrated beyond all doubt the authenticity of the Pāli Canon, its Commentaries, and the Singhalese Chronicles. Later archaeological discoveries in India brought further startling confirmations, even as to the very names of Buddhist missionary monks whom the Chronicles and Commentaries stated had gone forth from the third Great Council of the Faith, together with details as to the actual districts in which their missionary labors had been pursued; and the great mass of evidence from these discoveries, and from other non-Buddhist sources, as well as the strong internal evidence of the unique Pāli literature itself, enable us now to assert as beyond all reasonable doubting that in the Theravāda Buddhism now prevalent in Burma we have, practically unchanged after twenty-five centuries, the pure and original Religion propounded by The Buddha; and that in the Pāli Pitakas—the Canonical Scriptures of that Faith—we have the veritable Teaching of The Master, preserved in the language He spoke, and for the most part couched in the actual words He employed in the course of His religious mission.

In order that the reader may understand the intense devotion of such a people as the Burmese—a people young in racial development, eager, active, impatient of all restraint—to this Buddhist Religion, whose key-note is self-restraint and 'Selflessness' in life; and that the significance to modern civilisation of the preservation, amongst a Mongolian people, of this greatest product of Aryan thought may be rendered clear, it will be necessary that we should first consider the circumstances and the environment in which it took its rise. Wherever, in actual fact, the original home and cradle of the great Aryan race was situate, we can have but little doubt that, at some very remote period in its history, that race divided into two great streams of emigration, each, probably, consisting of many a successive tidal wave. Of these two streams, one spread north and westwards, populating Europe; the other south and perhaps eastwards into Persia and the modern Afghanistan, ultimately penetrating the great barrier-wall of the Himālayas, and passing through the valleys of Kashmir into India proper, taking up its final resting-place in the vast and fertile Gangetic plain. As it progressed in its conquest of India, everywhere displacing more or less completely the indigenous inhabitants by dint of its superior civilisation and its higher mental growth, the Indian branch of that race found itself in an environment very different from that of the north-and-westward-tending stream. Brought earlier to maturity under the warm Indian skies; finding, in that genial and productive climate, opportunities for leisure and reflexion such as were denied in the severer conditions of life in the temperate

¹ Throughout this article, as now here reproduced, the author has employed, as customary with him, capital initial letters to denote and emphasise English words employed, as here is 'Selflessness' (anatta), as equivalents of Buddhist technical terms in the Pāli. Since it is customary, in Theosophical publications, to employ the word Self with initial capital to denote the Vedāntic Higher Self, Paramātman, the author, in preparing this article for reproduction in *The Theosophist*, has added this note of explanation to avoid confusing the reader. 'Self,' and its derivatives, are not here employed in the usual Theosophical sense of Paramātman—an idea notably absent from Theravāda Buddhist Teaching in the Vedāntic sense, except only where definitely so designated—but simply as English equivalents of the Pāli technical Buddhist term *Attā*, and its derivatives.

zone, the Indian Āryans had reached, even before the era of The Buddha, to a state of intellectual progress such as even now their northward-wending kinsfolk of the European stream are but approaching. The climatic conditions of the Gangetic valley, indeed, all tended to the promotion of such mental, rather than material, growth; and so it was that the Indian Āryans, falling indeed far short of the material prosperity of Greek and Roman civilisation, yet indefinitely transcended these in philosophy, in religion, in comprehension of those deeper lessons of life which can only be approached when civilisation has attained to a more or less complete emancipation from the primary necessities of life. Food, warmth, and clothing all came easier or were less needed in India than in Europe; whilst that leisure which is the first essential of deep and earnest thinking was the privilege even of the poorest. Thus came about the high degree of mental progress mentioned; and whilst, even to the instructed western reader, acquainted for the most part only with the smaller realm of Latin, Hellenic, and Hebraic culture, the statement may appear doubtful or impossible, yet in the very Pāli literature we are considering we find the amplest demonstration that such high mental progress was a fact. In the Pāli Pitakas are lists, for instance, of the divers schools of thought and systems of philosophy which were extant in India in The Buddha's time; lists the most significant and interesting to the European reader, who finds amongst them the equivalent of every latest development of modern thought—the very replica of all our most 'advanced' philosophies—from the crudest of materialisms to the most transcendental, purely idealistic views of life.

And the chief difference between the civilisations of Eastern and Western Āryans, due to their differing environment, reached of necessity into every department of human polity; the same typical divergence manifesting in every realm of life. For the Western, of hard necessity, material progress, material science, material develop-

ment, came first and foremost; and it was only when the application of science came, during the past century, to add immensely to the material welfare of the West, that even the worldly sciences found manifold adherents and speedy progress; theretofore the man who gave his life to science was either a wizard and anathema, or an idle dreamer in the popular estimation—the great man of the West was he who *owned the most*, who exercised the most authority over the goods and persons of his fellowmen. In Āryan India all was different—*spiritual* progress, spiritual science—these held the foremost place, even in popular estimation; the chief concern of life was with the things that lay beyond it; and the truly great man in the popular imagination was not he who held the most in this world, but he who *knew the most* of that. The Western Āryan, faced with aught new in life, asked: "Will it pay?"—or what had like meaning—"What *use* is it in this material world?" The Eastern, under similar condition, asked only: "Is it *true*?"

And if the clear and lucid Āryan mind—perhaps the greatest, and without a doubt the most active and most earnest mental instrument humanity has yet evolved upon our earth—if that keen engine of research has lately, in the western world, made strides so marvellous in the conquest of the world material, it had not done less in India in The Buddha's days in conquest of the wider realm of spiritual knowledge, of the Kingdom of the Truth, the Empire of the deeper things of life. Our western world has only within the last decade produced its first attempt to study and to classify those deeper realms of life to which the mind, in special states of exaltation, can gain access;¹ in India, not the mere three earlier stages of spiritual experience dealt with in Professor James' work

¹ The reference is to *The Varieties of Religious Experience*, by Prof. William James; Longmans Green & Co., London, New York, and Bombay, 1907. The Author, however, was unfortunately admittedly unacquainted with the Buddhist aspect of his subject; and, consequently his work for the most part is concerned with Christian religious experience, and its classification, alone.

were known, but *eight* had been so thoroughly investigated, had so far become the common knowledge of all who studied these matters, that their nature is dismissed with a mere stereotyped collection of phrases most tantalising to the modern student, as premising a knowledge of their details which he does not possess; and to these Eight Realms of Thought—each in succession transcending the last one, as the clear lucid realm of waking life transcends in vivid sequent consciousness the world of dreams—The Buddha added yet another: that “State Beyond all Life,” which now we call Nirvāṇa.

The reason for the intense devotion of the Burmese to their religion, on the one hand, and on the other the significance and value of that religion in itself, will now be clear to the reader. That devotion, as well as that significance and value, arise from the circumstance that in the religion of Burma, preserved albeit in the minds of a Mongolian race, till recently secluded by the natural barriers of sea and hill, we have the final and the greatest product of Aryan religious thought, the ultimate outcome of centuries of religious training and experience; the result achieved by generations immemorial of Aryan thinkers under circumstances as favorable for success in this direction as the conditions of western life have been favorable to the development of modern science. The parallel, indeed, between the two extends much further than mere similarity of conditions—extends to the very fundamental principles of the two great bodies of knowledge. In both, the whole grand edifice of thought rests upon the discovery of the Principle of Causation; in both, the natural concept of the immature mind—the thought arising from the earlier reign of Animism, that all phenomena are the outcome of the activity of some living, if spiritual, being or beings—is set aside, and we enter the ordered kingdom of the Reign of Law; and we may truly say that what Newton did for modern science in his

stupendous discovery of the Law of Gravitation, that, twenty-five centuries ago, The Buddha accomplished for the science of the deeper things of life—the science, rather, of Life itself—in His discovery and enunciation of the universal Law of Karma. A religion without a God, denying the animistic conception of a subtle and immortal spirit tenanting the body of man, which yet can give, not faith, but reasoned hope for future progress and ultimate supreme attainment; empty of prayer, yet giving to its followers the solace prayer so surely brings; void of all dogma, yet offering to the fullest extent the sense of surety which dogma brings to those who can accept it; a religion founded on observation and attainment, whose results are always open to any who may duly carry out the requisite preliminaries; asking of its followers not Faith, but Understanding—such is the astonishing spectacle afforded the student by the religion of Burma—a spectacle not, perhaps, without its keen significance for that other western stream of Aryan life, now, by dint of ‘mental’ growth, come well-nigh to the parting of the ways with all its earlier beliefs.

The religion of Burma thus appeals to its adherents in each of the great departments of human mental activity; in the domain of the intellect by the clarity and reasoned logic of its doctrines; and in the realm of the emotional life by the heart-moving story of the Founder’s search after Truth, His compassion for all that suffers, and His Attainment; and, not less even than these high influences, by the exalted altruism of its deeper Teachings. If you were to ask of a Burman the reason for his passionate devotion to his creed, the reply that he would give would be “because it is so beautiful and true,” and this reply gives us the key-note of the whole Teaching of the Buddhist Sacred Books. For, in these, in the ancient language which The Master spoke, and which has come to hold in Burma much the same position that Latin held in Europe in the Middle Ages, we find

no word equivalent to our 'Buddhism' at all. The native word is *DHAMMA*, (Skt. *Dharma*), meaning, in this connexion, both 'Truth' and 'Law,' and the common phrase used in the Pāli to cover the entire body of the religion, may be translated 'This Truth and Discipline'—a phrase which at least more nearly approximates to the nature of the religion than does our modern 'Buddhism'. *Whatever* is true—the truth concerning the deeper things of life—that, for the 'Buddhist,' is part of his religion; and in fact, whilst indeed He gave a new and a special significance to many a technical term then prevalent amongst His fellow-countrymen, The Buddha handed on, in His 'Truth and Discipline,' many a thought and many a detail of spiritual practice and attainment which had been won by Indian Saints and Sages long before the era of His work and Life.

From the synopsis already given of the general character of Buddhism, the reader will well understand that in this religion there is nothing to correspond to the definite creeds and sacraments familiar to western minds. But there is a formula which—always understanding that in itself there lies no special saving power—has come to be regarded as marking the formal entry of a person into the number of the lay-disciples of The Buddha, the recitation of which thus, in a sense, may be regarded as the equivalent of the Christian baptism, or to the public enunciation of one of the various Christian creeds. This formula is known in Pāli as the *Ti-sarana* or Three-fold Refuge-formula; it runs: "*Buddhaṃ saranāṃ gacchāmi, Dhammaṃ saranāṃ gacchāmi, Saṅghaṃ saranāṃ gacchāmi*"—"I go to the Buddha as my Refuge (or, as my Guide), I go to the Truth as my Refuge, I go to the Order as my Refuge"—the whole formulary being thrice recited. This recitation marks the beginning of every religious function in Burma, from the offering of a few flowers by a child at the local sanctuary to the public acceptance at the hands of a Chapter of the Order

of the higher degree of Ordination into the Monastic Brotherhood on the part of an adult novice. Having now given, in these introductory pages, a general idea of the nature, significance, and origin of the religion, we may most conveniently classify its details under the three headings of the Members of that *Ti-raṭaṇa*, that Threefold Precious Treasure wherein the Buddhist seeks, as we have seen, his Refuge and his Guide in life—the Treasure of the Enlightened One, the Exalted Lord, The *Buddha*; the Treasure of the Most Excellent Law, the Truth or *Dhamma*; the Treasure of the Holy Brotherhood, the Community of the *Saṅgha*; or, as one might briefly sum up the Holy Three—THE TEACHER, THE TEACHING, and THE TAUGHT.

II

THE BUDDHA

The word *BUDDHA*, from the Indo-Aryan root-word *Buddh*, to be awake, aware, and hence to know, signifies the Awakened, or the Illuminated, or Enlightened, One; it is thus not a name, but a title; the designation of an office or state of attainment. Correctly speaking, it is to the office, rather than to the holder of it, that reference is made in the above-cited Formula of the threefold Refuge; but, in just the same way as a British subject, speaking at the present time, might use the term 'The King,' meaning George V., so the Buddhist, in common usage, speaks of 'The Buddha' as meaning the particular Indian Sage who founded the present 'Buddhist Religion'. Buddhist eschatology informs us that alike in this world as in others (for Buddhism teaches the existence of innumerable inhabited worlds besides our own), there arises, from time to time, a man who, by dint of long search after Truth, sought for the sake of the salvation of suffering beings, attains by His own effort to Supreme Enlightenment, to *Sammāsambodhi* or Very Buddhahood; and, having

so attained, He announces to all mankind 'The Way,' by following which they likewise may attain to this same Goal of Perfected Wisdom and Compassion. Those who, following the 'Truth and Discipline' set forth by a Very Buddha, reach in this life to the same ultimate Goal of Perfected Being are termed, not Buddhas, but Arahans (meaning the Exalted or Honored Ones); whilst yet a third class, who win again by their own effort, protracted through many lives, to the Goal of Perfection, finding the Way for themselves, instead of following the Way taught by a Very Buddha—are termed Pacceka-Buddha (Skt. Pratyeka-Buddha, meaning, Enlightened by self-effort); but differ from a Very Buddha in that—not having sought the Truth for sake of others, but only for their own Deliverance—they lack the special 'Iddhi of the Dhamma'—the Power of the Truth which enables a Very Buddha so to frame words as may best move the hearts of His fellow-beings as to bring them also to seek out the 'Way of Peace'. Buddhism teaches—in a specially modified sense we shall presently consider—the Doctrine of Transmigration—teaches, that is, that every living being both has lived before this present birth, and will continue in existence thereafter; and, in accordance with its root-conception of Causation, it makes the state of each birth causally dependent on the acts of those which preceded it. The qualifications, therefore, for the subsequent attainment of the status of a Very Buddha are, first, an immense and all-dominating *compassion* for the suffering involved in life, and the desire to find some Truth so great that by its application beings may find eternal relief from the Suffering of repeated transmigration; secondly, *the practice*, with this end in view, of certain *Ten High Virtues*¹ (Dasa Pāramitā, in Pāli) perfecting Himself in these through the devotion and self-sacrifice of

¹ The ten are: Dana, Charity; Sila, Morality; Nekkhamma, Renunciation; Pañña, Wisdom; Viriya, Strenuousness; Khanti, Patience; Sacca, Truthfulness; Adhitthāna, Resolution; Metta, Loving-kindness; and Upekkhā, Resignation, or aloofness from the world's desires.

many following lives; whilst, thirdly, the self-destined Buddha, thus suffused with Pity past all measuring, aspiring to attainment of the Supreme Enlightenment for that Suffering's relief, must solemnly devote Himself to this stupendous task in presence of a Very Buddha; and must thereafter practise the Ten High Virtues through manifold successive lives, until the necessary 'Tower of the Truth' is won.

One who possesses these qualifications and has so definitely decided that, instead of seeking out the Truth for himself, so reaching Nirvāṇa and passing 'Beyond' all life, He will continue suffering re-birth after re-birth, in order that He may become a Very Buddha, is termed a Bodhisatta, or Buddha-To-Be, from the era of His self-devotion to this task until His attainment of Very Buddhahood.¹ He who now, for this our world, is known as The Buddha, thus perfected Himself in the Ten High Virtues for five hundred and fifty successive lives, in any one of which He might—so high already was the nature and degree of His spiritual Attainment in even the first of them—have won to Arahanship, have attained Nirvāṇa, and so secured His own immediate and everlasting Peace, had He not thus devoted Himself, at the expense of His own spiritual progress and attainment, to life after life of self-renunciation, of arduous practice of the High Perfections, so that He might in the end throw wide the Way of Peace to all.²

¹ Until the actual moment of that Supreme Attainment. Hence it follows—as should here be explained so as to avoid confusing the student unfamiliar with Buddhist terminology—that the term Bodhisatta, Buddha-To-Be, is applied to Him Who was to become the Buddha Gotama—Very Buddha of this present Buddha-Era or Dispensation (Sāsana)—not only in previous lives but in His last life—as Siddhattha Gotama—down to the time of the Supreme Enlightenment.

² All these details as to the previous existence of the Buddha, His renunciation, as Bodhisatta, of his own immediate spiritual welfare for sake of others, and so forth, are, it may appear, of the nature of dogmas—of *ex-cathedra* statements of facts beyond the possibility of demonstration. This, however, is not the case; they are, first, facts ascertained by the insight of The Buddha, and placed on record by His disciples; they are in fact, accepted 'on faith' by His present followers, though it is a reasoned belief rather than mere blind faith—reasoned, that is, from the

Passing from these traditional details as to the previous lives of the Bodhisattā to the historical facts concerning His last existence, we find that He, who was presently to receive the adoration of more followers than any other of the great Teachers of humanity, was born in Northern India in the earlier half of the sixth century before Christ, son of Suddhodana, the King or Chief of an aristocratic and proud Āryan clan known as the Sākya, 'the Capable Ones'. The space allotted us for this article, and the wide extent of the ground that must yet be covered if we are to give even a mere outline of what the Religion of Burma teaches and implies, makes it impossible that we should give more than the barest outline of the story of this Life which has changed the history of Asia, and may yet change the destinies of all the world. Those who seek further acquaintance with that story—and much indeed of the wonderful hold of Buddhism on its followers' minds is due directly to its inspiring and heart-moving circumstance, so that clear insight to the Burmese character can scarce be had without the knowledge—may find it in *The Light of Asia* of Sir Edwin Arnold; in *The Soul of a People*; Bigandet's *Life and Teaching of Gautama the Buddha*; and in several other current works. Here we must confine ourselves to the briefest possible outline.

Born the son of King Suddhodana and of Māyādevi his Queen, the birth-name of Siddhattha, 'The All-Prospering,' was given to the illustrious subject of this sketch. Marked out from His very nativity as of world-changing destiny—for the Brāhmanas of His father's court had announced that either He would become a *Cakkavattin*, a world-ruling Emperor, or else, renouncing earthly conquest, home and

circumstance that wherever we can test the truth of a statement of The Buddha (as in the case of the two first of the Four Noble Truths) we find His statements absolutely true. But the point is, first, that belief in these details is not necessary to the Buddhist; a man might be truly a Buddhist in our sense without accepting them at all; and, secondly, the chief point to which our attention is directed in connexion with them is the nature of the ideal they portray. That ideal—Selflessness, renunciation of self-interest for others' sake—is Buddhism, and is essential.

kingdom, He would attain to the Supreme Enlightenment, to Universal Empire in the far more glorious Kingdom of the Truth—the young Prince, commonly known in after-life by His clan-name of Gotama, was from His cradle surrounded with all the pomp and luxury and circumstance that an Oriental Court of those days could bestow. The worldly heart of His royal father, moved by that selfsame spirit of contempt for the realities of life which makes a changing of their native-born religion, at dictate of "high interests of State," possible even for modern royalties, desired for his Son no spiritual empire, but only the worldly kingship won at the cost of the suffering of thousands; and dreamed of the Prince as adding kingdom unto kingdom, till all the earth should own his sway. Remembering the prophecy of one, greatest among the Sages who had prophesied the Prince's future glory, that of the two paths of life but one—the path of spiritual achievement—lay truly open for the Prince to tread; remembering, also, how that Sage had told him further that his Son would be inspired to leave the world when He should learn how sickness, suffering, and death were common heritage of all that live, the King ordained that the young Prince should be brought up in a palace from which all sight and mention of these evils should be banished; thinking thus to hide from Him all motive to compassion, until He should have entered past all doubting into the course of earthly conquest and of human rule.

So, shielded from all knowledge of the wide world's suffering, surrounded but by young and lovely playfellows, all eager to secure that never a careless word let fall should whisper in His heart of misery without those guarded palace-walls; girt by a never-ending stream of pleasure and instruction in the sports and duties of His royal caste, the little Prince grew up from youth to manhood, nor ever dreamed of pain, sickness and sorrow, of old age or drear decay or death. Yet even so begirt by all that fair conspiracy of silence and of worldly love

those round Him noted signs that filled the King's too worldly heart with fear. Often, he learned, the Prince would fall, despite all effort of His young companions, into deep reverie and silent hours of thought; and when, grown presently to manhood's age, he loved and wedded the daughter of a neighboring monarch, the Princess Yasodharā, Suddhodāna rejoiced, thinking that here, in earthly love, a fetter stronger than all his palace-guards could forge was found. Wedded at nineteen, for ten long years no offspring came to Him, and the king greatly grieved thereat, lacking this second chain of worldly love wherewith to bind his Son.

But vain at last were all the King's precautions, as vain at last are all the plans and schemes of worldly policy and compromise—seeing that all things change, that Death is Lord and guerdon of all life. What the present might not tell Him, all His selfless past lay ready to reveal; and the story tells us, with all the pomp and circumstance of Oriental imagery, how Truth at last came homeward to the Prince's heart. Even there amidst that guarded palace-garden, in the sunlight scented with the fairest flowers of life, the Love that would not be denied, the Truth that would not be concealed, practised and sought through all those previous lives of self-renunciation for the world, told Him how all that lives is subject to Sorrow: to Despair, to Sickness, to Old Age and Death. For Him the Veil that hides from us the memory of the by-gone life and garnered wisdom was for a moment lifted; for Him a Vision, seen by no other eyes, appeared; a Voice that none else might hear spoke from the immemorial past; and, even as He rode there in His chariot with His chief comrade, the Truth—the bitter truth about the world—came home.

Men in that day in India had realised how no one can follow in the path of worldly compromise, and at the same time win the inner hidden King-

dom of Spiritual Truth and Life. So it had become the custom, when a man had heard the call of the religious life, that he should leave *all*—home and friends and every circumstance of worldly welfare—and, clad in the orange robe of the religious, wander about the earth, even as he was wandering through the deeper reaches of the mind's wide kingdom, begging his daily food from the charity of the poorest of his fellow-men. Sickness, Old Age, and Death, each in His vision had appeared, personified before the Prince's wondering, pitying gaze; and last of all there stood before Him the simulacrum of one of these ascetic Wanderers; whereat the bygone sleeping Memory had stirred within His heart, and He had seen and understood what it behoved Him then to do. Could Truth live in a palace, or the anodyne for all this mass of Suffering be found amidst that acme of the worldly life He then was living? Nay, surely; and then and there the Prince resolved that even that night He would go forth, a homeless Wanderer, to seek the Way of Liberation for the healing of the Sorrow of the world.

And then—just when the King's last hope had really crumbled into dust—then, as He returned, silent and thoughtful from that last chariot-drive, they brought Him the news Suddhodāna so long had looked for—news that there was born to Him a child, a son. Hanging upon His words, the attendants, little-comprehending, heard Him murmur: "*This is, indeed, another Fetter I must break,*"—and so, thereafter, they named His son as Rahula, *The Fetter*; and later, when he had become one of his exalted Father's followers, he bore that name, even in the Brotherhood itself.

That night, when all lay sleeping, the Prince, summoning His faithful charioteer, rode forth from home and kingdom, from wife and child, from luxury and love; and, at the boundary of his father's little kingdom, cast aside His royal dress and passed away, clad in the Wanderer's Yellow

Robe, never again to see the faces He had loved until Supreme Enlightenment had widened for His heart the boundaries of Love's Empire, till they included the infinitude of every being that has life. He, bred upon the lap of luxury, henceforth was to live on such poor food as charity might offer; brought up in a palace, henceforth the earth must be His couch; no longer Prince, He dwelt among earth's humblest—but earth's holiest; for He had done what was *truly* great, He had set aside the path of compromise with worldly wisdom and the estimation of His royal kinsfolk; had cast aside that shadow of possession which worldly men deem real, for the Heart's Light within, the true kingdom of spiritual possession.

And yet, so far, it was but for a dream, a hope, that He had made this Great Renunciation.¹ In His heart there lay no store of inner knowledge such as might seem to offer recompense for all He cast aside; it was but a hope that shone before Him, and not unseldom, we may be sure, a hope that seemed well-nigh despairing. Surely somewhere, somehow, a sovereign remedy for all life's pain must hide?

For six long years He sought it—that hope so near us all, and yet so hard to find. Men then believed that Wisdom might be won only by starving, torturing the body; they thought, like the ascetics of all climes and ages, that Insight might be gained only by treating as an enemy the body of this life. As has been said, the religions of India in that time had won to depths of spiritual Attainment far beyond aught that the West-Āryan yet has learned; they knew the way, by intense inward contemplation, to wake up from this our waking state as a man wakes out of dreams; to enter realm after realm of spiritual Attainment,

¹ For it is to this event of 'The Going-forth from Home'—His *Pabbajja*—that the Buddhist world in general gives the title of 'The Great Renunciation'. But more truly, perhaps, may that term be applied to some still greater episode of the *interior*, the *spiritual* Life of the Exalted Lord—perhaps to His decision, after the Supreme Attainment, to declare the Liberating Truth for the Healing of All Life instead of entering the Peace at once—or, perhaps, to some event even beyond our possibilities of thinking.

depth after depth of being's mystery; so that whilst the earthly body lay entranced, the mind wandered free through heights and depths of ecstasy, of being so intense our thought can never compass it, just as in dreams we cannot grasp the clearer vivid consciousness of waking life. What the wise then knew, quickly the erstwhile Prince now gathered, passing from Sage to Sage, learning their methods, and practising alike their modes of inward ecstasy and their austerities, until at last there lived no Sage, no Holy One amongst them all, who had won further into Being's depths than He; or any Wanderer so famed, even there in India, where asceticism long had reached to the very ultimate of human endurance, for the awful rigor of His penances, the strictness of His vigils and His fasts.

To the very Heights of Being, He attained—to that Supreme, that Ultimate of conscious Being, known in India as the Brahman or the Paramātman; the Uttermost of Selfhood, the Light of Life whereto all this Universe is, as it were but a shadow; this living, breathing, manifold Existence but the wavering darkness of Its multi-scient Light. To that Supremest Cosmic Consciousness He won, and yet turned back to earth in what approached despair. For—as indeed all others who thus had reached that Higher Self of all the Universe, had also seen, in the light of the wide-reaching Understanding that that Attainment of itself involves—He saw that even here was no *Finality*—no Endless Peace such as He had sought for Liberation of All Life. There too, howsoever exalted, howsoever subtle and supreme that Ultimate of Life might be—there too reigned Selfhood; and there, thence, Desire; even as one of India's ancient Sages sang: "*In the beginning Desire arose in That, which was the Germ, the Origin of Mind.*" Subtle and high as It might be, It still lay under that fell bondage of Desire; and, as the Rshis taught that Brahman, desiring, had emanated all this Universe in Its creative thought; and when at last, after the 'Age of Brahmā,' all living things had once

again, through paths of suffering life innumerable, won back to that Supreme of Being, even then, after the vast period of rest in the 'Night of Brahman,' once more the undestroyed Desire must spring; once more a new, another torture-teeming Universe come forth—and so on to eternity.

But it was just from this same awful Cycle of Unending Life inalienably involved in Pain, that He, now grown so wise, sought refuge and a Way of Liberation—a *final* Peace, a Goal secure, not destined to be lost again, was the one remedy for all this pain-filled self-respecting Life. Finding that in these spiritual Attainments of the R̥shis, and in the dread austerities they practised, lay not that sure Peace He hoped to win, He turned away alike from system and from practices; and then it was that the little body of disciples, five in number, who had so far followed Him—hoping to win guerdon of their service when He should gain the Ultimate Enlightenment—deserted Him in that hour of disappointment and despair. He, who had so starved His body as never another Saint in India, once more took food sufficient for proper nourishment of His frame; and so these Five—daring, as ever the little-minded dare, to judge their Master's conduct—left Him, thinking that now He never would attain.

But ever the darkest hour precedes the dawn, and so it was with the Bodhisattva. We may well see how, at that self-righteous judgment and desertion, His thoughts must have well-nigh a moment wavered; must have turned back to all that so real-seeming life that He had cast away—for *this*. Then, when His disciples left Him in petty scorn, because He not only perceived that the ascetic practice of six long torturing years was all an error, a mistake—that no Way of Liberation ever could open up that way—but also had the moral courage then and there to leave a practice He had seen was useless; then, weakened by long fast and vigil, wearied as even the greatest must

weary of the littleness of life, the futility of all our utmost striving; then, we may well conceive how even that compassionate Heart must once again have turned to the thought of all the worldly welfare He had left behind. Father and wife and child, old faces and beloved companions of His youth; the throne that waited still and prayed for Him; the visible reality of kingship He had left behind; how then these things must all have called to Him, deserted, discredited, abandoned, because even in defeat He would not for a moment follow on a path that once He saw could not attain the Goal He sought! Not for Himself, but for helping of mankind, the suffering, pain-filled world, had He abandoned all these things: and yet, at fancied rumor of a temporary defeat, those who to Him represented the world for which He had so arduously striven, left Him discredited, alone! The Books relate, once more in Oriental trope and imagery, how this last terrible temptation came to Him; how Māra the Tempter of Men's Hearts, the Spirit of Worldliness that lives in each of us, marshalled his hosts for conflict—the last great battle for the mastery between the good and evil of that incomparable mind. There in the solitary jungle came the conflict, as, seated beneath the Tree thereafter sacred to His memory, He passed in review the painful struggle of those six so arduous years. Had he not tried it *all*, proved every path by personal effort, won to the very highest State of Being of which the ancient Saints had sung? He was profoundly acquainted with states of being so high and wonderful that men might spend whole lives in seeking them, and yet could not attain; the ancient Saints said this was all; that beyond That Brahman was no further progress—It, the Ultimate of Life—and yet, even in That was still a bondage, even that Heart of Being still was subject to the Law of Change—subject, since still there reigned in It Desire. Desire! From height to depth of Life Desire was King; and the root of this Desire lay hidden and protected in the very citadel of Self

of Life! And if from it, from that all-dominant Desire, even in the Ultimate of Life, the Self Supreme—a Selfhood widened till its boundaries embraced even the whole of Life—was no escape, how should there be found ever a Deliverance out of Suffering; seeing that Sorrow's Cause lies in Desire, in Self-desire alone? What use, indeed, to give up all the goods of life, to cast aside the world in search of Liberation for All Life, if so one but exchanged the lower bondage for the higher; the gross desires of worldly life, the petty kingdom of the lower selfhood, for that all-immanent and all-including Selfhood of the Brahman—if so one but exchanged the suffering of years for that of æons; if even Brahman still was Selfhood, subject still to that grim Law whereby pain follows every thought for Self?

So, to the Bodhisattā seated solitary beneath the Tree Buddhists now term the Bodhi-tree, or Tree of Wisdom, came home the Great Temptation—the conflict with Māra the wicked and his host, the powers of evil dramatised to vivid Selfhood in His mind; the final struggle in that great mind-empire for the mastery betwixt the powers of evil and of good. And in the end (as always in the end) the nobler triumphed; the evil perished never to rise within that heart again. Even as He had seated Himself beneath the Tree of Wisdom, the Bodhisattā made the Great Resolve: *"Never will I arise from this place, though this My frame shall perish of starvation—not though the blood within these veins shall cease to flow, till I have won Enlightenment supreme;"* and when at last the final dire temptation—the image of the weeping wife calling Him back to pleasure and to love—was vanquished and had fled, then, open before that searching mental Vision sprang the sealed doorways of a new, another Pathway—a Path, the very name of which had died out of the memory of the earth's holiest; the Path which leads to Liberation from all thralldom; the way of Selflessness which reaches to Life's Further Shore. Through the long sequent line of many a

by-gone and forgotten life He looked back to that time wherein, meeting Dīpaṅkara, the Very Buddha of an age well-nigh unthinkably remote, He, then named Sumedha, an ascetic Wanderer already come near to the fulfilment of all holiness, had turned back from the Path Dīpaṅkara, the Blessed One, had opened to His followers; and then, before that Holy, that Exalted One, had taken the Great Resolve Himself to become a Very Buddha for salvation of the worlds. And through it all He now, in light of the new great Dawn that was upon Him, traced the clear causal line of this high Path of Peace. Not through the well-known way of Indian Saint and Sage, mounting from Height to Height of Being, yet ever bound by chains of subtler-growing Selfhood, stretched this high Path, so new and yet so old; not through the successive Planes of Consciousness, but through the Way of Selflessness that Path extended; outcome of acts innumerable of Self-renunciation, its motive power Compassion—pity for suffering life grown great and strong, till it embraced all things that live. As one might understand whose mind had opened to perception of a fourth spatial dimension, the way to which lay equally from high or low, from up or down, in three-dimensional space, so now He saw how this new Path led equally from highest as from lowest realms of conscious life. Wherever in the All of conscious Life there reigns no thought of Self, there lies that Path of Peace; so hard to win, and yet so nigh for all. Looking deeper yet in that profoundest Meditation, He saw behind the causal sequences of all those lives the power that moved them all—the twelve-linked Cycle of Causation, Nescience, Ignorance, Not-Understanding, giving birth through an inevitable sequence to conscious Life, to Change, to Death, and so to Life once more; and here again His growing Insight showed Him how Self the enemy lay at the root of all this Cycle of self-repeating change; how, when the thought and hope of Self had died, with it, too, died the power of Life's Law—the power which brings to birth and death.

And so, finishing the Path, He came to where. Its End is, in a State Beyond all Life, wherein the triple fires of Nescience—Craving, and Hatred, and the Delusion of the Self—no more can burn; to That which is the Goal and Hope of Life, the State of Peace that reigns where Self is dead. Fruition of all Life, and yet Beyond and Other than all Life, it grows but from the ashes of the Self outburnt; as from the seed's decay and utter dissolution, from the mire and darkness of the earth, springs forth the flower to sunlight and the wide-extending air. Freed from all mental bondages, Conqueror of Self, Master of the Hidden Mysteries of Pain and Birth and Death: a Very Buddha, Utterly-Enlightened, with the great Knowledge in his Heart whereby whoso should follow it should likewise win Nirvāṇa's Peace: so He attained His Aim, His Hope, His Goal: so won the Healing Truth that solves the fever of this Life enselved: saw yet Beyond All Life, a New, Another, and a Final Light.

So, with the dawning sun that saw the end of that great night's Temptation and Attainment; so, with the vaster, cosmic Dawn of Utter Wisdom in His Heart, once more the Way of Peace stood open to the world. Millions unnumbered since that day have followed in the Way He showed; and even now, when half five thousand years have well-nigh sped, millions still seek it, still turn to It as Hope and Light of Life and Goal. Over this land of Burma, where these words are written, It still reigns supreme; the Message of It written over all the land in Shrine and Monastery and Temple; written still deeper in the hearts and lives of women and of men. Forty long years after that supreme Illumination, the Master lived and taught His growing band of followers, passing at last Himself from Life for ever, into the Silence, the Utter Peace whereunto He had shown the Way.

All that long ministry of Love and Wisdom we must needs pass over; and if it shall appear that too

much space has even now been given to these earlier, striving, searching years than to the longer period when their fruits were garnering, the answer is that in these earlier years the secret of the Master's power over Burmese hearts lies hid. Become a Very Buddha, won to Full Enlightenment, freed from the Chains of Selfhood, Master and Teacher of the Gods and men, His personality submerged in His all-dominating Office, men's hearts refuse to think of Him—so Holy and so High. But when, like all of us, He knew not; when, for pity of the pain of all that lives, He gave up all that men hold dear to follow what the worldly deem a shadow; when He made mistakes, as in those six long years of vain self-torture; and, learning their vanity, was forsaken by His disciples in that He could no longer follow what He saw to be untrue: then, there, the hearts of men can echo in response to Him, then the thought of Him can thrill our lives to greater nobleness; stirring our life's depths until we long—yet ah! how vainly long—to grow a little nearer to His likeness; to live a little nearer to the life He lived!

Only one thing more can here be told of that great Life: a fact which cannot be omitted here, for without its deep significance the whole incomparable history of Buddhism could not be understood. It is the fact that, when He passed away, His near disciples, looking back on all those years of constant teaching and example, could say of Him: "*So passed away the Great, the Loving Teacher, Who never spake an angry or a cruel word.*" Only that, and yet what blessing for humanity has not been hidden in that brief pregnant summary of a Life—greatest of any life amongst the myriads of the sons of men! A Teacher of Religion, the Founder of a great Religion, Who lived amongst His fellows, these holding views and following creeds the most diverse; Who lived and taught for forty years the new Truth He had found, the Truth He burned to help His fellow-men wherewith; and yet, Who never spoke an angry or a cruel word! Think, you

that read, what potency of truth lies hidden in that little sentence. Forty years' ministry of teaching, and never an angry word—no word of blame or harsh denunciation of the worldly of His time; no threatenings of hell for those who would not follow in the way He taught! It is because His followers could truly say that of His Life, that, in such contrast to all other of the world's great Faiths, Buddhists this day can boast that on their Creed's behalf has never one drop of blood been shed, never a persecution waged, never a 'Holy War' been prosecuted; although to-day five hundred million human beings have taken refuge in His Name, His Truth. To the Buddhist, that fact, did it stand alone, were proof beyond traversing of His Religion's truth. For men who *know*, no longer fight or angrily denounce each other; where Wisdom is, is perfect tolerance. The things for which men war are false by that same proof—where hatred and denunciation reign, there Truth is not. Think of the bitter wordy warfare of the logomachic pseudo-science of the Middle Ages in Europe; of the interminable controversies which waged between the different bodies of scholastics then; contrast this with the relative peace of modern science—at least where fundamental matters are concerned—and at once this attitude is obvious. Over acknowledged *facts*—such as the Law of Gravitation now-a-days appears—no vainest or most foolish man ever has lifted hand in wrath against his fellows; it is the *fancies* that men fight for; in defence of vain and false imaginations that they hate, oppose, and fight.

After even this so brief account of that first of the 'Three Jewels' or Refuges, THE BUDDHA, the nature of the Second Member of the Buddhist Triad will in part already be made clear. In His last Message to the world, the Master said to His disciples: "Do not think, after I am gone—'Our Teacher is no longer with us.' The Truth that I have taught you, that shall be your Teacher;" and so it has been to this day. The Master's Life and

The Master's Teaching, these are but parts reciprocal of one great Truth; that Life was the Truth in terms of human action; that Truth is but the Way whereby we seek to follow Him. Therefore it is that in this article so much space has been given to the story of the Buddha; with that His Teaching at once grows clear and luminous without it much must needs be little understood.

BHIKKHU ĀNANDA METTEYA

(To be concluded)

XMAS 1910

We wait for Thy Coming O Lord!
'According to Thy word,
Whether by night or in the day,
May it be soon, we pray.

The beasts of the field await Thee,
The creatures of the sea—
The little brothers of the air
Implore Thy tender care.

And every eager heart that longs
To right earth's bitter wrongs
Burns with desire Thy Voice to hear
And know that Thou art near.

But Thou know'st best the day and hour
To manifest Thy Power,
We humbly stand with sword in hand,
And wait for Thy Command.

U. M. B.

CONCRETE INSTANCES OF REINCARNATION

The doctrine of reincarnation, forming one of the strongest planks in the scheme of Hindū religion, has now been so carefully and elaborately discussed, in and out of the press, that little remains to be said on the subject from a theoretical point of view. The cumulative effects of this discussion and the repeated lectures on the subject—especially the lectures and works of Mrs. Annie Besant—have been to bring home to many a sceptic and unbelieving mind its importance and significance, as a principle without which no causation or evolution theory can be complete. To discourse any more on the subject with any force of reasoning is simply to repeat, though in an altered garb, the very arguments which have hundreds of times been employed with such marvellous effect by Mrs. Annie Besant and other Theosophist writers and speakers; but to add concrete instances establishing the doctrine and verifying its existence is indeed a contribution towards the consideration of the question from a standpoint which always appeals to the people, and brings conviction home to their minds. From this view-point the subject has a wide scope for consideration, and really stands in need of further light.

I give below a few instances, thoroughly sifted and verified on the spot. By reason of their genuineness and authenticity they leave little room for doubt.

On receiving information that a gentleman at Dholpur (between Agra and Gwalior) had a daughter who remembered her past life, I made close and searching inquiries into the matter and the result is this:

The girl is a niece of one Mukta Prasad, Nazar of the Iglas-Khas office, Dholpur. She is now ten years and

ten months old, having been born on the 2nd of Dhous-badi, Sambat 1956. When she was about six years old she used to talk of her previous birth and her former relatives. Luckily the scene of her previous life lay in a small village, Bhamtipura, near the Dholpur Tehsil courts, and not far from the house where she now lives. She was accordingly taken to that village, and, directly she reached the place where she lived in her previous life, she recognised every thing and every person, and began to call the latter by their proper names. In her former birth she had had two sons, Rāmachand and Samalia, Minas by caste, and one daughter Harko. She recognised them all and told of their connexions. She also said that she had left hoarded up in a wall of the house some cash and valuables, which are alleged to have been discovered by the two sons, though they now deny it for reasons of their own. All the particulars of her former life given by the girl have been carefully verified, and the persons concerned have been seen. The girl retains a faint memory of most of these things even now, but with growing years the veil of māyā (forgetfulness) is slowly falling upon her memory. Between the date of her death in the previous life and that of her new birth, there is an interval of some five years, which accounts for her soul's migrations on the astral plane.

Another case of similar nature, discovered and verified, is that one Harnarayn—a Brāhmaṇa who lived at Chowdhripura, in Dholpur—died, and was born as Durga Pershad, a carpenter, in Sambat 1940, and now lives at Damipura, Dholpur, not far from the place of his former birth. He is now about twenty-six years old, and when he was about five or six years old he came back to his former house and recognised all the persons and things there; and at his instance some cash and a hoe were discovered hidden in his stable beneath a stone used as a support for tying the hind-legs of his horse. While a mere boy he had a very vivid recollection of his past

life; and never ate anything touched by any person of his family other than his mother, on the plea that he was a Brāhmaṇa, and could not accept any eatables from the hands of Shūdras. His death in the past life is found to have occurred in Sambat 1938, so there is an interval of about 2 years between the death and the new birth that occurred in Sambat 1940. What has been said in reference to this case is well known at Dholpur, and the people of both places—the place where the man now lives and that where he lived in his previous life—are fully acquainted with the circumstances. The correctness of all that has been related has been tested by reference to the persons concerned.

Another case that has come to my notice refers to a village called Beelpura, District Torghar (Gwalior State). Here a Brāhmaṇa was killed in a family feud by a bullet from a gun. It was a foul murder. This man was born in the same village as a Thakur named Gulab Singh (?). While a boy he told all about his previous life, and related the circumstances under which he was murdered. A feeling of revenge led him to lodge a complaint in the criminal Court of the district against his murderers, and there were regular proceedings in the case, but the offence having been committed against the person in his previous life, for which the Court had no positive proof of the gross material nature which tells in a law court, the case was shelved. The record of the case is said to be still existing in the Pergana Court concerned.

Another instance, indicative of the transmigration of the soul, reported by a late Deputy Inspector of Police at Dholpur, is that of his elder brother's wife, who died some years ago. Soon after her death a girl resembling the deceased wife in all outward appearance was born to that brother's son. While a child, she told all about her former life, recognised all persons and things associated with that life, and always felt abashed in the presence of the

reporter's elder brother, who was her husband in her previous life. She still retained a taste for most of the eatables she had been fond of before, and she exhibited a special liking for tobacco, which had been a favorite with her before. The girl is now seven years old and lives at Agra. In this case no long interval between her death and new birth is said to exist. This interval varies with different individuals, in direct proportion to the gravity and depth of their inherent tendencies and desires.

A report received from a friend at Agra states that a Bania, who lived at Heengkimandi, Agra, died some years ago. He was born in a village in the Agra district. When a child he spoke of his previous life, and alluded to most of the associations of that time. People from Agra went to see the child in the village, and found that he gave an accurate account of most of the persons and things of his previous life.

Lately I have received information, for what it is worth, that on a tree near or about the Jhenjhak station on the E. I. Ry. there is a Brāhm-Rākṣhasa, who is well-versed in the Shāstras and speaks several languages. He talks of his late birth and is frequently seen by people. Enquiries are being made into the truth of this story and if any further particulars are available, they will be made known.

It may be said, by the way, that instances such as are related in this article can be multiplied to any extent, if one takes the trouble to go about and enquire in villages; for every big village has an instance or life to contribute. Indians, as a rule, are not fond of advertising their information, and it is owing to this lack of inclination that such instances, even when discovered and verified, do not appear in print.

SYAM SUNDAR LAL, C. I. E.

Dewan, Gwalior State.

ASTROLOGY IN THE LIGHT OF THEOSOPHY

THE Sun is the centre of the system in which we live, and move, and have our being. To the mind of the astrologer it is the *focus* of all the life and light that is constantly streaming into the solar universe, of which our globe receives its apportioned share. To the Theosophist it is the source of Prāṇa, or the life-breath, on every plane. The ebb and flow of this glorious life the astrologer can trace through the slow processes of nature, in the mineral world, in the luxurious growth of vegetable life, and its more active expression in the animal kingdom, until, arriving at our human state, he sees its culmination in a self-conscious expression so complex and bewildering, that it is small wonder he loses sight of the unity of life, for a time, in its manifold distinctions.

Within this vast solar system there are moving, at various rates of motion, a number of planets, each receiving as much as can be absorbed of this life, to send it forth again changed through contact with their own particular vibrations, or specialised life. By these motions, and the peculiar arrangement of the matter of which they are composed, each planet creates its own sphere of influence, and they in their turn affect, through the surrounding ethers of space, everything existing upon our globe, contracting, expanding, and changing the ordinary states of matter to such an extent that varying streams of solar life are constantly vibrating in a kaleidoscope of endless complexities.

To the astrological mind, each planet has its own primary rule over the various kingdoms of nature; they have also a sub-influence under their primary lords. They govern the rounds, races and sub-races of this globe,

and the nations of the world; also the religious that come forth from them, and also affect, more or less our human principles.

Directly and indirectly, these planets have a powerful influence upon our earth through the 'wireless,' or etheric, stations plainly figured in unmistakable language along the pathway of the ecliptic, the earth's limiting sphere, through which she receives the Prāṇa, or life-breath, of the Sun.

Through this living band of the Zodiac, more ancient than anything man has ever known, the earth, revolving once upon her axis in twenty-four hours, causes a rosy circle of light at dawn and sunset to fall upon a cross, the mystery of which has passed down through the ages by way of glyph and symbol, in which the crucifixions of Spirit and matter have been told to all who are willing to lose the lower life that the higher Self may find it.

They are simple facts in nature, the four quarters of the day, and the four seasons of the year, and yet they are full of correspondences and object lessons, as real as they appear to be fanciful. The earth revolving in her own small ring, also in the larger one round the Sun, forming loops or spirals, reminds us of the cycles or moods of our own lower and higher nature, and has a fuller correspondence in the changes these produce through their relation to the planets. Moreover, those two important circles change the light or life rays streaming out of the Sun, produce modifications in them, and cause these rays to be subject to the planetary spheres governing larger and wider circles.

Astrology names these rays, designating the minor cycles *houses* and *signs* of the Zodiac, each house and sign being the station, or *focus*, of the planetary rays through which they are reflected, or refracted, according to their sympathy or antipathy to them. The quality, however, of the zodiacal rays is quite distinct from that of the 'Planetary

Rays'. Separate, they represent *kāma* and *manas* respectively; mixed, or mingled together, they correspond to *kāma-manas*.

The earth in her diurnal motion, or minor cycle, is considerably affected by the serpentine course of the Moon, this luminary travelling through the zodiacal circle in a moonéth, or month, of twenty-eight days, during which time she throws her shuttle of destiny through the loom of the Zodiac, forming patterns that are ceaselessly changing, and ever bringing forth a variety of shapes as plastic and yielding as nature requires for her wondrous work of form-building.

In her major cycle the Earth, as well as the Moon, is influenced by Saturn, whose motion is equivalent in years to the Moon's cycle in days; and that which the Moon fabricates with her silver webbing, Saturn consolidates and gives permanence to by resistance.

There is also another motion of the earth caused by the Moon's monthly circuit, known as the monthly movement of the earth round the centre of gravity of the Earth and Moon combined. It has an equivalent in the period of Venus, giving grace and elegance to the lunar shapes, and beauty (with symmetrical curves) to the Saturnine stability.

The *annual* motion of the earth, during which the Sun *appears* to pass through each of the zodiacal signs in twelve months, is governed by the Sun in its minor cycle, and has its correspondence in the period of Jupiter, which is exactly twelve *years*. In its major cycle it is governed by Uranus, which has a period of eighty-four years, or seven years to each division of the solar cycle.

In Theosophic teachings these planets correspond to the golden web of *Prāṇa* at one pole, and the *Ākāsha* at the other, and the various '*Auric*' circles in the human principles. This agreement between Astrology and

Theosophy runs throughout the whole of the cycles where human life is concerned, and reveals the working of karma in a manner that is most instructive and illuminative to students of human nature, especially when it is remembered that each major cycle is a spiral of the circle below.

Each cycle, large or small, is governed by one of the planets, the smaller cycles referring in time to hours, days, months, and years; the major cycles to much larger periods concerning rounds, races, nations, etc., the whole being too vast a subject to deal with apart from mathematical computations. We must therefore be content to deal with a comparatively minor cycle of diurnal influences, or planetary hours, and it may be as well at the same time to make a slight digression in explaining their value to occult students. Each hour, directly after sunrise (especially equated in high latitudes), is governed by one of the planets as follows:

Sunday	☉	Sun
Monday	♂	Moon
Tuesday	♂	Mars
Wednesday	☿	Mercury
Thursday	♃	Jupiter
Friday	♀	Venus
Saturday	♄	Saturn

For purposes of meditation, when one is not accustomed to the practice, or for harmonising the lower mind with the higher, an experiment may be made with these planetary hours by those who know the value of conserved energy, and desire to follow the lines of least resistance. In the first hour after sunrise on Monday, concentration should be practised by those who find the lower mind hard to still, for this hour is governed by the forces concerned with lower mind building.

Those who are troubled by the *kāmic* elementals should think or meditate on 'Purity, Love, and Truth,' in the first hour of Tuesday. Those seeking the 'bridge'

between the higher and lower manas should take the first hour of Saturday, and for abstract thinking the first hour of Friday.

Those who would meditate upon a healthy aura, or body, will do well to try the first hour of Thursday; those who wish to send good thoughts to those they love may try the first hour of Wednesday; those who would cultivate a strong will the first hour of Sunday.

To those who are fond of visualising in colors the following suggestions may be useful.

Monday—Violet changing into heliotrope or pale lilac.

Tuesday—Red to bright-scarlet fading into rose pink.

Wednesday—Yellow changing to the palest lemon cream touched with bright gold.

Thursday—Golden strands and the brightest flashes of the Sun's rays.

Friday—Blue fading into its brightest and palest hues.

Saturday—Green changing to the brightest shades of pale green and finally into pale lemon.

Sunday—A blending of colors commencing from deep violet and changing into the colors of the solar spectrum, each held and clearly defined in the mind until any color can be produced at will.

After this digression we must pass to a deeper and closer study of our cycles and the ever-changing life and light that is passing through them. "As above so below" is the echo that may be heard throughout the whole of the astrological creed.

The astrologer proclaims man to be a miniature universe, a seed from a divine root, and he seeks to understand the unfolding of the potentialities within the millions of seeds scattered throughout the world. Each seed he contemplates is a cell within the divine life of

the solar system, the Sun being the glowing vesture of a Mighty Intelligence, or the outward glory of its Ruler. This solar system, in its turn, is but a mighty cell within the life of a vaster sphere, and so on into infinitude, the whole bathing in the Light of the ONE Almighty God.

Astrologically speaking, our Earth is thought of as a large cell, or a great egg, floating in space with certain peculiar revolutions, as we have seen; its motion is marked by geometrical lines into many distinct divisions, revealing its limitations in solid, aqueous, fiery, and etheric states of matter; and therefore is separated into various *planes*, where it *receives*, along its line of correspondence with other interior planes, certain vibrations charging the ethers surrounding it with peculiar characteristics. In this respect the earth is divided into four primary zones and four subsidiary zones on either side of the equator, and traces its 'aura' or sphere of attractive influence *externally* on one side to the planet Mars and internally (toward the Sun) to the planet Mercury.

Between the earth and the sphere of Mars the Moon has a collective or generative influence, a kind of spontaneous combustion, which is directly connected with the Zodiac in its simple or natural stimulus to motion, sensation, and instinct. All the rudimentary impulses of lunar influence are controlled, expanded, or limited by the various signs of the Zodiac, each acting as a focus for the external forces that are constantly playing upon the lower forms for life's expression.

The Zodiac is the zone of the stars traversed by the Sun in the course of a year of twelve months or 365 days. The word is derived from the Greek *zodiakos*, signifying 'animal' and this derivation is due to the fact that most of the figures traced on this belt of stars represent animals. It is divided into twelve parts that are called the twelve signs of the Zodiac, also named by ancient astrologers 'The houses of the Sun'.

No.	Sign	Symbol	Nature	Quality	Ruler
1	Aries	♈ Ram	Cardinal	Fire	♂
2	Taurus	♉ Bull	Fixed	Earth	♀
3	Gemini	♊ Twins	Mutable	Air	♂
4	Cancer	♋ Crab	Cardinal	Water	♂
5	Leo	♌ Lion	Fixed	Fire	☉
6	Virgo	♍ Virgin	Mutable	Earth	♀
7	Libra	♎ Balance	Cardinal	Air	♀
8	Scorpio	♏ Scorpion	Fixed	Water	♂
9	Sagittarius	♐ Archer	Mutable	Fire	♂
10	Capricorn	♑ Goat	Cardinal	Earth	♂
11	Aquarius	♒ Man	Fixed	Air	♂
12	Pisces	♓ Fishes	Mutable	Water	♂

This circle of the Zodiac reveals the nature of all things brought to birth within its indubitable and intricate sphere of influence. No form can take shape or birth without receiving its impressive stamp or indelible mark—an important factor where human birth is concerned.

At the moment of the prenatal epoch—the astrological term for a time that is approximate to physical conception—the conceived form has photographed upon it certain characteristics which it has absorbed from this zodiacal circle. “In the twinkling of an eye,” or less than a moment of time, and that which has been done is beyond recall. Two elements have come together and a birth of something must result. An opportunity is offered for a latent force to be energised, and the simple act is the apparent cause for a great result. It may not be the actual beginning, however, although it does coincide with

a mark in the great wheel of effects arising out of previous causes, but through it an ego has made a physical link with a form that is to be produced at a certain stage in its evolution on the physical plane. That moment of the prenatal epoch is indisputably linked, by the moon's position at the time, with the identical position (or its opposite, according to certain determining causes, such as the moon's rising or setting, etc.), some nine months later with that same degree of the Zodiac that is rising upon the eastern horizon, or setting as the case may be. This is not a statement only, but a scientific fact, provable by all who care to test it, and when generally recognised will have an important bearing upon parentage in the future.

Time and space will not allow further explanations of the interesting bye-paths into which a study of the prenatal epoch leads the astrological student; suffice it to say that the nine months between conception and birth is, sufficient for the qualities and characteristics of the sign required to bring a form into being, having the right number of senses and mental attributes to express itself in the present round and race. Of the three signs necessary to complete the twelve more can be said later.

The moment of birth has been decided by the moon's place or epoch; the child is born, and breathes his first breath in the physical world at a moment which decides the conditions under which he has to grow and develop physically, mentally and morally.

There are 360 degrees in the zodiacal circle, each equivalent to four minutes in time in the circle of 24 hours. One of these degrees must rise at the moment of birth. To obtain a clear picture of these 360 points of the circle, imagine each one as a distinctly bright and glowing colored light.

A child is born and for the space of four minutes one of these lights has flashed forth its colors with a

lustre more or less bright, consequent on its harmony, or disagreement, with other lights shining forth at the same time, such as the planets and the luminaries. The child's life will shine accordingly. If at that moment the Sun is setting in opposition to that degree, and the Moon forms a square aspect from the fourth house with the planet Saturn in the midheaven in square also, that light will be so dimmed that it may appear to fade out immediately. The child then born will not live, or should these afflictions be slightly removed, sufficiently to allow the form to survive, the life will be fought out against endless difficulties. On the other hand it may be that this same degree is uninterrupted by any afflictions, and its splendor is magnified by a trine aspect of Jupiter from the ninth house and a conjunction with Venus in the ascendant; then the glory and honor of such a life shall be perfect, for all the stars shall sing forth the praise of such an one thus born.

This light, flashing forth from the ascending degree of birth, is not the 'Star' under which a man is born in the true sense of the word, which has a far deeper and more profound meaning for the esoteric astrologer. It is merely the light which illumines the brain of the human form then brought into existence, and denotes the heredity, tendencies, etc.; in other words it is the *reflecting* light of that which colored the etheric conditions prevailing at the moment of epoch, moulded to express the *prārabdha* karma, etc., the Moon at epoch representing the etheric mould that was then formed, which in reality was the nucleus of the permanent physical atom. The ray from the ascendant, therefore, is but a temporary personal ray for the current life, and according to its lustre, or degree of merit, so will the life be long or short, fortunate or unfortunate, happy or miserable, sordid or great.

Each sign, or degree of a sign of the Zodiac, has its lord or ruler, which is exalted or modified by the

sub-influences coming from the other planets, and this lord also shines with a light that is bright or hazy. This ruler of the ascendant, however, is not always the true ruling planet of the nativity.

It is this complication with regard to the actual ruling planet that produces false horoscopes, and incorrect judgments by the many pretenders to the title of astrologer.

The true ruling planet is that which has *supremacy* at the time of birth, either by position, exaltation or power of influence.

A child may be born under Aries, and Uranus rising upon the ascendant. Mars although *nominally* ruler would in this case have to yield its power to the rising planet, especially if Mars was not angular. This would be rightly interpreted by a student of esoteric astrology as Desire (Mars) giving way to Will (Uranus). If Mars happened to be angular at the same time, *then* there would be a strong fight during the whole of the life between Desire and Will.

If astrology is to be useful for occult progress, it is essential that the rulership of horoscopes be understood, and it is for this reason that cheap and careless readings of horoscopes should be avoided, for they are of no value for this purpose. A properly judged horoscope is a serious business requiring much skill and patience, to say nothing of sufficient time in which to study its complexities.

There are two distinct methods of judging a nativity. The one in general use by exoteric astrologers is to take the ruling planet as the symbol of the native, and all the other planets as representative of the karma, or fate, for the current life. The other method is to take the ruling planet as the representative of the stage one has reached in evolution, and all the other planets as representatives of the various human principles. A blending of the two methods may now be explained for the benefit of occult students.

Each degree of the Zodiac has its own peculiar property, but it is subject to the sign, or group, to which it belongs. These signs are divided into seven different orders having specific qualities, although interblending and running through the whole. Astrologically these qualities are fire, earth, air, water, cardinal, fixed, and mutable. They may be tabulated Theosophically as follows:

Agni, Prthivi, Vāyu, Varuṇa, Rajas, Tamas, and Sattva.

Each has a lord, or ruler, and is connected with the seven principles and the seven Hierarchies.

From a Theosophical standpoint each sign of the Zodiac contains the elements of the three guṇas, Rajas Tamas, and Sattva. It may be a rājasic sign rising at birth; the first ten degrees of this sign will be wholly rājasic, the next ten degrees will be rājasic-tāmasic, and the last decanate of ten degrees will be rājasic-sāttvic. Each sign has its underlying quality with its subdivisions. The lord or ruler has also its subdivisions in the same way, also all the other planets.

When the majority of the planets are in *one* sign at birth, or sign of the same guṇa, then that guṇa will be greatly accentuated, and a strong character in that particular guṇa will be the result; for instance many planets in the tāmasic signs will make a man very resolute, determined, of a steady plodding and stable character. In an undeveloped ego, it would denote inertia, sloth and indifference, and also much ignorance. In rājasic signs the man would be very active, ambitious, restless and aspiring. In the undeveloped ego it would denote impulse, rashness, and much foolishness. In the sāttvic signs more than ordinary judgment is required to gauge the development of the ego. As a general rule it denotes indecision, duality and lack of firmness. Its influence upon the physical plane is not very pronounced. The astrologer's term for the sāttvic sign is mutable, for they denote too much

flexibility and not sufficient stability. When the planets are scattered throughout the horoscope and the signs of the Zodiac, a versatile character is shown, and it denotes less concentration, though the ability to play many parts.

Many planets rising at birth give much fertility of resource and adaptability. If setting, fate or destiny plays a very active part and karma is worked off more rapidly; therefore, circumstance accounts for a great deal, and the nature is more affected by and through others than he knows. The result of the triplicities of signs may also be traced Theosophically in connexion with the various planes. Those born with many planets stirring the earthy signs into activity have their consciousness very much on the physical plane, they are practical, and fond of objective and external experiences.

In the watery signs, the sensational, feeling and emotional tendencies, are easily manifest. They open up the psychic nature and give much sensitiveness. In the fiery signs the mentality is most active, thought and reason have sway, and the intellectual faculties are the most energised. In the airy signs the intuitive and artistic faculties are the more pronounced.

The airy triplicity of signs is identical with the Theosophic idea of the kārana sharīra or causal body, and the mānasic consciousness, through the planet Venus.

The mental body and the fiery signs agree, the lower mānasic consciousness being related to the Moon and Saturn. The astral body and the watery signs harmonise, and the kāmic consciousness with the planet Mars, while the prāṇic consciousness may be said to be solar, and the etheric, lunar.

We may also trace the ātmic and buddhic consciousness to Uranus and Mercury.

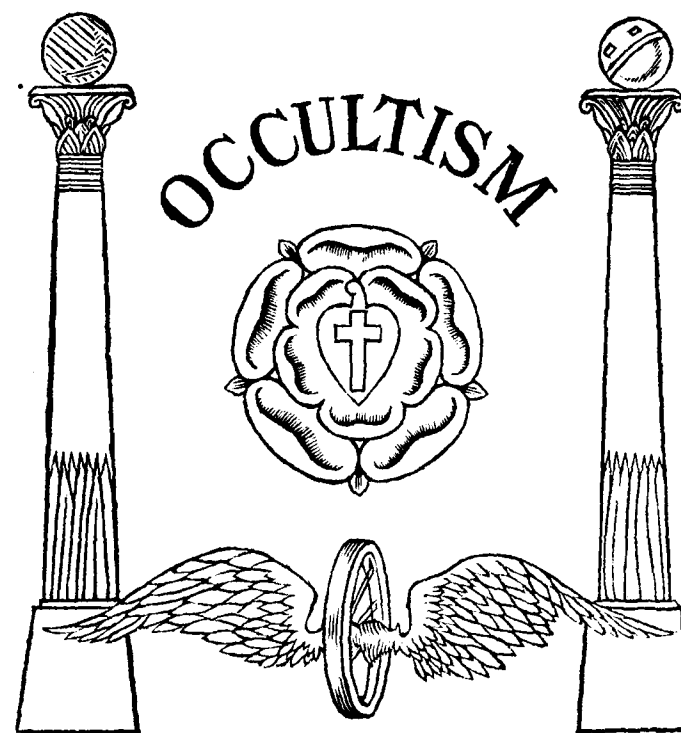
So far as Neptune is concerned there does not appear to be any Theosophic correspondence, except that in some

way it seems to represent the eighth sphere, the 'Dweller on the threshold' and all 'sub-conscious regions' of which we know little, or which seem to elude any definite form of investigation. From a threefold division of the Zodiacal signs there is a fourfold interpretation in terms of consciousness that harmonises very well with our Theosophical teachings, as the following tabular diagram will show :

Elements, or Sign Qualities. Corresponding States, Tattvas.	Cardinal Signs or Rājasic Guṇa.	Fixed Signs or Tāmasic Guṇa.	Mutable Signs or Sāttvic Guṇa.
Air—Vāyu ... Ether. Fire—Agni ... Vapor.	Arūpa. Mānasic consci- ousness. Libra ≡ Perception.	Mānasic consci- ousness. Aquarius ≡ Memory.	Mānasic consci- ousness. Gemini ≡ Reason.
Water—Āpas Critical State.	Rūpa. Kāmic Cancer ♋ Feeling.	Kāmic Scorpio ♏ Attachment.	Kāmic Pisces ♐ Emotion.
Earth— Pṛthivi.	Physical Capri- corn ♑ Absorption.	Physical Taurus ♉ Secretion.	Physical Virgo ♍ Circulation.

ALAN LEO

(To be concluded)



RENTS IN THE VEIL OF TIME

HAVING finished the description of the last thirty lives of Aleyone, we now pass to the consideration of another set, which, though their hero is a member of the same group of students, differs greatly in character. The lives of this set are on the whole less regular and more stormy than those of the other; and they have two noteworthy peculiarities. First, whenever our hero makes a mistake, the karma of it descends upon him heavily in the next life—a system of ready-money payments. The retribution is severe but effective, and it cuts away the fault as by a surgical operation. Secondly, Orion has two groups of associates; one, the group of Servers with whom we are already familiar; the other, a set of decidedly undesirable acquaintances to whom we are introduced in the three lives immediately following. Whenever at the beginning of a life we see him surrounded by these people we know beforehand that the incarnation is going to be a troubled

one; but, on the contrary, when we find him in our own group we know that the influences brought to bear upon him will call out the best that is in him.

The lives are particularly useful for their very contrast with the preceding set. By a path so strewn with obstacles, through storms so terrible, the hero has reached his Master's feet, and has been taken in charge by Him. Many are the ways to the one goal.

THE LAST TWENTY-FOUR LIVES OF ORION

No.	Birth.	Death.	Sex.	Place.	Length of Life.	Interval between Lives.	Root-Race.	Sub-Race.
1	B. C. 23875	23815	M	Hawaii ...	60	837	IV	2
2	22978	22921	F	Madagascar.	57	713	IV	2
3	22208	22152	F	Malacca ...	56	612	IV	7
4	21540	21504	F	S. India ...	36	...	IV	1
5	21504	21456	F	" ...	48	...	IV	2
6	21456	21392	F	" ...	64	1775	IV	2
7	19617	19546	M	Bactria ...	71	1245	IV	4
8	18301	18234	M	Morocco ...	67	1006	IV	5
9	17228	17137	M	Poseidonis...	91	1447	IV	6
10	15690	15632	M	Tartary ...	58	1125	IV	7
11	14507	14451	M	Canada ...	56	780	IV	1
12	13671	13633	F	Poseidonis...	38	1543	IV	2
13	12090	12005	F	Peru ...	85	2319	IV	3
14	9686	9673	F	China ...	13	70	IV	4
15	9603	9564	F	Poseidonis...	39	1239	IV	5
16	8325	8260	F	Etruria ...	65	1502	IV	6
17	6758	6706	F	Tartary ...	52	1077	IV	7
18	5629	5567	F	India ...	62	1552	V	1
19	4015	3944	M	Egypt ...	71	1208	V	1
20	2736	2688	M	S. Africa ...	48	809	V	2
21	1879	1862	M	Persia ...	17	341	V	3
22	1521	1490	M	Asia Minor..	31	991	V	4
23	499	423	M	Greece ...	76	2020	V	4
24	A. D. 1597	1620	M	Venice ...	23	276	V	4

I

We begin with a birth in 23875 B.C. in the neighborhood of Waialai, in Oahu, one of the Hawaiian Islands. Orion's father (Alastor) was a medicine-man and priest. The race to which he belonged was not the modern Hawaiian, as it exists to-day, but an early Atlantean one. These people, like their successors, fell under the spell of the wonderful natural phenomenon which was so prominent amidst their surroundings, and worshipped the giant volcano of Kilanea—or perhaps the God of the volcano rather than the volcano

itself. Their propitiatory offerings were usually to the Spirit of the volcano, the father of the present Goddess, Pélée, who was worshipped by the later inhabitants, the daughter having superseded the father in the thoughts of the people.

Occasional human sacrifices were offered to the God. The victims were supplied from among criminals, or from prisoners taken in war. When the supply of these was insufficient, a levy was made upon the general population. Orion's father, the High Priest, wore a horrid-looking head-dress, a huge mask much larger than a man's head. This mask had a hideous face with a large aquiline nose. It was made of wood and was worn resting upon the priest's shoulders, extending high above his head. The garments he wore were made of beautiful feathers, the plumes of which were predominantly red when he officiated at sacrificial ceremonies, and yellow at the other less important functions. The garment itself was cut in the form of a semi-circle, and, when worn, served the priest as a cope.

* At first Orion's father was High Priest of the Island of Oahu only, presiding over the Temple dedicated to the service of the now extinct volcano of Diamond Head. But later he was appointed High Priest of the entire Island Kingdom, and for this reason moved to Hawaii, in order to superintend the daily devotions to the volcano of Kilanea. He had great power over the people through the fear with which he inspired them. They came to him to invoke his services when their crops were not good, or when their cows did not calve, or when they had enemies whom they wished to injure. The priest privately increased the efficacy of his magic by the use of poisons.

Orion's mother (Eta) was an insignificant kind of person who firmly believed in the priest, her husband, and was very much afraid of him. Orion was brought up in great awe of his father and of his supernatural powers. The father was not at all an affectionate man, but both parents were good to the boy in their way.

Orion was very fond of the sea and used to spend a great deal of time in it, often half of each day.

As eldest son, Orion had to become a priest in his turn, and therefore when he was about fourteen years old the regular education for the priesthood began. Even before that, his father taught him to recite various things which the boy did not understand, such as charms and invocations, pages and pages of which were taught to him by word of mouth. At the age of fourteen there was some kind of preparatory ceremony—the boy was made to go one whole day without food, and then cuts, slanting diagonally much as the ribs do, were made on each side of his chest.

Some bark was taken by the people from a tree and beaten out with stone clubs into a sort of cloth resembling canvas, or rather felt. Strips of this cloth were then taken to bind up the wounds, into which, however, small pieces of wood had been inserted to prevent the lips of the wound coming together, and so forming a slight scar. Instead, great grooves or lips of scar-tissue remained as evidence of his priestly candidature.

Round the young candidate they hung a necklace, and also a kind of belt made mainly of shells, with curious bits of colored cloth arranged in a particular way. This costume had formerly constituted the entire dress of the people, and had then been retained by the priesthood as distinctive insignia of their office.

As time went on, at intervals, at the ages respectively of 17, 19, and 21, Orion went through different ceremonies, again with fasting and invocations, and at the last of these his father administered to him a certain decoction in a calabash. Now this drink was made of bitter and unpleasant drugs, and had the effect of throwing Orion into a deep trance. While he was in this condition his father pronounced an invocation over him, the object of which was that the God should enter into him. Some great elemental creature did overshadow him, but did not retain

control for long, as Orion soon recovered his own will. This fourth ceremony made him a full-fledged priest.

It is of interest to note that the methods by which the High Priest 'assisted' the Gods in rendering effectual the curses he was employed to utter, were such as to secure the results in any case, whether the divine intervention was forthcoming or not. For instance, the priests cursed the crops, but at night poured salt-water over the fields to aid the workings of providences.

Orion had many companions, both as a boy and as a young man, but he was not at all good to them and did not retain their affections, as he used his father's position and powers to terrorise them into subjection to him. When they showed a lack of respect and deference, he threatened them with his father's powers, menacing them with bad dreams or dreaded diseases. As this sort of thing was kept up unremittingly, Orion, even as a young man, was much feared.

He fell in love presently with a young lady (Cancer), who was already the betrothed of Gamma, a particular friend of his.

This friend had always loved and admired Orion, but Orion did not exactly reciprocate his affection, though he was quite willing to use him. He decided that he wanted this girl Cancer for himself, and threatened Gamma with all sorts of magic if he did not yield her to him. Gamma and his betrothed were deeply attached to each other, and in spite of Orion's threats he would not desert her. Orion's curse was of no avail, so he determined to assist the God to rid him of his friend. Pronouncing the curse anew, Orion frightened his friend and contrived to administer to him a drug which produced a long and serious illness. Expecting to die, Gamma at last agreed to yield his betrothed to his rival, but eventually he recovered, and then felt a deep and abiding hatred to Orion in place of the old love. The girl knew all about this, and was not well-disposed to

Orion; but she was so much afraid of him because of his threats to bring calamities upon her people, that by such means he was eventually enabled to secure her as his wife.

Orion delighted in the exercise of power and liked to see people cringe with fear of him. He excelled in describing the horrors with which he would visit them should they not fall in with his views. There was a distinctly cruel streak in his character, and it pleased him to have people afraid of him.

To the girl he was not very good, but had a manner of making her feel that "he was the gloomy God in the background, and that no one should come near".

The priests were the real medicine-men of the Island, and through their services to the people gained great power and influence over them. If the priests were satisfied with the fees which a sick man brought to them, they did what they could to assist the patient to regain his health. If the fees were not satisfactory, the priests contrived to do away with the patient, and, in this way they compelled the people to pay tribute to them.

The High Priest, while nominally subject to the King, was really more powerful among the people than the King himself. Orion's father was very vindictive, and, having contrived to quarrel with the King, tried to have him assassinated. The King discovered the plot, banished him, thus depriving him of the office of High Priest, and appointed his son Orion in his stead.

Upon this Orion decided to cast off his first wife as no longer suitable to him in his present position. He caused her to be poisoned in order to get her out of the way, that he might be free to marry the King's sister, which he subsequently did.

His old friend Gamma learned of this and vowed vengeance. He would have liked to annihilate Orion, but was too much afraid of him. Orion fully reciprocated his hatred, although secretly his conscience troubled him. He soon, however, contrived to make it appear that Gamma

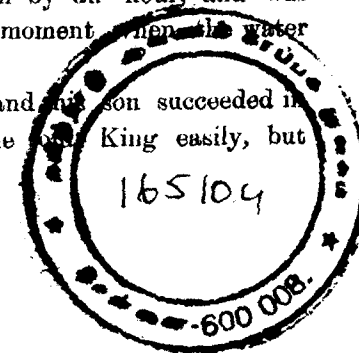
was mixed up in a plot against the King. Gamma was thus cast into prison, and shortly afterwards an emissary of Orion's visited him in the prison, and succeeded in putting an end to him by poisoning him. Henceforth Orion grew more and more arrogant, and enjoyed seeing the people bow down and clear the way whenever he appeared. On the other hand, he seemed at times distinctly shrewd, and generally of better mental calibre than most of his fellow-countrymen.

He had usually the power of seeing the right in cases brought before him for judgment; but unfortunately this power to see clearly the justice of the case did not influence his decision, which was usually in favor of the man who paid the highest bribe, as Orion had great desire for possessions. In this way he acquired a great hoard of feather-garments, many head of cattle and extensive property of various kinds.

Orion had a son, Cygnus, in whom he took great pride and for whom he felt great affection. His hoarded wealth was chiefly amassed for his son. He gradually thus acquired much power; moreover some of the magic of the country really worked in a small way, for the High Priest unquestionably had considerable mesmeric power. He was, besides, constantly on the watch for opportunities of impressing the people by means of fraudulent phenomena, and invented elaborate tricks, such as causing images to speak by means of tubes hidden within the body of the idol. He discovered, for instance, the periodicity of a geyser, and then pretended that the rush of water came as the God's answer to his invocations; he calculated the time of its flow, and gathered a great crowd together on that day to see it. He thus impressed them greatly, and brought them to do his will. On one occasion, he missed his calculation by an hour, and was forced to go on praying until the moment when the water appeared.

The old King eventually died and his son succeeded in his stead. Orion had managed the King easily, but

36
Q. M. M. 2, M 78
M 78. 32. 2



was not so successful with the son, in his efforts to direct the affairs of the whole kingdom as the power behind the throne.

There was an invasion from another island called Kauai. This war was caused by the fact that the King had, by the advice of the High Priest, treated very haughtily and disrespectfully an embassy sent from Kauai. Orion was employed to curse the invaders, but the curses did not prove effective and the enemy landed in spite of them. The King with his army drove them back, but Orion lost much of his prestige and power. Soon after this the King succeeded in stirring up the people against the High Priest once or twice, so that they openly refused to obey the latter. At this Orion grew angry, and a quarrel ensued in which a few people were killed. Not unnaturally, the relatives of those killed turned on Orion for revenge, and the King took advantage of this opportunity to depose the High Priest and send him away. As he was going away, a man who had a private grudge against him, seeing that he was no longer under the protection of the King, fell upon him and stabbed him. This man, Epsilon, who killed the High Priest after his downfall, had been the lover of Zeta, a sensitive, highly-strung girl, the daughter of a rich man. When Epsilon had wished to marry her, the High Priest had refused his consent (which according to the law of the country was required) unless the father of the girl would surrender to the High Priest a part of his patrimony. This the father had declined to do, and so Orion had threatened all kinds of physical and supernatural ills. These threats had so preyed upon the girl's mind that eventually she had become insane. Her lover, of course, had then vowed vengeance, and took it now when the opportunity presented itself.

The High Priest had a long and uncomfortable life on the astral plane, being pursued constantly by those whom he had killed. He had, however, some heaven-life, because of his great love for his son.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ALASTOR :	... <i>High-Priest. Wife : Eta. Son : Orion.</i>
ORION :	... <i>High-Priest. First Wife : Cancer. Son : Cygnus. Friend : Gamma. Assassin : Epsilon.</i>
GAMMA :	... <i>Betrothed : Cancer.</i>
ZETA :	... <i>Lover : Epsilon.</i>

II

There is now a change of sex, and the birth in this race is a descent from the former one. The race is a fine, manly one, but less civilised than that in Hawaii, resembling more the Zulu. The people live in palm-leaf huts. The Hawaiians wore clothes, but these people used only a sort of waist-fringe made of strips of hide, sometimes ornamented with shells and stones. The women wore necklaces made of shells and of rough stone beads. The country was fine and fertile, and the race a courageous one, full of fighting instincts. The people however were both pitiless and cruel, and were moreover cursed with an awful religion. They worshipped a God whom they called Sake, who was supposed to be manifesting through a gigantic monster, a huge octopus, which itself was very old.

It lived in a salt lagoon, now cut off from the sea, but formerly connected with it. This octopus was an enormous, hideous beast, with a beak shaped like that of a parrot. Its body, in form like a balloon, was large enough to fill one of our ordinary-sized rooms. It had huge tentacles, forty feet in length, with great suckers on them, which at the base of the tentacles were as large round as a dinner plate, but grew smaller as they approached the ends.

The people were accustomed to feed this beast with human sacrifices, with criminals if possible, or captives taken in war. Failing these, the victims were chosen from among the people, as in Hawaii. The priests to whom it fell to choose the victims, not unnaturally selected those whom they especially disliked; or picked richer

members of the tribe, who, according to law, could pay a ransom, or buy a substitute at the priest's discretion.

These sacrifices were provided daily, but besides these regular ones, others were required for special occasions. The horror of the thing so affected the imagination of the whole nation that it frequently happened that a form of hysteria seized upon certain individuals, during the paroxysms of which they threw themselves bodily to the octopus. The priests were supposed to have the power to cast such a spell upon the people as to compel them to make this self-sacrifice.

Orion was born in the year 22978 and was again the child of Alastor, who was a celebrated hunter. He was indifferent to the girl, for he preferred sons, who could hunt; but the mother on the other hand was fonder of her girl than of her boys. The child grew up good-looking and attractive. Incarnated in the same life was Cygnus, who had been the son of Orion when he was the High Priest in Hawaii, and Orion in this life fell deeply in love with him. Her father Alastor was, however, unfavorable to this union, and sold the girl to an older man who was for a time attracted to her, but later on tired of her. This man had already an older wife, Gamma, who, in the Hawaiian incarnation, had been the young man friend who was the lover of the High Priest's wife, Cancer, and whom the High Priest caused to be poisoned.

This wife Gamma was jealous and vindictive, and made things very unpleasant for Orion, but was afraid to do much while the husband continued to love her. Later, when the husband showed signs of becoming indifferent to Orion, Gamma became cruel to her and her children, bringing great sorrow and trouble on them. The husband had grown not to care at all about Orion, as he was now in love with Zeta, another person from the Hawaiian life. He was however disappointed in this affair, for which reason he became very irritable and easily angered. He constantly ill-treated Orion and her children, because he

was always stirred up against her by the stories which Gamma told. Orion tried to console herself with a love affair with Cygnus. The elder wife Gamma unfortunately found out the affair, and a great disturbance was caused. She managed that the husband should discover and pounce down upon the lovers, and then Cygnus was horribly mutilated before Orion's eyes, and afterwards thrown to the octopus.

The year-old baby whom she loved, and whom the husband wrongly supposed to belong to the lover, was thrown into the fire before her eyes. She herself was degraded to the position of slave in her husband's house, and very badly treated for twenty years. During this time she nourished intense hatred towards her husband and his first wife. Now Gamma had a little grandson, whom she loved passionately. One day after years of cruelty, Orion, maddened by suffering, seized this grandson, Epsilon, and pushed him into the fire. Gamma, who in turn was maddened, ordered Orion to be seized, stretched naked on the ground, and fastened to pegs driven into the earth, near a hill of huge driver ants. These ants were great creatures much feared by the natives, because they ate up everything that came in their way. They attacked and ate the still living Orion, until only the bones were left, picked perfectly clean. This horrible process took nearly a whole day, and Orion's screams during the earlier part were heart-rending and indescribable.

The following astral period was exceedingly painful, Orion living over the scenes of her recent life again and again. She however had a touch of the heaven-life, because of her love for her lover and child.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ALASTOR: ... *Hunter. Daughter: Orion.*
 ORION: ... *Lover: Cygnus. Elder co-wife: Gamma. Rival: Zeta.*
 EPSILON: ... *Grandson of Gamma.*

III

The race in which Orion next incarnated, as a girl, in the year 22,208 B.C. was one in many ways superior to the Madagascar tribe. The people wore more clothing, and their manner of living was also better. The boats were of a comparatively advanced type, being well-equipped and rigged as sailing-vessels. The natives were a pleasant and superior people, not exactly Malays of the present type, but a sort of admixture between the Malay and Dyak races.

Our heroine lived on the sea-coast. Her father was a trader and owned a good many vessels; the principal commodities in which he dealt on a large scale being cocoa-nuts, cloth and gems. These people also produced good woven cloth, which they dyed tastefully, and they seem to have imported silk goods from China.

Orion was a timid and shrinking little thing, born with an overwhelming horror of all creeping things, and a great fear of fire. As a child, she was often thrown into hysterics by the sight of creeping things. She had frightful dreams of her past life and its horrible termination, and was terror-stricken often by the sight and remembrance of the octopus. She was a delicate child, thin and pale, because of this lack of restful sleep, and as time passed she grew worse and worse in condition. Her parents were kind to her, and after a time called in a witch-doctor, who helped her and freed her from what he called the evil spirits. He succeeded by mesmerism in allaying to some extent her sufferings, and enabled her to have a deep drugged sleep.

(Her nightmare was like a kind of memory. Such an impression had been made on the permanent astral atom, that it was not only able to send out vibrations of the effect of the life as a whole, but also those of detailed scenes. It was not so much a memory of the ego, as that of the permanent astral atom. The images

were originally, in the child, radiated from this astral atom. Later she made thought-forms of these awful scenes, and these forms were very real and vivid.)

She grew much better by degrees under the treatment, but was somewhat blunted and dazed thereby. In due course of time she married and had two children, to whom she was greatly devoted. The old witch-doctor, who cured her by his mesmeric treatment, became an intimate friend of the family, and his son, Zeta, conceived a passion for her. She however disliked and feared him. He threatened her that if she did not listen to his suit, he would persuade his father to bring back the old nightmares. She resisted him, but brooded over his threats, until the fear of the return of the old trouble became an ever-present horror to her. One of her great terrors had been her fear of fire. To add to this, her eldest child one day fell into the fire and was burned. This accident had a terrible effect upon the young mother, for it drove away her reason, and the nightmares returned as a permanency in her mind.

Her family took good care of her; strange to say, they regarded her madness as a sort of divine possession by a God. There were periods when she seemed quiet and when she would answer questions. During these periods she appeared to be able to predict events still in the future, and in this way, she gained the reputation of being able to prophesy. She frequently gave oracular replies, and it seemed to be the ego that answered when questioned.

Except for those short and infrequent periods, the life was one long duration of mental suffering, so that when death eventually came it was a great relief, although the final paroxysm was rather horrible. Her death came through shock. A great bonfire was lit to celebrate a victory. She saw it and was reminded of her hatred of fire, and rushing

forward she threw herself into it with wild shrieks, and perished.

After death, on the astral plane, she was soon again quite sane. It was only the etheric part of the brain that had gone wrong. She was, however, still surrounded by the fearful thought-forms, and at first was haunted and terrified by them. Then kind friends (dead people who were aware of the facts) told her that these were illusions and gradually helped her to realise it, so that at last she became quieter and more peaceful. She had a life in the heaven-world and found happiness with her children.

Her character was certainly changed, and the cruelty was absolutely wiped out. There was left a desire for power, but there was no longer pleasure in seeing suffering; so in the next life she would rather not inflict suffering, but only did so when it could not be helped. It would seem that most of the karma was well wiped out—first by physical suffering in the Madagascar life, and in this life by acute mental suffering.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ZETA: ... *Witch-doctor's son and Suitor of Orion.*

A HELPER'S EXPERIENCES IN THE UNDERWORLD

I have thought it might be of interest to our readers to have an account of some of the recent activities of a member of the band of invisible helpers. The stories I am about to relate were taken from jottings in his diary, though of course it should be understood that what appears in this article does not consist of the notes originally jotted down, but rather of a written-up series of incidents describing in detail what has been entered in his diary in the barest outline.

All the incidents here related formed the subject of genuine psychic experiences, the member in question being fortunate enough to possess sufficient psychic faculty frequently to remember vividly and in orderly connexion the experiences he undergoes while working out of the body at night.

Here it is necessary to say that absolute accuracy of recollection is not guaranteed. Some of the afore-mentioned helper's experiences have received corroboration at the hands of much more experienced Occultists, and there is no reason why those I am going to describe should be any less reliable than those that have gone before.

The chief factor to be considered is the possibility of dramatisation on the part of the etheric and physical brains, which have a tendency to distort or color impressions coming from the higher consciousness. Having now made it quite clear that no authority is claimed for what follows, let me plunge *in medias res* and describe the person in question.

Our hero is a young man of practically pure Keltic origin, with the spare and finely organised body of the fourth sub-race. So far as he knows, he tells me that it

is but rarely that the members of the band of invisible helpers come under the direct instruction of the Masters of Wisdom. The latter may be considered rather to exercise a general supervision, while the actual instruction and guidance of the work in the underworld is in the hands of Initiates of various grades belonging to the different schools of Occultism throughout the world. Such an Initiate will have in his charge a number of classes consisting of from seven to a dozen young aspirants for astral work, all of whom have to be carefully trained. They have all kinds of different things to learn; how to create thought-forms which are sent out into the mental atmosphere of different nations and caught up by receptive minds; how to help people in grave physical danger or illness; how to materialise themselves or others; and how to free those who have dropped the physical body from the rule of the various Deva-guardians of the different regions of the underworld. Our friend, who for brevity's sake we will call H., tells me he belongs to a class of about a dozen persons, all of whom are young men ranging from fifteen or sixteen to thirty. The class meets for detailed instruction at regular intervals, when the Initiate in charge gives to them their work until the next meeting. This of course is very necessary, for the Initiate being, as he is, in touch with the Devas who are charged with the duty of administering karmic laws, knows just when great catastrophes will take place, and when special efforts and preparations to help the victims of such happenings will be required. Between such occurrences however, the average helper devotes himself almost entirely to the vast army of the recently dead, who are generally far more in need of help than the most wretched on earth. H. recently found himself floating about one night above the Pacific Ocean, when a certain Being appeared to him, and told him to go to a place on the West Coast of America and arouse a woman who was sleeping soundly in a gimerack little hut, built

on the very edge of the sea on a lonely stretch of coast. Wondering why on earth he should disturb her slumbers, he went, quick as a flash, to the place indicated, and found that there was indeed a very good reason for the order he had received. A furious gale was raging and the waves surged angrily round the frail hut, threatening at any moment to make it collapse and fall on a little fair woman, who, wrapped in profound slumber, was quite unconscious either of the storm or of her dangerous situation. H. had some little difficulty in awakening her and causing her to look round about the place, but he ultimately succeeded. As soon as she saw that her hut was surrounded by the water, which, owing to the violence of the storm, had far exceeded its average height, she gathered together a few treasures and rushed out, just in time to escape the fall of the heavy corrugated iron roof, that collapsed with a crash, owing to a portion of the flimsy wall facing the sea falling before the onslaught of a powerful breaker. It is interesting here to speculate as to the possibility of a karmic link between the two egos concerned in the drama. It is often a source of wonder to many students how it is possible to pay back the gigantic mass of karmic debts accumulated during hundreds of lives, within the limits of the comparatively few incarnations when a man is treading the Path of Life. When however we take into consideration the fact that during those few lives the disciple is doubtlessly in constant activity on the higher planes of nature, one at once sees that the opportunities for repaying old karmic obligations are enormously increased, and so in the course of a few lives devoted to occult development and activity in the three lower worlds, he is able to repay the mass of obligations contracted before he sets his foot on the Path. Truly it is said of such an one in an Indian scripture: "He burneth up his karma by knowledge." Provided that he can function in the three worlds, he can repay any debt he owes to any one of their inhabitants.

The next incident which I have to relate of H. was of a somewhat different nature. He had one evening received news of the death of a dear old lady whom he himself loved much, and who reciprocated his affection. She was a good Christian woman, but she had always had a strong fear of death. H. knew that she would probably be in need of help, not only because of her having rejected the Theosophical explanation of the astral life before her decease, but also because he knew that her relations were very emotional and affectionate Irish people, who would be plunged into profound sorrow and gloom by her death. That deep sorrow would be certain to cause her much pain in her new life, and so he decided that, at all costs, something had to be done to help the old lady.

Shortly after retiring, he found himself floating in a dark cloud of gloom and depression in the midst of which, suffering keenly, was the old lady. She was somewhat bewildered at her gloomy surroundings, for, simple soul, she had expected to go straight to heaven, and could not understand why she felt so dark and weighed down. H. began to break up the dark clouds, but they kept forming again and again, and he was just wondering what was the cause of this, when who should appear on the scene but Cyril.

H. knew Cyril physically as well as astrally, for they are of about the same age, and he could not understand what Cyril had to do with the old lady. It was just as well that he came, however, as Cyril at once saw that these gloomy clouds were coming from the old lady's surviving relatives, who during the sleep of their physical bodies now began surrounding her in a clamorous crowd, making it difficult to deal with her. Cyril politely asked them to move on for a while, as he and H. were busy helping the old lady and explaining things to her. They persisted in hovering around, making the gloom

about her worse and worse by their presence; Cyril and H. got desperate; the old lady was suffering acutely, and so Cyril finally said in a very decided tone: "Well, if they won't get out, we shall have to kick them out." The two of them then proceeded to make a wall of astral matter round themselves. The relatives, being only half awake in their astral bodies, at once took this wall to be a real one, and made no attempt to get through it. H. and Cyril then went quietly on with their work. They had, however, to make a powerful astral shell round the old lady's aura to keep off the vibrations and sorrowing thought-forms sent to her by her friends. She soon cheered up, and they both left her perfectly happy, floated about a little together, and then went back to their bodies.

H. on bringing the recollection of the night's work through clearly, could not understand how it was that Cyril knew the old lady, for as far as his memory went, Cyril was unknown to her in her earth-life; but H. suddenly remembered, that some months previous to her death, when he was staying with her, Cyril happened to pass near her home on his way to Oxford, and he came and spent the night there, just making the old lady's acquaintance for a few hours. That little meeting, unimportant though it seemed to our dull physical eyes, was sufficient for Cyril to make a contact with the old lady, just when H. was in need of his help in his astral work.

The next occasion on which H. had an opportunity of helping someone in grave physical danger was also connected with the sea. Somehow he constantly finds himself hovering above the sea on the look-out for ships in danger. Our friend found himself, as usual, swooping about over the ocean, and seeing in the far distance what appeared to be a large liner, he dropped down to investigate. He just looked casually round; the whole thing seemed to have come about by the merest chance, only he believes that there is no such thing. There seemed—as far as he could make out from the swirls and currents of emotional excitement exuding from the deck—to be something wrong, and

a moment later he ascertained that a man, who was apparently a passenger on the boat, had fallen overboard a few moments previously. He soon found the person in question about a quarter of a mile astern, struggling in frantic terror to keep his head above water, while the boats were being lowered for his rescue. A modern ocean greyhound is, however, a difficult thing to stop, and it was not till the steamer was some way off that the boat was lowered. Meanwhile H. had all his work cut out to keep the drowning man above water. Whether he had fallen overboard accidentally, or with a definite intention of committing suicide, it was difficult to say, though H. was inclined to think the latter was the case. However that may be, the man was in great terror and floundering frantically about. H. found it necessary to materialise the tips of his fingers sufficiently to get a grip upon the man and keep him up, at the same time doing his utmost to calm down his turbulent emotions. The boat's-crew meanwhile was rowing about, and, in the growing darkness—for it was evening at the time—had great difficulty in locating the whereabouts of the lost passenger. Time was going on, and still the sailors rowed helplessly about in every direction except the right one. What with holding the man up and trying to impress the sailors as to the right direction in which to row, H. had a difficult time; he had, so to speak, to dart from one to the other, for when he paid too much attention to the sailors, his materialised hand vanished into thin air, and the unfortunate passenger began choking and spluttering; hardly was he able to impress the proper direction on the mind of the officer in charge of the boat when he had to fly back to his man again, who was now getting weak and exhausted from his flounderings and needed his undivided attention. By dint of unremitting effort, however, he succeeded in getting his man to shout vigorously. The sailors heard it, and after some circuitous rowing, eventually found him and took him home to the liner, which by this time seemed to be almost out of sight.

H. O. WOLFE-MURRAY

(To be concluded)



Faithfully yours
Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden

THEOSOPHICAL WORTHIES

WILHELM HÜBBE-SCHLEIDEN

THE subject of our present article, Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden, is one of those personalities whose helpful activities, coupled with high intellectual and spiritual attainments, have done so much to leaven some of the baneful influences of a materialistic age.

Wilhelm Hübbe (for the name of 'Schleiden' was afterwards adopted, for reasons to be mentioned later on) was born into this earth-life at a period when the world indeed—and perhaps more especially the German world of Thought—was producing the very flower of its band of scientific Thinkers, when the cry for 'truth' was for a truth that could be seen with the material eye, felt with material hands, aye, conceived by those convolutions of grey matter making up a material brain; when, in short, nothing but what could be handled, pulled to pieces, weighed and analysed, had any serious meaning or importance to the mind of the man of Science.

Wilhelm Hübbe-Schleiden was born in northern Germany, in the city of Hamburg, and not far from those districts already seething with political discontent, where two years later (he was born in 1846) the hot wave of Revolution swept over the population of many a German town, touching with its fire indeed some of the country's finest spirits. But though Hamburg can claim him paternally, Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden's mother was associated with a more southern stock, and the City of Munich can cite the name of the well-known Botanist, Matthew Schleiden (Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden's uncle), as in the gallery of its celebrated men; it was his maternal name that Wilhelm

Hübbe joined to his own when first entering the field of literature, a field wherein his efforts have since become so well known.

His childhood and early youth in the old Hansa City would seem to have been particularly happy. He was the youngest of five sons (all of whom have attained to eminence), and his father, Dr. Hübbe, held a position of some prominence in the legal world, while his grandfather was in high repute as a preacher of powerful and persuasive eloquence. Home influences were of a fine and high standard, intellectuality being here tempered by a broad-minded religious feeling. In a soil so idealistically adapted to an ardent nature, small wonder if young Hübbe spiritually grew apace! After completing his school curriculum at the excellent native Gymnasium, Willi Hübbe (as his old friends still affectionately style him) visited the far-famed Universities of Göttingen, Heidelberg, Munich and Leipzig, while preparing himself to take his degree as a Doctor of Law. After a brief term of practice as an Attorney in his native town, he, however, accepted the offer of a post in connexion with the German Consulate General in London, subsequently entering one of the great London Banking Houses, in order to acquire a thorough knowledge of business routine.

We may perhaps say that with this coming to England commenced the second epoch in the life of Wilhelm Hübbe, his quick mastery of the language (he now, indeed, speaks English without 'accent'—and with a purity many a native might envy, having a fine sense for 'the right word'—a clear and incisive style), and his sympathy with the highest ideals of English national life enabling him to see eye to eye with the best of our race; and so it came that after a short period spent in Spain, he returned to England, embarking thence with a British friend on an expedition to the West Coast of Africa, where by their mutual efforts a business undertaking was founded at Gaboon.

• But business, pure and simple, was not to be the aim and object of such a life as Wilhelm Hübbe's. Alongside with those interests and activities incidental to commercial enterprise, there grew up in his mind those wider human interests which alone can form the sound basis of any Scheme of Colonisation. It was now that writings dealing with the Colonial Problem began to appear under the authorship of Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden, and in order to devote himself more whole-heartedly to what had come to be his paramount interest and enthusiasm, he returned to Europe, sojourning once more in his native City of Hamburg, and devoting himself to the propaganda of German Colonisation. Those were early days! His countrymen were as yet but lukewarm on the subject of overseas dominion, and yet it may be said that so far-seeing was this pioneer of a new movement that his books *Ethiopia* (written in 1878), and *Oversea Politics* (1880), still command respectful attention, and are indeed deemed classics in this particular branch of German literature.

By this time Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden's reputation had attracted sufficient notice for the Prussian Foreign Office, with a promptitude as praiseworthy as it is rare in the domain of 'Officialdom,' to turn their attention in the direction of their enterprising countryman. This Government Office had just founded its Colonial Branch, and Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden had the distinction of being summoned to Berlin and offered an appointment in this Department. His karma was, however, to turn his abundant energy into other channels. It was in the summer of 1884 that that gifted writer (and translator into German of *Light on the Path*) Herr von Hoffmann sent his friend Hübbe-Schleiden his recently published translation of Mr. A. P. Sinnett's *Esoteric Buddhism*. Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden relates that the book arrived towards evening, and taking it up, he began to read, reading on and on all through that night, not laying it down till morning, when the last word had been absorbed and treasured. Moreover, as will not seem strange

to Theosophists, what was here presented to him for the 'first time' did yet not bear the stamp of 'newness' to that mind ready for its reception, and it seemed indeed as though he had 'known it all before;' but it now gave him the clue to the Web of Life, with its tangles and its flaws ever and again obscuring the great Weaver's definite and pre-conceived design.

Before long Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden had placed himself in communication with Colonel Henry Steele Olcott, then in London, and ascertaining from that gentleman that Madame Blavatsky was then in Germany at Elberfeld with Frau Gebhard, one of her earliest German adherents, he, with characteristic promptitude, set out for that town in search of the Founder of the Movement.

It was here, then, that on the 27th of July, 1884, the first German Branch of the Theosophical Society, styled "Theosophische Societät Germania" was founded in the presence of H. P. Blavatsky, Mr. A. P. Sinnett, and other members then in Germany, having for its President Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden, and for its Acting Secretary Herr Franz Gebhard. But though the Committee was complete, what the Societät Germania lacked most of all was members, and to meet this want Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden, accompanied by Colonel Olcott, set out on a journey of propaganda, in order to secure the sympathies of such as would be likely to prove themselves worthy adherents of the new movement. Here the memorable fact may be recorded that it was during these travels, and in the compartment of a railway carriage, that Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden received the now well-known letter from his Master. Among the names of those who then joined the Society may be mentioned such well-known men as Dr. Carl du Prel, the artist, Gabriel Max, Herr von Hoffmann (before mentioned), Herr Direktor Sellin, as well as that gentleman's brother, and Herr Bernhard Hubo. This promising branch was, however, fated to die an early death, its dissolution being brought about by the doubts

and uncertainties engendered by the Coulomb affair. The members dispersed, Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden alone remaining in what had become but a nominal capacity.

It was about this time that he took up his residence in Munich, and with his independent work now commencing in the field of supersensual knowledge, the line of demarcation of the third epoch of his life may not unfitly be drawn.

It was in the Bavarian Capital, in the year 1886, that he issued his first number of the *Sphinx*, a high-class monthly magazine devoted to supersensual studies of the Universe, based upon lines laid down by Theosophy. This journal which, in addition to his other works of a Theosophic nature, attracted many of the best thinkers of the day, was published regularly for about ten and a half years, and only discontinued when its founder and editor visited India in order to recuperate his over-taxed strength. Even then his energies did not rest, for the gist of all he saw, heard and experienced has been set down in his book *India and the Indians*, a work published in 1898, and one which, in no less a degree than his earlier books dealing with Africa, bears the imprint of a master-mind in all matters appertaining to the problem of Colonial Policy.

With the demise of the *Sphinx* and on his return to Europe, Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden may be said to have devoted himself even more exclusively than before to the study of Esoteric Philosophy, making, indeed, his life-work an elaborate treatise on Reincarnation, bringing, moreover, this much argued and, in some quarters, fiercely combated question into line with the theories held by present-day European Science, in so impartial, and yet so convincing a manner that his labors may be regarded as constituting as great a gain to orthodox scientific literature, as they most assuredly are for his fellow Theosophists.

M. G.

ELEMENTARY THEOSOPHY

STEPS ON THE PATH

THE normal course of human evolution leads man upwards, stage by stage. But an immense distance separates even the genius and the saint from the man who "stands on the threshold of Divinity," still more from him who has fulfilled the Christ's command: "Be ye perfect, as your Father in heaven is perfect." Are there any steps which lead up to the gateway of which it is written: "Strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it"? Who are "the perfect," of whom Paul the Apostle speaks?

Truly are there steps which lead up to that Portal, and there are feet which tread that narrow Way. The Gate is the Gate of Initiation, the second birth, the baptism of the Holy Ghost and of Fire; the Way leads to the knowledge of God, which is life in the Eternal.

In the western world the stages, or steps, have been called: Purgation, Illumination, Union; by those stages the Mystic—who is rapt to the Beatific Vision by devotion—denotes the Path. In the eastern world the Occultist—the Knower, or Gnostic—sees the steps in somewhat other fashion, and divides the Path into two great stages, the Probationary and the Path Proper; the Probationary represents the Purgation of the Mystic; the Path itself the Mystic's Illumination and Union. He further seeks to develop in himself on the Probationary Path certain definite 'Qualifications,' fitting him to pass through the Portal which ends it; while on the Path itself he must wholly cast away ten 'Fetters,' which hold him back from attaining Liberation, or Final

Salvation, and must pass through four other Portals, or Initiations.

The Qualifications must each be developed to some extent, though not completely, ere the first Portal can be passed. They are: *Discrimination*; the power to distinguish between the real and the unreal, the eternal and the fleeting—the piercing vision which sees the Truth and recognises the False under all disguises. (2) *Dispassion* or *Desirelessness*; the rising above the wish to possess objects which give pleasure or to drive away objects which give pain, by utter mastery of the lower nature, and transcending of the personality. (3) *The Six Endowments*, or *Good Conduct*; control of the mind, control of the body—speech and actions—tolerance, endurance or cheerfulness, balance or one-pointedness, confidence. (4) *Desire for Union*, or *Love*. These are the Qualifications, the development of which is the preparation for the first Portal of Initiation. To these should the man address himself with resolution, who has made up his mind to travel forward swiftly, so that he may become a Helper of Humanity.

When he has acquired sufficient of these so to knock at the Door that it shall be opened unto him, he is ready to pass over its threshold and to tread the Path. He is initiated, or receives the 'second birth'. He is called among the Hindūs the Wanderer (*Parivrājaka*), among the Buddhists 'he who has entered the stream' (*Srotāpanna*, or *Sotāpanna*); and before he can reach the second Initiation he must cast off wholly the 'Fetters': *Separateness*—he must realise that all selves are one; *Doubt*—he must know and not merely believe the great truths of Karma, Reincarnation, and the Perfection to be reached by the treading of the Path; *Superstition*—the dependence on rites and ceremonies. These three Fetters wholly cast off, the Initiate is ready for the second Portal, and becomes the Builder (*Kuṭichaka*) or 'he who returns but once' (*Sakadāgāmin*); he must now develop the powers of the subtle bodies, that he may be useful in the three worlds, fitted for

service. The passing through the third Portal makes him the United (Hamsa=I am He), or 'he who does not return'—save with his own consent (Anāgāmin). For the fourth Gate should be passed in the same life, and for him who has passed that gate compulsory rebirth is over; now he must throw off the Fetters of *Desire*—such rarefied desire as may be left in him—and of *Repulsion*; nothing must repel him, for in all he must see the Unity. This done, he passes through the fourth Portal, and becomes the Super-individual (Paramahamsa=beyond the I), or 'the Venerable' (Arhat); five are the filmy Fetters that yet hold him, and yet so hard is it to break their cob-web subtlety that seven lives are often used in treading the space that separates the Arhat from the Master—the Free, the Immortal, the Super-Man, 'He who has no more to learn' in this system, but may know what He will by turning on it His attention. The Fetters are: *Desire for life in form*; *Desire for it in formless worlds*; *Pride*—in the greatness of the task achieved; *Possibility of being disturbed* by aught that may happen; *Illusion*—the last film which can distort the Reality. When all these are 'cast away for ever, then the triumphant Son of Man has finished His human course, and He has become "a Pillar in the Temple of my God who shall go out no more;" He is the Man made perfect, one of the First-born, an Elder Brother of our race.

ANNIE BESANT

A THRILLING ADVENTURE

SO many people have asked me to write down some account of my adventure during the Boxer rebellion in China, that I am at last trying to do so, memories of the acute dulness of most traveller's tales having so far deterred me from possibly emulating them. This especial experience certainly did not seem dull to me, as I shall never forget what standing face to face with death for more than an hour felt like; the only doubt is whether I shall be able adequately to record it.

It came about in this wise. In 1900, I was travelling with two friends, Hugh and Mary Maxwell, the latter generally known by the name of 'Max' at College, where she took a splendid science degree, somewhat astonishing her admiring friends by shortly afterwards marrying an extremely commonplace cousin, though one who had the recommendation of being very well off. He was keen about culture of all description, beginning with his wife, and they were both very devoted to a certain middle-aged Professor, to whose initiative this tour round the world was owing, as also my co-operation, for he had commanded Mary to find a fourth to make up their party; I doubt his approval had he known me before, as he never noticed any woman who had not some very definitely distinctive quality, such as beauty, wealth, rank, or acknowledged talent, none of which was the case with me. Anyhow I was delighted to go, as I had read and thought a good deal about the East, and was longing to put theories of universal brotherhood, sympathy with alien creeds and customs, and participation in eastern wisdom into practice; or at all events to see something of Oriental life and its marvels and mysteries with my own eyes.

Well, we had had a delightful winter in India, though I must confess that I had not advanced much in my special quests, as hotels are the same all the world over and we never saw any Indians to speak to, except servants. Anglo-Indians were most scornful when I expounded my views on the excellences of Orientals, telling me I knew nothing about it. However, though there is always something hopelessly uninteresting about the appearance of a globe-trotter, I still tried hard to avoid the proverbial, complacent insular expression of face of the "thankful to have been born a happy English child".

China was our destination in the spring and we arrived at Peking early in May, scarcely realising the condition of affairs there and in the surrounding country, as we had seen no one whose opinion was of any importance, and also rather despised believers in newspaper scares. We looked for guidance to the Professor who had many friends in the country, English and Chinese, and always took a determinedly optimistic view of the situation, scoffing at the likelihood of a Boxer rising, as indeed was pretty generally the fashion until the last moment with the Legations and their hangers-on. Feeling uneasy notwithstanding, we should have left at once, had not severe influenza delayed our departure full three weeks, by which time the surrounding country was almost entirely over-run by the Boxers and most of the railways destroyed. We were completing our packing early one hot morning, when the Professor rushed in, requiring us instantly to come and join a party visiting the famous art collection of a distinguished Mandarin, who was as a rule exceedingly chary of letting foreigners into his domains. As Hugh was out making arrangements for our projected journey, and Mary exceedingly unwilling, being tired, hot, and not dressed to go out, the Professor was obliged to be content with me, who did not know what fatigue meant, and who could get into my white drill coat and skirt in three minutes. Off we went in our sedan chairs, to spend a

most enjoyable hour among entrancingly beautiful specimens of china and furniture; though no one except myself seemed to greatly appreciate the peculiar excellence of the collection, and I was rather out of it as far as the company went, as they were a smart and stand-off set, bored and surprised if I spoke to any one of them, and seemingly only anxious to get through as quickly as possible. Consequently I lingered behind more than once to examine anything especially interesting, and must have done this to a greater extent than I guessed, when my attention was arrested by a remarkable cabinet of immense size inlaid with jewels and precious substances.

I got round behind its open doors to examine it more thoroughly, which occupied some time, when I discovered a little window hidden by a curtain, and was impelled by curiosity to look out of it, as it faced in a different direction from all the others lighting the rooms, which had looked into a walled-in garden. I was rather startled to see a small street, just below quite filled with wild-looking men waving long knives, and apparently threatening the house, so hastily let the curtain drop, hoping I had not been seen, and came back into the room, one of a long series opening one into the other and all decorated in the most perfect taste. No signs of the party. I went up and down the rooms, thinking it must be somewhere near, and at last began to get much alarmed, though I hardly thought the Professor at least would have gone away without me, however absorbed he might be in his friends. Some time elapsed, when a Chinaman in a dark blue sort of uniform came hurriedly in, and looked aghast when he saw me.

"Missy still here, Missy not gone," he gasped.

I tried to explain that I had somehow lost sight of my party, but only gradually took in the full horror of the situation, which I will recapitulate in my own words with the elucidations that I learnt later.

It appeared that there had been a sudden rising against the foreigners that morning, and the crowd, having discovered that there was a party of English in the Mandarin's house, was shrieking round it, demanding that these should be at once thrown out to its tender mercies. This our host was however quite determined not to do, though it seemed more to save his honor, which would be impaired if any of his guests came to grief under his roof, than from any special love to the intruding race. While causing delay by long negotiations with the leaders, he had hastily conveyed the English party down a back staircase through many cellars and passages into a lonely lane, whence they would almost certainly reach the British Legation in safety. Meanwhile food and drink were being served out to the rioters, many of whom were, he thought, half-maddened by hunger; but as some had made their way into the court-yard before the great gates could be closed, he had unwillingly been obliged to concede that twenty delegates should walk through every room of his house, accompanied by as many of his servants armed, and see for themselves that no English were there; for he feared that if opposed too violently, the Boxer leaders might proceed to extremities and burn the house down.

"What can be done?" mourned the house steward, who had been sent on to remove all possible traces of the English. "I must hide you, but where?"

We looked round, and I felt in despair. The curtains, the cabinets—was there any possibility of concealing a tall, athletic young woman in them? He suggested that I might stoop down behind a large piece of furniture, but I felt sure I should be immediately discovered. Suddenly he rushed to a further room which contained a beautiful shrine, enthroning a sculptured Buddha; its back revealed a little door opening on to a cavity within, but which looked alas, very, very small. Could I ever curl my long limbs inside? I feared it was impossible, but the terror of an immediate and horrible death, possibly preceded by

torture, gave me strength to try again and again, hopeless as it seemed. My Chinaman pulled off my hat, shoes, coat, long stiff skirt, and in my silk blouse and soft petticoat, a last desperate effort was successful and I was safe for the moment, the door shutting on me with a spring.

Once inside, I scarcely felt the physical discomfort of my cramped and uncomfortable position in the overwhelming terror, almost certainty, that I must inevitably be discovered in a very few minutes and dragged away to death—perhaps torture. I remembered the cheerful indifference with which one used to read about the latter in history; also that it is much more of a fine art in the East, our crude ideas being probably unable to conceive much of its possibilities. Unlike people in novels, I felt no wish to faint or scream, only a very definite one to remain perfectly still. My mind was, strange to say, in a preternaturally clear condition, all sorts of thoughts shaping themselves, as I waited for the tramp of the rioters to catch my ears. I thought of the hero of Sir Alfred Lyall's poem, who preferred death to professing Muhammadanism, though without any religious belief, and of the gay picnic party in Conan Doyle's 'Tragedy of the Korusko,' who were equally firm in the hour of trial, and I wondered if a like test would be given to me. It seemed as if I ought to be allowed to explain that I looked on all religions sympathetically, especially admiring the exalted teachings in Buddhism, and that I had studied Confucianism and Taoism, though I did not wish to leave my own faith. However I felt it was improbable, to say the least, that a wild Chinese rabble, composed of the dregs of the population, would listen to such arguments, even if I had known Chinese, or their especial form of dialect.

Memories came over me of a young lady missionary, a protégée of one of my old aunts, who had been thrown down a well in some local Chinese riot, and how my aunt had written: "I have sung about the Noble Army of Martyrs

every Sunday; now I have known one." But I felt I certainly had at present no claims to be a martyr, even if I was killed by a savage mob, and further reflected that the Chinese, as far as I knew, seldom showed any desire for religious propaganda; indeed they would probably look on any knowledge of their religions possessed by foreign devils as a great impertinence. Educated Chinamen, I had heard quite recently, regarded Christianity as a crude form of belief, quite harmless, even at times producing excellent results, which was very suitable to the grosser intelligence of western peoples, though of course an impossibility for the serious consideration of a highly cultivated man. Strange to say, these discursive thoughts rather calmed me than otherwise, and certainly helped to pass the time of waiting, which seemed immensely long, though really I fancy not more than twenty minutes in duration. There may have been peace-giving influences about the sacred place in which I was concealed, but I could not make out whether the room was dedicated to purposes of devotion, or if the shrine was simply there as a valuable possession in the art collection.

At last they came. I heard the sound of many footsteps and voices and saw that a quantity of Chinese were filling the room. All were armed with guns and long knives; about half of the number, who must have been servants of the house, being dressed in some sort of uniform, though Chinamen look so much alike to an outsider that I could not otherwise have distinguished them; I heard later that the delay had been occasioned by the equipment of the servants, the old Mandarin having bargained with the rioters that each of their delegates should have one of his men to counter-balance him. This was agreed to, as the house was now completely surrounded and all egress barred, no one guessing that the English party had been so secretly and expeditiously hurried away. I could see out very well, through several little holes for light and air, and as the whole

cavity was lined with green gauze, no one could see me. The room seemed crowded with rough men, who at once began looking in the only possible hiding-places, under the seat running round the room and behind the curtains; as they had a very large mansion to traverse and expected to find at least thirty English people, their stay in one comparatively empty room was naturally as brief as possible. Two in silk robes were, I felt sure, the master of the house and perhaps the son who had originally given us the invitation, for having travelled much and made long sojourns in London and Paris, he constantly found friends among the English visitors.

A few minutes of intense and terrible excitement, as I strained every nerve to remain motionless, and the crisis was over and they had all passed on into the next room. For the moment I was safe, though I did not know if they would come back the same way or not. I fancy that no one else knew this, and this was the reason why I was left for so long in my little prison, or cave of safety as I ought to call it, when I think of what I owed to the protection of its sheltering walls.

Though stiff and aching in every limb, I must at last have fallen into a sort of half doze, from which I was roused with a start by the sound of voices, and looked out to see the two men in silk standing in front of me. With some tact, they walked through to the adjacent room, while the house steward, with considerable difficulty dragged me out of the shrine, thoroughly dusted me, smoothed my hair and rapidly dressed me in my coat and skirt and shoes; my hat was broken to pieces, but that did not matter. He then triumphantly led me to his masters, who received me with the greatest possible kindness and an elaborate old-time kind of courtesy; while the son, in excellent English, expressed their great grief at the annoyance I had suffered, politely ignoring the fact that it was entirely the result of my own carelessness, and that I was giving them a great deal of trouble and anxiety. He

further explained that his father thought I was by no means safe even now, and that the best plan would be to take me to the ladies' quarters, where his mother would probably advise something, adding that she was always their guide.

Before long, I found myself in a beautiful yellow satin drawing-room full of ladies in very smart silk costumes, the whole scene looking like a combination of a Chinese sketch and an eighteenth century French picture. Great excitement and interest were naturally shown, and I was warmly welcomed into the midst of the company, though unable to hold much communion with them, as only one, the wife of the travelled son, could speak a few words of English. She was a most attractive young woman, with beautiful manners, making me feel rather rough and awkward; for I must confess I had often been found fault with for what I considered to be a straightforward downright way of speaking, but which my friends, and especially my relations, called brusque and gauche.

My dependent condition did not surprise any one, as Chinese ladies are the most helpless beings imaginable, which was one reason, I gathered, why the gentlemen were not annoyed at my stupidity in having been left behind; it never occurred to them that it was my fault, the blame being in their opinion entirely with those who were in charge of me; a point of view I did not at all share, as I considered I was entirely on my own responsibility.

A short debate among the authorities resulted in the English-speaking lady leading me into an inner room, where, with much innocent gaiety, she and three or four young sisters or sisters-in-law dressed me in a very handsome dark blue silk Chinese dress, embroidered with pink lilies. My hair, which I usually wore parted, was rolled over a very high puff and ornamented with flowers and jewels, valuable necklaces being also hung round my neck. They

seemed to enjoy the amusement immensely, and further tried to teach me how to act like a Chinese lady, turning my shoulders, pointing my feet, and other little details. I fear they thought English women very hopeless, and I longed to explain that many others, indeed my own aunts, would have been far more at home with their pretty, graceful, finicky manners than a college athlete like myself. It was explained to me later that they thought if I sat among them with my back turned to the door, no one would remark me, for even their servants were not quite to be trusted in these times.

And there I stayed under the charge of these good people for six weeks and more. They would not hear of my leaving, as they said I should assuredly be murdered in the streets, besides which the close siege of the Boxers made the British Legation entirely unattainable. The time passed wonderfully quickly; Waterlily, the English-speaking son's wife, and I studied English and Chinese together, played games, worked and sang. I taught her to play the piano, and she taught me embroidery stitches and Chinese songs. All the young people united in trying to amuse and cheer the stranger within their gates, and I cannot say too much for the inexpressible kindness with which I was treated by every member of the immense family collected under that hospitable roof. I slept in a little room opening out of the yellow drawing-room, and was waited on by an elderly deaf and dumb nurse, who they said was trustworthy, and who brought in all my meals.

I was left almost alone in the house before the end, with the old grandmother, who said she was too old to move, and my original friend, the travelled son. He considered that, though the house was almost safe, having high stone walls round the garden and iron shutters, still the danger of looting foreign troops was too serious a one to run. How wise his judgment was, events afterwards showed. As he cynically observed: "I do not say that your western soldiers are worse than ours would be in a like case. They

are all much the same, Christian or Buddhist, or anything else, when it comes to a possibility of loot. So I think it safer to send all our valuables and the ladies and children away, before they arrive to avenge this great insult that our Government has so foolishly allowed them to receive." An educated and advanced Chinaman, imbued with western ideas, he often deplored the reactionary policy of the Court, and felt no surprise at subsequent events when the allied troops marched into Pekin, and the day of my return to English Society approached. The last act of the kind old grandmother was to fold a valuable Indian shawl round me, as she feared I might be cold travelling, if all my clothes should prove to be lost, except the very thin ones I had arrived in and which I was now to resume.

Great was the surprise with which I was received at the Legation, as no one there had realised my existence, my friends having been obliged to seize the last opportunity of leaving Pekin on the afternoon of the original expedition. Knowing they could do nothing for me, they could only hope I should find my way to the British Legation, where one extra guest during the expected siege would be certainly more acceptable than three additions to the household. They knew that I had plenty of money on me, as we were expecting to start at any moment, and were ready packed. I had my passport and banker's letter of credit as well, so would have been able to travel, if necessary, or pay my way. When we all met again in Japan, I could never make them realise in what imminent danger I had been, though the Professor was really distressed at not having looked after me more efficaciously. But "All's well that ends well," and this adventure certainly *did* end well.

C. C.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES

WHAT is Light, is a question, the answer to which is of as intense interest to the student of Occultism, as to the man of science. In an eloquent passage in *Isis Unveiled* (Vol. i, p. 258), we read: "Light is the first begotten, and the first emanation of the Supreme, and Light is Life, says the evangelist. Both are electricity—the life-principle, the *anima mundi*, pervading the universe, the electric vivifier of all things. Light is the great Protean magician, and under the Divine Will of the architect, its multifarious, omnipotent waves gave birth to every form as well as to every living being. From its swelling electric bosom, spring *matter* and *spirit*. WITHIN ITS BEAMS LIE THE BEGINNINGS OF ALL PHYSICAL AND CHEMICAL ACTION." It is clear from many passages in *The Secret Doctrine* that the occult teaching with regard to light differs substantially from that which prevails in scientific circles. Occultists do not deny the undulatory theory of light, but they assert that it needs completion and rearrangement (*S. D.* Vol. i, p. 634). But it is evident that the corpuscular theory, as really taught by Pythagoras (pp. 552-3), is the one which is nearest the truth. Modern science has not yet come to believe in a corpuscular theory of light, although it has discovered several forms of radiation, in which corpuscles travel with nearly the speed of light; but it is ready to admit that if these radiations had been known a century earlier, the corpuscular theory might have been retained.

The undulatory theory of light can be illustrated by dropping a stone into a pond of water; the gradually extending rings of waves correspond to the propagation of light in the

ether of space, the main difference being that instead of a circle with a continually increasing radius, we must think of a sphere with a similarly increasing radius. There are indications, however, that this view of light-waves is going out of favor, and about to be replaced by that of Faraday. Faraday is the one scientific man of the nineteenth century, who obtained his ideas mainly by intuition, and not by mathematical developments, but most of the recent discoveries in physics have been made by following up his ideas. Faraday held that light-waves were propagated along tubes of force bored, as it were, through the ether, these tubes of force being the connecting links between particles and masses of matter. (*Electricity and Matter*, Thomson, p. 62). This modified undulatory theory is found to explain many difficulties which hitherto have puzzled physicists (*Nature*, Vol. 82, p. 67, Nov. 18th, 1909), and is becoming generally adopted in the Cambridge school; it was advocated by J. J. Thomson in his presidential address to the British Association, 1909, and an account of its advantages will be found in Campbell's *Modern Electrical Theory* (Cambridge University Press, p. 319). It seems probable that this new development in the theory of lights is one of the modifications referred to in *The Secret Doctrine*, and I would suggest that a further modification bringing it still nearer into line with occult teaching would be that, along these Faraday tubes of force, there passes a continual stream of corpuscles, say bubbles of koilon, or combinations thereof; for in this way we should have both the undulatory and the corpuscular theory of light combined, and thus both these rival theories would turn out to be true. The case of two competing hypotheses both turning out true, being merely two aspects of the same phenomena, may occur again and again as science progresses; Newton's Theory of Attraction and Descartes's Vortices will, I think, furnish another instance. It is well, perhaps, in this connexion, to recall to mind

a warning given in *Five Years of Theosophy* (p. 157), that the Adepts deny the entire error of many so-called 'exploded' theories.

The adoption by science of Faraday's tubes of force, as the channels along which the light-rays pass, will involve many consequences, some of which will be, I think, rather a surprise to many physicists. These tubes of force are not confined to luminous bodies like our sun, but all are found with bodies which carry an electric charge; and since, in modern theory, the atoms of matter consist entirely of such charges, it follows that all bodies are linked together by these lines of force. The sun is joined to the earth by lines issuing from the sun, but the earth is also joined to the sun, BY LINES ISSUING FROM THE EARTH! This suggests the question: does the light of the sun reach the earth along the sun-lines or the earth-lines? A vibration started at the sun's surface, on an earth-line, would travel along it to the earth, in a backward direction from the sun, with the speed of light, and if the period of vibration was within a certain range, would be seen on earth as a ray of light from the sun, although the line of force carrying the ray had issued from the earth. Such vibrations along earth-lines would probably have certain limitations, the divine measure imposed upon our atoms, the Terrestrial Tanmatra. Vibration periods on the sun-lines might be above, or below, these limits, but these could not affect the earth-lines, unless they were harmonic. If matter composing the sun gave out vibrations, which had a simple numerical ratio to the vibrations of earthly matter, vibrations would be caused in the earth-lines by the well-known principle of resonance, and vibrations would be seen on the earth, which when analysed, would show spectroscopic lines characteristic of terrestrial matter, although the matter causing them might be of an entirely different order in the cosmos. Hence men of science may be quite wrong in

interpreting spectroscopic evidence to mean that terrestrial chemical elements exist in the other heavenly bodies, and the observed effect may be due to the terrestrial light intercepting solar light, carrying vibrations of solar matter which happen to be harmonic with the vibrations of terrestrial matter. Now this is precisely what *The Secret Doctrine* tells us is the cause of the phenomena, for we are told (Vol. i, p. 654) that the spectroscope shows the probable similarity of cometary and stellar matter with that of the earth, owing to the action of TERRESTRIAL LIGHT UPON THE INTERCEPTED RAYS.

The above reformed theory of light may perhaps help to remove one of the outstanding discrepancies between modern science and occult teaching, for from the earliest years of the Theosophical Society, the 'Adepts' have denied most emphatically that the sun's chemical and physical constitution contains any of the elements of terrestrial chemistry in any of the states that either chemist or physicist is acquainted with (*Five Years of Theosophy*, p. 161). All the suns of our sidereal system, we are told, form the kâma-rûpa of Kosmos (*S. D.* Vol. iii, p. 562), and since the kâma-rûpa of man is not composed of physical matter but of astral, the inference naturally follows that the desire-body of Kosmos will be of the same material. In previous notes, it has been inferred that the sun is composed of negative electrons, the atoms of the astral plane, and the theories of Arrhenius and of Birkeland are based on streams of such astral matter being poured forth from the sun's surface; these astral outpourings are, in their opinion, the causes of aurora, magnetic storms, and other terrestrial phenomena. If the matter of the stars thus belongs to the astral and higher planes, we should expect that the light from them would vibrate in higher octaves than the light of physical matter; in confirmation of this, I may point out that Hallwachs found that when ultra-violet light fell upon certain substances a stream of negative electrons

(astral atoms), was given off (*Modern Electric Theory*, Campbell, p. 214). Further investigations also show that ultra-violet vibrations are caused by negative electrons, whilst the infra-red vibrations proceed from positively charged atoms (*ib.* p. 235). Thus we have one more proof that astral matter is negatively charged, whilst physical atoms carry positive electricity. Modern Physicists have so far only discovered the lower form of electricity, and find it to consist of negative electrons. In *The Secret Doctrine* (Vol. i, 109-10) we read: "Electricity is the One Life at the upper rung of Being, and Astral Fluid at the lower; it is the sacred generator of Light—the essence of our Divine Ancestors." This directly confirms the statement that the negative electron is astral matter, and confirms also the electro-magnetic theory of Light. Can it be that the essence of our Divine Ancestors is the source of life to us, and is continually poured into us along Faraday's tubes of force from the Creative Hierarchies of the Zodiac?

G. E. SUTCLIFFE

One of our members, Dr. Nunn, has made a very noble protest against the growing medical tyranny in England. He has been Medical Officer of Health in Bournemouth for many years, and the admirable sanitary condition of the town is due to his unceasing care; the health of Bournemouth has been the "apple of his eye". The Local Government Board has lately issued a circular, ordering the Diphtheria serum to be supplied free *out of the rates* to all medical practitioners, and ordering all Medical Officers of Health to urge its use on medical men. Dr. Nunn's own medical experience makes it impossible for him to endorse the high praise he was ordered to issue over his signature. So he has lost his appointment. 'Modernists' are treated in medicine as they are in the Roman Catholic church. At their peril they are unorthodox.

THE EDITOR

LOVE LOOKING DOWN

Long years ago, before the birth of Time,
When all the love wherewith this heart is filled
Beat fully, with one sound reverberate,
A note that knew not time, nor space, nor sound,
Vision of heaven, or knowledge of the deeps,
Nor height, nor depth, nor any face of God
Wherewith He veils the glory of His Name.

Long years ago—I say—I stretched mine arms
As though a cross—Ah! Wonder!—through the world;
I stretched mine arms above the unfathomable
Abyss of all that is, and all to come,
Even to the utmost limits of God's Thought,
Where turns the known into the unknown Truth.

And there, mine arms upheld, I grew as they—
All others—and my heart became a sea
Which hath no boundary, but flowing forth
Swept through the utmost limits of the worlds.

Thus did I learn that God no other Name
Than Love has, and of Love art thou—and I.

* * * * *

So, then, within the circle of these arms,
As though a cross upheld through all the worlds;
So, then, within the boundary of this heart,
Grown greater than the seas, and deep as hell;
Come thou, O world, I that have ache of thee,
And pity that shall fill a thousand years
For every tear of thine! And thee, thou soul
Amongst all other souls so well-beloved,
If thou hast will to come—

Aye! If thou art blind, and know not—
Little one, come!

CLARA M. CODY

THEOSOPHICAL MAGAZINES

ASIATIC

The Adyar Bulletin, Adyar, March, 1911. After the usual Headquarters' Notes comes a very instructive brightly written article on 'Prejudice' by X. Mr. Leadbeater's contribution this month is entitled 'Clairvoyance and Tradition,' a very useful article which Theosophical students will do well to thoroughly digest; it is an answer to some objections raised regarding the twenty-eighth life of Alcyone in Persia with Zoroaster; we quite admire and fully appreciate Mr. Leadbeater's tolerant but firm attitude towards orthodoxy, and his charitable but independent judgment regarding scriptural books. Maya Haig's short story on 'True Compassion' and Elisabeth Sever's conclusion of the useful article on 'Some Corroborations of Theosophical Teachings' close a good number.

Theosophy in India, Benares, February, 1911. 'The Religion of Theosophy' by Bābū Bhagavān Dās is the paper read at the Allahabad Convention of Religions; even in its opening pages it is so good that we feel the coming conclusion next month is sure to be equally useful; we hope the paper will be printed separately for propaganda work.

C. H. C. Magazine, Benares, March, 1911. We are glad to see the name of Josephine Ransom under 'Dewal Devi of Gujrat'; we hope more of these historic stories will be given to us, as sometimes back in the past. 'Shivaji and Rāmqās' is a short but readable piece.

The Sons of India, Benares, February, 1911. Prof. Sañjiya Rao writes on the new 'Order of the Rising Sun' which is composed of "children, some older and wiser, some younger," and "it seeks to raise from those of the human race whose ears are not entirely deaf to the call of the Teacher" a "part of the family of the Lord when He comes," with the definite goal of occupying "the position of humble messengers of the Teacher".

The Cherāy (English Supplement), Bombay, March, 1911. 'Is Zoroastrianism a revealed Religion?' by J. J. Vimaḍalāl at the

Allahabad Convention of Religions. The answer given is in the affirmative; this by the help of a special, psychological interpretation of the term 'Revelation' which is clever. Quotations from the Scriptures are given in support of it.

EUROPEAN

The Vahan, London, February, 1911. Good reviews of books, intelligent discussion on 'The Lives of Alcyone,' questions and answers, and notes and news make up this number.

Theosophy in Scotland, Edinburgh, 1911. 'The Masters,' by Elisabeth Severs, 'The Moral Philosophy of Mencius,' book reviews, notes and news of general and local interest form the contents of this issue.

The Lotus Journal, London, February 1911. 'The Garden in Winter' by W. C. Worsdell, is the first instalment of a new column 'Nature Notes'; 'The Causal Body' is the lotus lesson for this month; 'Moonshine' is a story which could have been better; 'Theosophy and the Social Problem' is the report of a lecture by Mrs. Besant; 'Where there's a Will there is a Way' by Amy Helen Jackson (aged 11) is quite creditable to the budding author! On the whole a good number.

Revue Théosophique Française (French), Paris, January, 1911, contains translations of articles by Annie Besant and C. W. Leadbeater, and the usual monthly notes about the movement in France and outside.

Bulletin Théosophique (French), Paris, February, 1911, contains usual communications, a letter from the General Secretary at Adyar, and one from the General Secretary of Switzerland.

Revue Théosophique Belge (French), Brussels, February, 1911, contains translations of articles by A. Besant and H. P. Blavatsky, and an article by Jean Delville "A Belgian Thaumaturge" (Antoine the Healer), describing the force through which this mystic effected his cures. Prosecuted a few years ago by 150 doctors who brought up a complaint against him for illegal practice of medical science, now another petition signed by 160,000 names has been brought before the Chambers in Belgium to allow the acknowledgment of the Antoinist cult.

Le Théosophe (French), Paris, January and February numbers. To be noted with interest is a series of answers from

the well-known men in France to the question: What is your conception of God? Different articles on various important questions and for Theosophical propaganda fill the rest of this paper, doing good service.

Theosophie (German), February, 1911, contains an article by Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden, dealing with the latest publications of mystic and occult literature issued mainly in Germany. The books are partly new, partly reprints of old authors, and their mass is overwhelming. The remaining articles are translations.

Theosophia (Dutch), Amsterdam, February, 1911. A. E. Thierens writes a good article about 'The different currents in the Theosophical Movement'. J. W. Boissevain writes a very ingenious article 'On Corrosion' and some remarks on Karma.

Theosofisch Maandblad (Dutch), India, January, 1911, contains the conclusion of a long article about 'Spiritualism and Materialism' by G. Mulder; and a reverie, 'The Path to the White Temple,' by M.

Teosofisk Tidsskrift (Danish), January, 1911, contains Hæckel's 'The World's Problems and Theosophy,' by Dr. Steiner and 'The Resurrection,' by Helga Gelfmuyden.

AMERICAN

The Theosophic Messenger, January, 1911, is full of good readable matter, notably among them C. Jinarājadāsa's 'Three Truths of Philosophy,' E. Holbrook's 'Communication,' 'The Rôle of Peace in the Immediate Future,' by A. P. Warrington, 'History of Reincarnation,' by C. J. (a very useful collection for reference).

AUSTRALASIAN

Theosophy in Australasia, Sydney, February, 1911. Among the original articles are 'From Sudden Death,' 'A South African Melody,' 'The Ten Commandments,' and 'The Mysticism of Richard Wagner,' by H. W. Hunt. 'The Outlook,' reviews, notes, news and reprints make up a very good number.

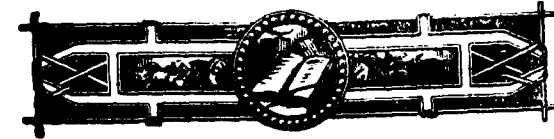
Theosophy in New Zealand, Auckland, January, 1911. 'The Story of the Christ,' by Marion Judson is concluded. 'A Scripture of Yoga,' by Maitra is continued, and so is 'Thoughts about Theosophy,' by Kabir Harrison.

AFRICAN

The Seeker, Pietermaritzburg, January, 1911. 'Astrology,' by Mercury treats of Virgo and Libra; and 'Capital Punishment,' by J. L. L. Campbell is a readable article; 'The Marrow' is an Irish legend of interest.

A great conflict has been caused in Southern India by the pronouncement of Shri Shaṅkarāchārya of the Sringeri Math—who claims the high sounding title of World-Teacher—against foreign travel. He declares that a Brāhmaṇa who crosses the ocean loses his status as a Brāhmaṇa, and cannot be reinstated in his caste. It is a somewhat interesting fact that this same high authority, a few years ago, publicly reinstated a Brāhmaṇa into caste who had committed the crime of being called to the bar in England, and that since that time Brāhmaṇas have gone forth guily, relying on the action of the World-Teacher. At one time Shri Shaṅkarāchārya showed many signs of liberality, but of late he has changed his attitude, and has become narrower in his ideas—or, it may be, that he has only changed his minister. From the standpoint of the welfare of orthodoxy, his proclamation is most unfortunate. He has all educated India against him, and all that he can do is to drive out of Hindūism those who are its strength. Brāhmaṇas will go abroad all the same, and will influence India on their return. It is Hindūism, not they, who will suffer—if he succeeds. But it is more likely that his declaration will prove to be mere empty sound, and that Hindūism will go forward, and leave Shri Shaṅkarāchārya behind; his successor, understanding better the signs of the time, will reverse this unwise dictum. Meanwhile the other Shri Shaṅkarāchāryas will probably multiply their disciples at the expense of his, and the rival Maths will profit.

THE EDITOR



QUARTERLY LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

REVIEWS¹

So many books are now sent to us for review that we are compelled either to overload our ordinary contents with Reviews, or to allow the books to accumulate unduly on our shelves. We shall, therefore, once a quarter, have a Literary Supplement, giving a few pages only to Reviews in the intervening months. I am aware that our half-yearly volumes are now growing unduly bulky, but what can we do? A quarterly volume will be our last resource, and that looms in the not-dim and not-distant future.

THE EDITOR

The After-death, by Henry Brandon. (Theosophical Publishing Society, 161, New Bond Street, London. Price 2s. 6d.)

This is, in many ways, a remarkable book. The *mise-en-scène* is the familiar one of a dead friend who has left a manuscript, and this manuscript, written under the influence of one who had passed over—a Roman Catholic—relates some of the after-death conditions. The author describes his death scene and his feelings thereon exceedingly well, and relates the experiences immediately following. He is taken in hand by a higher personage, who gives him his first lessons—the fashion of astral speech is well adumbrated—and there is an interesting sketch of the effect on the astral plane of the author's burial Mass. Then comes a graphic 'creepy' scene, where he is surrounded by his own evil thought-forms—polyps, serpents, crabs, spiders, and, worst of all, an awful corpse, that of a man whom, in childhood, he, a boy, had corrupted. Then he meets the fair embodiment of his past carnal desires, with the sudden change to a leprous face as he cries on God to

¹ All books reviewed here may be ordered from THE THEOSOPHIST Office, Adyar, Madras, India.

save. And so, on and on, scene after scene. The whole is, inevitably, penetrated with Theosophical ideas; a child teaches him how to 'fly,' by concentrating his thought on the thing he wishes to reach, and he fails "because you did not send your whole thought, you were thinking of yourself". The effect of those living on earth on those living in the after-death world is well described.

Your hopeless mourning and dreadful ways of speech about us make us shudder and lose half the courage we need so sorely; and when you doubt us and talk of us as if we were no more, we are disheartened and suffer in our own faith. You cannot even make mention of us, but we feel. There is much talk among you of the dead haunting the living; indeed it is the living who haunt the dead... Your grief impedes us.

There are striking phrases; dreams are spoken of which men forget "as some forget their incarnations," and, when they wake, they know not that their dream-acts have been seen and shuddered at; men think their dreams their own, but "it is upon the housetops that they have dreamed". There is an admirable description of the after-death states and the borderland on pp. 180-196—the writer *knows* them—and a noble teaching on Life and the Soul, pp. 199-203.

On the whole, a book well worth reading.

A. B.

The Human Chord, by Algernon Blackwood. (Macmillan & Co., Ltd., St. Martin's Street, London.)

To those who are interested in 'occult' fiction, we can cordially recommend *The Human Chord*, the latest novel by Mr. Algernon Blackwood, whose *John Silence* is already so well known to our readers. The story deals with the potency of sound in regard to individuals, inanimate objects, and certain powers of nature. A clergyman, intoning the service in a small country church, observes a sudden transfiguration in two members of his congregation, and realises that, by chance, he has sounded the Key Note which calls forth the higher Self in them into fuller expression on this plane. Proceeding from this clue, many experiments lead him to discover a method of deducing from the ordinary names of people the 'true name' or note to which their inner Self responds, and thence he is led to a knowledge of the creative energy of sound and its power to modify matter. Fired with enthusiasm by these discoveries, the clergyman proceeds to

call upon certain Powers or Vibratory Forces in nature. For the weird happenings resulting from the use of this knowledge and for the ending of the matter, we must refer our readers to the book itself, for we will not spoil the enjoyment of so good a story by disclosing the plot.

There is much to interest the student of Occultism in the descriptions of the effect of consciously directed sound on the various characters, and particularly in the fine description of the gradual change of consciousness in Spinrobin, the hero of the tale, when his own 'true name' is sounded.

In regard to the technique of the story, it is no mean achievement to grip the reader's attention, with the exception of one or two places where perhaps the interest flags, through some 326 pages, with only four characters and scarcely any change of scene. Here and there vivid pictures are cleverly called before the mind by a few lines of descriptive word-painting and the tremendously powerful character of the clergyman is exceedingly well portrayed. The weakest point of the story is that the dénouement is tolerably obvious to the experienced novel reader very early in the tale, while the description of the apparatus and the rooms for storing sound is perhaps not very convincing. Spinrobin, too, is made such a colorless character, for the sake of artistic contrast, that one is rather inclined to lose interest in him. These faults of construction are, however, but small blemishes in an otherwise excellent story; and Mr. Blackwood is fast making for himself the reputation of being the author of the best 'occult' stories of the day. The present book is a notable advance over his previous work, and such is the magic of his pen that one closes the volume with an extraordinary feeling of having somehow contacted the great spaces of other planes and dimly sensed vast powers, which makes the book, in our experiences, unique among novels dealing with the occult.

C. R. H.

Five Years of Theosophy. (THE THEOSOPHIST Office, Adyar, Madras, India. Price 6/- or Rs. 4-8 or \$ 1.50.)

This is a reprint of the second and revised edition of 1894. It is printed in very clear type, on excellent feather-weight paper, and bound handsomely, uniform with the works of Mme. H. P. Blavatsky. It contains valuable essays on Mystical, Theosophical, Historical and Scientific subjects, from the gifted pens of H. P. Blavatsky, Damodar, Subba Rao, C. C. Massey, Mohini Mohan Chatterji, E. H. Morgan, Dr. Hartmann, and others. The reading the book affords is at once interesting and instructive; it treats of subjects of varied nature and abounds in information rare and unique. It shows forth the great mental output of THE THEOSOPHIST in its first five years of existence in a striking way. It is one of those few books that give food for thought and require hard thinking in its readers; it provokes perplexity which it ultimately relieves, if the reader is persistent enough to ferret out the truths that lie between the lines. From that standpoint this volume is priceless for the earnest student of the occult. The famous article on 'The Elixir of Life;' valuable contributions of practical value and utility on 'Contemplation,' by Dāmodar, 'True and False Personality,' by C. C. Massey, 'Morality and Pantheism,' by Mohini M. Chatterji, 'Occult Study,' by a Lay Chela, 'How shall we sleep,' by Gustav Zorn and Nobin K. Bannerji, and last but not least 'Chelās and Lay Chelās,' by H. P. B.; scholarly expositions of Subba Rao on 'The Twelve Signs of the Zodiac,' 'The Sevenfold Principle in Man,' and 'Personal and Impersonal God'; of H. P. B. on 'The Septenary Principle in Esotericism,' 'The Theory of Cycles and 'Transmigration'; the lucid, clever and convincing answers to an English F. T. S. on 'Some Enquiries suggested by *Esoteric Buddhism*;' admirable writings about the great Masters such as 'Mahātmās and Chelās,' 'How a Chelā found his Guru' (a thrilling adventure of the late S. Ramaswamier), 'The Sages of the Himavat' (Dāmodar), 'The Himālayan Brothers—Do they exist?' 'Interview with a Mahātmā'; these 'are the living interests of this splendid book. A Glossary and Index add to its value, and at its price the book is very cheap. Older members of the T. S. will be—they ought to be—familiar with the book, and the younger members will do well to study it carefully.

B. P. W.

Shans at Home, by Mrs. Leslie Milne. (John Murray, Albemarle Street, London, -W. Price 15/-)

The contemptuous way in which the fascinating, though pathetic, little maid of honor mentions "the wild Shan girls" in *Thibaw's Queen*, by Fielding Hall, made us look upon the Shans as a backward race but, to our surprise, the careful analysis of their life by Mrs. Milne shows them to possess all the good points of the Burmese intensified. Her book gives a picture of modern Shan life that we can take as illustrating the effect of a pure form of Buddhism, when accepted by a fourth Race people. Lurid glimpses of what they may have been before can be caught here and there, in such customs as biting (not eating) the body of an enemy who has been killed in battle, or from the contents of their pharmacopœia. Centuries of Buddhism have now given the Shans a great respect for human life; still, old customs die hard and, like his Burmese neighbor, many a Shan will eat, raw or cooked, animals that have died a natural death, or have been killed by their fiercer neighbors, the Kachins.

'Reincarnation' and 'karma' seem to be very important factors in Shan daily life, and their knowledge of the former may have pre-lated Buddhism, for they quietly ignore the monk's teaching about "the soul as well as the body being dissolved at death". The Shan mother is much concerned to know who her little one was before it came to her. If its birth gave her no pain, baby was well-behaved in its previous existences, but if she suffers, then poor baby's past ill deeds are already showing their effects. If many children are born into a family, the parents have been hospitable and full of good works in past lives; and the children's souls are glad to come to such a home. A baby boy, or girl, receives a warm welcome. When it is old enough to point, its mother takes it out of doors and asks it: "Baby, where do you come from?" If baby points to the house-door, it was one of the family; if it points to another village it is taken there and again questioned. An Englishman who was killed in the Kachin war is believed to have reincarnated amongst them. In the evenings they discuss these questions around the fire until ten o'clock causes visitors to retire; the fire is then banked, someone recites a few lines on the changes and uncertainties of life, and all go to bed. They consider all the miseries of life are caused by bad thoughts or deeds in past lives, and consequently place

more value on character than on worldly possessions—to the despair of western business men, who prefer a more 'business-like' recognition of the power of the 'all-mighty dollar' and its owner. Shans consider money better invested when given to build a religious house or a rest-house, than when hoarded in a bank, or used to purchase a large house to glorify themselves; so they give away with both hands all that they gain. This makes them independent and honest, and their land supplies them with the necessities of life.

The children are trained to treat their parents with loving respect, and no Shan child would sit in its father's place, or drink from his water-bottle which it fills every day, even in his absence. When visitors come, the children at once bring them a mat to sit on and cold water to drink. They are very patient with the old, and are always kind to idiots and imbeciles.

It would seem possible that this sturdy, cleanly, honest and religious race, as Mrs. Milne pictures them to us, can give something to enrich the general type of humanity, and that therefore their karma will be to be Aryanised and melted gradually into the fifth Race; instead of dying out, or being killed off, as is the fate of so many old races.

The author concludes with a word of thanks and gratitude to the Shans "for the kindness and courtesy they always showed to me," during the time that she lived alone in their valleys.

If we must criticise such a valuable work, we might say that here and there it shows traces of the hasty putting together of notes, for some are repeated; as in the passages on ponies, on pages 144 and 156, and about sheep and goats, on pages 142 and 157.

The chapter on 'Shan Cosmogony' is worth especially careful reading, for it gives an elusive idea of symbolically presenting much that Theosophy has written about. The four spiders, on page 197, that spin their webs and form islands, make us think of the four Mahārājas, and the thread of monadic life spinning round each globe until human evolution is complete.

We have no space to go into the learned investigations into Shan history and literature by the Rev. Wilber Willis

Cochrane, which form a part of the book that will add much to its value for ethnologists. We can only express our thanks to the author for the loving care that has brought together such a host of detail, and has made her Shan men and women our friends, and not the mere objects of curiosity that they were before we read her book.

A. J. W.

The Apocalypse Unsealed, by James M. Pryse. (John M. Pryse, 9—15, Murray Street, New York.)

The sub-title reads: An esoteric interpretation of 'The Initiation of Ióannēs,' commonly called 'The Revelation of (S.) John,' with a new translation. This is a book that most students of Occultism will be delighted to read. Certainly every student of Esoteric Astrology will welcome its appearance. Its purpose mainly is to show that the *Apocalypse* is really a manual of spiritual development, concealed under the most extraordinary symbols, checked off by a numerical key, and is not, as conventionally interpreted, a cryptic history or prophecy. It is an account of the Initiation of S. John himself, "the Initiation of Anointed Iêsous, that is of his own illumined Nous, the 'witness' for the Universal Logos, as Ióannēs in the material world—the 'slave' (*doulos*) of the true self—is the 'witness' for the Individual Logos". According to the author the *Apocalypse* contains an esoteric interpretation of the Christos-myth, explains "the old Serpent, who is the Devil and Satan," repudiates the profane conception of an anthropomorphic God; and with sublime imagery points out the true and only path to Life Eternal. In his opinion its preservation among the Christian Scriptures has been "designed for the undoing of orthodoxy," when the time was ripe for so doing. The first part of the book is certainly the most forceful, and the chapters on 'The Path of Power,' and 'The Drama of Self-conquest,' give evidence of an immense amount of thought bestowed upon them.

He interprets the 'seven Churches which are in Asia' as meaning the seven chakras in the human body. Thus the fourth is: "*Anahata*, cardiac ganglion; Thyatira, a city noted for the manufacture of scarlet dyes: the name being thus a covert reference to the blood and circulatory system." The fifth chakra is "*Vishuddhi*, laryngeal ganglion; Sardeis, a name which suggests the *sardion*, sardine or carnelian, a flesh-colored

stone—thus alluding to the laryngeal protuberance vulgarly termed 'Adam's apple.' No doubt there will be sober-minded Biblical scholars who will say that this method of interpretation is an evidence of imagination running riot, of whimsical conjectures and untenable theories, but always esoteric interpretation is open to this charge by the uninitiated. According to the author the Apocalyptic drama is expressed in terms of natural phenomena; its hero is the Sun, its heroine the Moon, and all its other characters are Planets, Stars and Constellations; while its stage-setting comprises the Sky, the Earth, the Rivers and the Sea. But when that Universe has perished, "the first sky and the first earth are passed away, and the sea exists no more," then "from his effulgent throne the Logos-Sun announces: 'Behold! I am making a new universe'." Now, this Apocalyptic universe is Man, the lesser cosmos, of whom the Logos-Sun is in truth the Architect and Builder, and whom the Sun, the Moon, and all the stars of heaven have helped to mould and make. There is in reality only one performer in this second Apocalyptic drama—the neophyte himself—the sacrificial 'Lamb' who "awakens all the slumbering forces of his inner nature, passes through the terrible ordeals of the purificatory discipline and telestic labors, and finally emerges as the conqueror—the Self-perfected Man who has regained his standing among the deathless Gods. All the other *dramatis personæ* are only personifications of the principles, faculties, forces, and elements of Man."

The drama has seven acts: (1) the opening of the seven seals, the conquest of the seven principal centres of the sympathetic nervous system; (2) the sounding of the seven trumpets, the conquest of the seven centres of the brain, or cerebro-spinal system; (3) the battle in the sky, resulting in the expulsion of the Dragon and his divinities, that is, the elimination from the mind of all impure thoughts; (4) the harvesting of the earth and its vine, the conquest of the seven cardiac centres; (5) the outpouring of the seven scourges, the conquest of the generative centres, which finishes the "conquest of the chakras" and brings about the birth of the Solar body; (6) the battle in the psychic world, or infernal region, called 'Harmagedon,' resulting in the overthrow of the three beasts, that is, the extinction of the extraneous phantasmal demon, or composite elemental self; and (7) the last judgment, the summing up of the completed cycle of earth-lives. The second portion of the book deals

with the Initiation of Iôannês, and is a chapter and verse translation, with commentary, of the *Apocalypse*. The Philistine may say of this part of the book that at times there is an evident effort to make "the punishment fit the crime," or rather, to make the translation fit the interpretation, but in spite of that the author has given much food for careful thought. The book is handsomely bound and well printed, and contains numerous very fine illustrations. We hope it will have the wide circulation it deserves.

M. H. H.

New Evidences in Psychical Research, by J. Arthur Hill. (William Rider & Son, 164, Aldersgate Street, London.)

Sir Oliver Lodge pens a brief introduction to this book, avouching the truthfulness and care of the author, and commending "the narrative as well worthy of study". The commendation may be repeated, though Mr. Hill, as a proper Psychical Researcher, pushes to an extreme every possible and improbable explanation of simple facts. 'Mrs. Napier' is a lady who is obviously clairvoyant and able to travel astrally, though not at will. Rather than accept this simple common-sense explanation, Mr. Hill trots out the well-worn subliminal self, and telepathy; some day this will seem as round-about as if to-day, in answer to my statement that I saw a man rowing in a boat, it were said: "You dreamed it with your eyes open, and the passing of the man happened to be coincident with your dream." However, the book, at the present stage of unenlightenment, is perhaps the better for the running to death of all possible explanations except the real one, and, in investigations into the super-normal, excessive scepticism, though an obstacle for the student himself, has its useful place. And Mr. Hill's book is useful, most painstaking and scrupulously careful.

A. B.

Views of India in Color. (The Times of India Office, Bombay. Price Rs. 5 or 7s. 6d. or \$1.65).

In far-away lands the beauty and grandeur of Indian sights and scenes is a matter of mere book knowledge. This excellent album will there serve the useful purpose of bringing to mind in a more tangible and realistic fashion the enchantment of Indian sky and color. While for those who never have been in India the album will be a source not only of amusement but study, for those at home and those who have been there it

will bring delightful remembrances of present or past days. It contains sixteen admirable pictures in pretty colors of some principal features of great Indian cities, such as: the Eden Gardens, Calcutta, a view from the Bombay Ridge, the Adyar Beach at Madras, the Taj of Agra, the Mosque of Delhi, the Burning Ghât of Benares. Nature's favorite spots such as Simla, Darjeeling, Kashmir, are also to be found as near to nature as the best Indian printing can possibly reproduce. A word of praise must be given to the *Times of India* Office for bringing out such an exquisite album, which in color printing and get up is as good as any English or European production. Along with *Typical colored pictures of Indians* with description, and the two series of Views of India and Indian Life (Re. 1 each) this album will give a very fair idea of modern India. If one wants more, or a better, one must be in India oneself.

B. P. W.

Alchemy: Ancient and Modern, by H. Stanley Redgrove, B.S. (Lond.) F. C. S. (William Rider & Son, London.)

There are not many books on Alchemy written in the English language, largely owing, no doubt to the subject having been ostracised from the councils of orthodox opinion. Recent findings in science, however, have compelled us to extend the frontiers of legitimate discussion, and we are proving the merits of many ancient 'absurdities'. The present work attempts to give some account of the doctrines held by the Alchemists, and to show their relations both to mysticism and physical science. The point is well put, that while some mystics have used the symbology of Alchemy to describe soul processes, yet many Alchemists were actually engaged in chemical experiment along the line of transmutation. From this, one can trace two distinct types of Alchemists, the philosopher and the scientist. The supreme value to the philosopher in having a base metal transmuted into gold would be in the final proof thus given to his hypotheses. To appreciate what Alchemy is, we must take more than a passing interest. Like all arts, it requires the artist; and indeed it is only the 'Alchemist' who can properly appreciate Alchemy.

The last two chapters of Mr. Redgrove's book deal with modern scientific views, and will prove interesting to those who are not yet aware how remarkably near we have come to some of the old alchemical conceptions. The new science has not

a name; it deals with chemistry, electricity and physics (as indeed H. P. B. prophesied it would). Perhaps the best name is 'radio-activity,' and in that are included the electronic theory, X rays, radium, and modern transmutations.

We consider Mr. Redgrove has given, for the size of the book, too much space to historical survey. His biographical accounts are necessarily fragmentary because of the number he has attempted. Some excellent illustrations go with the book, including some taken from the British Museum collection. Written by a chemist, who at the same time is a sympathetic student of mysticism, we have good and fair account given us of the Alchemists, and we can certainly recommend it as an introduction to a very wide and fascinating subject.

S. R.

The New Inferno, by Stephen Phillips. (John Lane, Th. Bodley Head, London. Price 4/6 net).

The title of this Poem suggests that in it one may discover the portrayal of grim Dantean horrors—icy hells where frozen anguish binds eternally; or the haunting miseries Sir Lewis Morris paints in his *Epic of Hades*. In *The New Inferno* we find terrors, it is true, but they are such as force their reasonableness upon us. Dante's hell seems overdrawn, impossible; Morris' unreal, dreamlike; but that of Phillips is realistic, fatally true. Phillips fully equals our best Theosophic writers in his remarkable ability to vividly, subtly, powerfully, describe life in the lower and higher realms of the astral plane. Naturally one ascribes the conception of such a perfectly logical sequence to earth-life to the influence of Theosophy on modern thought—whether acknowledged or not.

Despite all the despair and suffering delineated in this book, its gospel, its philosophy, is nevertheless one of hope:

"Since each of us hither hurries carrying
Within him his own doom, a seed to break
And flower for more æthereal bliss or woe,
But never for eternity of woe.

Yet ever is there hope, though long delayed."

As Theosophists we might demur at the hope being no more definite than "a vast immensity of bliss prepared".

We might also wish for some suggestion of reincarnation as a means of striking the balance, instead of leaving it all to the æonic period between death and that 'bliss'—not attainable till bonds are worn away and thought springs free of its own fetters. Here we come to the underlying purport of the whole book—to show the wonderful determinative power of thought. What is on earth the secret thought is after death the visible reality. And to illustrate this fact picture after picture is flung before our mind's eye, and in language at once simple, compelling and grand. It were impossible to cite the many incidents in the book, all full of arresting force and power, but one is more striking than all the rest. Napoleon alone amid "the cold splendor of his dreams"—with nothing, absolutely nothing near him tender or gentle "to mar this glittering desert of the mind". And "this world of ice by his own thought, and by his will it stands". Round him throng his loyal veterans of whom Napoleon says: "They would reject a heaven where I am not, and hurry to a hell where I but there." Josephine comes, after long wandering "in felicity—of woe," and at last discovers him and wins from him a moment's softness—and then "a few flowers venture up". But she too is forced to leave him wrapped again in his "desolate winter of the soul". His "numb" Inferno shall dissolve—only when some "human tenderness or the world-pity to his brain shall steal". But the book must be read for all its entrancing fascination to be understood. One thing we gladly note: In common with Theosophic teachings as to the nature of the so-called of Inferno—hell—this book strikes a stunning blow at the unfortunate conception of it still so common in Christendom. At the outset the guide begs the man not "on the one side dread the fiery lake, nor on the other hope the sapphire heaven". The author writes to prove that hell is mind-made, and only to be outlived by beautiful deeds of love.

The Poem is in nine cantos of some forty to fifty verses each. Its literary value is great, it rings true; and in its imaginative resources has that immortal touch of genius which will make its value permanent. The book is well-bound and well-printed, and our last recommendation is—read it!

J. R.

Studies in Self-Healing, or Cure by Meditation, by Ernest E. Munday. (William Rider & Sons, Ltd., 164, Aldersgate Street, London, E. C. Price 1/-)

This little book of 80 pages is made up of twelve studies, in the form of 'Meditations,' being a practical application of the principles that have governed all mental and spiritual cures of disease in the past. On the whole the author understands those principles very well, and the result is that much helpful advice is given, which, if carried out whole-heartedly by those needing cure, is bound to have a beneficial result. All the mental methods of cure of disease advocated by the various Christian and Mental Science, and New Thought Societies are aiming in the right direction. The Zeit Geist, or Spirit of the Age, has decreed the passing of materia medica and of all other unenlightened therapeutic methods of cure. Its passing may be slow; that will entirely depend upon how long people want material 'props' or remedies, instead of depending upon the power that lies in their own minds and hearts to heal and make well. Certainly the method of the great Healer, who is our exemplar, was not mechanical, surgical, medical. Always it was spiritual, sympathetic, mental. Towards that ideal the therapeutic art is slowly advancing. We therefore welcome the appearance of this little book of helpful studies in self-healing by mental and spiritual methods. The main idea running throughout the twelve meditations may be summed up in the words of Emerson: "I, the imperfect, adore my own Perfect." We think, however, that it would have been better if the author had left out the eighth meditation on 'Denials'. To say: "I am not evil," "I am not ill," "I am not weak," is to keep the idea of weakness, evil, and illness before the mind, with the result that the disease is pushed back on to the mental plane, renewing its strength there by the accentuation, instead of letting it work out through the physical body as it would naturally do. The way of affirmations is best. To affirm Love, Peace, Harmony, or meditate upon the Good, the Beautiful, and the True, is to build up these divine qualities strongly in the mental body, and, on the principle that two things cannot occupy the same place at the same time, the affirmation of the good means the slow atrophy and exclusion of all that is evil and adverse. As Emerson has well said: "Nerve us with incessant affirmatives. Don't bark against the bad; chant ever the beauties of the good."

We hope the book, which is nicely bound and printed, will have the wide circulation it deserves.

M. H. H.

The Psychic Realm, by E. Katherine Bates. (Greening & Co., London. Price 2/6 net.)

The author is not only a member of the Society for Psychical Research but is also somewhat psychic herself, and so her book forms a useful bridge between the attitude of the non-scientific psychic and the non-psychic scientist. The last chapter is devoted to some much-needed warnings of certain dangers which await inexperienced psychic investigators.

I. C.

The Way of the Soul, by William T. Thornton. (William Rider & Son, Ltd., 164, Aldersgate Street, London.)

We cannot congratulate the author of this work, which purports to be a mystical legend in picture and verse. Clumsy and materialistic imagery, sensual faces, faulty drawing and paucity of imagination—a jagged Path rising out of space appears in no less than sixteen plates—indicate that the author is but poorly equipped for his task. Nor are we able to praise the verse, which betrays a painful disregard of metrical laws.

The first illustration in the book, *Isis Osiris*, is however a happy exception to the rest, and for simplicity of design, delicacy of line, purity and sensitiveness of expression, is wholly commendable, although the faces are not of the Egyptian type. While we are disposed to welcome attempts to depict the spiritual aspects of life, in the hope of a school of art arising which shall deal adequately with things supersensuous and mystical, we fear that the author has under-estimated the difficulties of the task, which, requiring as it does a highly developed imagination, exquisite sensitiveness of perception, lofty purity of thought and perfection of technique, makes the very highest demand upon the artist.

C. R. H.

The Path of the Eternal Wisdom. A mystical commentary on the Way of the Cross, by John Cordelier. (John M. Watkins, 21, Cecil Court, London. Price 2/- net.)

Mr. Watkins is doing a most useful work in reprinting mystical works that are not as well known as they should be. And this little book is distinctly valuable. The author says:

The way of the Cross is such a drama: a passion-play alike of God's way in the Cosmos, and of the soul's way upon its path to God. It shows us the map, traced and trodden by Christ our Forerunner—graved by Him upon the earth in man's interest—of the only pathway from illusion to reality.

And again:

To this journey, then, we are called by Somewhat without us: Thither we are pressed by Somewhat within. The Appellant Voice rings through the Universe, and there is that within us which answers its cry. Out of every station, out of every century, out of every faith, we see souls drawn forward irresistibly on this one path to their Home. The Way of the Cross is cut through the cloister and the battle-field, the study and the market-place, the palace and the slum. From all these there start up, abruptly, wide-eyed souls who, seeing before them Perfection in one of its aspects, elect to follow in its footsteps and share the fate it suffers in an imperfect world.

Thus John Cordelier opens his subject, and then proceeds to meditate on the fourteen Stations of the Cross. The Christian Gnostic may find hereip food for knowledge, and the Lover food for devotion. Caiaphas, who "looks for a Messiah who will conform to his own formulæ;" Herod, who "never condemns God; he only finds Him rather common-place and uninteresting;" Pilate, who sees life as "inevitably a matter of compromise..." For himself, he finds no fault in the Eternal Wisdom. But the people prefer Barabbas. These are the "three great forms of disharmony between man and the transcendent which will lead to the condemnation of the Living Christ". There are exquisite touches, as in the scene where His Mother meets the Christ bearing His cross, symbolising all souls who, choosing the higher path, cause sorrow to their loved ones, and who are "held as in a vice between the inexorable Call of Calvary and the last, most passionate appeal of Mary's breaking heart". I might go on quoting, but rather I say: "Read." It is a noble book, written by a spiritual man for those who seek spirituality.

A. B.

NOTES

Some years ago Bābū Bhagavān Dās told, in the *Theosophical Review*, the strange story of a blind Paṇḍit, who had dictated to him a wonderful book. This book is now in course of publication, translated from the Samskr̥t original by our scholarly brother, who has spent on it years of loving labor snatched from a busy life. It is archaic in style, and in many of its ideas recalls *The Secret Doctrine*. The translator has omitted repetitions and has sometimes summarised verbose passages, but will publish the text in full if there is a sufficient demand for it. The translation runs to three volumes, of which the first is ready for delivery. The volumes are published by *The Theosophist Office* at Rs. 4-8 each, but subscribers who send Rs. 10 before June 30th will receive the first volume at once, and the second and third as soon as published.

Part II of the *Universal Text Book* is on its way; Canon Erskine Hill is writing the Christian section from the Anglican standpoint, and M. l'Abbé Melinge from the Roman Catholic. Shams-ul-ulma Dastur Jivanji Jamshedji Modi, B.A., Secretary of the Pārsi Pañchayat, has kindly taken in hand the Pārsi section. The Buddhist is not yet definitely arranged, nor is the Muhammadan, nor the Hebrew. The Hindū we have in the *Sanātana Dharma Text Book*. Part II should form a very interesting volume, presenting each faith from the standpoint of its adherents.

Mrs. Annie Besant, P. T. S. leaves Adyar on March 22nd, and lectures in Calcutta on March 24th, 25th and 26th, arriving in Benares on March 27th. She leaves Benares for Bombay on April 19th, and lectures in Bombay on the 21st. On the 22nd quite a party will sail for England, including the President, her two Indian wards, Mr. and Mrs. Leo, and Mr. Arundale. The President's London address will be 82, Drayton Gardens, Kensington, S. W., as her friends the Brights have moved thither.

The THEOSOPHIST Office is issuing a series of 'Adyar Pamphlets,' at a uniform price of Annas 2. No. 1 is a reprint of an old essay of Mrs. Besant's, *Emotion, Intellect and Spirituality*. No. 2 is Mr. Leadbeater's article, *The Attitude of the Enquirer*.

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Ghostly Phenomena, by Elliott O'Donnell. (T. Werner Laurie, Clifford's Inn, London. Price 3s. 6d.)

This is a book for the materialist. It is mainly made up of true and authentic cases pertaining to the borderland, written in simple yet convincing language. As collected facts the stories are very useful, as stories they are interesting. The first three parts consist of stories arranged according to subjects; the last and fourth part offers suggestions and hypotheses that often come near to Theosophical teachings, but which show that the writer is not quite familiar with them. As an independent testimony of some great superphysical facts of nature, the book will render good service, and for the Theosophist it is an excellent book to present to the sceptic friend, before handing over to him the bulky volumes of Myers' *Human Personality*. We wish the book success.

B. P. W.

Episodes from an Unwritten History, by Claude Bragdon. (The Manas Press, Rochester, N. Y.)

In this second and enlarged edition are gathered together many fascinating glimpses of the early history of the Theosophical Society. These episodes are written by one who is instinct with artistic feeling, and each of the 108 pages glows with life and color. As one traces the thread of history which weaves its way through story and character sketch, the romance of the whole suddenly becomes manifest, and the sequence of events assumes a new meaning. The last chapter on "The Masters" was written by Mrs. Besant. This little book, bound tastefully in gray, forms a most acceptable gift book.

I. C.

Suggestions for Social Helpfulness, by the Rev. D. J. Fleming, M.A., M.Sc., Foreman, Christian College, Lahore. (G. A. Natesan & Co., Publishers, Madras. Price As. 12.)

Most of this volume of 200 pages is extract matter from the experience of teachers and students working in connexion with Christian Colleges and other Institutions in India. Its main object seems to be to awaken the desire in students and others to be socially helpful; to suggest channels along which that desire may be practically carried out in the community, and to help to train students to enter intelligently into conscious and co-operative work to bring about a better state of Society in India. It is written with the strong con-

viction that intelligent and effective community-life is one of the real aims of education. Social service, to the author, includes not only personal hand-to-hand work with an individual for the betterment of society, but also those larger, more organised collective efforts for the amelioration of mankind". The author puts in a strong plea for specialisation. "India needs men who know much and accurately about one thing, rather than men who have dabbled in many." The necessity for the spread of education in India is insisted upon. "If India wishes to take her proper place she must educate herself—really educate herself—the government can't do it all." He quotes some one who said that "the chief difference between India and Japan is that in Japan 95 per cent. of the population over six can read, and in India 95 per cent. cannot." Although the book is written mainly for Christian college students, yet it has its value for all who are interested in the betterment of social conditions in India.

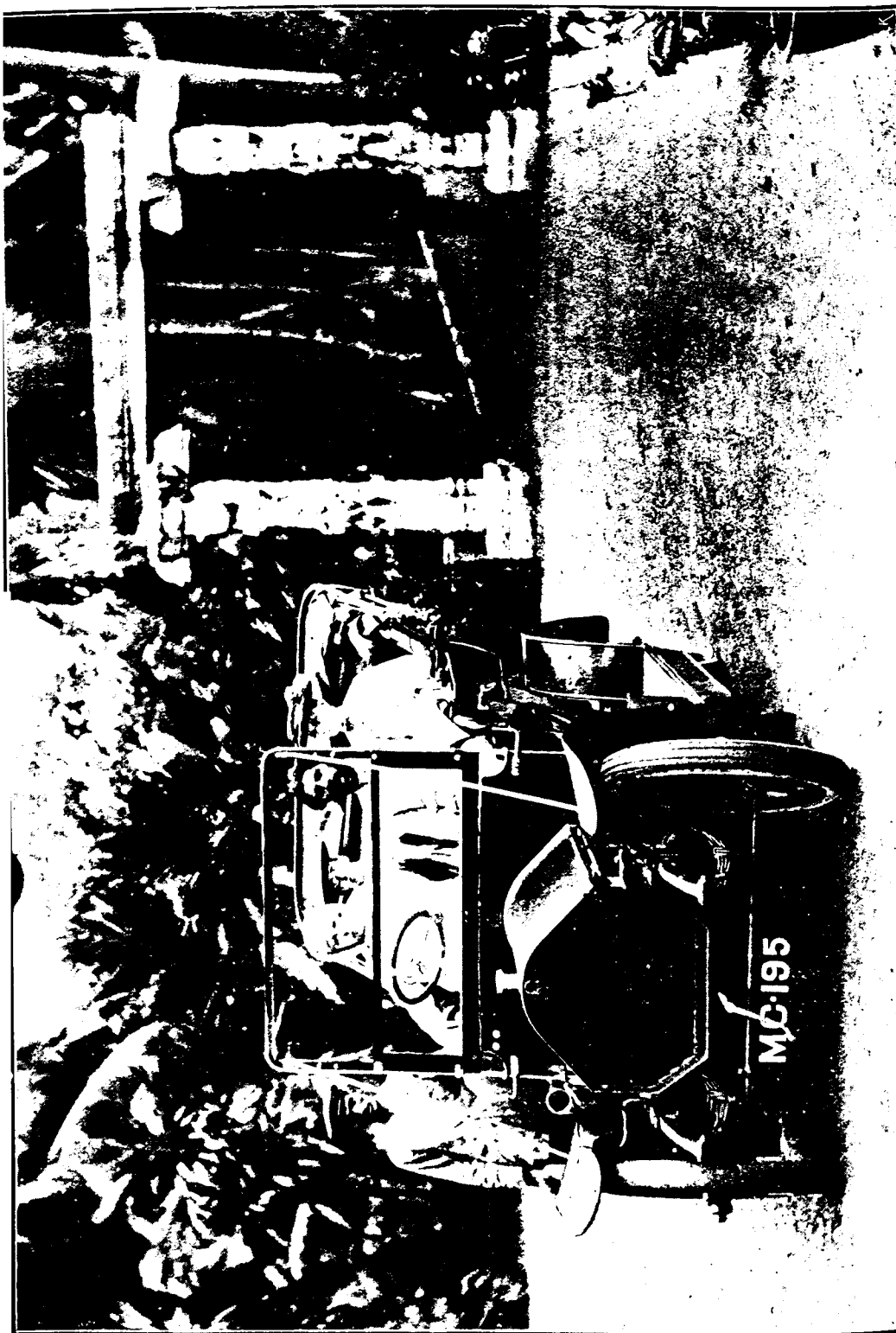
M. H. H.

TRANSLATIONS

A Debt of Destiny is an admirable translation by Fred. Rothwell of the *Dette Fatale* by Aimée Blech (Lionel Dalsace). (Swan Sonnenschein & Co., 25, High St., Bloomsbury, London).

Those who have not read this well-conceived and well-written novel in the graceful French of its author will here find it in English garb, and will not be conscious that it is translated.

Mystical Traditions by Isabel Cooper-Oakley is a book well-known to our readers, and we are glad to have its Italian translation before us. (Ars Regia, Milan).



Vol. XXXII

No. 8

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

WHEN this reaches the hands of English readers, its writer will again be in England, engaged in the strenuous work fitted for the Island of the North. Once more the occupant of the Watch-Tower glances over roads of travel, of which brief record may be made. Miss Willson, my two Indian wards and myself left beautiful Adyar on March 22nd, in the motor-car so generously given to me by Mr. and Mrs. Leo; the occupants were not the same as those in our illustration, save the driver at the wheel, and the chauffeur who is standing beside the car; beside me, on our outgoing, where Mr. Wadia sits in the picture, was Miss Willson, and the tonneau was occupied by Mr. Leadbeater, Kṛṣṇamūrti and Niṭya. For the last time for many months to come I drove the car which has proved so faithful a servant, never misbehaving, and with absolutely no injury to its account to man, animal or object, since it arrived in India in 1909. We steamed away with the setting sun from Madras, not to return, if all goes well, till the 7th October. What will fill the months between the limiting dates of March 22nd and October 7th? It matters little, since all is guided by the Hands we know and love.

There were three lectures in Calcutta on March 24th, 25th and 26th, two in a large theatre and the third in the Town Hall. The audiences were exceptionally large, and despite the fact that a night drive out of Calcutta was thereby necessitated, H. E. Lady Hardinge honored the Society by attending the second lecture. Rai Bahādur Norendranāth Sen—the old friend of H. P. Blavatsky and H. S. Olcott, and the sturdy supporter through good and evil report of the connexion between India and England—took the chair on the first evening and also at the Town Hall. It was courage of no common sort that was needed to stand unmoved through the storms of hatred which have swept Calcutta during many years as this sturdy veteran has done, and perhaps his lot was the harder because his frank criticism of unwise governmental measures and his independent attitude aroused hopes that independence meant hostility. One always feels proud to have him as chairman.

* * *

On the 27th March we reached Benares, where joyous welcome awaited us, and we settled down for a brief stay of three weeks. Money has been coming to the C. H. C. lately in considerable abundance, the result of the new life pouring into the College through the Principal and a group of faithful workers who have gathered round him, for it is the blessing of the Masters that brings all good things—the necessary money included. The attacks made on myself by the party which strove to wreck the Theosophical Society on the passing away of the President-Founder wrought much harm to the College, since I was and am the President of its Board of Trustees, and almost dried up the stream of financial help which had before reached it; for, from its inception, the College has been the child of the Theosophical Society, and nearly all its large supporters and its voluntary workers have been Theosophists. Hence, when the President of its Board of Trustees became the object of attack,

and some of her former colleagues became active opponents or 'passive resisters,' the College naturally suffered; the very orthodox and the materialists joined hands against it, hoping for victory at last over the representative of broad and liberal religion. For Theosophy means live Hindūism—as it means live Buddhism, live Zoroastrianism, and live Christianity—and this is offensive alike to those bound by traditions and to those who hate religion altogether. Happily a band of young and devoted workers sprang up, as by magic, openly declaring their love for the Society and their loyalty to its President as chosen by the Masters, and they saved the situation.

They revived enthusiasm both in and on behalf of the College, and now a steady stream of help is flowing in.

* * *

The chief objection felt to Theosophy by the very orthodox of every faith seems to arise from the fact that we believe, as living facts in the present, in the powers and the Beings in whom they traditionally also believe, relegating them to the safe seclusion of the past. The orthodox Hindū believes in Avatāras and Ṛṣhis in the past, but grows furiously angry with the Theosophist who believes in such Beings as active Agents in the world-process now; the Pārsī believes in a Prophet safely away in inaccessibility, but violently abuses the Theosophist who believes that a great Prophet may arise to-day; the Christian believes in a Christ "ascended into Heaven," "with flesh," but is much annoyed with the Theosophist who believes in a visible return of that Christ on earth. Why? We do not injure them, nor are we angry with them because they prefer relics to living Persons. Many members of our own Society agree with them, and prefer the cool stability of a corpse to the rushing torrent of life. Why may we not agree to differ, and follow our respective tastes? Because of the fact that the beliefs of the various religions had become polite anachronisms, with only a bowing acquaintance with reality and life,

Theosophy was sent to revivify religions, to breathe life into "the valley of dry bones." And there is much rattling among the skeletons naturally, as in Ezekiel's vision; but presently they shall be clothed anew with flesh, and shall stand again on their feet as living men. A new Hindûism is arising, a new Buddhism, a new Zoroastrianism, a new Christianity; but they are really the old ones as they were in their vigorous youth, awake and alive, not sleeping, comatose, dying. They arouse enthusiasm, they attract the young, they possess the future in fief. They arouse opposition—naturally; that is the inevitable reaction following on action. We must choose between action *plus* reaction and inertia. For my part I joyfully choose action, and calmly await the inevitable reaction, but I blame none who prefers inertia. Moreover, a certain amount of inertia is useful, though that is, in any case, present in the constitution of things, and we do not need a drag on a coach going up-hill. One particularly unpleasant part of the reaction is the unclean mud thrown by the baser sort, but that also has its part in the scheme of things, for it returns cyclically. The early Christians were accused of eating babies in their secret feasts, and the reflexions of Jews on the birth of Jesus were of the most unpleasant character. Christianity is none the worse for those whom S. Jude stigmatised as "filthy dreamers," and Theosophy cannot expect to escape the attention of their successors.

Another of the proofs of ancient civilisations, promised by the Masters through H. P. Blavatsky, has just been discovered by Dr. Leo Frobenius of Berlin on the West Coast of Africa. It is the remains of a great Atlantean city. Dr. Frobenius is a believer in Atlantis, and rightly claims that his discovery supports his belief; the newspaper report, however, makes him say that "the lost kingdom" was situated "in West Africa." Atlantis was not a kingdom but a continent, and was no more situated in West Africa than Asia could be said to be situated in the Caucasus.

But West Africa had, most certainly, Atlantean cities. Dr. Frobenius says:

I have made an incredible discovery. I have found in West Africa traces of a high and extremely ancient urban civilisation. I have unearthed wonderfully worked quartz pillars, remains of granite figures, burned-clay portraits of classic beauty and vessels and fragments of pottery splendidly overlaid with glazes of various colors. My chief discovery was of a hollow bronze cast of a head covered with fine tattooing. I have thus proved that, in the broadest sense, my Atlantis theory is correct.

A very important step forward has been taken as regards international peace. Sir Edward Grey has been speaking on a proposed general Arbitration Treaty between Great Britain and the United States. It has been argued that such a Treaty would be tantamount to a defensive alliance, and, as a cautious politician, he deprecated this view. He admitted, however, that if such a Treaty were made and became deeply rooted in the feelings of the two nations, and one of them were attacked by a third Power which refused arbitration, then there would be a "strong sympathy" between the two Treaty Powers. He pointed out that if other powers followed this example, there would eventually be something like a League of Peace. He wisely added that the thing could not be forced. The London papers have also discussed the matter, and the current is evidently setting in the direction of an Arbitration Treaty with America. When that is done, there remains the work of drawing in the third great Teuton nation, Germany, and then the peace of the world would be secured.

During the month of April the fourth International Congress of Philosophy is to be held in Bologna, under the patronage of H. M. the King of Italy. Many well-known and eminent men are taking part in the proceedings, which last from April 6th to 11th. In the Section "Philosophy of Religion" Theosophy is well

represented by Dr. Rudolf Steiner and Mr. Bhagavān Dās; the former will read a thesis entitled, 'Die psychologischen Grundlage und die erkenntnistheoretische Stellung der Theosophie,' and the latter has sent a paper, 'The Metaphysic of Theosophy and Ancient Psychology'. It is for the first time that Theosophy is given a place at such a Congress, and it is satisfactory that its representatives are men who will do it honor.

* *

The Rev. Mr. Scott-Moncrieff is working hard for Theosophy in England, and is at the same time doing his best to introduce into the Church of England the deeper and more mystical view of Christian doctrines. It is a satisfactory sign of *rapprochement* that while he was lecturing for the Bath Lodge he was invited to preach at the leading church of the city, and was so much appreciated that he has been invited to occupy the same pulpit for two future Sundays. It would be a great gain both to Theosophy and the Church if such a man could be established in London, where he would soon gather round him a large congregation of educated people who love the Church, but cannot any longer accept the crudely literal sense imposed on Church teachings by the unspiritual.

Christianity is getting more mystical and therefore liberal ever since the spread of Theosophy in Christian lands. In a recent number of the *Hibbert Journal* there appears a very remarkable article from the pen of the Rev. K. C. Anderson, D.D., of Dundee, entitled: 'Whitherward: a Question for the Higher Criticism.' To summarise, the article puts forward the view that the Gospel story is a myth or a parable; that therefore it does not matter whether or not Jesus ever was conceived, born, tempted, tried and crucified; that S. Paul troubled not about the historical Jesus, but preached only of the Christ within. He writes:

The idea that man is saved by an historical Savior who lived at a definite time in human history—a Savior external to himself—is the great error of the Christian Church; it is the great apostasy, the idolatrous materialisation of the truth. Man is saved when the "Christ" is born within him. To drag the symbol "Christ" down to mean a human being in this way is nothing less than a profanation of the message of the Eternal contained in the Gospels. The word "Christ" is the richest in our language. It means the Higher Self—the soul—in every individual man, instead of one who lived in the first century; apply that conception to the interpretation of the Gospels, and see what is the result.

The word "Christ" becomes a symbol of the soul in its spiritual aspect, or the Son of God, as Plato long ago explained the term. Now, this Christ is potential in every individual of the race. He is first a germ, then he is born and grows in consciousness and power. This, indeed, is the whole of religion, the attainment of Christ-consciousness, the realisation of God within oneself. The Christ within is the spiritual Self of every man, and is identical with the Divine Son of God ever living in the bosom of the Father. There is only one Son of God, but this Son of God is in every soul, and constitutes the real being of every soul. This is the light which every man brings with him into the world, the light which shines in the darkness that does not comprehend it. The Real Self is thus a ray of the Divine Light, a spark of the Divine Fire. It contains within itself all potentialities.

This is quite a Theosophical interpretation, as all readers of *Esoteric Christianity* and kindred books know. It is, however, curious to note that Christian preachers, after having stuck dogmatically to Jesus as the only son of God and the one only Savior for centuries, should, when they come to mystical interpretations, stick as bigotedly to the Christ within as the only hope of glory. It is not altogether true and Theosophical to say:

The "way out" is to follow the instinct of the masses, not the lead of learned critics, and make the central figure of the Gospels denote not an historical person, or a super-natural visitant from a far-away heaven, but a present Reality the Inner Self of all, the Eternal Divine Son that is in the deep background of every human soul waiting for development and growth.

While to the mystical temperaments the first and mystical sense will appeal, to the devotional the second and historical conception will be of great help. Both are true inasmuch as they aid men to live a nobler and a better life; followers of and believers in both are wrong inasmuch as each is trying to set up his own God and force the other to worship it, and say in the words of a poet:

Thou canst have no other God but mine;
Of what avail is holy script?
Who is this God thou call'st thine?
He utters not from heart, but lip:
Go get thee hence before thou rue;
My God, my creed's alone sublime,
Thy creed, thy laws, are all untrue,
My God and mine alone's divine.

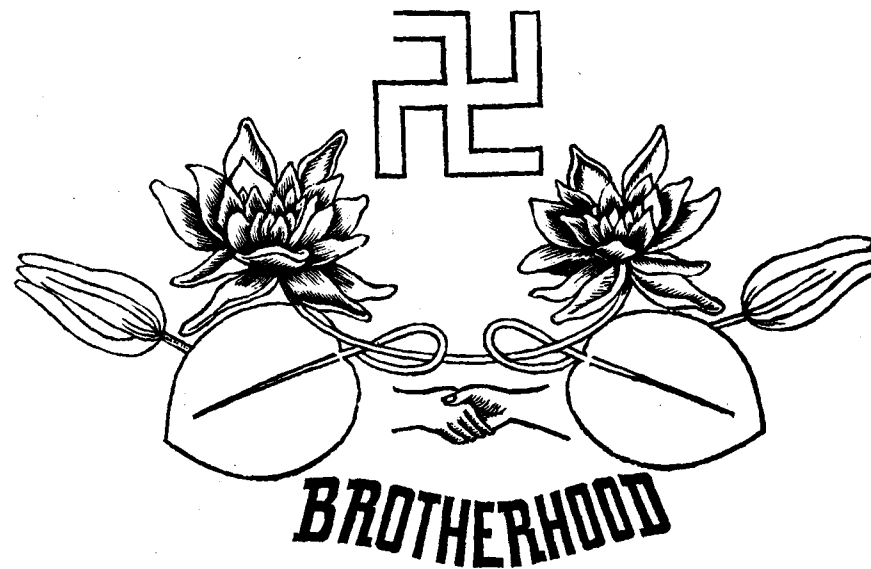
When will the many churches learn tolerance and cease to fight in the name of Christ!

* *

Our readers will be pleased to learn that Mrs. Besant's great University scheme is not going to fall through, as it was feared, because of the separate representations, backed by great influence, for denominational universities, made on behalf of the Hindū and Muhammadan communities. Our President has been visiting Allahabad in the interests of this work, and "it seems," she writes, "that the charter is very likely to be granted." We eagerly await the news, and wish the work all success.

* *

The President left Benares on the 19th for Bombay, where on the 21st she delivered a public lecture on 'The Masters and the Way to Them.' She left on the following day and embarked with J. Kṛṣṇamūrṭi, Nityānanda and Mr. Arundale. Mr. and Mrs. Leo, and Miss Bayer, who have been residents at Adyar also left India by the same boat.



THE OPENING OF THE NEW CYCLE

*Public Lecture delivered by ANNIE BESANT, P. T. S.,
at Adyar, December 26th, 1910*

(Concluded from p. 18)

ONCE more, those of you who are Theosophists are familiar with the idea of successive continents, each in its turn becoming the habitat of a Race, the centre from which it spreads, the throne of a world-wide civilisation. Those among you who are Hindūs are also very familiar with the thought, for your Purāṇas tell you of the rising of continent after continent, and even give you the names which they have borne, or will bear. The continent called Lemuria in the West, and in the Purāṇas Shālmali, the cradle of the third, the earliest fully developed human Race, vanished long since, and left only fragments to show where once its mighty rivers, plains and forests lay in the sunshine, lay where now the

Pacific rolls. The continent called Atlantis, or in the Purāṇas Kūsha, followed Lemuria, and the huge and magnificent civilisation of the fourth Race grew up therein, laying its right hand on Egypt and even on India, and its left on Mexico and Peru; it also perished, and now the waves of the restless Atlantic sweep over the site where once shone the City of the Golden Gate. Now the Asia-European continent, the Krauncha of the Purāṇas, is the habitat of the fifth Race, and holds the sceptre of the world. Shall it last for ever, though its predecessors are numbered with the dead? The Purāṇas tell us: "No." The Occult Records tell us: "No." And now western Science, with lips somewhat pale and quivering, is asking what is coming on our earth. The Purāṇas call the new continent Shāka, and the Occult Records tell that it will rise where now the Pacific spreads, where once Lemuria stretched, the home of the sixth Race. Huge and wide-spread destruction, volcanic fires, earthquakes, tidal waves, will split North America into pieces and she will sink beneath the waves, and Shāka will arise, born of fire as fire destroyed Lemuria, and yield new home to a new Race.

This glance forward into the future has nothing of novelty for the student of our literature; but what is new is that western Science is beginning to look askance at our earth, and to ask if some tremendous seismic catastrophe is not preparing, which may destroy the human race, sweep it from the bosom of the earth. If Science knew more of Theosophical literature, it would not be so alarmed at the results of this immense catastrophe. Humanity has survived the previous cataclysms, and it will survive this, although tens of millions of its children be whelmed beneath tidal waves, swallowed up in the wide mouths of riven gulfs.

You will find an interesting discussion that took place at the last meeting of that eminently sober and respectable body, the British Association for the Advancement of Science—a body which is certainly not made up of "cranks and dreamers" like the Theosophical Society—

on this question of the rising of a new continent in the Pacific; and the results to humanity which might follow that tremendous upheaval. It seems that the new continent is beginning to show itself, the Bagoslof Islands having emerged with startling rapidity, one peak having reached a height of 1,000 feet above sea-level. During twenty months no less than 1,071 earthquakes have occurred in "the fire-ring of the Pacific," and already calculations are being made of the area of the new continent. Should it rise as swiftly as the islands have arisen, a tidal wave would be caused which would sweep over the globe. Yet need you not share these fears, for the rising is not so near at hand, nor the danger universal. America has still many centuries of developing life within her borders, ere the great tidal wave our scientists fear will sweep over her prairies and dash itself beyond her mountain-crests. It is true that a great catastrophe will come, yet shall Humanity survive it. Amid tremendous turmoil of rushing billows meeting volcanic fires in furious battle, amid crash of tumbling rocks and thunder of clashing clouds, the old continent will be broken up, the new will gradually arise. But it shall arise to be the home of a new and greater Race, the coming Race, the sixth, which shall establish on earth a brotherly civilisation.

Is it not a sign of the times that such a body as that of the assembled scientists should be discussing a question hitherto monopolised by paurāṇic stories, and the despised H. P. Blavatsky? Truly what men deemed her folly is proving wiser than the wisdom of the wise.

That great catastrophe, then, will mark the larger cycle, in which a thousand years are but as a watch in the night; meanwhile the smaller cycles must revolve, and the birthing of the sixth sub-race must come, and that sub-race must develop, to prepare for the building of the sixth Race itself. Already signs are visible in America of the coming of a new sub-race, visible to those who know for what to look, and who thus are able to recognise the early stages that might otherwise be missed. I keep

my eyes wide open for these coming changes, and so isolated facts, occurring from time to time, are seen in their true relations, and thus become significant.

In a late report by a leading Ethnologist of the U.S.A. it was stated that a new type was developing in America, and the characteristics of the type were given—the shape of head, the features, etc.—a very fine type. And in truth the observant traveller in the States may note the fact for himself, and, if he visits America at fairly long intervals, he may note also the rapid multiplication of the type. You cannot go into a public place in America without noticing it, if you are observant—the clear-cut features, the square jaw, the broad forehead, the face of a strong intellectual man. It is profoundly interesting to see these outer signs, and to perceive how science, all unconsciously, is supplying the evidences of the coming changes, and preparing the public mind. For the western world listens when science speaks, and however marvellous her tale respectful attention is paid to it. H. P. Blavatsky's prophecies of the coming continent will be read with very much more of interest and with a more open mind, now that the British Association has declared that that continent is on its way; and her statement as to the new race in America will be seen to be justified, as American ethnology collects and publishes the facts which demonstrate its beginnings.

Thus may we study the physical signs of the opening cycle, of the future home of the Root Race, of the appearance of the sub-race, and we may see these facts—which are isolated and non-significant to the ordinary observer—as fragments of a plan well-studied and well-known, a plan in process of working out under our eyes.

There are other matters which arise in this connexion that are of vital interest to us. I have spoken of the great spiritual import of the coming of the Supreme Teacher, and I have spoken of the signs in the physical world which indicate the approach of His mighty mission;

though He comes especially to shape the mould into which the thought of the sixth sub-race will flow, yet is that mission a world-wide mission, which will affect all the peoples of the world. His teaching will only really triumph in the sixth Root Race, in which He will become the Buddha, and which will be trained for its out-living by the gracious hands of His august Successor. Then shall His Kingdom be truly established in the mighty and brotherly civilisation of that enlightened and spiritual Race.

But before—long before—that Race comes to its continent, long before its members are recognised as anything more than a group of dreamers and visionaries, there will be great changes, leading up to a foreseen end, an end within the smaller cycle, in the comparatively near future. In that smaller cycle, within the coming centuries—for we may think in centuries for the smaller while we think in millennia for the larger—there will be other great changes in the world-drama. For the fifth Root Race, the mighty Aryan stock, has not yet reached its culmination, although it is rapidly approaching it. This fifth Race has to climb yet higher, has to grasp and wield the sceptre of the world, to wear the Imperial crown and rule the earth. For every Race has its culminating point, as well as its birth and its dying, and the fifth Race to-day is climbing to that point, and the conditions are being prepared which will enable it to reach its throne. Two nations above all others may be said to typify this Race, of which also Germania and America form integral parts; they are the root of the Race, now abiding in India, cradled in earlier days in central Asia, whence it sent out its children westwards to people the lands, to subdue, to civilise, to rule. From the central Asian cradle they went forth—the second, third, fourth and fifth sub-races, and they spread over the world, while the Root-stock left, at length, the cradle-land, and took possession of India, to build the Indian peoples. The mighty children of the stock

spread westwards, built an empire in Egypt and in southern Africa, raised a civilisation in Persia that lasted for 28,000 years, gave birth to the Art and Literature of Greece, shaped the Republic of Rome, trained France as the successor of Athens, founded the kingdom of Spain which spread over the Atlantic to Mexico and Peru, grasping at a World-Empire of which it proved unworthy; northwards and westwards still they tramped, making Scandinavia, Denmark and Germany, and lifting Britain into greatness; springing across the Atlantic to America, they founded the mighty Republic of the West and the sister State of Canada; hurling themselves across the southern ocean upon Australia, a fragment of old Lemuria, they planted colonies, they civilised New Zealand. Thus far has spread the Aryan Race, conquering and to conquer, and the day has come when the root and the branch which has rooted itself in the West are recognising their common life. Here, in India, Mother and Son have met, who have been separated since they parted in their early Asian home; they have come together in this ancient land, for mutual helping—Oh! may the High Gods grant it!—for the making of the Aryan World-Empire, to over-top all that has gone before. The youngest branch of the family has turned homewards again to re-root itself in the family domain; it is strong and vigorous, imperial in its instincts, mighty to rule. And see how in India herself the scattered peoples, the long-divided provinces, are, under this imperial impulse, gathering into a single nation; see the younger generation, full of life and of enthusiasm, eager to build the United India necessary for the coming work. Then see how there is growing up in the West a feeling of love for the land of the Mother, a realisation that India must be a partner in the home, a partner beloved and trusted, not a slave. Since the day on which our present Monarch struck the note of love in his famous Guild-hall speech—since he said that India must be ruled by

sympathy—from that day onwards attitude and tone are changing here. See how much more of effort to understand is animating the leaders of both peoples, how the attempt is being made to draw the two nations together, and see how he, the Royal One who made the Guild-hall speech is coming hither to be crowned at Delhi—the capital of the Pandavas for the Hindūs, the capital of the Mughals for the Musalmāns—in order that the Oil of Consecration and the Imperial Crown may be placed on his sacred head in the ancient Empire City, he, the Heir of both, crowned in England and in India, because in United England and India lies the centre of the World-Empire that is to be. Think you that these things mean nothing, that they have no significance? I tell you that they indicate the coming days, the nearing destiny: England and India stand together, rise together—or they fall together. If they would rise, they must rise hand in hand; they must take as the Ruler of their hearts and lives the doubly-crowned King-Emperor, symbol of the Unity of the Empire, which is not only the treasure-house of their hopes, but shall be the bulwark and protector of the world. They cannot do apart what they can do together, what they can do when their hearts beat as one.

And when Imperial Delhi has once more seen an Emperor, with his Empress beside him, pass in regal majesty along her streets; when the great new departure begins to show its results; when Viceroys are chosen more for proven sympathy and statesmanship than for political party reasons; when it is understood that mutual respect shall govern all relations between English and Indians, ah! then you cannot dream so fairly nor so highly that your dream shall not come true on earth. For in the union of these two peoples, so diverse in their natures though one in their origin, who have been separated that they might learn different lessons—only that each might the more effectively help the other—in the union of these two widely different children of the one home, in that union lies the hope not of England and

India only, but of the world. For that great Empire will be able to impose peace on the world at large. Who shall dare to draw the sword when the two united Aryan peoples, Indian and Teutonic, bid it remain ensheathed? who shall dare to make quarrel when they say Unity? who shall venture to whisper War, when they declare Peace, and stand, hand-in-hand, guardians of the destiny of the world?

That is what lies before us in the smaller opening cycle. That union will be one of the things which the Supreme Teacher shall make possible, He who shall join in Himself all that is noblest in East and West, He who shall weld together in His own perfect personality all that is most spiritual in eastern religion, all that is most commanding in western intellect. Wisdom incarnate, Love incarnate, He shall draw round him the flower of the East and West alike, showing that Brotherhood and Liberty are not a matter of color of skin, of shape of face, of method of speech, but that Brotherhood lies in the realisation of the one Life in which we all are sharers, that Liberty lies in the service of the one Truth, whose service is perfect freedom.

Such is the nature of the cycle that is opening, such the dawning of the day that is now flushing the horizon. It shall be a day which shall make the earth the gladder; which shall bid the sorrowful cease their weeping; which shall bid the rich stretch out the hand of helping to the poor, and the Brāhmaṇa, with gentle touch, lift up the Pariah child; it shall be a day when the antagonisms based on bodies shall have vanished, and the love that is God shall shine from the Spirit in men.

The signs of the dawning we can see; the opening cycle is around us; but who shall tell the glory of the zenith, who shall describe the splendor of the noon? Only we know that where there is Wisdom and Love, there all else that is good must follow, and that when East and West are blended the perfect human type shall be born on earth.

THE RELIGION OF MAZZINI AND GARIBALDI

AMONG the many inspired and inspiring writings that the great Italian reformer and thinker Giuseppe Mazzini has left us, one of those least known, at any rate in translation, yet peculiarly interesting to all to whom ideals are the main-spring for action, is the 'Credo,' or Religious Creed, of Mazzini as set forth by himself.

Taken as a whole, its broad outlook on life and its true catholicity of feeling cause one to realise how regenerating an influence it brought, like some great healthy breath of ozone, to all thinking minds whose vigor and elasticity had been dulled by the self-interested and cramping restraint of the Papal rule. Alas! that so much of the broader aspect, the really religious and mystical spirit of Mazzini and of many of his great contemporaries and co-workers should in the present day have been forgotten, and their thought and teachings travestied and degraded to the level of petty party-politics and grotesque anti-clericalism.

To a careful and literal translation of Mazzini's 'Credo,' I have subjoined the translation of an extract from a letter written by Mazzini ten years before the 'Credo'—for it is dated August 29, 1855—to Elisa Ferrari, the sister of Nicola Ferrari, a friend and co-worker of Mazzini, and one of the well-known patriots of 1848. The tenor of this letter foreshadows the many unorthodox yet far truer conceptions which Mazzini, like all great men ahead of their times, held, and which he concretised subsequently more definitely in the 'Credo'. I also append, as an interesting item, the translation of a letter from Giuseppe Garibaldi to Signora Carolina Giffard Philipson, originally published in the *Rivista* of Rome.

Though outlined in but few words, it is quite clear that Garibaldi, essentially a man of action and less of a mystic than Mazzini, was imbued with the same large, tolerant and truly religious spirit.

W. H. KIRBY

THE RELIGIOUS CREED OF GIUSEPPE MAZZINI¹

We believe in God, Intelligence and Love, Lord and Educator, Author of all that exists, living and absolute Thought, of which our World is a ray, the Universe an incarnation.

We believe, therefore, in a Moral Law, Supreme, an expression of His Intellect and of His Love.

We believe in a Law of Duty for us all, who are called upon to understand it and to love it, that is to say, to incarnate it if possible in our acts.

We believe to be one only the manifestation of God, visible to us, namely Life, and in it we seek the indications of the Divine Law.

We believe that as God is *one* so Life is *one*, *one* also the Law of Life throughout its two-fold manifestation, namely the *individual* and *collective* Humanity.

We believe in *Conscience*—revelation of the Life in the individual, and in *Tradition*—revelation of the Life in Humanity, as being the only two means which God has given to us whereby we may understand His Design; and that when the voice of *Conscience* and that of *Tradition* harmonise in an affirmation, that affirmation contains the Truth or a part of the Truth.

We believe that the one and the other, religiously enquired into, reveal to us that the law of Life is *Progress*: unlimited Progress in all manifestations of Being, whose germs, inherent in Life itself, successively develop themselves through all its phases.

We believe that Life being one, and one its Law, that selfsame Progress which takes place in humanity collectively and is revealed to us as we go along by tradition, *must* equally fulfil itself in the *individual*; and as unlimited Progress, dimly perceived, conceived by consciousness and pre-

¹ The following words are taken from one of Giuseppe Mazzini's writings in reply to an Encyclical of Pius IX. It was published in the *Dovere* of Genoa in 1865 under the title: *To Pius IX, Pope*.

announced by tradition, cannot fulfil itself completely in the brief terrestrial existence of the *individual*, we believe that it will achieve this elsewhere: and we believe in the continuity of the life manifested in each of us, and of which the earthly existence is only a period.

We believe that as in Humanity *collectively* every conception of amelioration, every presentiment of a vaster and purer ideal, every powerful aspiration towards Good transmutes itself, sometimes after centuries, into *realities*, so in the *individual* each intuition of Truth, each aspiration to the Ideal and the Good, though to-day ineffectual, is a promise of future development, a germ that must unfold itself in the series of existences which constitute Life: we believe that as Humanity *collectively* gains as it advances, and in a successive manner, the understanding of its own past; so the individual shall gain, as he advances on the path of Progress, and in proportion to the moral education he has reached, the consciousness, the memory of his previous existences.

We believe not only in Progress but also in the solidarity of men in it: we believe that as in Humanity *collectively* generations link themselves on to generations and the Life of the one promotes, fortifies and helps that of the next, so *individuals* link themselves on to individuals and the life of the one helps on, here and elsewhere, the life of the others; we believe that pure, virtuous, and constant affections are the promise of communion in the future, and the bond, invisible but fruitful in effect, between those passed over and those living.

We believe that Progress, God's Law, must infallibly fulfil itself for *all*; but we believe that, as we must gain the *consciousness* of it and *earn* it by our deeds, time and space are bequeathed us by God as a sphere of liberty within which we can, by hastening or retarding this progress, acquire merit or demerit.

We believe hence in human Liberty, the condition of human responsibility.

We believe in human Equality; that is, that to all are given by God the faculties and forces necessary for an equal progress: we believe all to be *called* and *chosen* to accomplish it at different times according to the work of each one.

We believe that anything which hinders Progress, Liberty, Equality, and the Solidarity of Humanity is Evil: all instead that assists their growth is good.

We believe in the Duty for us all and for each one of us, to combat without rest, both in thought and in action, Evil, and to promote Good: we believe that in order to conquer the Evil, and to promote the Good in each one of us, it is necessary to conquer the Evil and to promote the Good in others and for others: we believe that no one can win salvation for himself except by laboring to save his brothers; we believe that *egoism* is the mark of Evil, *sacrifice* that of Virtue.

We believe the present existence to be a step to the future one, the Earth the place of trial where, by combating Evil and promoting Good, we must earn the right to rise: we believe it the duty of all and of each one to work to sanctify his life by making true in it as much as is possible of the Law of God—and from this faith we derive our morals.

We believe that the instinct of Progress, innate in us ever since the beginning of Humanity, and made now-a-days a tendency of the intellect, is the only revelation of God to men, a continual revelation for all: we believe that in virtue of this revelation Humanity advances from Epoch to Epoch, from religion to religion, on the way of improvement assigned to it. We believe that whosoever arrogates to himself now-a-days the right to concentrate revelation in himself and to place himself as privileged intermediary between God and men, is guilty of sacrilege: we believe Authority to be holy when, consecrated by Genius and by Virtues, the sole hierophants of the future

and manifested by the widest power of sacrifice, it preaches the Good, and, freely accepted, it guides visibly to it; but we believe it a duty to combat and to expel from the world as a daughter of Lies and a mother of Tyranny every authority not clothed with those characteristics. We believe God is God and Humanity is its Prophet.

This, in its main headings, is our faith: in it we embrace, with all respect, as stages of progress achieved, all past religious manifestations, and as symptoms and presentiments of future progress, all present manifestations of austere and virtuous Thought. In this faith we feel God to be father of all; Humanity all bound together in a communion of origin, of law, and of *end*; the Earth sanctified stage by stage by the fulfilling in it of the Divine purpose; the *individual* blessed by immortality, by freedom, by power, and a responsible artificer of his own progress. In this faith we live, in it we will die: in this faith we love and we labor, we pray and we aspire.

(Letter of Giuseppe Mazzini to Signora Elisa Ferrari.)

I do not believe in Death. I believe in Life, potent affirmation of a force that proceeds from God, which cannot perish without that a part of the Divine thought should also perish. The law of Life is for me marked out by its universal, perennial aspirations: indications of its virtual essence and of the final meaning that it *must* reach; these aspirations speak to us of immortality, of indefinite progress, of an unfolding of faculties and powers that in the brief course of terrestrial existence cannot be achieved; it must therefore be fulfilled elsewhere. From the study of science which does not know Death but only transformations; from the cry of all humanity; from the instinct of the heart which is the intuition to the *individual*; from the reverence that, believers or no, we

have for the dead; from the forms, all pointing to eternity, which our language spontaneously assumes when we, made better and therefore brought closer to what is true, pour ourselves forth in those supreme moments of love and virtue; from the last words of dying Genius; from the ray of faith which illumines the brow of the Martyr; from the serene peace which often I have seen settle down on the face of those beings whose extinction cost most pain; from the impossibility of believing the most holy affections a bitter irony, the most saintly sacrifices a delusion, the omnipotence of Genius a will-o'-the-wisp that the first material phenomenon can extinguish; from every contemplation, from every study, from every presentiment, I have gathered that we are immortal; that the law of Life is One; that the progress felt beforehand and carried out by Humanity *collectively*, from generation to generation, is also unfolded by Humanity *individually*, from transformation to transformation, from Existence to Existence; that this unfolding of progress implies the *consciousness* of that progress; and that *consciousness* of progress accomplished and *memory* are identical words; that we therefore keep throughout these transformations the consciousness and memory of our identity, and only reconquer slowly the one and the other, precisely as collective Humanity wins the knowledge of its past in the measure that it advances into the future. I have gathered that love is a promise to be fulfilled elsewhere, hope a fruit in bud, the bier a cradle of new life.

(Letter of Giuseppe Garibaldi to Signora Carolina Giffard Philipson.)

DEAR AND GRACIOUS LADY,

In a previous letter of yours you said to me: 'I am unhappy to learn that you do not believe in God.' But you, most charming friend, must pay no attention

to my detractors. At Geneva, among other propositions, I put forward the following one: 'Let us establish the Universal Religion of God.' God, father of all nations without distinction of climate, frontier, sect, or color—God who wishes all human beings to be brothers and sisters—who represses and condemns all evil and wishes the good for all—in short who has as basis of His religion the holy precept: 'Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you.' If this is what is called not believing in God you may tell me in your next letter.

A fond remembrance to your family from

Yours ever,

G. GARIBALDI

ALTER EGO

Oh! Thou that towerest above me still,
Calm as the great rock-sculptured saints of old,
Between whose mighty knees I childlike stand
And fret and buffet and am buffeted,
By whirling phantasms of earth and air;
Oh! silent Watcher of the endless fight,
That with an endless patience, stirless calm,
Can see me flinch and faint and oft-times fail,
Keep me between thy knees secure from flight,
Until the long grim dream shall have an end;
Then to the better shelter of thine arms
I can retreat, to seek a dreamless rest.

M. H. CHARLES

THE WORLD MISSION OF H. P. BLAVATSKY

THE article which follows is Chapter IV of a Russian biography of H. P. Blavatsky, written by H. Pissareff and translated by A. L. Pogosky. I have thought that it may be of interest to the readers of THE THEOSOPHIST, to become acquainted with this biography, written by a Russian Theosophist for the Russian public. It is divided into four parts: Chapter I is devoted to the childhood and youth of H. P. B. before her marriage; Chapter II is an effort to throw light on the mysterious twenty years spent by H. P. B. in her world-travels, and to show that these were not ordinary aimless journeys of a *femme oisive*, but a quite conscious aspiration to a definite aim, which ended in a long stay in Tibet with her Master. Chapter III contains a description of the well-known public activity of H. P. B.; the last chapter is an effort to give an appreciation of the world mission of H. P. B.

In this biography there are some details given which have not previously appeared; H. Pissareff received them from Mme. Ermoloff, who was the wife of the Governor of Tiflis in the years 1840—1850, and who knew personally the family of H. P. B. She describes her as a brilliant, but very fantastic young girl. She affirms that the house of the grand-mother of H. P. B. was visited often by Prince Galitzine, who had the reputation of a magician and of a Mason. He had long talks with the young girl, and some time after he went away, she also disappeared. This was the cause of great scandal in the province, and when she came back, her family made haste to arrange her marriage with Mr. Blavatsky, a functionary in the Chancellery of the Governor. He was no longer young, not interesting, quite a nullity. The family was prepared for a fight with the wilful girl, but

to its astonishment, Helena Petrovna gave her consent at once. It is clear that she wanted to be free from her family, and her departure from the house of her husband was arranged in her mind beforehand. Helena Pissareff supposes that Prince Galitzine introduced her to an Occultist who tested her psychic capacities, and that he helped her in her flight, gave her an address in Egypt of an Occultist to whom she went, and arranged for her to travel in company with another Russian lady. This supposition throws a new light on her disappearance with Prince Galitzine, and also on her marriage, which was for her in those days only a means of escaping bondage.

Perhaps these details may be interesting to English Theosophists.

The sketch which we send is Chapter IV of the biography.

A. K.

To be able to appreciate the universal significance of the revelations brought by H. P. Blavatsky, it is important to know how necessary and timely they were for our epoch, and for this, one must grasp the meaning of what humanity undergoes in our very sight. But the modern European consciousness, split into so many points of view, altogether disconnected with regard to the present reality, makes it very difficult for us to come to any general and concordant conclusions. The need for uniting in some general point is perhaps the most important need of our time, although the two main lines of thought—one, explaining all phenomena by material processes, the other by spiritual—serve as a certain generalisation, covering with their banner a multitude of contradictory theories and attitudes; but, developing in opposite directions, they split the consciousness and will inevitably lose the fulness of truth more and more if there shall not be found something to unite them, some common standpoint, which may

conciliate and gather them into a single harmonious system. Meanwhile, this uniting standpoint exists, and European Science has already come quite close to the generalising principle which equally underlies both the material and the spiritual life. This uniting principle, this hidden spring of every life, is *EVOLUTION*, the development of the complex from the simple, the perfect from the imperfect, in the world of forms as well as in the world of Spirit, leading us to a reasonable and noble aim. Taking the simultaneous evolution of form and life as a standard of human progress, we ascend at once beyond the contradictions of modern thought, and stand on such a post of observation as enables us to see the whole process of life in its entirety.

If we wish to find the root of all that happens within our view, we must look for it very deep, in the antiquity which served our race as a cradle. In those immemorial times, when the Aryan Race was in its infancy, its civilisation reached a high standard and brilliancy; this is clearly demonstrated by the excavations of the last ten years. To judge by the preserved specimens, there was no branch of human creative power in which that ancient people did not achieve high perfection. It is enough to mention their colossal, indestructible buildings, which required not only knowledge of higher mechanics and mathematics, but also some other science, which our modern engineers do not possess; or their wonderful water-works which transformed the glowing soil of the South into blooming gardens. According to the scientific researches of later years, not only all our religious ideas and symbols, but all the details of our home life, including our games and amusements—all these were known, all these came to us in one way or another from the East.¹

¹ This statement does not come only from Theosophists, but also from representatives of materialistic science. Thus Professor Wipper expressed this conviction in a public lecture on the 2nd November, 1908, at Moscow. His lecture is published under the title—*The Light from the East*.

How then can we explain this? It is evident that these ancient people were the forefathers of our race, it is evident that they expressed the youth of it. How then could they reach such perfection of culture and know in their youth what we are learning only now, after thousands of years. The logic of things and the observations of nature's processes, wherein nothing is wasted and nothing is repeated in the same degree, makes us think that the ancient civilisations had aims quite different from our modern ones. Theosophy affirms this; it teaches that the earthly life of the whole of humanity has one common aim: *the development of all sides of the complex human consciousness*. For this a field of action is given: the earth; and on this field all nationalities, at different epochs, by means of manifold cultures, work—each on its own task—co-operating for the realisation of the one scheme common to all mankind.

In antiquity, where we have to look for the roots of all that we live through now, the bulk of humanity was yet in a state of childhood, the principle of individuality was yet in its beginning, consciousness worked vaguely and dreamily, creating indefinite thoughts without clear-cut facts, like the thoughts of children; but humanity then had an immense privilege: it acted under the immediate guidance of high Teachers, whose superhuman wisdom explains the high degree of ancient cultures. These Teachers are known under the one name of 'Initiates'; this name came from the elder 'initiating' the younger, *i.e.*, handing on his knowledge to him who by his moral qualities was worthy of becoming a guide to the young humanity. Among the esoteric traditions of all ancient races there is much information as to these Initiates, standing at the head of all departments of social life, who rose above egoism and personal interests.

In fact, we have no clear idea whatever of those ancient times; only a vague remembrance of them lingers in the legends of the 'Golden Age' of humanity. We

learn of the archaic civilisations when they were already at the end of their inner problem—the education of the young humanity, when only the outer forms were preserved, which always live longer than the life once animating them. This is why these civilisations give us the impression of decrepitude. The race itself may yet be very young, while its forms are outgrown, and they are weak, if they have already fulfilled their rôle and are preserved artificially when the growing life requires new forms; for this reason also each nationality which does not seek new ways, and remains too long on the old ones, becomes obsolete.

When the childhood of the Aryan race came to an end and the problem of *personal principle* and *independent initiative* took its turn, the Guardians of Humanity gradually receded further and further out of sight: it was time for the race to create its own problems and to realise them in its own way.

Esotericism has an expression: "Humanity has become an orphan." This just means this change to independent creativeness.

For the bringing about of the main aim of terrestrial creativeness—the development of every side of human consciousness—was needed all the endless range of historical experience which expressed itself in the succession of dominant nationalities, in planting various cultures, in developing various types of social forms. With this key in hand, the whole of human history is read differently, and one can guess what problem our own Western-European culture had to solve. It developed that side of consciousness which is best named the *terrestrial mind*, the lower manas; it brought it to definite clearness of perception, and, by the strain of egoistical tasks and strenuous forms of scientific discipline, sharpened the analytical mind to artistic perfection.

On the dawn of its youth, the Aryan Race enjoyed immediate guidance; we do not; but from time to time,

when the human consciousness passes through sharp crises, when new principles of life struggle with the old, humanity receives help in the shape of various spiritual impressions. Sometimes there are sent into the world disciples with a definite mission. Such a mission was given to H. P. Blavatsky at the end of last century. When we look back on the epoch when the Theosophical Society was formed, we shall see all the details of the Western-European culture brought to its full bloom. Owing to the egoistical reign of capital and materialistic lines of thinking, the outward life had taken ugly misshapen forms of hard struggle for existence, merciless competition, mutual hatred and wrath; while in the spiritual sphere there was going on a gradual extinction of the ideal, and a ruthless corrosion of all religious principle.

The fruit of this bloom has ripened under our own eyes; we witness an unprecedented scene of universal revolution, and at the same time, in the bottomless depths of the heart and thought of the whole of humanity, begins a change and an uplifting of a new phase of consciousness. If we try to imagine a picture of the European future, were it to go on along the same lines of uncontrolled egoism and extinction of all spiritual needs, it will be understood that it never was in such sore need of spiritual help than at the above-mentioned moment. It was in response to this need, that came the revealing of ancient teachings and the foundation of the Theosophical Society. Shortly before this time, in many places in America and Europe, spiritualistic manifestations began to attract attention. Spiritualism with its amazing mediumistic phenomena appeared in these years, not by mere chance; it represented that battering ram which made the first breach in materialism filling people's minds, and made them think. And we remember what a general uproar in public opinion, and what unrest among scientists, Spiritism called out at the time. Belief in the existence of the physical world alone was shaken. But

this was not enough. The whole life needed rebuilding and outward building must be preceded by inner transfiguration. But the latter requires faith, enthusiasm, a high ideal. Religious ideas, grown on European soil, separated from life and science, were powerless to influence consciousness. A flow of new spiritual energy was necessary. Such energy permeates the esoteric teachings of the ancient Initiates, who inspired the creativeness of all the antique Aryan nationalities. To reveal for the first time their hidden meaning fell to the lot of a Russian woman. And, as one might expect, her mission attracted the attention of all the world even down to the African Transvaal, before she was recognised in her own country. And yet nowhere else is the hunger for spiritual restoration so keenly felt as in Russia, perhaps because no one else has such a close organic spiritual proximity to Ancient India as we have. The best Russian people were always idealists, and ancient India is thoroughly permeated by the lofty idealism of her pure, ardent, limitless, religious philosophy.

If we reflect on the three objects put by the Foundress of the T. S. on its banner, we shall find a striking conformity with the main spiritual needs of our epoch. We are suffering from the enmity of political parties, classes, and nationalities; Theosophy writes on its banner Universal Brotherhood, without distinction of race, creed and caste. We thirst for conciliation of thought and heart, union of ideal with reality. Theosophy brings us the scientific and religious synthesis of the Ancient East, in which all sides of human life—material and spiritual—represent a whole, bound together by the unity of religious consciousness. We have outgrown our psychological ideas, the more complex inner life of the modern man requires new methods of education, new methods of inner culture. Theosophy gives us a psychology quite new for the European consciousness, verified by *experience*, and scientifically based on the law of spiritual evolution.

Can Theosophy fulfil its promise? The reply is given by the more than 30 years existence of the T. S. Such a promise, if untrue, would have revealed its insolvency long ago; but the union of Theosophists continues to grow and become stronger, in spite of its not having any outward forms or dogma, nothing attractive from an outward point of view; it does not even require any vows; the unseen Power uniting its members appears to be so strong that it is able to gather into one family people of different nationalities, speaking a variety of languages, belonging to different religions and cultures. Another reply to the same question is given by the great, brilliant Theosophical literature, with its gifted representatives in all countries of the world, although so short a time has passed since H. P. B. laid the foundation stones of this literature by her works: *Isis Unveiled* (1877) and *The Secret Doctrine* (1888).

What then makes the power of Theosophy? Does it bring us a new religion, or, as some thought, does it introduce Buddhism in a masked form? Its power is in revealing the occult teachings of the ancient Masters of the Wisdom, whose knowledge comprises the *whole cycle of evolution of our race up to the end*, this is why it can give replies to all the questionings of our modern consciousness, including the poignant riddle of life and death, which stood unsolved before the human consciousness. I cannot enter here into the teachings themselves, but I can point those who are interested to the extensive Theosophical literature, which works out from many sides separate presentations of the Ancient Wisdom; if the reader will take the necessary time and give the necessary labor, he will have full opportunity of verifying my words. I will add a few words to those who misunderstand, and think that Theosophy calls humanity back to its infancy.

Yes, it calls humanity back; but in the sense in which every man returns to those lofty truths, which in

his childhood he accepted unconsciously, from which in his youth he drew back, because they were too deep for him, which he criticised later on, and accepted consciously and willingly in his ripe age. Every completed cycle of evolution runs round a full circle, and our consciousness having described nearly its full circle after a long experience extending over many thousands of years, through many civilisations, through rise and fall, bloom and withering, is on the eve of turning back to its starting point, to blend with it, but *consciously* and *willingly*.

To conclude: I wish to point out these results of H. P. Blavatsky's mission, which have already come to light during the last twenty years. All who are interested in India can observe different symptoms of awakening among the primitive populations of India, and an unprecedented tendency towards unity. People not participating in Theosophy, standing on the opposite pole of thought, agree that the source of the modern Indian movement is the recently born tendency toward religious unity. Religion always played the main rôle in the life of India; a multitude of sects and divisions, into which the six main brâhmanic systems split, and the division of Buddhism into the north and south sections, maintained the spirit of separativeness amidst the Hindûs. The turning-point towards unity and the impulse to inner regeneration above mentioned, were given for the first time by H.P.B. in her promulgation of one esoteric principle common to all separate religious faiths, and her energetic propaganda of religious unity in India—in co-operation with Henry Steele Olcott. The late President of the T. S. was a remarkably able organiser; he worked very successfully among the Hindûs for this cause, created many schools where teaching was given in the same spirit, collected a multitude of precious manuscripts which were constantly presented to the Theosophical Library by grateful Hindûs, and he unceasingly popularised the beauty and pure idealism of the ancient religious teachings of India.

The uplifting of the religious consciousness which was brought about by this loving attention to the spiritual need of the Hindû, an attention never experienced before—continues still, and, during late years, the revival of ancient Hindû thought is widely spreading, thanks to the unceasing efforts of our present President, Mrs. Besant. She strives to lay down the best traditions of ancient India as the basis of education for Hindû youth, and for this purpose she has created a great College, from which Hindû youths draw the inestimable treasures of ancient-Aryan religious thought.

The regeneration of the East and the awakened interest of the West for its spiritual treasures will play a big rôle in the near future, and will help human consciousness to rise to a higher plane.

It is difficult to imagine all the consequences which may result from the fusion of the broad synthesising ideas of the ancient East with the exact analysis of the European West, its high scientific development with the depth of the religious consciousness of antiquity.

The beginning of this fusion is going on under our eyes, thanks to the esoteric teachings which H.P.B. has brought to the Western world as a gift from the ancient East. These teachings, which in our modern language should be called a religio-scientific synthesis, harmonise all sides of human life, conciliating the material requirements of men with their spiritual needs.

And who will deny that the most imperative problem of our time, upon the solving of which depends all the future of humanity, is the harmonising of ethical problems with the social ones, the moral ideal of man with life's practice?

The whole power of Theosophy consists just in this fact, that its teaching is able to solve this problem without *killing earthly interests*. Theosophy must lead human thought because it unites the ripened experience of the modern West

with that of the ancient East, the full circle of the Aryan peoples' consciousness, both religious and scientific, which in conjunction gives—Wisdom.

One would ask why was H. P. Blavatsky selected for such a high mission? Because she was the only one among her contemporaries in whom a fine psychic organisation necessary for communion on subtle planes of consciousness was blended with high moral qualities, without which lofty spiritual purposes cannot be fulfilled. She possessed exceptional sensitiveness to spiritual influences, and at the same time a powerful will and a wonderful store of patience. An ardent enthusiasm and devotion to the ideas she served were united in her with an endless self-denial; this is what gave H. P. B. the claim to her great mission, and to the deep gratitude of all who knew and understood her.

HELENA PISSAREFF

GEMS FROM TIRUMANTRAM

The body is not real, it decays and dies. Wife and children follow you not at death. The discipline you practise and the knowledge you gain alone follow you.

The true pupil is one who has a harmonised mind, compassionate reason, truthfulness and tolerance, who ever follows the feet of his Master like a shadow, meditating always on the Real.

Seek the right Master; surrender your body, life and all at His feet; attend to Him without break of a moment; meditate upon the reason of things; thus you reach the place of peace and bliss.

INTERNATIONAL UNION OF ARTS AND CRAFTS

II

WE are going to speak of practical details this time. Let us speak of them then, but keep in view that all reform, all justice must be started from within as it is the Spirit that dictates and shapes matter, not matter that influences Spirit.

In this paper we are going to consider the means by which under *present* conditions we may bring some fresh breezes of the waking consciousness of the sanctity of work into some corners of its sphere at least, may consider whether it be not possible by love and wisdom, by devoted efforts and international interest, to create and supply conditions for a miracle of happy work to happen. One may call it compromise. Perhaps after ages of suffering, we may take even this humbly, if by it one can better the minutest particle of existing evils.

It is a matter of temperament. Some form principles and theories for good things to come for humanity, somewhere, sometime; never seeming to claim the realisation of these good things at once, under their very eyes, brought about and helped by their very hands. Have we yet begun *living* our lofty ideals? I think not. Have you ever seen an earnest, strong-willed man or woman who did not succeed in shaping the circumstances of their lives sooner or later in their own way? If this is not true, then all the theories about "thought is a deed," or "thoughts are things" are childish dreams. So there is plenty of hope for us, who are ready to give our efforts, our lives, if need be, to establish the forgotten truth: Work and Love

are one. If we are earnest we shall succeed, no matter how many mistakes we may make on our way, nor how many thorny paths we may have to walk through.

Just at this moment we will not touch in any way the work of artists, musicians, writers, poets, or preachers. The tangle before our eyes is too big, too motley. And also, we believe earnestly, that those who, like them, come nearer than any of us to God on the wings of their gifts, are already thinking these thoughts themselves, and preparing a grand epoch of momentous importance, all tending to the same goal.

We shall dwell in our minds among those more humble workers, who toil and fret in all corners of this earth, toil so unceasingly that they almost forget their former freedom, are almost hopeless of brighter days. In this state of hopeless despair brought about by ages of disharmony and injustice, by a broken law of equanimity, the toiler has no more time nor energy to think, to create, to fight. Some one must intervene, must take his cause to heart, must plead, must find the way where help lies, must think for him, as for his own self, must take his suffering as his own. If this be done, half of the evil will recede.

When we hear of the "idle poor," of their improvidence, of their vices and dirty habits, we get into a tangle, we suffer and are lost in controversies. What should we say of a doctor who, finding a patient showing symptoms of typhus, cholera, or any other dangerous disease, should get hysterical and run away so as not to see such awful things? What are dirty habits, improvidence and all the rest of it among the poor but *symptoms* of a more dangerous disease, which originated ages ago and is eating away humanity like cancer? It was brought about by injustice and ignorance, and the selfishness of men. Yet we pronounce it God's curse and run away, so as not to suffer ourselves from the sight of these

symptoms. We allow children and younger men and women to fall into the same pit of horrors!

The disease has many symptoms, many degrees of development. At some of its stages, one can see plainly, how a well regulated hygienic treatment may bring to the patient recovery, comparative health and strength.

There are very numerous centres of handicrafts for instance in France, in the Valley of the Rhône. The *petites industries*, what are called cottage industries in England, are reigning supreme there. They are little noticed by the big world's press it is true, but it is a little world of its own. If you were to spend one of your holidays there, and decide upon a good walking tour through the sunny, smiling valley of the Rhône, from village to village, leaving behind hurry and worldly conception of time, just giving yourself up to the present joy of life and movement, entering into this new rural world with an open heart and keen observing eyes, you soon would find as much as did once a famous traveller Ardouin Dmazet—to whose 27 volumes I may refer those who like to investigate further. Every village seems to have its own characteristics, its own sounds and ways. In some of them folks are making pipes, nothing but pipes of sweet briar; in others violins, and then you see the idea of the violin in all stages of evolution, everywhere up to the very roofs, drying, bleaching, ripening, and what not. Further we find a little factory, which produces only one shapeless thing in great masses—celluloid. And round it a group of villages shaping this mass into all sorts of elegant or useful things, too numerous to mention. And we hear of a peaceful evening, when the father rests in his garden among his little ones, watering his flowers and peas, and looks happy and independent.

There are some groups of villages in Austria, the famous Zakopane district, where the old Slavonia craft of wood-carving, brought from the ancient days of Middle

Ages right into the twentieth century, and, with the help of some of those idealists, who could not succeed in losing their love for the beautiful, it took lately (some 20 to 25 years since) a fresh impetus, and the district is now covered with schools, workshops, in fact has become a sight-seeing resort for tourists. The old traditions are sacredly kept by its leaders and teachers, but the twentieth century is clearly embodied in them, adding to the expression of the old Slavonic heart its new story of experiences. One need only to go to the Church on Sunday and have a look at some young mother with her baby, to have a quaint picture of living history and symbolism. Whoever saw the fine, artistic, most elaborate garments of the baby; its little embroidered cap, every little detail of its clothing up to the richly embroidered snow-white cover (which truly should range among church embroidery), and the rosy, healthy face of the mother in her picturesque snow-white embroidered cap, would hardly believe such a thing could be yet in existence in our time of hurry and disharmony. Truly the eyes of men, women, and children feeding, as they are even now, on beauty in nature, beauty in attire, and beauty in heart, are in a stage of development where they can be helped, where they must be helped. Is it absolutely necessary to have those graceful images broken, distorted and soiled, before they enter into a new cycle of progress? Could we not spare them the vulgarities of our so-called civilisation of to-day? Could we not be benefitted ourselves by helping them through this stage of evolution, preserving all the best of the past, the traditions of excellent workmanship, up to the next rung of the ladder? Help is wanted in *protection* of the craftsman in this dangerous passage from work, as a natural expression of Spirit, to work meaning manufacturing of goods in order to earn money, while land has become scarce and its tiller is obliged to take to some bye-industry.

Under just conditions, which are bound to come when we will alter our attitude into a just attitude of Brother-

hood, the tiller of the land, having plenty of scope for his activity, will not need to produce 'goods' of any other kind but the greatest produce of all—the food of humanity, grain. And in the leisure time allowed to him while nature rests and gathers forces, he, obedient to his mother, will also rest and gather strength; all his practical gifts will come into play, and the experiences gathered through the summer heavy work will flow freely through the functions of his intellectual gifts. This may find expression in many unexpected, heretofore undreamed of ways, of beauty. Because good seed in good conditions produces good fruit. We have forgotten the taste of such fruit, because we have made its growth a torture.

But I will take you now to some corners of the world in Russia, and show you some forms of industries.

Here is a small old town in central Russia. Its best street is not much of a street; a few brick houses, a few shops and bakeries, a market place with a good many deserted store-houses, a quaint straggling little house or shade with the public old-fashioned scales, where on market days the peasants weigh their loads of grain, hay, and other produce when they are fortunate enough to dispose of them. This town is surrounded by a motley crowd of still smaller houses, some of them mere huts made of logs and covered with straw, radiating from the town limits in all directions along the roads into the country. These minute insignificant grey-looking houses contain a larger population than the town itself. They belong to the so-called burgher class. The little town stands on a brisk little river and once was a centre of grain traffic, but the modern railway system shifted this centre to a new place, and the commercial significance of this little town collapsed, the storehouses were deserted, and the inhabitants of the suburbs, who used to get their living in a good many ways round about the once flourishing town, were left in desolation. No land, no earnings, no labor of any kind required any more.

all this went on with progressing rapidity. In his official report, which I read with a beating heart at the great Exhibition of the Coronation Year, attached by a worn-out cord to the splendid exhibits—the leader put it very quaintly; “At last the wages reached 60 cop. a day (1/2) after which we considered them so abnormally high that we abstained from raising them any more and devised another plan of investment.” They, organised a permanent department of cottage industries as part of the County Council’s functions, took a house for the offices and stores, and started another branch of lace-making, reviving, as they went along, the ancient designs from a rich collection of lace lovingly preserved by one who loved beauty. Just now, after 18 years of steady progress, the centre has grown, trained artists have joined their efforts. At present these industries are in great demand all over Russia, and have a local wholesale depôt.

I do not mean to say that all the leading management is ideal and no better ways could be found; yet I note this instance with gratefulness, because it shows how much could be done even under the present commercial conditions of the labor market. It inspires hope, and works out some of the lines upon which the industries may be improved.

There is another corner of industries where darkness still reigns, where no loving heart yet sheds its life-giving rays; therefore this garden of workdom stands with blighted withered leaves, and flowers which have no power even to open—stands barren and desolate. It is a group of villages on the shores of the Volga, not far from the famous town of Nijni Novgorod. The shares of land allotted at the time of emancipation were very small, as is often the case where land is valuable (on the shores of large rivers, or rich soil of Central Russia, etc.) The brisk traffic in these regions brought a more than usual increase of population, and the shares of land grew smaller and smaller, till at last only one of ten

families could farm, the others had to take to some industries. Men took to boat-building, the majority sought earnings in other large towns, women alone remained at home. They were lace-makers for several generations. Every woman, old or young, every child from seven years old, made lace. Middlemen, or rather a whole system of them, acted as distributors, enforced sweating, tightening the screw more and more. Cheaper, cheaper and cheaper was the cry. The lace got looser and looser, it was handled in a disgraceful way, both parties vying with each other in getting the best bargain. It went on and on; the lace-makers earned less than the cost of bare rye-bread. To the English ear it would sound incredible, but facts remain facts. A lace-maker could not earn more than one penny a day, working early and late. At last this cruel system over-reached itself, as all evil will. The lace became so bad, that even cheap prices could not tempt any buyer and the whole industry of many thousand workers collapsed.

Statistics never registered items of such dramas. Then these women and children lingered, sickened, died out—no one of the outside world ever knew, ever wished to know.... During this period some of the more energetic women got occasional orders for some simple drawn-thread work. One or two earned some money at it. This sounded like a trumpet call. In a few weeks the drawn-thread work spread like small-pox. At every window one could see a bent-down face of a woman over a frame. The middlemen reappeared. They came with very poor pay indeed, but even this was life. They required ready-made goods. The poorest could not afford to buy the yard of cotton stuff and spool of thread. Thus a new subdivision was organised. Some of the workers who could afford to invest a few shillings for materials would take the order and give it out to the poorer workers at a lower price. Then there came a still more profitable system of sweating children. A woman sweater—a poor

wretch herself—provides the material and starts the first difficult part of the work herself, spreads large frames in her own house and takes children to do the mechanical work. Only one kind of stitch all day long, with imperfect light from small windows and all evening till late at night, with a poor smoky kerosene lamp, from day to day, from month to month, from year to year, all life long—always the same, no variety. Bent over the frame, sitting sideways, so close together that only the right hand is free to move, with faces as white as paper and transparent like wax, these young martyrs of 'civilisation' sit even to-day—yes, still stitching, stitching and stitching, and producing a vile stuff in shapes of tea-cloths, pillow-shams and d'oyleys, yet finding a market not only in Russia but even in Germany and England, because they are so very cheap.

Yet the very same woman could be made to earn ten times more if some kind heart would take trouble to provide protection and knowledge (Love and Wisdom). The middleman, as he exists now in Russia, can provide only a cheap market; he is unable to improve, to bring in ideas, to introduce better goods to a better class of buyers. He has only the coarsest methods and his only means are sweating.

I have no doubt that in every country similar causes and modern conditions must have similar results. We know something of sweating in England. From Dr. Coomārasvāmi's excellent little book, *The Message of the East*, one gathers the assurance of this being the case in India as well. But I give here illustrations from Russian industrial life, because I myself know it better and am hoping our international friends will add their experience. I will give another instance of certain efforts to improve conditions, this time from a north-east province of Russia—Viatka. A truly peasant province this, as on account of its severe climate there are very few noblemen's estates there, only the Tsar's forests and the peasants' shares of land. The mem-

bers of the County Councils (Zemstvos) have to be elected mainly from the peasant communities. Let us see how it told on the management of peasant industries.

After Moscow, it was Viatka whose County Council led the movement and awoke to its duty first. The first contact with the requirements of the local industries (the territory of the province of Viatka exceeds Great Britain) showed the fact of total ignorance of the subject. One part of the province did not know the other, no one could tell what was manufactured and on what scale, which of the goods were consumed in their own province and which and on what scale were they exported to other markets. A few large sweating firms in the city of Viatka knew a thing or two, but kept quiet. Naturally enough the Zemstvo, with the help of all its district branches founded a museum, and for this first step wisely selected a house right in the market place, where every man and woman coming to sell their hay or eggs or butter, could walk in and see. Soon a great collection of cottage-made furniture, utensils, toys, bowls, fancy boxes, wheels and agricultural implements, (as there is plenty of timber round about) fur coats, felt boots and shoes, linens of all sorts and lace was displayed in the new museum. This was followed by specimens brought from other parts of Russia, with a different technique; even foreign specimens found their way to this peasant museum, some 1,000 miles from S. Petersburg and some 500 miles from the nearest railway station at the time. A workshop was then added, and improved looms, with an instructor always ready to explain and demonstrate, attracted every market-day eager crowds of women. More workshops for other crafts were soon added, not only in the city, but in a good many villages, with evening classes for general instruction. Several lace schools were founded and maintained by the district Zemstvos. [The Zemstvos levy taxes on land to cover expenses of public education, roads, hospitals, and every other institution for the weal of its territory. The

peasants, being 90 per cent. of the population and living on the land, are the main tax-payers.]

But this movement could not go very much further without touching the main-spring of the cottage industries.

Indeed what was the use of improving the technique of anything, if the goods were destined for the hands of the sweater, who would not pay a farthing more for better-made goods? The Zemstvo of Viatka soon saw the necessity of controlling the market also. It opened a depôt in addition to the museum, a regular store, where furniture and other hand-made goods could be bought retail, or on wholesale terms. It also had a shop at Nijni Novgorod during the Fair, and in a few years the turnover exceeded £50,000 (500,000 roubles). This allowed the Zemstvo to control not only the prices for work but also to supply the workers with materials (such as thread, iron fittings, varnishes, etc.) at factory prices.

This put the necessary check on the former despots, the sweaters. They groaned, were furious with the Zemstvos, but had to submit to a real power. Again I will say, that all is not ideal; many things could, and should be more artistic, many mistakes are made through lack of properly trained leaders, but as we have no colleges for training leaders and managers of handicrafts worth speaking of anywhere in the world, we have to appreciate even these efforts and learn the offered lesson.

Thousands of instances could be described, but even these few will be sufficient for discussing the question—how to help workers.

Some day we can enter into details and take one industry after another and discuss the various requirements and means. To-day I will try to show a little of the general trend of help as it is given.

In Russia it is usually considered that help must consist in *teaching* the technique of various work. In a

centre of a certain industry, a school is opened, a cheap teacher from S. Petersburg sent for, and children made to learn lace-making or weaving. The teacher, as a rule is a young girl who went through three years of industrial education at the Imperial School of lace; before this she had learnt to read and write—nothing else. She is often very undeveloped and dull, without any ideas of how to teach. Sometimes an elderly foreign lady-milliner or old incapacitated governess, having some friends among the officials, gets this post of instructor, but as the pay ranges between £20 to £25 a year there are few applicants of this kind. The teacher teaches what she herself has been taught. The school with its ready-made cheap principles is brought from the town into a new world of peasantry, whose life, history, traditions are quite different and perfectly unknown to the town civilisation. The school brings the western methods; the peasantry lives by the eastern traditions. The teaching applies to the surface, the old traditions are concerned with the essence of things.

No attention is paid to what crafts were practised before the introduction of the school, nor what the methods and traditions were. No one ever thought of this. The grandmothers or even mothers may have possessed a craft with a past of a thousand years, may have possessed methods so elaborate and symbolical that none of these teachers ever could attempt to copy them. I can refer those who like to know more about such methods to the beautiful eight volumes with several thousands of illustrations of the Mordva Ornamentic and needlework by Dr. Haekel, Helsingfors. [Price 25 roubles.] If the children were left in their mothers' hands they would become as skilled themselves, inhale as it were the fragrance of the work from childhood, sharing its different stages with their mothers.

Knowing all this, knowing also this great value of inherited traditions, skill, taste, and symbolism, it is quite painful to see the results of school education. At present

all new 'science' (whether it applies to lace or embroidery, weaving or metal work) is chance work. Some 'fashionable' piece of machine-lace perhaps out of date in Paris at the time, some metal brooch of a peculiar style, *Art nouveau* made by the million in a factory to shine a week or two in high life, descends gradually to the lower classes, is sold then in the street for a penny; some 'interesting' effect of machine weaving—a fad of to-day, the object of disgust to-morrow—all these may take the fancy eye of the so-called undeveloped 'leaders and teachers' and serve as a model for laborious handwork. It goes then through these schools, and is engraved for ever in the young minds of the peasant pupils, as something new and desirable.

My memory keeps a multitude of facts, a multitude of efforts, rising and falling, histories of births and deaths of industries, alas, also histories of their crippled childhood, of their faulty, sickly growth. It looks to an outsider as a chaos. Not so to me. One red thread runs through all; its name is *separateness*.

The efforts, the workers, the leaders, the producers and the consumers do not love each other, do not know each other. They are groping in the dark, not knowing that they are limbs of one common body, under one common law, that they cannot do without each other. Instead of planned harmony they work in a chaotic, disorderly, disjointed way. What result can there be but degradation and misery?

In all countries, the handicrafts are going on in various ways, under various influences, driven often to degradation and death by ignorance or greed. Both workers and leaders, middlemen and consumers, are unaware of the colossal magnitude of this universal fact. They take it as purely local, or do not trouble their heads at all, save about cheapness.

One 'leads' in a far-away village, perhaps collecting and distributing work to order of some firm in a town; another, perhaps very well-meaning soul, living all the year round in

the country and having leisure time, and pressed by a famine year, gives small orders to peasants in a philanthropical spirit. Some friends in the same spirit buy and try to spread the goods. Perhaps a high official—friend of the initiator—may procure a yearly stipend; and lo! a new industry is afloat. It may end in a disaster, when there is no knowledge; the goods may not be marketable; or it may prove a success, especially when the initiator learns more than he teaches, brings out the best traditional quality of the workers, all the characteristic strong features; then such goods find their way abroad and get good prices. There may be larger efforts too. One Zemstvo opens a store of peasant industries in Moscow, another in Riazan or Viatka; there are some friendly societies or shareholding companies dealing with peasants' industries, also private shops and a great many local centres of industries scattered all over Russia. There are people eager to lead, to teach, to act as middlemen, some very honest and well-wishing, others greedy and ignorant, large and small sweaters, and there are immensely more workers who are in need of organisations. It is not a thing we can take or leave. It is there: unavoidable, chaotic, and calling for help.

All these channels of organisation and distribution of peasant work act separately. Their experiences are not shared or utilised, they do not know each other, they do not realise the common great aim, the common great source; they do not feel the support of a co-worker, co-thinker, co-lover. They repeat the same lessons, the same mistakes. The valuable experience of one is lost to the thousands of others. In Russia this separateness is inflicted by the general trend of politics. The rulers find it undesirable to allow union of various workers, as they know only too well that Union is Strength, and Strength is Power.

If such is the result of separateness in one and the same country, how much more it must reflect on inter-

national separateness—how much less do we know, each in our own country, of foreign tastes, and requirements, of foreign markets! Yet the twentieth century in its lines of life has in every way gone away from the nineteenth century. The world gets smaller and smaller. In olden times we thought of the limits of our village, and then of our province. Now we must study the life and ways of foreign countries, we begin to feel our international message, we begin to join our voice to the symphony of the world.

A Russian provincial may be indifferent to the characteristics and symbols of his own locality, but, bring into his small town Japanese or Hindū goods, or French or Spanish, and see what a commotion it will create. An English lady may get tired of many once tempting things of English make displayed in Regent Street, yet may be strongly attracted by the original Russian hand-made goods, novel to her eye and mind. It is quite natural that we should accommodate ourselves to those new lines. The thinker knows that this intercourse has a far deeper significance than it seems to have from the outside. The ways to the common aim get more and more interlaced, those who tread them become more and more brothers, more and more mutually needed.

The International Union of Arts and Crafts may try to lay the first lines of communion between the various countries. It may join and transcend the world-wide old organisations, add a new note, a new service to them, and draw strength and power through each of their branches, may, as it were, act in every corner of the world by friendly hands.

Central headquarters may be organised in London. This centre may attract to itself handicrafts from all parts of the world, reveal new fields to the seekers of beauty and originality, to the common hunter of novel goods, to the student of ethnography and antiquity, to the mere woman of

the world or housewife. From these, an exchange of goods may radiate throughout the world, bringing Hindū, English or Japanese work to Russia, Russian and Hungarian to India, and so forth.

To the leaders of industries, to the craftsmen, it will be a source of inspiration and study. To the workers supplying the hand-made goods, it will be an outlet and a market which will deal with them not only honestly but intelligently. The machine-goods have established such centres of information and distribution a long time ago. Money is well taken care of. It is only the world's handicrafts, whatever their magnitude, that are neglected, uncared for, because they run in separate efforts.

To-day the idea of work in unity with love seems yet utopian, too much in the sky; but so was any other progressive idea on the eve of its realisation in the concrete world. But if mankind is to progress, to evolve, these lines of unity are bound to evolve also, and then it will take proportions undreamt of to-day.

Large depôts of exchange of industries will grow like mushrooms in every large town of every nation; the honest loving service to workers and consumers is bound to tell on their popularity. The neglected industries will take up strength again; those who live on small plots of land, now unable to support a family all the year round, will then be secure during the winter months, and the towns will be freed from their over-crowded conditions, thus solving one of the greatest problems of the present age.

A. L. POGOSKY

All Buddhist Truth was summed up by a great disciple of the Master in a single stanza: *To abstain from all evil; To fulfil all Good; And to purify the Heart—This is the Teaching of the Buddhas*. The first term, *To abstain from all evil*, sums up the whole body of Buddhist practical ethics on its *negative* side; it is summarised in the word *Sila*, meaning Harmony or Virtue; and it includes all the ordinances of the Master as to those things His followers should avoid. In practice it becomes the *Five Great Precepts*—five commandments binding on every Buddhist, which commonly are recited in the ancient language of the Sacred Texts, the *Māgadhī*, after the Refuge-formula detailed above. The Five are: Not to take life; Not to take property; Not to commit impurity; Not to lie or slander or use harsh speech; and Not to use intoxicating liquors. These Five Precepts are absolutely binding on every humblest follower of the Master; they constitute the essential minimum of Buddhist ethics, and he who constantly violates any one of them is no Buddhist, however loud his proclamation of his faith may be. Buddhism is Understanding Truth, and hence—since what we *really* understand, we *do* (as we understand ‘fire burns,’ and so abstain from touching burning coals)—hence it is *to act accordingly*. It is understood that men are human, fallible—that a man may break any or even all of these Five Precepts now and then; but if, considering (as the Buddhist is taught constantly to do) his conduct, he finds he has so erred, he still can set things right by *actual* repentance—by using his every effort to abstain from the like sin in future.

To this irreducible minimum of the Five Precepts, the pious Buddhist layman frequently of his own accord sets himself to observe three more: Not to take food after noon (as such is held to conduce to sloth and to impurity); Not to use high or broad seats or couches (which in the East, where the floor is the common sitting-place, betokens pride and luxury); Not to use

personal adornments, scents, and unguents, and to abstain from witnessing dancing, shows, and plays. These Eight Precepts—regarded, as to the three last of them, as binding only for the day on which they are assumed—are commonly taken on the Buddhist ‘Sabbath’—a movable fast-day or feast-day, dependent on the changes of the Moon, and so following roughly at intervals of a week. On these *Upasatha* days, especially during the period of the ‘Buddhist Lent’ (three months, roughly July, August, September, the time of the rains in the birthplace of Buddhism, the Gangetic valley), men, women, and children, and especially the elders, leave off work, and repair to the neighborhood of the local Monastery, where there is nearly always a separate rest-house for their accommodation. Here, in the morning-time, the women-folk prepare the day’s one meal for Monks and Novices, as well as for themselves and families; wait on the Monks before meal-time, and “take the Refuges and the Precepts,” Five or Eight according to their wish; in general it is the elders of both sexes who elect to take the extra three Precepts, whilst the younger generation take but the usual Five, and so can have their ordinary evening meal. After the chief meal of the day—which for Monks and Novices and those among the laity who have taken the Eight Precepts must be finished before mid-day—all generally repair to the Monastery itself, and listen to an exposition of the *Dhamma* by some senior Member of the Order; thereafter returning to their rest-house, where they spend the remainder of the day in meditation and the practice of their various devotions; not uncommonly—since the deep metaphysics of Buddhism are a favorite study in Burma, even with the laity—passing a part of the time in discussion of the preaching they have heard, or of some special point in the profound *Abhidhamma*—the portion of the Scriptures devoted to the consideration of the processes of Thought and of Life; or, as we might translate the term, the Metaphysic and Psychology of Buddhism.

WANDERLUST

Let me go, for the world is wide
And dear, new friends are calling to me.
Alas! they are dearer than all of ye,
Though your eyes be tender, your tears undried.
Let me go! for the world is wide.

Let me go! who are ye that sleep
With soft soul soothed to a tedious quiet?
My soul loves danger, my blood runs riot
And I want to laugh, and I want to weep.
Let me go, for I may not sleep.

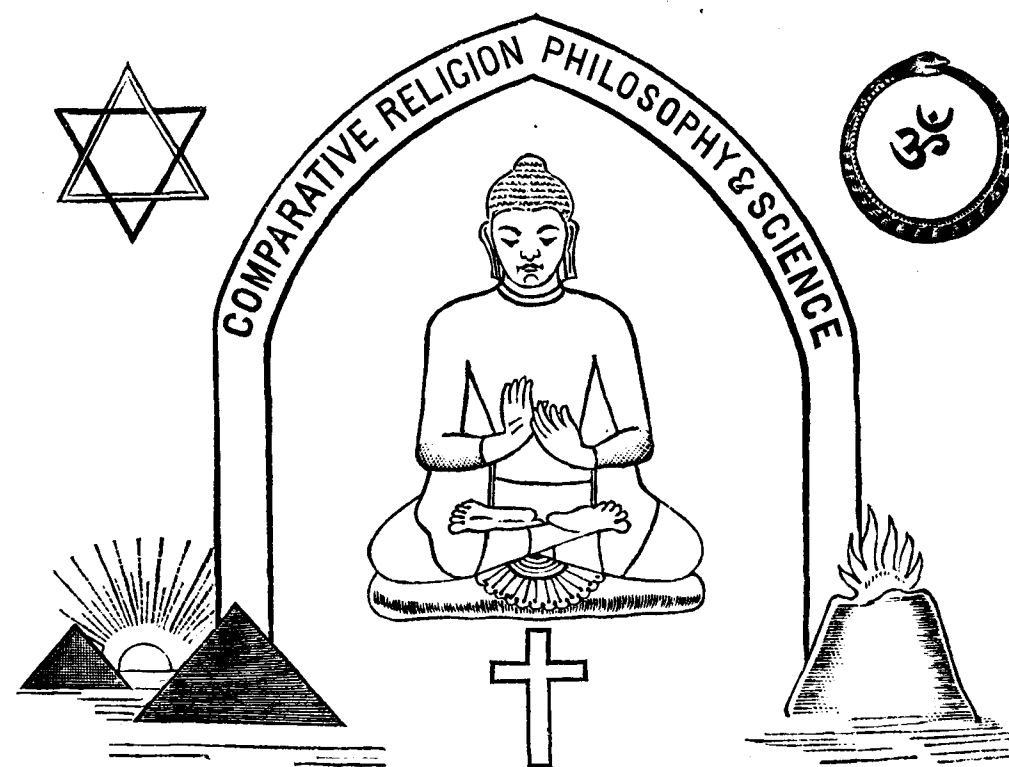
Let me go! I've a life to live,
Not a daily whirl of a dismal wheel.
I've a cause to serve, and a tremor to feel,
And a foe to slay, and a heart to give.
Let me go! I've a life to live.

Let me go! Let me sin my sins
Beneath the light of the desert star,
Where only the Sand and the Silence are,
Where Man is nought, and the World begins.
Let me go! Let me sin my sins.

Let me go! I am sick with desire,
For the mountain path, and the sunset's flame,
And the ragged mountain without a name,
And the sudden fight, and the old camp-fire,
Let me go; I am sick with desire.

Oh! Lovers of restfulness! How should ye know,
As I know ever, this longing that kills?
My soul cries out, and my being thrills
For the Force of the Fire and the Stretch of the Snow.
The Moan of the Mountain, the Howl of the Hills.
And the Lightning's speed, which is all too slow!
They are mine, and I yearn for them all.—Let me go!

ISABEL FOULKES



THE RELIGION OF BURMA

III

THE DHAMMA

(Concluded from p. 77)

THE DHAMMA (Skt. Dharma), the second of the Three Great Refuges, is then the Teaching which the Master left us in His stead. Derived from a root-word meaning 'to manifestly exist,' 'to palpably appear,' we may transcribe it as *The Truth*, as has been done in these pages; or as *The Law*, the causal sequence of the deeper things of Life. And, as a Law carries out a series of phenomena, or as clear Truth alone can carry us over the trackless waters of Life's Ocean to the Goal Unseen beyond, so also has the root *Dhar* the secondary meaning of 'that which bears, or carries, or conveys.'

Of the further extensions of *Sīla*, Virtue, this first caption of the Law—the ten Precepts of the Novice and the 227 Rules which regulate the conduct of the Monk—further mention will be made in discussion of the Third Great Treasure—the Saṅgha-Raṭana, or Treasure of the Brotherhood. Here we need only call attention to the underlying *principle* of all these various commandments: they all involve the beginnings of *Self-restraint*; they are all imposed and have their rationale in that the commission of the actions forbidden involves the infliction of pain, of loss and suffering of some sort on others. Thus, from the very beginnings of his Faith, from the very commencement of his life, the Buddhist-born is trained up to Self-restraint—to the giving up of acts that would inflict loss or suffering on other lives. Thus early in the Law appears that Doctrine of Selflessness in practice, which, as we shall later see, crowns the whole edifice of Buddhist Teaching.

The second term of our threefold Dhamma-text, *To fulfil all Good*, sums up the next great chapter of Buddhist practice. This is termed *Dāna*—charity in every sense of the word—and it includes the whole of what we may term the *active* side of morality, just as *Sīla* covers and includes the negative aspects. It is as though the Religion begins with the very lowest type of man—that base and ignorant type which is accessible by fear alone—by telling him: “This life is not all; nothing that is, but must in some form be again; out of this present life you must surely die, and just as surely take re-birth. See how unevenly are apportioned the lots of living things; some bound into low and loathsome forms of insects and of animals; and, even amongst mankind, some great and prosperous and noble—others poor and wretched and debased. None can escape from death, and death is but the portal of another life. Just as the thistle-seed gives rise to thistles only and the good rice to rice alone, so is it with the lives of men and animals—for through all life Causation reigns supreme. If

then, you would avoid these low, base, wretched, and ignoble lives—or others yet the sages wot of, lives filled with horror and remorse and pain for evil deeds wrought in the past—then you must practise *Sīla*, Virtue, true morality; that is the one method of escape from all that threatening mass of pain.”

But to the man who—albeit from the basest of all motives, fear—practises even the mere Five Precepts, there comes an inward growth which makes of him a nobler, hence a happier man. For all that *Sīla* is really *self-renunciation*; and when, growing thus wiser, the humblest follower of the Master comes to the second stage of growth, then the Law speaks a new, a greater Message: the Message of *Dāna*, Charity and Love. “It is not enough,” it says, “only to secure your freedom from the lower, pain-filled lives; there is a greater hope than this. If, in addition to mere abstention from the evil, you will fulfil and practise *Good*; if you will feed the holy poor—those who are sick and weak and old; if you will give of your substance to the world about you, taking thought for others’ sorrows, helping to relieve what suffering can be relieved by generous gift of wealth and food and care; then again will the great Law act in its inevitable sequences. By avoiding evil, you escape from base and evil lives; by practising Charity you further ensure to yourself lives full of happiness and joy; lives full of earthly bliss, or, higher yet than you can think of, lives of the bright, the Heaven-dwelling-Ones—the denizens of holier, happier spheres than this our world.” And so that man—still for no high, exalted motive, but yet for one not all so base as fear—so that man, out of *self-interest*, thinking, “Thus will I, giving now a little of my wealth, secure unbounded riches in the lives to come,” sets out in practice of this Second task; gives of his goods, his wealth, his help, his care to those less fortunate in life than he; relieves the destitute, is father to the fatherless, gives shelter to the homeless and unhappy; using his

worldly wealth no more for Self's sole sake, but for the aiding of the weak and poor.

And here again the Law of Life acts and re-acts upon the heart of him who gives—for such is the essence of Love, which, like a magnet, grows but the stronger the more it is employed in imparting its magnetism to other bars of steel. Starting to give for love of self, of self alone, the very contact with the lives and needs of others widens the erstwhile petty limits of man's self-hood. Giving to the poor, the weak, the desolate; giving to the holy—those who have renounced all that the world holds dear for sake of Truth and love of all; giving to these, the confines of his own heart's life grow wider to include their hopes, their sorrows, so that the kingdom of his mind, the inner purpose of his being, extends, enlarges and grows nobler each succeeding day. This is the second, deeper Truth the Dhamma has to teach us; how, like a flame of fire, Love kindles Love, grows by mere act of loving; and nowhere in the world is that great truth more understood—and so more followed—than in this Golden Chersonese. Never was there a people more generous, more full of charity than this; it has been the wonder of every author who has truly gained an insight into the hearts and lives of this most fascinating race. All the land is covered with tokens of their charity—from the golden glory of the vast fabric of the Shwé Dagôn Pagoda at Rangoon, gilded all over at intervals of a few years at a cost of lakhs of rupees, by voluntary offerings of the people—to the village well, or Monastery, or rest-house for chance travellers, down to the little stand containing a few chatties of clear cool water, which even the poorest can set up by the roadside and keep daily plenished for the benefit of thirsty passers-by.

In a land where Charity holds so high a place, not in the talking, but the doing of its daughters and its sons, such poverty as India, as all Western countries experience, is utterly unknown. True, in a sense, the vast majority of

the peasantry are poor—poor, that is, as judged by the European standard of living, with its manifold and unceasing “wants”. But of the poverty that is cruel, harsh, base and sordid; the poverty of an Indian village or a London slum, there is naught at all. The poverty that shames and curses Western nations, that breeds crime and cruelty, that starves even little children to the death, such is unknown in Burma; and will remain unknown for just so long as they shall hold fast to their Love-teaching Faith. There is always food to be obtained, if not in the layman's house, then in the Monastery; and the doors of the Monastery traveller's rest-house stand ever open to the poorest wanderer, be he a layman or a Monk. True it is that in much of the ceaseless tide of Burmese charity is somewhat of wastefulness; pagoda added to pagoda, shrine built by the very side of shrine, great meals prepared, too great by far for their recipients, the Monks and Monastery-boys and wandering lay-devotees to eat, so that when all have fed, the very dogs can scarce devour the remains; but the Burman would justly answer criticism on this point by saying that one cannot have too much of what is truly good; and he does not merely *talk* of charity—he *lives* it in the smallest detail of his daily life. With growing national wisdom—for the Burmese as yet are but a youthful race, filled with youth's joy in life, having the failings as well as the virtues and enthusiasms of youth—with greater experience, with their quick assimilation of the new conditions of life and the resultant wider understanding, the Burmese will grow, not less, but more wisely charitable. As it is, this second Teaching of their Law, their Truth, is so lived up to by them as to have become the common marvel of all who have seen it, all who have realised what it means.

Thirdly, and lastly, in our Text we read: *To purify the Mind*; and here we enter into that domain which differentiates Buddhism from all other Faiths; the realm of its Teaching as to the nature, content, and the Goal of Life; the

view-point of its doctrinal structure. Here it is that we pass forthwith into a religion so far alien, so strange to Occidental views of life, that most of the modern writers on the subject—the bulk of them, unhappily, men who believed themselves opponents of Buddhism (which is tantamount to saying they had not achieved its meaning)—have gone utterly astray. All other of the world-religions, even the wonderful philosophies, Vedānta, Sāṅkhya, and others, elaborated by the Indian Sages, have, following the obvious in life, centred their Universe in the concept of the Self; just as, in the old Ptolemaic astronomy, moon, sun, and planet, and the firmament of stars beyond, all centred in and circled round the stable wide expanse of earth. The lesser Self of man, the immortal Soul that tenanted this body of our flesh, that after life must leave it, as a man sets aside his worn-out clothes; that, and the greater Self, the Soul Supreme of the Godhead—whether the thought of it were limited and personal like that of the ancient Hebrews, or subtle and well-nigh impersonal like the highest transcendental concept of the Indian saints: those are the two ideas—ideas in fact interdependent and complementary, wherein all other creeds have centred their hope, their universe and goal.

And both, in this Buddhist Truth, are not merely absent, but actually denied. Just as to the men of the Middle Ages to whom Copernicus first propounded the doctrine that neither earth nor sun in fact was centre of the Universe, that there is in truth *no* centre, but only a constant, ordered flux of change, soon to be reduced to definite law by Newton's great discovery: just as to those who first, in geocentric times, heard this new doctrine of the non-centred universe, the very thought of it seemed monstrous and absurd, against the constant evidence of sense (for did they not daily *see* the rise of sun and moon and star, and their wide circling round the earth?), so, to those nurtured on the self-centred creeds and world-views outside Buddhism, appears at first the non-self-centred doctrine of the Buddha's Law.

Let not the student here imagine we are concerned merely with a dogma, with a view of life important but in men's imagination or belief. In the *Anaṭṭa*¹ Doctrine, or, as it might be rendered, the Teaching of Selflessness, we have the statement of a fact so profound, so true, that every action of the man who holds it must needs be modified from what he otherwise would have done. On it depends the whole of Buddhist Teaching, the three-fold practice of its ethics, morality, and charity, and this third term, *Samādhi*, or *Right Culture of the Mind*; to it, once more, is due that perfect Buddhist tolerance and freedom from all persecuting or denouncing spirit. Not least significant of all, it is the conception towards which the philosophy of modern science is steadily bearing the West Aryans; established already in the domain of physics, it now is finding ever wider and deeper acceptance amongst the foremost thinkers of the modern world.

Briefly stated, this fundamental principle on which the Buddha's truth depends is to the effect that there exists, in the light of the Highest Wisdom, no Self, and hence no not-Self (in the old metaphysical, antinomial sense of the term) at all. "*Whether high or low, great or small, gross or subtle, mean or exalted,*" to quote an oft-repeated passage of the Pāli canon, "*there is no Self at all,*"² and this astounding proposition

¹ *Anaṭṭa* (Skt. *An-ātman*), is formed from *Atta* (Skt. *Ātman*), the Self or Soul, with the privative or negative particle *a*; which here, because preceding a vowel, takes the *ṇ* for euphony. Thus the literal translation—obvious both from its derivation and from constantly-reiterated expositions in the Buddhist Scriptures (Northern and Southern alike) would be Soulless; Spiritless; Selfless. These words all have special meanings in English. We use the forms Not-Self, or Selfless to equate the Pāli.

² Whilst the above oft-recurring passage is taken from the Pāli of the Theravāda Scriptures (as the most ancient and authoritative sources of Buddhist Teaching), it is important to emphasise here that this *Anaṭṭa* Doctrine is *not* peculiar to that School, or to the Pāli Texts, as has been by some supposed. This Doctrine is one of the *fundamental* Buddhist Teachings common to both 'Northern' and 'Southern' Buddhist alike; and the 'Northern' Samskṛt, Chinese and Tibetan Texts, reiterate it as do the Pāli Texts themselves. The same is true of the ancient authoritative commentaries and other early Buddhist expository works subsequent to the several classes of actual canonical Scriptures; e.g., the Commentaries of Buddhaghosa in Theravāda Buddhism, and the Mahāyāna works of Ashvaghoṣa. This fact needs emphasis here because, in some quarters, the idea

is the chief concept of all the final, Third Stage of the Buddhist practice: *Samādhi* or Mental Concentration so directed as to lead to *Pañña*, the Higher Wisdom or Insight. Put in other words, the meaning of this Doctrine of *Anaṭṭa* is, that *Life* in deepest truth is *One*—that the conception of the “I” and the “not-I,” or “the Universe,” as contrasted or separated entities is founded on a misapprehension far greater and much farther reaching than was the old delusion of the geocentric astronomy. *All Life is One*. There is neither in the heart of man nor in the heart of heaven any one separate and immortal being—an existence other and apart from aught in all the worlds. This One, this All of Life, so far as we are here concerned with it, is subject to Three Great Signata or Characteristic Signs or Marks: it is *Impermanent*, and *subject to Suffering*, and *Without a Self*, or separate soul.

How first the Universe came to be; what was its origin, the First Cause (to use a phrase the Buddhist would deem self-destructive, because involving a contradiction in very terms, a Cause being really a link in a series which is endless like a circle); who or what “made” it, and all such futile questionings as these were answered by the Buddha with the sole appropriate reply; with what the Buddhist Scriptures term “*the Noble Silence of the Wise*”. Truth is, that to such questionings there is no answer; our world indeed had its beginning—it is detailed in an ancient Buddhist work in terms singularly like those of the modern nebular theory—but not the Universe; and, as the Master once explained, such questions do not tend to help us; they have no answers, or what answers one might frame to them bring us no nearer to our object, to the End of Sorrow, to the Goal and the Fruition of all Life. “*It is as if a man, wounded in battle by a poisoned arrow,*

prevails that ‘Northern’ Buddhism teaches the existence of a Self, Soul, or *Ātman*. That view is quite incorrect. It arose entirely from the mis-translation by Christian Sinologues of the Chinese word *Hsin*. Beale and others, reading through Christian-tinted glasses, translated this word *soul*; whereas, in fact, it stands for the Pāli *Citta*, and should be translated “*Heart*” or “*Mind*”.

should say to his friends, when they came with a physician and an antidote, and besought that he should let the doctor salve that poisoned wound, or ever the poison won into his veins: ‘But no, I will not have the dart drawn out, or the healing salve applied, till I have learned whether the man who shot the arrow was short or tall, fair or dark, noble or base.’ That man would die, Mālankyāputṭa,” answered the Buddha to His interlocutor upon these subjects, “*or ever one of all these useless questionings could be replied to.*”

How true, and how appropriate to these problems as to the ‘Origin of Sin,’ of Life, of all the Universe; and yet—alas for the fatuity of human reason!—it is just about such useless and vain problems that men have spilt more blood, have waged more cruel wars and persecutions than over any other cause of human disputation!

So it is that we find, in the more ‘doctrinal’ part of the Dhamma, only that “Noble Silence of the Wise” where all such problems are concerned. But it must not hence be imagined that Buddhism resembles the modern Agnosticism beyond the limits of this simple fact: Buddhism is a *Gnosis*; it has a positive, an active as well as a negative or passive side in doctrinal affairs. Looking back, as the full Insight He had won enabled Him to do, over the long succession of His lives, the Teacher saw how through them all there reigned one ordered Law—the Law of *Kamma* (Skt. *Karma*) or of Action, the Law of the Doing of a being and its consequences on him and the rest of Life. What gravitation is to mass—its fundamental property, not turned aside from acting, though other forces indeed may suspend the visible manifestation of its action for awhile—all that, and more, is this *Kamma* to the conscious Life. It is the Law of Causation operating in the sphere of Mind, that is to say, of Life: it is alike our Character (since our present mental make-up is the outcome of our whole long line of lives) and our Destiny (since, in the Buddhist view, Mind, maker and fashioner of all that is, as it were *dramatises* itself as our environ-

ment, according to the sum of all our bygone tendencies); and yet again, seeing that it is in the very nature of Causation that *like* effect should follow on a given class of action, it takes the place held by the Deity in Theistic creeds—bringing happiness in train of good, and pain in wake of evil acts. We *are* our Kamma, in fact; and just as the mind, in a nightmare following on some over-indulgence in food, dramatises part of itself as the demon that pursues or haunts us, another part of the seeming 'I' which is pursued, and yet another still as the environment—the World and Space and Time wherein the 'evil Kamma' of that indulgence operates—so is it with the wider stage-play of the visible world about us in the waking life.

But here the Occidental reader, trained in mental Schools of various ego-centric faiths and views, will naturally pause. "How then," it will be asked, "how then, if indeed there be no Self, no Soul that on our death moves onwards, clothed in some cloak of subtle substance, or taking some new body in the flesh; how can the Buddhist talk of 'earlier' or 'later' *lives*; or how explain the fact that often, in the Buddhist Scriptures, the Tathāgata Himself concluded some tale of bygone lives with the words: "*That very person was Myself*"—if indeed there be no Soul, no Self, who speaks, thinks, acts, and suffers; who dies and takes re-birth according to the tenor of his deeds?" To make the answer clear, recourse must be had to an analogy.

Two men are standing by the shores of a great lake or ocean, its waters heaped in undulations by the power of the winds. Both see the same phenomenon, but one is uninstructed—a man of clear intelligence, of the type termed 'common-sense'; the other learned in the modern physics, conversant with the scientific aspect of the phenomenon before him. The uninstructed man will say: "There, on the horizon, is a mass of water, piled up in a wave; this mass of water so moulded by the winds, travels towards us

over the ocean, and breaks at last here at our feet." But the instructed man will answer: "Not so, friend. What you see is but a seeming, a wrong interpretation of the facts your sight conveys to you; there is in all this wave-birth, wave-life, wave-motion, and wave-death, *no* single mass of water that so moves over the sea at all. Each wave in truth *is* in a sense one thing; but it is a child of *Force*, and not of *Substance*. All that is really happening is that *force* is being transmitted by these manifold waves; the water is moving, but with no motion of translation over the ocean's depths; it is but rising and falling as the *real* wave—the collocation of hydraulic forces which give to it a temporary, but even so an ever-changing identity—passes onward, in the end to break here at our feet."

We know, of course, that the instructed man is right, and this is just the understanding of the Buddhist as to the Transmigration,¹ the passing-over of each Wave of Life. All Life is One, as are all the ocean's waters; what goes on, not only from death to the new birth, but from hour to hour and moment to moment of our lives, is that the temporary collocation of life-forces called a being, resultant from the powers playing on that one life-wave (the winds of Nescience, Avijja: craving and hate and self-delusion, both in the past and now; interaction with other life-waves, and many other modifying forces) is passing onward over life's wide ocean, presently, perchance, to break upon Life's Further Shore, Nirvāṇa, the Great Peace and Rest. Gazing through the far-reaching Inner Vision which the Holy and the High can gain and use, both the Buddha and the other Indian Sages of olden time saw this phenomenon of the sequent lives.

¹ Transmigration—the 'Passing-over' (not of *Substance*, whether gross or subtle, but of a Mode of Motion, of a particular and thus-arranged collocation of *Force*) is thus the correct word to apply to the Buddhist conception of Re-birth: not *Reincarnation*, which implies the existence of a subtle and immortal principle, a *Substance* (howsoever subtle) which at death "as a man, casting aside old garments, puts on new ones," takes on another "Garb of Flesh."

But to the earlier Sages, as to the uninstructed man of 'common-sense,' there seemed (as apparently their vision told them) to be but one changeless mass of being, separate from every other 'Soul,' that, keeping its one Self-hood through eternity, passed from the far horizons of Life over its restless surface to the Goal. To the Buddha, seeing yet deeper, searching right to the Causation and the manner of it all, there was no immortal and enduring spiritual substance or *persona*—only a collocation of Life's fluxing forces, changing not only at death and birth—the trough and crest of each successive wave—but every instant of its life. So to His deeper Insight, as to that of the modern physicist, there was no Self, no separate mass of life at all; and what, for convenience of speech and as a designation, we term our Self—a 'way of counting' as the Scriptures well define it—that is in very truth only an ever-changing collocation of the Elements of Life, bound together by the power of Tendencies set going by this very dream of 'I' and 'Mine.'

Otherwise regarded, we may summarise the body of Buddhist doctrine under the headings of the formula used by the Master in His first lesson to the world, given to those same Five Disciples who had deserted Him in that sad hour when all seemed lost. That formula is known as the Doctrine of the Middle Way: the Way that leans neither to the Extreme of Austerity, as practised by the Indian Sages; nor to the Extreme of Worldly Life, given over altogether to the pleasures of the senses.¹ It consists of

¹ It is of interest to note here that the Great Teacher, in His last life on earth, Himself, previous to His Supreme Enlightenment, had practical experience, in each case extending over several years, of both these two Extremes. So great a Being cannot, in His very Attainment-Life, Himself have needed either experience for the final perfection of His own character; and therefore it has often seemed to the present writer that His passage through these Two Extreme-phases; of the Worldly Life during His youth, when He even married, etc., and of the Life of Austerity, during the Six Years preceding the Abhisambodhi, was designed, in the course of what we may perhaps term His "Buddha Kamma" (cf. the use of the term *Tathāgata*—'He who has gone in the Way of His Predecessors'), for the benefit of His followers: to teach

Four Āryan or Noble Truths. First the TRUTH OF SORROW: How all this individualised Life, involved as we have seen in Change and consequent Pain and Self-delusion, is *inseparable from suffering*; since either we have, and (changing in our Kamma's ceaseless changefulness) we lose, some cherished object; or else we have not what we desire and so again comes Pain. The modern student of biology may get an insight into this First Truth if he considers the humblest origins of life; remembers how the lowest organisms move and act only in response to *irritation*—as the modern term accurately and significantly puts it. The Second Truth is SORROW'S CAUSE: How all *Suffering springs only from Desire*—desire to win for sake of Self-hood, for sake, in very truth, of an illusion. Truth the Third is SORROW'S CEASING: How, *by the culture of the Mind to see the Truth in all things*; by constant deep endeavor to weed out the old 'Self's' ill tendencies, to sow new seeds of Virtue and of Love, comes *Pañña, Wisdom, Insight*—in the light of which no more the darkness of self-born desire can dwell. And Truth the Fourth is termed the PATH-TRUTH: How, even in our very heart of hearts, there lies a Path, a *Way which leads from suffering Life to Peace*; an Eightfold Way whereof the members compose a threefold inner training; restraint of Body (*action*), of Word (*speech*), and of Mind (*thought*). Of that Noble Way the parts are these: (1) *Right Views*—meaning the Understanding that there is no Self in truth, for Life is One, and One alone; the Understanding that this One Life is pervaded in all its parts by the three Characteristic Signs—Impermanency, subjection to Suffering, and absence of real Self-hood; and the Understanding how

them, that is, by His own actual trial and example and abandonment of both, the fact that *neither* could lead to the Peace. At the same time, His trial of both made impossible the common cry, on behalf of the partisans of either Extreme "He preaches what He has not practised; and decries a way of life of which He has had no personal experience, and hence is incompetent to judge;" whilst on the other hand further proving to His followers that no man need think even the Supreme Attainment impossible because he had theretofore abandoned himself to one or other Extreme.

this Life, and the motion of its innumerable parts is subject throughout to the Causal Law of Kamma, which we can see in action every time we logically and in sequence think.¹ (2) *Right Aspiration*—the earnest desire to help reduce the Suffering of life, and, by self-restraint and self-reform, to bring the Great Peace nearer unto all the world. (3) *Right Speech*—loving and kindly and true. (4) *Right Action*—avoiding evil deeds and practising charity in all our ways. (5) *Right Livelihood*—following a mode of obtaining our daily bread which inflicts no harm or hurt on any living thing. (6) *Right Effort*—the constant endeavor to suppress our evil tendencies and to cultivate the thoughts, words, and acts which lead to good—further classified as the Fourfold Great Struggle: (a) the inhibition of old evil tendencies; (b) the inhibition of the acquirement of new evil habits and ways; (c) the careful constant cultivation, by dint of special mental practices, of good habits, noble and helpful thoughts (such as Love, Sympathy, Compassion, Charity,) already formed; and (d) the assiduous cultivation of such good qualities and habits of thought and life as are not already a part of our mental habitude. (7) *Right Watchfulness*—the continued observation of all we speak, think, do, following out in each the operation of the Causal Sequences, classifying each as 'good' (tending to reduce Life's suffering), 'indifferent' (free from taint of Craving, Hatred, and Self-delusion, and so producing no new causal sequences at all), or 'evil' (tainted by one or other of these last three Modes of

¹ Kamma, it must be understood, is no dogma or hypothetical principle; it is, obviously and palpably, to one who understands the teaching, all the time working in the daily thought-chains of our lives. But for the fact that Kamma, Mind, or Life-causation, is the fundamental Law of Life, we could not for two consecutive seconds remember our past, or frame an intelligible sentence in the mind; and as to the Buddhist teaching that this Kamma, at a being's death, causes an immediate re-birth to occur (a re-birth, according to Buddhist phrase, which "is not he, and yet is not other than he"), that is merely a logical extension of the constantly perceived Law on the basis of the principle of the conservation of energy. A man exists now: an immensely complex bundle of mental forces; these must have been set going, since all things are caused, and the nature of causation is that like breeds like; therefore the present mental make-up of a man must have had its origin in mental causes set in motion in a similar life. And the same argument applies to re-birth in the future.

Nescience, and thus tending to set in motion causal sequences adding to the suffering of life). Besides this observation of all our mental operations, and the discrimination as to their moral value (with the determination to cultivate the good in future and to avoid the evil), Right Watchfulness includes the constant application to each and all of them of the Doctrine of Selflessness—the practitioner thinking and observing, as regards each phenomenon, of action, speech and thought, of every mental modification that constitutes his life, without exception—*This is not I, this is not Mine, there is no Self herein*. And, lastly, we have (8) *Right Ecstasy*—the practice, according to the rules laid down in the books, of those high methods of Mental Culture which lead to the 'Awakening' in the various realms of conscious life; all directed to the entering and following of the Path of Peace, and the final Attainment of Arahanship, of Liberation from Craving, Hatred, and the Self-delusion.

Such is the briefest of surveys of the third stage of the Buddhist practice—the stage of Mental Culture; one from which we have been compelled, for want of space, to omit all but the most fundamental details. To the man who by the practice of Virtue and Charity, has come to adolescence in his mental and moral growth, the Most Excellent Law here brings its final Message. "By virtue and by Charity," it says, "we avoid ill lives and win to good ones; but, seeing that all things pass to Change and Death, not even the good Kamma so made can last for ever. So long as we remain subject to Life and to Causation's Law we remain also subject to Death, to the wearing out of good as well as of evil Kamma. He who is truly wise seeks to deliver that fraction of the One Life which at the moment is manifested as himself from this subjection; he seeks to realise the Final Purpose of all this changing, suffering cycle of existence and re-birth. Beyond the highest Heaven—beyond aught that in this Dream of Life we even can conceive—there reigns a State of Peace wherein there is

no Change for evermore; wherein is no more Suffering; the Goal and the Fruition of Life, the Incomparable Security of Nirvāṇa. If you can win to that, you bring all Life a little nearer to its Goal; to win to it you have to realise the final Truth—the truth that *there is no Self at all*—that this certain-seeming Selfhood is but a delusion, direst of all the Bondages of Mind, of Life. Enter, then, on this Way of Peace: enter it by Self-restraint, by Self-renunciation. Live, work, strive, no more for Self but for pity of all Life: so, by reforming what appears 'yourself,' you may in very truth help to relieve the suffering of the All of Life; and bring your little Wave on Life's great ever-surging Ocean at last to break upon "Nirvāṇa's Further Shore."

IV

THE SAṄGHA

Third of the Refuges is SAṄGHA-RATANA, the *Treasure of the Brotherhood*—that community of Monks or 'Homeless Ones' which the Master founded for those who wished to enter on a way of life far more conducive to swift progress in the Path than ever the purely worldly life could be. Besides this function, it has another: that of maintaining the racial recollection of the Truth the Master found and taught; the passing-on of the Dhamma; the teaching of the laity. From what has gone before it will be understood that the Buddhist *Bhikkhu* or Monk in no sense is the equivalent of the priest of the Theistic Creeds; in a Religion in which there is no Deity, wherein Causation reigns supreme, and no petitional prayer or ritual can bring a man one jot the nearer to the Goal, there is no place for the 'priest'—for the intermediary, that is, between the layman and his God. Each man's own acts alone affect his future;¹ and no charms or rites or prayers

¹ So far, of course, as he makes any sort of (Mind-born) Doing, or Kamma, *his own*, by dint of mental functioning, that is, by dint of living it. This view does then of course by no means exclude the possibi-

can in the least alter the inevitable sequence of Causation's Law. But, as we have seen, *charity* is an essential practice in applied Buddhism; and seeing that, in a truly Buddhist land like Burma, there are none who starve for want of food, it might be difficult to find suitable recipients for the large and constant charity of the Buddhist, this function is fulfilled by the Members of the Order, who are absolutely dependent on the laity for each day's food, for their robes, monasteries, books, medicines, and in general for their entire support. The layman's object in giving charity is to 'make Merit'—to pile up, as it were, good Kamma to his credit in the bank of life, so that he may come to better and nobler states of existence—may win to lives in which the entering of the hard Path of Selflessness, now impossible for him by reason of his manifold desires, may be found the easier. Buddhist teaching also indicates that the effect of charity in producing powerful Merit depends on many things beside the mere value of the gift: it depends, for example, on the *motive* in the giver's mind, on the extent to which it involves a real act of abnegation to him; and, finally, besides yet other considerations, very largely on the *moral status of the recipient*. Other things being equal, the holier the recipient, the greater the Merit of the person helped, the greater will be the fruits of an act of charity, in the way of potent Merit, to the man who gives.

lity of one man's actions affecting another's Kamma. For example, we may hear of the Life and Teaching of the Buddha; if we choose to assimilate what we can of that Teaching, and choose to follow what we can of the Example of that great Life, then our Kamma may become, even in a single life, so profoundly modified as to seem almost a different Kamma altogether. And such modification of a man's Kamma by his religious Teachers, his loved ones, his friends, enemies—all who contact his life—is constant and considerable; it is analogous, in the wave-simile to the effect of surrounding waves, except, of course, in that in the intelligent, conscious life of man the element of choice comes in. Again, Kamma is far from being the sole arbiter of a man's Destinies: some sorts of Suffering (as a congenital disease) may, for example, be due to Kamma acting from past lives; but others may again arise from any of seven other causes: as, Heredity, Environment, the Seasons, and so forth. Thus the phrase must be regarded as, for the present moment, *conditionally* or only *mainly* true: it would only become absolute did we add the words "in the long run."

Thus, on the one hand, to him who finds himself so far advanced as now to need to devote all his time to the practice of Mental Culture, the Brotherhood affords a state of life in which all those worldly cares which are so harmful to the needed peace of mind are absent; he has no more, once in the Order, to take thought as to how he shall secure his daily bread. And on the other hand, to the layman, desiring to practise the highest active virtue of his creed, the Brotherhood, by reason of the special holiness of the lives its Members lead, is, as the Buddhist phrase has it, "an incomparable Field of Merit"—a field which will yield a richer harvest for the sowing of charity's good seed than well-nigh any other in the world.

The Brotherhood¹ consists of two classes—the Novices, who have Ten Precepts to observe (the Eight Precepts before given, one of which here is divided into two, thus making nine of what were given as eight; and in addition a precept as to abstaining from the acceptance or use of money, or of gold or silver in any form). Any male above seven years of age may be ordained as a *Sāmanera*, or Novice; and in general practice in Burma, every boy so enters the Monastery and undergoes its discipline at

¹ That is, using the term in its widest sense, as including every person who, under our Buddha's Dispensation, has adopted the 'Homeless Life,' received the *Pabbajja*, or 'World-renouncing' Ordination, and who wears the yellow Robe. Technically, fully-ordained, (*Upasampanna*) Monks, or Bhikkhus, only are 'real' Members of the Order; whilst, again, the highest (and the most restricted) sense in the word *Saṅgha* may be used: that involved when we speak of the *Saṅgha-Raṭana*, the 'Treasure of the Brotherhood' to which the Buddhist turns as his Refuge and his Guide, is no more even the majority of the living Bhikkhus; it then consists of that far rarer Great Brotherhood of those who have entered upon the Path: the Holy Ones, alike of the past and present, who under our Master's Dispensation, have attained to one or other of the Four (or, according to another classification, one hundred and eight) Stages of the Way to the Incomparable Security. In this last sense, our *Saṅgha-Raṭana* recalls the 'Communion of the Saints' of the Christian Creed. Thus looking on its third Member, we might regard the whole Refuge-formula as a species of conjugation of the idea of Attainment, Enlightenment, Awakening, in respect of the three Modes of Time. It is as though the Buddhist asserts: (1) In the Past, One—the Exalted Lord—attained and passed-utterly-away. (2) In the Present, in His Place we have Him living in His Dhamma—through which we may now attain; and (3) In the Future, even we may yet attain—as the Communion of the Holy Ones, the *Saṅgha-Raṭana*, ever exists to aid and to attest.

some age between seven and twenty. Any Bhikkhu can ordain a *Sāmanera*, but only with the consent of his parents or guardians if a child; and, once ordained, the Novice can leave the Order at will at any time. He wears the Yellow Robe, takes food like the Monks, only before noon; and may own no property except such as is allowed to the Monks themselves. A Burmese lad is generally put into the Novitiate by his parents for a period of a few months, or a year or so; and thus well-nigh every man in the country has lived some time in the Monastic Order—a fact on which the immense esteem in which the Monk is held largely depends. Every man has lived in immediate contact with the Brotherhood, and is personally acquainted both with the high standard of purity and holiness and learning therein maintained; he also has practical experience of the restraints—so hard to a young and eager people like the Burmese—involved in the monastic life. In the Monastery, the Novice acts as attendant to the Monks—maintains order, draws water for drinking and bathing purposes, sweeps out the Monastery before dawn, sees that the sanded 'walking-place' is clear of life or leaves, and so forth. Besides these attendant's duties he learns from some resident Monk the special duties of his station; studies his Religion from the Sacred Books, and joins the monks at their united devotions, generally twice a day, at dawn and eventide. Before the establishment of secular schools by the British Government, the entire education of the male population of the country was in the hands of the Monks; and, apart from the period of the Novitiate (designed more especially with a view to instruction in Religion), a large number of Burmese boys still obtain their whole education in the village Monastery.

In commemoration of the Great Renunciation, the entry of a boy into the Novitiate is frequently made the occasion of one of those public festivals which delight the play, movement and color-loving Burmese heart.

Even poor parents will often save money for some time (a very hard task for the generous and, indeed, thriftless Burman) in order to give their sons a lavish *Shin-pyu* (making a Holy One), as the festival is called; and the *Shin-pyu* of a rich man's son is often a very grand affair. Personifying the Prince Siddhattha, the boy is dressed in regal robes and crowned; and, after receiving all his friends in state, the little Prince rides round the village, mounted, if possible, on a white horse, in memory of white Kanthaka, the Bodhisatta's steed. A procession is formed, and amidst a great display of royal canopies and insignia, hired for the occasion from some theatrical company, it marches to the air of stirring music round the village to the Monastery walls. Here the Princeling must dismount and music must stop: for the little Mystery-play has reached the point corresponding to the arrival of the Bodhisatta at the River Anoma, when He put off His Royal robes and donned the Ascetic's Garb. Entering the compound, the lad bathes and is clad in a temporary plain white robe, and, so attired, makes his request, in the ancient Pāli formula, that the ordaining Monk will, *Out of Compassion, and for sake of the Attainment of Nirvāṇa's Peace*, grant to him the Yellow Robe. The Monk, assenting, gives him the parcel of Three Robes, placed ready to his hand. The lad retires and robes himself in these, after having his head shaved; he then returns to the Monastery, where the ceremony of the Ordination is completed by his recitation of the vow to observe the Ten Precepts of a Novice.

Full Membership in the Brotherhood may only be conferred upon a male,¹ of twenty years and upwards,

¹ Men only can now receive the Upasampada or Full Ordination. Originally the Buddha founded a *Bhikkhuni-Saṅgha*, or Sisterhood of Nuns, as well as the *Bhikkhu-Saṅgha* or Fraternity of Monks; and some of His most eminent disciples were members of this community, which had its own Vinaya Rule, and its own Ordination, separate from that of the Brotherhood. This *Bhikkhuni-Saṅgha*, however, owing to the corruptions creeping into Buddhism in India, the fast-growing power of the Brāhmanical caste which caused this, and the increasing seclusion of women, which was one of the results of the priestly dominance, perished in

who must be free from debt, the king's service, and certain specified diseases and deformities. It can only be conferred in practice by a *Thera*—a Senior Monk, that is, one of at least ten years standing in the Order; and he can only perform the ceremony in the presence of a technical *Saṅgha*—a Chapter composed of not less than ten fully-ordained Monks.¹ The Office of Ordination, as used in the Buddha's time, is read out by the *Thera* in presence of the assembled Chapter in the ancient Pāli. It is customary in Burma, likewise, to go through it in the vernacular, since so much Pāli is not likely to be known to the novice desiring Ordination. The *Thera* who confers the Ordination is thereafter known as the *Upajjhāya* or spiritual Superior of the new Monk, to whom likewise an *Acariya* or Instructor is allotted. For five years the Monk remains in 'Nissaya,' or 'dependence' on Superior and Instructor; thereafter he is permitted to dwell in a Monastery apart from such dependence; but not till he has acquired ten full years of seniority in the Brotherhood does he become himself a *Thera*, an Elder; thereafter he can himself, in presence of a valid Chapter as detailed, confer the Full Ordination, take pupils, and generally act as the Head of a community of Monks.

The Pāli title for the Monk is *Bhikku*, literally 'the Mendicant,' but in Burma this word is seldom employed outside the Order; the laity term their *Bhikkhus* *Hpon-gyi*, or 'The Great Glory,' and they are treated with the utmost deference and consideration. The younger Monks of

India, and indeed elsewhere also (since at one time there were Nuns as well as Monks in Ceylon) some five hundred years after the Nirvāṇa of the Buddha (about the first century of the Christian era);—as, indeed, the Master Himself had prophesied would be the case.

¹ Ten *Bhikkhus* are required to form a valid *Saṅgha*, or Chapter, for the Upasampada Ordination in a *Buddhist land*. But in *partibus*, in countries, like England or other Western lands at present, where the Religion is new, not yet technically 'established,' a valid Chapter for the conferring of the Upasampada, most important of all the official Acts of the Community, may be composed of not less than five *Bhikkhus*, inclusive of the *Thera* or Ordaining Monk, who here again must have at least ten full 'Vassā' or 'Rains' (that is, years) of standing in Full Membership.

a Monastery, accompanied by the Novices and the 'Sons of the Monastery' (boys, that is, who are placed for their schooling at the Monastery, but who do not take Orders as Novices, and so can feed after noon) commonly go in silent procession, early each morning, round their village to beg their daily supply of food; each Monk and Novice carrying a large earthen or iron bowl, sometimes, for convenience, slung in a string satchel over one shoulder; whilst the Sons of the Monastery bear each a large platter, or a pair of these, slung from the ends of a bamboo carried on the shoulder in the immemorial manner of the Far East, on which are placed various cups and dishes for the curries or seasonings to be taken with the rice. As the procession comes to each door it halts a moment, when the householder, or more commonly one of his womenfolk (who has been up long before dawn cooking the day's supply of food), comes out and places a spoonful of plain rice in the begging-bowl of each Monk and Novice; and, if any curry-stuff is to be given, this is placed in one of the dishes carried by the boys.¹ If that day there is no offering to be made, the householder comes forth and begs the Monks to pass onwards. The whole round is

¹ Such, it may be added, is the custom in Burma, and probably also in Siam. But in Ceylon this nice discrimination is not observed; not only rice, but *all* the food-stuffs offered, are placed in the Bhikkhu's bowl. This unpleasant method has the one merit (if merit it be) of antiquity: there was in ancient times no luxurious use of plates and dishes: the Ascetic's sole food-receptacle was his bowl, from which, sufficient being collected, he made his meal direct. The author—who has 'tried both' methods—is fain to admit, with, he fears, characteristic Occidental tendency to luxurious ways—that he prefers the differential, Burmese, to the integral, Sinhalese, method. By the time the Bhikkhu in Ceylon reaches his Monastery, all has conglomerated into the weirdest sort of composition: rice, different (*very* different: and O how strange!) kinds of curries, ghee, curds, sweetstuff, cakes, and peradventure little fishes and some milk or tea: all have agglutinated with a result that makes the recipient fully comprehend how, when first in an Indian village the Great Teacher, lately Prince, begged, bowl in hand, His daily meal, even His self-restraint for the moment failed Him, and He turned with loathing from the horrible mess! Whilst on the subject, it is interesting to recall the circumstance that the Bhikkhu's begging-bowl (or to be exact, the bowl) of the Master Himself, long cherished as a holy miracle-working Relic in India, has been very plausibly indicated by the learned as the origin of the tradition of the Holy Grail. Cf. the Buddhist tradition of the infusion by the Devas of the Amṛta, or some divine, life-giving-food, into the Bodhisatta's Bowl, plenished by Sujāta with fresh curds and rice on the eve of the Supreme Enlightenment.

conducted, on part of Monks and Novices, in unbroken silence; and, when each house has been visited, or when in towns sufficient food for the day's consumption of all at the Monastery has been secured, the procession returns to the Monastery. Here the food, commonly re-heated by the Sons of the Monastery, is taken before noon; and the bulk of the day is passed by the Monks in teaching their scholars, in studying the Pāli language and the Scriptures; in writing with an iron stylus copies of some sacred Scriptures on the immemorial palm-leaf, which till lately formed the chief writing material of the East, and such-like simple, pious work. Some few Monks, further, devote themselves mainly to the practice of *Bhāvana* or Meditation—the Intent Contemplation of some object physical or mental, with a view to the attainment of one or other of those higher States of Consciousness of which mention has been made, and which form a very large subject by themselves, impossible here to deal with.

The Monk has to observe 227 coded Precepts; the whole course of his conduct being further regulated by multitudinous rules laid down by the Master as occasion arose. Of the three great divisions of the *Ti-Pitaka*, the 'Three Baskets' or collections of the Buddhist Dhamma, one, comprising five extensive works, to which, outside the actual Canonical Rule, is appended a still larger commentary-literature, is devoted solely to the Monastic Rule. There are Four Deadly Sins, each involving *ipso facto* expulsion from the Order: the breaking of the Precept of absolute Chastity—binding on Monks and Novices alike; the taking by fraud or violence of aught not given to him; the taking of Life (here it is only the taking of *human* life which involves actual expulsion, though taking even the life of an animal would be regarded as a grievous offence against the Rule); and, lastly, the falsely laying claim to the Attainment of Arahanship or to the possession of any superior, superhuman powers at all. This last is, with its minor theses, a most salutary rule,

and has served, even for the long period of twenty-five centuries, to maintain the Dhamma of the Buddha free from all changes; it has made impossible, for Theravāda Buddhism, any additional 'revelations' resultant from some Monk's proclaiming, for example, that he had had a vision of the Master commanding such and such an alteration in the 'Truth and Discipline' to be made.

The Monk may own but Eight Possessions—his three Yellow Robes, his begging-bowl (which forms also his dish), his Girdle, his Water-strainer (used to filter his drinking-water, lest he should destroy the life even of an insect), a Razor to shave with (the head of the Monk is commonly completely shaven, the members of a Monastery doing this service for one another), and a Needle with which to repair his Robes.

The Monks of Burma are held in the highest esteem by the people—an esteem which the purity of their conduct and the high excellence of their lives fully justifies. In Upper Burma especially (where the whole manners and customs of the people have not yet been so far demoralised by Western civilisation as in Lower Burma, where the British occupation has been much longer) the deference shown them is most marked; a Burmese layman there will never address a Monk except in an attitude of obeisance; whilst all over Burma the Monk has actually an entire set of words to denote respect, used for his daily actions; thus he does not, as we might translate, 'walk,' but 'proceeds,' he 'pronounces' instead of merely 'speaks,' and so on.

The Brotherhood of Burma dates back to the most ancient times, although local wars and other disturbances have on several occasions so reduced its numbers as to necessitate an application to Siam or Ceylon for fully ordained Monks to restore the impaired *Parampara* or Apostolic Succession (of the Ordination). Some two hundred and fifty years after the Buddha's demise there arose

in India a great Emperor named Asoka (the royal Author of the Edicts already referred to), who became a convert to Buddhism and a most enthusiastic patron alike of the Teaching and the Brotherhood. Under his patronage, the then Saṅgha-Rāja, or Hierarch, summoned a Great Council of the Order—the third that had been held—and from this Council, after a revision of the Canon, missionary Monks were sent forth to various distant lands. Amongst these were two, the Theras Soṇa and Uttara, who came to Lower Burma, landing at what is now the town of Thaton, then a seaport, though now some twenty miles inland. This was the beginning of Buddhism in Burma. Into Upper Burma, it seems likely there later penetrated some sort of degenerate Buddhism—probably one of the much latter Tāntrika, magic-working sects which sprang up in India during the period of the Buddhist decline, and which had entered Burma from Tibet through the mountain-barrier in the north. This degraded form was, however, put an end to by the Burmese king Anoratha, who, incensed at the insulting refusal of the then king of Lower Burma, whose capital was at Thaton, to give him copies of the Pāli Sacred Books, attacked and sacked Thaton, and carried away to Upper Burma, to his capital city, Pagan, the persons of the defeated king and his family, as well as every copy that could be found of the coveted Sacred Books. Thereafter, moved by the study of their contents to atone somewhat for his evil action in fighting, he became, like a second Asoka, a staunch adherent of the purer Buddhism, and made the latter alone the state Religion; the Ari or Priests of the degenerate faith then prevalent in his domains being given the alternative of becoming lay officials of his government, or of entering the orthodox Saṅgha, thus for the first time established in Burma proper.

Finally we may add but this, that, so long as the Burmese people shall remain, as now, devoted to their Brotherhood and the beautiful Teaching which that Brotherhood

not all unworthily enshrines, so long (and no longer) will they retain those great characteristics which have endeared them to every Western author who has really entered into their lives and understood the meaning of their remarkable charity, their hospitality, and freedom from dire, sordid poverty. Buddhism is well able, by reason alike of its beauty and its obvious truth, to hold its own in the hearts of the people; and, whilst the contact with the Western civilisation has produced in certain directions a lamentable effect on the old high standard of Buddhist morality,¹ there are already signs on every hand that the Religion is now in process of receiving, not a diminution, but a very active augmentation of its former strength. There are many evidences of the progress of this new Buddhist Revival: the appearance of great Monks, like the well-known Ledi Sayadaw, who, remaining no longer hidden in their Monasteries, go forth among the people and intensely stir them to better their ways; all over the land, again, there are new societies, in the new spirit of the age, forming for various religious purposes. Even the subject of religious education—too long neglected, save by the merest handful of far-seeing women² and men, is now beginning to secure attention. Not the least sign of all, perhaps, is the fact that the Burmese are beginning to awake to the ancient missionary spirit of their Faith; and perhaps a thousand

¹ The most terrible—and the most inexcusable—instance of this deterioration lies in the introduction of alcohol. The use of this curse was *practically unknown* in the days of Burmese independence; whilst now there is a spirit shop in almost every village of Lower Burma (British occupation fifty years) and this state is slowly approaching in Upper Burma (only twenty-five years' occupation).

² Nowhere in the world, perhaps, is the status of woman so free as in Burma; a fact to which is doubtless due the high degree of activity and intelligence possessed by the Burmese women. Two out of the three Buddhist schools in the populous city of Rangoon (and for long the only two) were started and have been maintained at no small expense by the far-seeing charity and wisdom of a Burmese lady, Mrs. Hla Oung; and to the same generous benefactor of her Religion the Buddhist Mission referred to was chiefly indebted for its support. The bulk, further, of the petty trade of the country is in the women's hands; and there are few Burmese peasant women who do not supplement the family income, often very largely by personally making and selling such wares as clothes and scarves. Formerly, indeed, every woman was an expert at the loom, and the hand-loom was in every well-to-do household; now, unhappily, cheap Manchester goods have well-nigh killed that industry.

years after the last attempt in this direction, a Buddhist Mission was, in 1908 C.E., sent out to England; which, despite the exceedingly small scale of its operations (consisting as it did of but a single Bhikkhu and a few devoted laity), yet succeeded in establishing in that country a small but earnest body of accepted members of the Buddhist laity. Besides these English Buddhists, the little Mission in question took part in the formation of the "Buddhist Society of Great Britain and Ireland," a non-religious body¹ formed for the study of Buddhist questions, under the presidency of the veteran authority on Buddhism, the great Pāli scholar, Dr. T. W. Rhys Davids, who has done so much (more than any living man) to help to bring the knowledge of Buddhist ethics and philosophy home to the minds of the many members of that West Aryan race who, did they but know its Teachings, would so highly appreciate its value.

BHIKKHU ĀNANDA METTEYA

¹ The student desirous of further information on the subject is invited to communicate with the secretary of that body, care of Luzac & Co., 46 Great Russell Street, London, W.C., in England; or to the present writer, Director of the International Buddhist Society, at 1 Pagoda Road, Rangoon, Burma. At the former address a wide selection from the extensive literature of the subject can be had; and from the latter an account of the plans now in process of furtherance for a more general extension of Buddhist knowledge in the West.

KABIR

THE HINDI SAINT OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY

OF all the Hindū Reformers, no name is perhaps more familiar to the large uneducated masses of Northern and Central India, than that of Kabir, whom Sir W. W. Hunter rightly calls the Indian Luther of the fifteenth century.

Among those who acknowledge their indebtedness to Kabir as a spiritual guide are Nānak Shah of the Punjāb, the founder of the Sikh community, and Dadu of Ahmedabād, the founder of Dadu Panth, etc. The *Adi Granth*, the sacred book of the Sikhs, gives much information concerning the life of Kabir and the nature of his teaching, Nānak Shah having enjoyed personal intercourse with Kabir.

The number of those who have come under the influence of Kabir is said to be very large; the Kabir Panthis in the census taken in 1901, numbered 843,171 and the actual number is probably larger, as in the United Provinces alone, many Kabir Panthis seem to have been returned as Rāmānandis and the figures for the Punjāb are not included.

His teachings in the form of pithy sayings, or hymns called Sakhis (verses) are sweet, yet simple and far-reaching in their meaning, and, being free from sectarianism, they are sung and praised alike by Muhammadans and Hindūs, in all parts of India.

There is no doubt as to the greatness of Kabir's influence as a religious teacher; he is said to be the founder of Hindi literature. Unfortunately the material for a life of Kabir is rather scanty. The Rev. G. H. Westcott, M.A.,

KABIR CHARAN MATH, BENARES.

Reprinted from Rev. Westcott's book of "Kabir and Kabir Panth" with permission.



of Allahabād University who has, after long years of research, published a book called *Kabir and Kabir Panth*, from which most of the incidents herein related have been derived, states that if we confine our attention to traditions of historical value, we are left in uncertainty as to the place and exact date of his birth, name, the state of life in which he lived, married or single, and the number of years that he resided in any particular place.

According to traditional information, he is said to have been born in 1421 A.D. and to have died, after a long life, at the age of 126, in 1546, though, according to historical data, the Rev. Mr. Westcott puts his birth down to a later year, viz., 1483. Whether he was a Hindū or a Muhammadan by birth is not ascertained beyond doubt. It is however admitted that Kabir was brought up as a child in the house of Niru, a Muhammadan weaver, a fact which is also confirmed in one of his hymns, in which Kabir says: "By caste a weaver and patient of mind, Kabir utters with natural ease the excellencies of Rām (God)"; and in another place he says that he will shortly give up weaving and devote himself entirely to singing the praises of Hari (God). In another hymn he says that he had in a previous birth been born as a Brāhmaṇa, but had been reincarnated as a Julaiha (Muhammadan weaver), because he had in that former life neglected the worship of Rāma.

In none of the writings that can be traced directly to Kabir, says the Rev. Mr. Westcott, is any account given as to the manner of his birth, but the following legends have long been current in this country:

The first legend relates that his mother was a Brāhmaṇa widow, who went with her father on a pilgrimage to the shrine of a famous ascetic. To reward the intense devotion of this woman the ascetic prayed that she might become the mother of a son. The prayer of so holy a

man could not fail to find fulfilment, and in due course the Brāhmaṇa widow became the mother of Kabir. The mother, to escape dishonor, exposed the infant, who was discovered and adopted as her own by the wife of Niru, the weaver.

According to another version of this story Rāmānand, the ascetic referred to, said that he could not recall his blessing, but would arrange that the birth of the child should not be after the usual manner, but that the infant should issue from the palm of its mother's hand. His promise was realised, and the infant, after birth, was placed on a lotus flower in the midst of the Lahār Tank, and then it came into the hands of Nima, the wife of Niru, and was taken to her house.

The mystery surrounding the birth of the child was further deepened when Niru called in a Kāzi, in order to find a name from *Al-Qurān* for the child. He found the name Kabir; and from the same root come Akbar, Kubrā and Kibriya.

Finding such a name too high for this child of lowly position, as the Kāzi thought, five or six other Kāzis were called in, and when all of them, on opening *Al-Qurān* found the same result, they closed their book in astonishment and said to Niru: "You must in some way destroy this child." In obedience to their order Niru took the child within the house to put him to death, when the child gave utterance to this 'Shabḍa' (words):

"I have come from an unknown place. Māyā has deceived the world. No one knows me. I was not born of a woman, but manifested as a boy. My dwelling was in a lonely spot nigh to Kāshi, and there the weaver found me. I contain neither heaven (air) nor earth, but wisdom only. I have come to this earth in spiritual form, and of spiritual significance is my name. I have neither bones nor blood nor skin. I reveal to men the Shabḍa (Word). My body is eternal. I am the greatest Being. These are the words of Kabir who is indestructible."

Thus the Kāzis were defeated in their object, and the name of Kabir was given to the child.

As a boy Kabir gave great offence to both Hindū and Muhammadan playmates, and when, in course of play, he cried out: 'Rām, Rām,' and 'Hari Hari,' the Muhammadans called him a Kafir (unbeliever). To this he retorted that he only was a Kafir who was evil. One day he put a tilak (mark) on his forehead and a 'Janai' (thread) round his neck and cried out: "Nārāyaṇ, Nārāyaṇ." This action roused the anger of the Brāhmaṇas, since they regarded it as an infringement of their privileges. To their protest he objected and said:

"This is my faith; my tongue is Viṣṇu, my eyes are Nārāyaṇ, and Govind resides in my heart. What account will you give of your actions after death? Being a weaver, I wear a thread. You wear the sacred thread, and repeat the Gāyatrī and *Gītā* daily, but Govind dwells in my heart. I am a sheep; you are shepherds; it is your duty to save us from sin. You are Brāhmaṇas, I am a weaver of Benares. Hear my wisdom. You daily search after an earthly King, while I am contemplating Hari."

He was further taunted with being a "Niguru," one without the benefit of a spiritual guide. He was determined to remove that reproach. He desired to become a chelā of Rāmānand, but felt that there were difficulties in the way, which could only be overcome by means of some artifice. He knew that if he could gain possession of the 'mantra' peculiar to this sect, his initiation must necessarily follow. He learnt that Rāmānand regularly visited a certain bathing ghāt and determined to lie down upon the steps of that ghāt in the hope that Rāmānand might step on him by accident. His hope was realised, and the holy man in his astonishment exclaimed: "Rām, Rām." Kabir knew that no words would rise so readily to the lips of this holy man, as the mantra of his order; so he claimed that as he was already in possession of the mantra he could no longer be refused admission to the order. When Kabir

announced that he had become the chelā of Rāmānand, both Hindūs and Muhammadans were dismayed, and a joint deputation went to inquire of Rāmānand whether it was true that he had received a Muhammadan boy as one of his disciples. Rāmānand asked them to produce the boy. The people took Kabir to him. Rāmānand asked the boy when he had made him his disciple. Kabir answered: "Various are the mantras that Gurus whisper into the ears of their disciples, but you struck me on the head and communicated to me the name of Rām." The Svāmi recalled the circumstance at the ghāt, he clasped Kabir to his breast, and said: "Beyond all questioning you became my disciple." The members of the deputation returned home disappointed.

Kabir returned to his house and set to work on the loom. When any Sādhus came to his house he would feed and serve them to the best of his means. His mother, Nima, was annoyed at this.

From the time of his initiation, Kabir is said to have regularly visited his Guru, and, as years went on, to have taken part in religious disputations with distinguished Paṇḍits who came to do battle with his master. Stories are told as to how, on several occasions, he mysteriously disappeared for a while from his father's house, and in miraculous ways supplied the needs of others.

Kabir is said to have married a woman named Loi, and to have had by her two children—a son, Kamāl, and a daughter, Kamālī. But it is generally believed otherwise, viz., that this woman Loi was not Kabir's wife, but his disciple, and came to live with him as such. The story runs that one day Kabir came upon a secluded hut near the banks of the Gaṅgā, where he found Loi living alone. The hut belonged to an old ascetic, who had found and reared her, and who died when she had grown up into womanhood. Seeing the great devotion and saintliness of Kabir, she asked permission to follow him, and came to live with him. It is also believed that the

two children above spoken of came to Kabir in a mysterious manner. The story being that they had died when young, were resuscitated by Kabir, and were then brought up in his house by this woman Loi, and received religious instruction from Kabir.

It is said that one day as Kamālī was drawing water at a well, a Paṇḍit came up and asked for a drink. Having quenched his thirst, he asked whose daughter she was. He was greatly horrified when he learnt that she was the daughter of a weaver, and exclaimed: "You have broken my caste." Kamālī was at a loss to understand for what reason he had become so angry, and persuaded him to come and discuss matters with her Svāmiji—as she called Kabir. Before either had time to explain matters, Kabir, who could read the thoughts of men's hearts, exclaimed:

"Before drinking water, O Paṇḍit, think on these things. What is defilement?

"Fishes, tortoises, blood, salt, rotten leaves and the carcasses of dead animals are all to be found in water.

"Crores of men have been slain by Kāla; at every step you take, you tread upon the dead body of some man, and yet from such earth the vessels from which you drink are made.

"At meal-times you take off your clothes for fear of defilement, and wrap yourself in a 'ḍhoṭī' that has been woven by a weaver. The fly that visits the dung-hill settles on your food. How can you prevent this?

"Dispel such illusions from the mind; study the inner meaning of Vedas and take refuge in Rām."

At this the Paṇḍit was humiliated, and requested Kabir to give him further instructions, whereupon the latter instructed him in the doctrine of Satyā Nām and gave him Kamālī in marriage.

The plain speaking of Kabir and his general disregard for the conventions of society raised up enemies on

every side. The chief of the Muhammadans came to Emperor Sikanḍar Lodi and accused Kabir of laying claim to Divine attributes, and urged that such conduct as his merited the penalty of death. The Emperor issued a warrant for Kabir's arrest, and sent men to bring him to the court. Not till evening could the men who were sent, persuade Kabir to accompany them. Kabir stood before the Emperor in silence. The Kāzi exclaimed: "Why do you not salute the Emperor, you Kāfir?" Kabir replied:

"Those only are Pirs who realise the pains of others; those who cannot, are Kāfirs."

The Emperor asked him why, when ordered to appear in the morning, he had not come till evening. Kabir replied that he had seen a sight which arrested his attention. The Emperor asked what kind of a sight could justify him in disregarding his command. Kabir rejoined that he had been watching a string of camels passing through a street narrower than the eye of a needle. The Emperor said that he was a liar. Kabir replied:

"O Emperor, realise how great is the distance between heaven and earth; innumerable elephants and camels may be contained in the space between the sun and the moon and all can be seen through the pupil of the eye, which is smaller than the eye of a needle." The Emperor was satisfied and let him go.

Both the Brāhmaṇas and the Muhammadans were very jealous of Kabir, and they jointly contrived to instigate the Emperor against him. The Emperor issued orders to put Kabir to death, and it is said that in various ways they tried to bring him to an end. First by drowning him, secondly by burning him alive, then by causing him to be trampled to death by an infuriated elephant, from all of which, however, he came out unharmed and alive; whereupon the Emperor felt ashamed, asked forgiveness of Kabir, and expressed his willingness to undergo any punishment that he might name. To this Kabir

replied that a man should sow flowers for those who had sown him thorns.

There are many other stories connected with the life of Kabir, but we will only reproduce one more before passing on to consider the manner of his death and his teachings:

There lived in the Deccan two brothers, Ṭaṭva and Jīva, who were anxious to find for themselves a spiritual guide. They used religiously to wash the feet of the many Sāḍhus who visited their house, and listened attentively to their teachings.

At a loss to discover which of these Sāḍhus were possessed of real spiritual power, they devised the following test. They planted in the courtyard of their house a withered branch of a banyan-tree, and agreed to accept as their Guru that Sāḍhu whose power was such that the washings of his feet would avail to restore the branch to life. For forty years they waited in vain for one who could satisfy their test, when Kabir arrived upon the scene. The branch, when sprinkled with the water in which his feet had been washed, immediately returned to life. Kabir was accepted as their Guru, and gave utterance to these lines:

"The Sāḍhus are my soul and I am the body of the Sāḍhus, I live in the Sāḍhus as rain lives in the clouds.

"The Sāḍhus are my Ātmā and I am the life of the Sāḍhus, I live in the Sāḍhus, as ghee lives in the milk."

All accounts agree that the earthly life of Kabir came to a close at Maghar, in the district of Gorakhpur. He died in extreme old age, when his body had become infirm, and his hands were no longer able to produce the music with which he had in younger days celebrated the praises of Rām. It was the wish of his disciples that Kabir should end his days in Kāshi, where so much of his religious work had been accomplished.

All who died at Kāshi, they urged, would pass into the presence of Rām. "Is the power of Rām so limited,"

said Kabir, "that He cannot save His servant because he prefers to die outside Kāshi, the city of Shiva?"

A difficulty arose with regard to the disposal of his body after death. The Muhammadans desired to bury it, and the Hindūs to cremate it. As the rival parties discussed the question with growing warmth, Kabir himself appeared, and bade them raise the cloth in which the body lay enshrouded. They did as he had commanded, and lo! beneath the cloth there lay but a heap of flowers! Of these flowers the Hindūs removed half and burnt them at Benares, while what remained were buried at Maghar by the Muhammadans.

TEACHINGS OF KABIR

Those of our readers who are desirous of knowing at some length Kabir's life and his teaching, may well be recommended to read the Rev. Mr. Westcott's beautiful book, already mentioned, *Kabir and Kabir Panth*, which he has brought out after nearly ten years of long and careful researches into all Hindī books of authority. In this book, he says, is probably written enough to show that it is not impossible that Kabir should have been both a Muhammadan and a Sūfi. The picture of Kabir, which is given as a frontispiece in his book, and from which our copy has been taken, is more likely, says the learned gentleman, to have been painted by a Hindū than by a Muhammadan; it represents him as having Muhammadan features. His grave at Maghar has always been in the keeping of Muhammadans. That a Muhammadan should have been the Father of Hindī literature may indeed be a cause of surprise, but it must not be forgotten that Hindūs also have gained distinction as writers of Persian poetry. Kabir, moreover, was a man of no ordinary ability and determination, and the purpose of his life was to get his message accepted by those who were best reached through the Hindī language.

In the days of Kabir the power of the Brāhmaṇas was very great. As some would express it, the whole

land was overcast by the dark clouds of priestcraft and sacerdotalism. Brāhmaṇism, invigorated by its triumph over Buḍḍhism, asserted its authority over all, until the Muhammadans invaded the country and gradually extended their influence throughout Northern India. Then people saw that there were men whose views about religion were radically different from those of their own Paṇḍits. Among the Muhammadans none were more ready than the Sūfis to recognise the good in every form of belief, and to dwell upon the love of God towards all his creatures.

Before considering the character of Kabir's teaching, we have first to determine what his teaching was. It seems probable that the teaching of Kabir was delivered orally, and not reduced to writing till a later age. The earliest writings in which his teachings are recorded are in the *Bijak* and the *Āḍi Granth*. It is probable that neither of these books was composed till at least fifty years after the death of Kabir. We shall meet with teachings which immediately call to mind, says the Rev. Mr. Westcott, passages of scriptures. We shall admire the Teacher alike for his sincerity and his courage.

As regards the World and Religion Kabir says:

There are men who live in the world as though it were a permanent abode, men who take thought for the body and pay heed to its desires, as though it were a permanent possession. Men who accumulate riches as though they were free from the thralldom of death. Such men will never obtain the true happiness, nor will they unravel the knots by which they are bound, until they look to God for help. He who would know God, must die to the world. Men cannot serve God and Mammon. Only those who give their entire heart to God will realise their true self.

All who live in the world are liable to temptation; the black snake coils itself round the sandal tree. The poison of the snake received in the body works corruption and issues in death.

Those alone escape who place their trust in God.

Selfishness and pride of intellect are the enemies of spiritual development. Those only see God who have a forgiving spirit. The struggle against evil is hard to maintain, but slothfulness

is fatal. The opportunity lost may not recur. Now is the time to prepare for the journey that lies before us.

Man in this world is wholly sinful from his birth, and there are many ready to claim his body.

The parents say: "He is our child and we have nourished him for our own benefit." The wife says: "He is my husband," and like a tigress wishes to seize him. The children gaze at him and like the God of death keep their mouths wide open for support.

The vulture and the crow look forward to his death. The pigs and the dogs wait on the road for his bier to pass on its way to the burning ghât. The fire says: "I shall not leave him until he is utterly consumed." The earth says: "I shall obtain him." The wind thinks of carrying him off.

O ignorant people! You speak of this body as your house, do you not see that a hundred enemies hang about your throat? Beguiled by the illusion of this world, you regard such a body as your own. So many desire a share in your body that you will live in trouble all your life. O mad men! you do not wake up to a knowledge of this, but repeatedly say: "It is mine, it is mine."

Adding kauri to kauri, he brings together lakhs and crores; at the time of departure he gets nothing at all, even his langoti is plucked away from him.

Immense riches and a kingdom which extends from the rising of the sun unto the going down thereof, could not equal the pleasure arising out of devotion to God: Of what use then is wealth?

Collect the wealth of Râm, that wealth is never lost. Fire does not burn it, the wind does not carry it away, no thief comes near it.

Without devotion life is spent to no purpose.

He (God) whom you seek is near you. He is always near to his devotees, and far from those who do not worship him.

What is muttering, what austerity, what vows and worship to him in whose heart there is another love.

The pride of intellect is manifold, now a swindler, now a thief, now a liar, now a murderer; men, sages and gods have run after it in vain; its mansion has a hundred gates.

In pride there is adversity, in sin there is suffering, in kindness there is stability, and in forgiveness there is God.

Unless you have a forgiving spirit you will not see God. You may speechify as much as you like, but without a forgiving nature you will never reach Him.

He who enters into intimacy with the highest Light, he subdues the five senses. Religious merit and demerit he discards.

Kabir's words regarding Religion in Life:

God is one; how has it come about that there are many religions? All men are of one blood; how comes it about that they are separated by religion and by caste? God is one; the Hindûs are therefore at fault in their worship of many Gods. These are in truth the creation of Mâyâ; they have their origin in sin, and are themselves the cause of sin in others.

Muhammadans put their trust in circumcision, Hindûs adore the Vedas and the beauties of Nature. The things which are seen are transitory. True worship should have as its object the unseen source of all truth, the unseen Creator of the universe.

What God desires is purity of heart. Hindûs and Muhammadans alike profess to fast, but curb not the desires of flesh; they praise God with their lips, but their hearts are far from Him. All such religion is vain. Vain too are the distinctions of caste. All shades of color are but broken arcs of light, all varieties in human nature are but fragments of true humanity.

The right to approach God is not the monopoly of Brâhmaṇas, but is freely granted to all who are characterised by sincerity of heart. He who reflects on Brahm is rightly called a Brâhmaṇa.

Hindûs believe in transmigration. If they would be free from the trials of this world, let them meditate on the Supreme and attend to the courts of His Temple.

Above all things let men speak and practise the truth. Suffer all men to worship God according to their conviction. Be not the slave of tradition and love not controversy for its own sake. Fear not to walk upon unbeaten tracks, if such tracks bring you near to Him who is the truth.

Men are saved by faith and not by works (ceremonies?). None can understand the mind of God; put your trust in Him; let Him do what seemeth Him good. Spiritual joy is felt, though it cannot be expressed in words.

Those who put their trust in God are no longer subject to fear. Perfect love casteth out fear.

I and you are of one blood and one life animates us both; from one mother is the world born; what knowledge is this (then!) which makes us separate?

What thou seest, this is passing away! Whom thou dost not see, on Him continue to reflect. When in the tenth

gate the key is given, then the sight of the Merciful One is obtained.

For the sake of bathing, there are many Tīrthās, O foolish mind; for the sake of worshipping there are many idols, but I (Kabir) say, no emancipation is thus obtained; emancipation is in the service of Hari (God).

All have exclaimed: Master, Master, but to me, says Kabir, this doubt arises; How can they sit down with the Master whom they do not know?

Coming to Reincarnation he says:

As fixed and movable things (minerals?), as worms and moths, in many and various ways have we been born. Many such houses will be inhabited by us, till at length we return to the womb of Rām (God). Having wandered through the eighty-four lakhs of wombs he (soul) has come into the world; now having gone out of the body he has no spot nor place.

Meditate thou upon the Supreme. Go to His house that thou come not again. Clear away the pain of birth and death, the pleasures of works, that the soul may be liberated from rebirth.

Truth:

To be truthful is best of all, if the heart be truthful. A man may speak as much as he likes, but there is no pleasure apart from truthfulness. He who has no check upon his tongue, no truth in his heart, with such a one keep not company. He will kill you on the high-way.

No act of *tapas* can equal truth, no crime is so heinous as falsehood, in the heart where truth abides, there is God in it.

Let truth be your rate of interest, and fix it in your heart; a real diamond should be purchased; the mock gem is waste of capital.

If fear of God springs up, fear goes, then fear is absorbed in the fear of God. If the fear of God subsides, then fear again cleaves to man; when man loses the fear of God, fear springs up in his heart. Where the fearless one is, there is no fear; where fear is, there Hari is not. The death of which the world is afraid, is joy to my mind; by Death the full perfect joy is obtained.

Kabir was a great believer in quiet reflexion as a means of approach to God. He recognised that the ancient Scriptures of both Muhammadans and Hindūs were of a certain value, but felt that their value had been

greatly over-estimated. He said that through the understanding of the heart and mind man becomes conscious of God's Existence.

Through his own powers man cannot attain to a knowledge of God, but God will reveal Himself to those who listen to his voice. He alone overcomes doubts and truly lives who has welcomed this message in his heart.

Men are not equally endowed with spiritual insight. The mass of men must seek guidance of those who have, through a knowledge of God, discovered for themselves the way. The true guide is one whose love is fixed on God, who recognises his own worthlessness apart from God, who lives for others and God, has entered into life, for such a one death has lost its terrors.

Guru:

Without the aid of the Guru, true knowledge cannot be obtained, without him true insight into things is not possible. Without the Guru man cannot know truth, therefore hail and success to thee, O Guru! Guru (Spiritual Teacher) is the form of Nārāyan (God); he is the pathway to knowledge, without him man's doubts and fear do not vanish, without him he cannot be free from the mind's wanderings.

The man who fixes his love on the true teacher (Guru) is contained in him. They could not be separated, they have two bodies but one spirit.

From heaven and hell, says Kabir, I am freed by the favor of the true Guru. In his (Guru's) society, thou wilt not die; if thou knowest his order, thou wilt be united with the Lord. Death, by which the whole world is frightened, is lighted up by the word of the Guru.

The Doctrine of Shabda (word): In the writings of Kabir, three thoughts seem to underlie such teaching. (1) All thought is expressed in language; (2) Every letter of the alphabet, as a constituent part of language, has significance; and (3) The plurality of letters and words now in use will appear as one, when the Māyā that deludes men in their present condition shall have been overcome. The two-lettered Rām seems to Kabir the nearest approach in this world to the unity of Truth—or the letterless One.

All Kabir Panthis have at their command a considerable number of Sakhis or rhyming couplets—said to have

been uttered by Kabir. These are varied in charm, some picturesque, some pathetic, some condensed, yet give such a volume of meaning withal and are so simple and so easy of understanding and remembrance that they make a lasting impression on all minds, that understand the Hindi language, in which these are written and published. His words are suitable to the occasion and to the subject matter he speaks about, and so exhaustive are the themes upon which Kabir has spoken, that not a single point useful and conducive to the good of humanity has been left over; but the real beauty of these most instructive verses is that he interweaves the name of God in all the subjects he speaks about, proving his utter devotion to and trust in Him, in whom we live and move and have our being. This is very beautifully expressed in the following couplets, which I cannot resist the temptation of quoting:

Whatever I have, is not my own, it is Thine; it is
Thine own that I give thee; what have I?

No body is mine, nor am I of anyone's seeing with
inner sight, it is God—all in all.

Kabir was a poet of no mean order, and gladly consecrated his literary gifts to the service of God. He knew that religious instruction given in the form of poetry was easily remembered. He knew that the singing of Bhajans was an occupation in which the people of India took peculiar pleasure.

In the days of Kabir, a knowledge of religious truth was practically confined to those who were acquainted with one or other of the two sacred languages, Arabic and Samskr̥t̥. Kabir urged that religious books should also be written in the vernacular that all might obtain that knowledge of God which was essential to spiritual progress.

Again, to the illiterate masses, teaching contained in books was inaccessible, and so it is that we find Kabir laying great stress on the importance of oral teaching.

Few men are qualified to become scholars, but all men are required to be good, therefore he urged his disciples to associate with good men, and through conversation with them to acquire such knowledge as is necessary. The study of books, he thought was too often productive of pride; to display learning and intelligence scholars were often tempted to enlarge upon topics of little value, while in private conversation heart speaks to heart of its own spiritual needs. Such were the views of Kabir, and in consequence the Guru in this Panth occupies a position of extraordinary importance.

Mercy, humility, devotion, equality, good nature, constancy, these are the ornaments of a devotee.

All those who desire to become members of the Kabir Panth are required to renounce polytheism and to acknowledge their belief in one only God (Parameshvar). They must also promise to eat no meat and drink no wine; to bathe daily and sing hymns to God both morning and evening; to forgive those who trespass against them three times; to avoid company of all women of bad character, and all unseemly jesting in connexion with such objects; never to turn away from their house their lawful wife; never to tell lies; never to conceal the property of another man; never to bear false witness against a neighbor or speak evil of another on hearsay evidence.

All who wish to approach God must become the disciple of some Guru, and to this Guru, when once chosen, the disciple must wholly submit himself, mind, body and soul.

B. P. M.

ASTROLOGY IN THE LIGHT OF THEOSOPHY

(Concluded from p. 94)

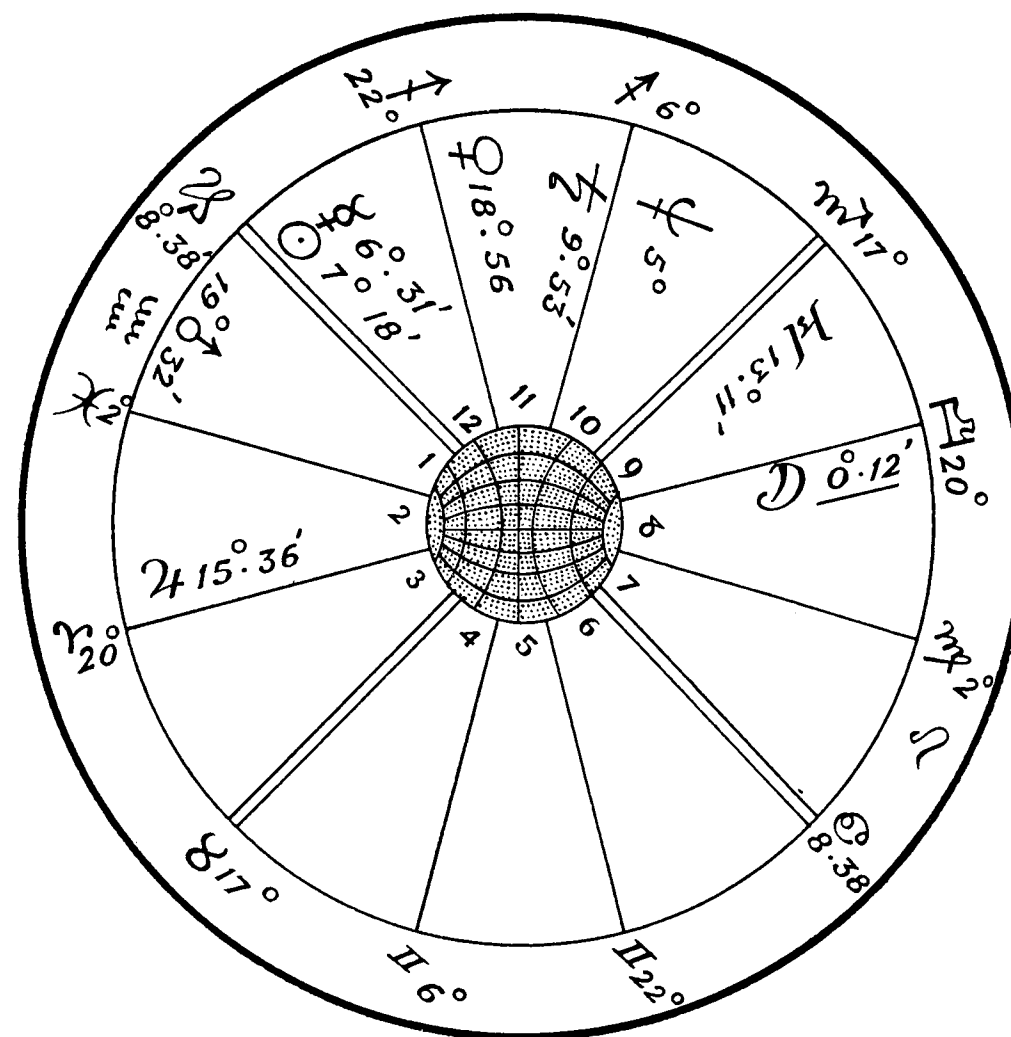
A little practice is worth a great deal of theory to those whose intuitions are not sufficiently operative to follow a series of elaborated ideas; therefore, a few illustrative demonstrations of Astrology will reveal more to many readers than a continued statement of its theories.

For this purpose the authenticated nativities of three men of different types, in different stations of life, fairly well known to the world while alive, and born *under* the strong influence of the three distinct Guṇas will be exceedingly useful.

The first illustration is the map of the nativity of the late Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, for many years Prime Minister of England.

He was born with a cardinal sign rising and the cardinal, or rājasic, influence the most prominent.

The prenatal 'epoch' of this illustrious personality occurred at 5.42 P.M. on the 24th March, 1809, when the Moon was in the sign Cancer 8° 50. Libra, the sign of *Perception*, was rising; the Sun was setting in conjunction with the planet Jupiter and in trine aspect to Saturn. Pure and refined influences were then operating; therefore, the magnetic vortex generated at the time attracted an ego with an ideal for service and the capacity for applying it to the welfare of his fellow-creatures. 'Quickening' took place in the sign Scorpio with the Moon conjunction to the planet Uranus, and the astral link was formed in the humane sign Aquarius. Birth took place in the opposite sign Capricorn, the sign of *Absorption*.



The nativity of the late Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone.

The light flashing forth at Mr. Gladstone's birth at 18' past 8 on the morning of 29th December, 1809, under the latitude of Liverpool, was not only bright in itself, but it received the glorious rays of the rising Sun focussed within one degree of the ascendant, and applying to a sextile aspect of the planet Uranus from the midheaven. The Sun gave much strength and vitality through an abundance of *prāṇa* to this nativity, and the Moon, reflecting the 'epochal' moment, was in sign of the 'Balance,' harmonising the *rājasic* qualities prominent at his birth.

The Saturnian ascendant was translated into a Uranian melody which conferred upon him the genius of an orator and the power of rulership. From an astrological point of view nothing could prevent his becoming a famous politician. With all his abilities, however, for bringing honors and glory to his party, the troubles of his closing years are clearly shown in his nativity by the clashing of will and desire, represented in his nativity by the angular sphere of Mars and Uranus. From what has been said with regard to the planets and the signs of the Zodiac in relation to consciousness, it will be seen that in this nativity the lower *mānasic* consciousness had reached the highest pinnacle of its ambitions. Tinged with the Capricornian religious orthodoxy, the limit of expression in this consciousness on the physical plane was reached, and the end of his life brought a realisation which gave the opportunity to step into a new *Dharma* in the next birth.

An illustration of the fixed signs—*Tāmasic* *Guṇa* and the astral plane consciousness—may be obtained from the nativity of the late Mr. Stainton Moses, born on the 12th November, 1839.

This gentleman was well known as the Editor of *Light* under the *nom-de-plume* of "M.A. (Oxon.);" That he had special gifts of a psychic or clairvoyant nature is undoubted. Should this be questioned, then his remarkable interest and honest work in connexion with Spiritualism cannot be disputed. The third degree of the astral sign Scorpio

shone brilliantly at his birth, with the Moon and Jupiter in close conjunction, followed by the Sun and Mercury; Mars, ruler of the sign Scorpio was also rising in Sagittarius, the sign of *Introspection*. The higher and lower mānasic consciousness was harmoniously blended from the sign of *Perception*, and the whole resolved into an abnormal development of the psychic nature.

A full reading of this nativity was given by the Editor of *The Astrologer's Magazine*, now *Modern Astrology*, and published in the columns of *Light* some twenty years ago. In his comments Mr. Stainton Moses said: "I am not able to discover any statements to which I can except; some are singularly true and exact."

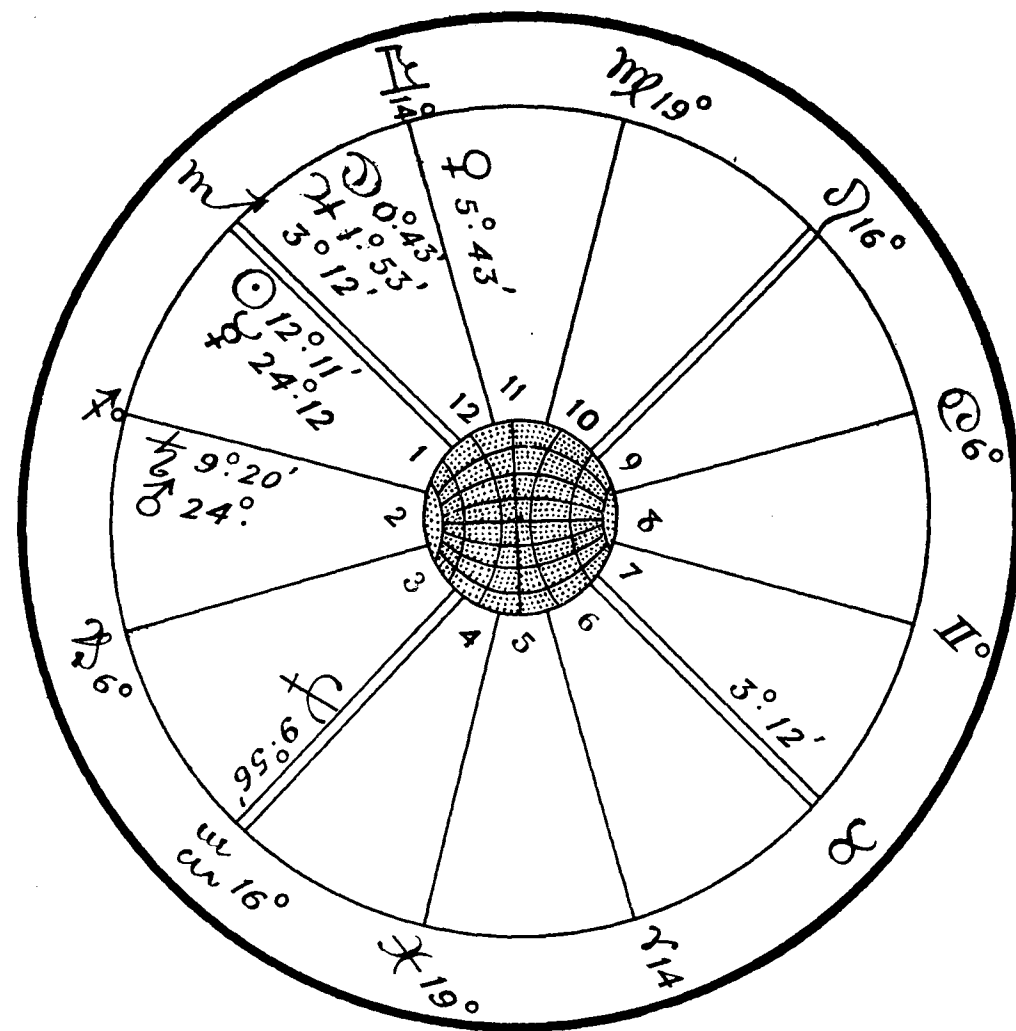
From an astrological standpoint "M.A. (Oxon.*)" was a born seer; from a Theosophic standpoint his ego had developed his psychic senses, and his personality was fitted to edit such an advanced paper as *Light*.

The final illustration may be taken from a nativity in which the mutable or Sāttvic signs are mainly in evidence. Astrologically they are the signs farthest removed from the physical, and govern the critical state *between* the fixed and cardinal signs.

On the 27th January, 1899, *The Daily Mail* published a facsimile of the birth certificate of the claimant to the estates of Hinton St. George, Crewkerne, Somersetshire, showing the birth time to be 10.55 p.m. December 15, 1849, at Southsea.

This claimant had for several years caused a sensation in London by drawing a barrel-organ through the streets upon which a large announcement was placed stating that he was Viscount Hinton, son of Lord Paulet. As is usual in such cases a great number of persons believed his statements, others ridiculed them, and a few interested themselves in his affairs, until his case was brought before the House of Lords.

Such an opportunity for the astrological side of the question could not be lost; therefore, at the request of



The nativity of Stainton Moses, M. A., (Oxon.)

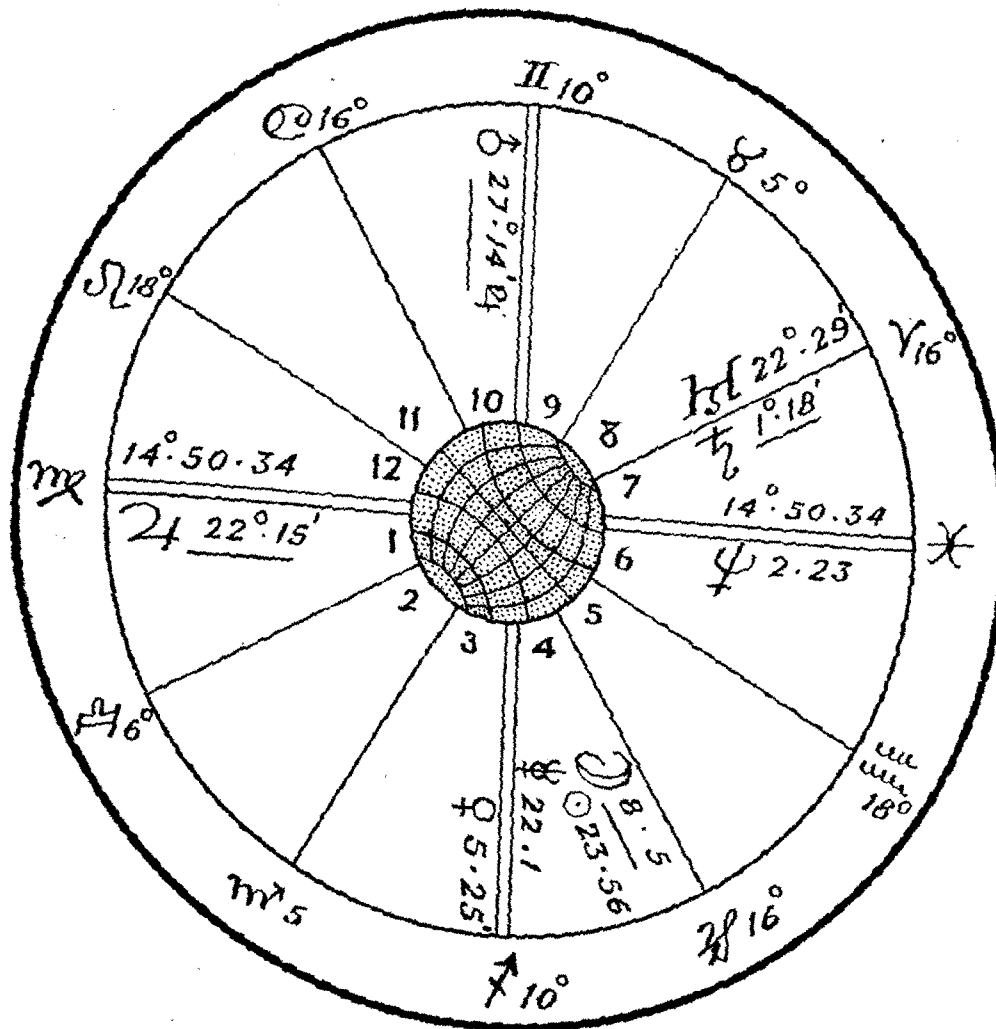
some literary men the horoscope and following judgment by the writer were published in March, 1899, in the pages of *Modern Astrology*:

"Will he succeed to his claim?"

"There can only be one answer to this question, judging from the above map of his nativity. He will never inherit the title or the property, and nothing but misfortune can attend any efforts he may make in that direction. Even should he succeed in gaining a legal declaration in his favor, he would not retain it for any length of time worth the labor and pains expended in obtaining it. His nativity shows no success at law, and his only hope lies in public sympathy."

He lost his case and died a few years later. Here we have a most unfortunate arrangement of planetary influences. The rising sign is Virgo. Jupiter is rising in this sign, a position in which it is weakest and most debilitated. The ruler, Mercury, is also in its 'fall' and the lowest planet, and although they are both in 'mutual reception,' mitigating their debility, Mars is in the midheaven, in the house of Mercury, severely afflicting both by opposition and square. This man was born to obtain notoriety with the Moon in Capricorn, which never fails to show an indifferent or illegitimate birth, and the personality of that life never fails to rise but to fall.

The meridian, denoting the mother, is marred by the presence of Mars in the dual sign Gemini, and Jupiter, ruler of the fourth house, denotes the father. The link between the father and the son is shown to be a tie of great sorrow, disappointment, and unrealised desires. The dual karma (Mutable sign), astrologically denoted by this horoscope, involved the honor, credit and welfare of four persons—native, father, mother and wife. Theosophically they were all reincarnated at the same time to reap the results of their mutual karma.



The nativity of Viscount Hinton.

A little study of Astrology in the Light of Theosophy, will reveal to the thoughtful students the many stages of evolution through which an ego has to pass in his pilgrimage, by the arrangement of signs and planetary positions in the nativity, representing the various states of consciousness, and the quality of matter predominating at certain times and seasons.

An undeveloped ego will not find such an arrangement as will allow a free expression of the higher mental and moral tendencies, neither may we expect to find a pure soul working through coarse and lower grade materials. From an undignified position of Mars, afflicting the whole horoscope, to the subtle and refined influence of Uranus, reflecting the higher grades of genius, there are grades of influences describing every soul coming into physical manifestation.

For obvious reasons it would not be wise to state all the rules by which an expert astrologer judges the stage of an ego's evolution. Usually he sees in the composite figure, or map of the heaven, a clear picture of the native, and knows at what stage he has arrived by observing the normal state of consciousness likely to be expressed through that particular horoscope. The writer has often been asked to solve this question for those who are eager for progress, and it is often difficult to deal satisfactorily with such questions; there are, however, very simple rules that can be applied to Theosophical astrology, and, with the Editor's permission, an Astro-Theosophical chart has been prepared from the horoscope of the President of the Theosophical Society, a little study of which will explain a great deal to intuitive students.

Although this happens to be an exceptional case, the houses of the ordinary horoscope, and zodiacal signs coinciding, it will serve as an illustration of the remarkable manner in which the subjective and objective ideas of two great systems of thought can be harmonised.

TABLE II
Astro-Theosophical Chart of the President, T. S.

Sign and House.	ASTROLOGICAL		THEOSOPHICAL		Synthesis, Planets in Signs.
	Character.	Quality.	Tattwa and Guna.	Consciousness.	
	<i>Spiritual</i>	<i>Air</i>	<i>Vāyu</i>		SYNTHESIS.
♊. 10 ...	Memory ...	Fixed ...	Tamas ...	MANASIC Planet Venus	...
♋. 3 ...	Reason ...	Mutable.	Sattva ...		...
♌. 7 ...	Perception ...	Cardinal	Rajas ...		☉. ♄. ♀.
Critical State.	The above triplicity synthesises the signs. Between is the 'Bridge' separated by SATURN. The triplicities below represent the lower Quaternary.				
	<i>Mental</i>	<i>Fire</i>	<i>Agni</i>		ANALYSIS.
♍. 1 ...	Intuition ...	Cardinal	Rajas ...	LOWER-MANASIC Moon.	☿
♎. 9 ...	Introspection..	Mutable.	Sattva ...		...
♏. 5 ...	Faith ...	Fixed ...	Tamas ...		...
Critical.	<i>Emotional</i>	<i>Water</i>	<i>Apas</i>		
♐. 4 ...	Feeling ...	Cardinal	Rajas ...	KAMIC Mars.	♄. 4.
♑. 8 ...	Attachment ...	Fixed ...	Tamas ...		
♒. 12 ..	Emotion ...	Mutable.	Sattva ...		♅.
Critical.	<i>Physical</i>	<i>Earth</i>	<i>Prithivi</i>		
♈. 10 ...	Absorption ...	Cardinal	Rajas ...	PHYSICAL Jupiter.	...
♉. 2 ...	Secretion ...	Fixed ...	Tamas ...		♂.
♊. 6 ...	Circulation ...	Mutable.	Sattva ...		...
The Physical reflects the Ātmic or Will Aspects.					
" Emotional " Buddhic or Wisdom.					
" Mental " Mānasic or Activity.					

In the above Table II, it will be seen that the mānasic consciousness is not only abnormally *active*, but the rulers of the higher principles are well stationed at the base of the higher triangle,¹ a rare condition with such a combination.

The ascendant is the intuitive, rājasic and active sign Aries, in which Uranus is placed, showing the will to be intuitive and free to act on the mental plane.

In the kāmīc region we find the Moon and Jupiter on the active plane of "feeling." This denotes much physical sympathy and the power to *feel* for all who suffer on the physical plane.

Astrological students will note the value of 'mutual reception' and 'exaltation' in this scheme. The mental, and the physical are blended or united in the emotional region, and supported by Saturn, the *balancer* of the emotions in the sāttvic sign ♄ governing emotion, a very significant position.

Finally, Mars takes its place in the tāmasic sign Taurus on the physical plane, and represents the karma of the early life, and the power in the latter half of life to secrete all its energies and use them with the *will*, represented by Uranus.

The intuitive student will find much in this plan that will commend itself, especially if he is interested in Theosophising his astrology, or astrologising his Theosophy. Needless to say the whole scheme may be considerably elaborated and made very illuminative from an esoteric standpoint; for instance, the mutable and sāttvic signs are dualistic and form in themselves critical states between the planes they represent. Each triplicity of signs corresponds to Body, Soul and Spirit; or mental, emotional and physical.

If the numbers corresponding to the houses on which the zodiacal signs are placed at birth, in any given

¹ A diagram would have illustrated the idea better than a Table, but this would have been too elaborate, and somewhat confusing.

horoscope, are placed against the signs in the order of Table I the kārmic relations can easily be discovered.

The chief kārmic planets are ♄, ♀, ♃ and ♂ with their reflexions in ☉, ☽, ☿ and ♀, each modified or accentuated by the divisions in which they move, and by their relation to each other by aspects.

In this respect the planets represent spirit or mind, the higher and lower mental planes over which the rājasic guṇa presides. The zodiacal signs, the soul, or kāmīc and physical planes governed by the tāmasic guṇa. The aspects, or relations between the whole, representing the 'bridge' or individualiser, are connected with the dualistic sāttvic signs.

In bringing this article to a conclusion it may not be out of place for the writer to say that, as a member of the T.S. for over twenty-one years, he has not only been surprised and disappointed in finding Theosophists indifferent to Astrology and its teachings, but especially to have met *many* who were unwise enough to state that as Theosophists they were no longer affected by the stars, an assertion tantamount to saying that they were no longer functioning in the solar system!

The statement has been often made, and it will bear repeating. None save an Adept lives *up* to his horoscope, and he *alone* is the wise man who *rules* his stars; all lesser men *try* to rule them.

To have lived beyond the vibrations of Mars alone is a great achievement, for this means the purification of the astral body, the transmutation of 'feeling,' the attachments and emotions, to such an extent that an impure thought or feeling cannot approach it without being burnt up in the fire of love so pure that nothing short of divine compassion can enter; even to live up to a few of the higher vibrations of Saturn would mean a patience and self-control so perfect as to bear the burdens of others without a murmur or thought of complaint or discontent.

Of the perfect grace and beauty of Venus, and the matchless adaptability of Mercury, it is needless to speak.

Even to have transcended the Zodiac means a first Initiation, to say nothing of understanding the vibrations of the planets apart from the zodiacal signs. Such is the life of a Master of Wisdom and Compassion. His relation to all the world is a series of aspects that blends and unites all things into a homogeneous whole, and He knows the steps upon the ladder which all aspirants *must* climb; and though it may seem a far cry from an uncontrolled and careless Martial influence, to which many respond, to a Uranian synthesis of all influences into the ONE, those steps *must* be climbed, if we would come within measurable distance of Their divine presence.

ALAN LEO

THE RISING SUN

I climbed up the hill and, panting with the exertion, reached the top in time to see the sun sink to rest in a flood of glory. I was not the only spectator, for there was a large band of merry-makers, who for the moment were rapt in silent ecstasy, as the huge orb slowly descended into the western ocean. We stood gazing till he had sunk below the horizon, leaving behind him a flood of the most gorgeous colors, which melted into one another till each combination appeared more beautiful than the last. When the shades had finally superseded the glorious panorama, I had time to look round me, and then saw a boy sitting apart from his companions. I went up to him, and putting my hand on his shoulder broke into his reverie: "Tell me," I said, "why are you not enjoying the magnificent spectacle we have just witnessed?"

He raised his deep blue eyes to mine and smiled:

"Have you not read your Kipling, that that which is alive is already on its way to death? My friends have been paying homage to a setting sun, the glory of which was bound to pass. I am content to gaze into the shadows, waiting for the coming of the new sun, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day." His musical voice ceased; but, looking into his eyes, I saw a deeper meaning than appeared on the surface, and sat down at his feet. Together we passed the night in high and holy converse, till we beheld the first rays of the rising sun; then together descended the hill to work while it was day, bathed in the light and radiance of the new Divine Manifestation.

K. B.



RENTS IN THE VEIL OF TIME

THE LIVES OF ORION

IV

WE now come to a very remarkable series of three lives which may in many respects be considered almost as one life, since there is no interval between them. The first of these occurs in the Nilgiri Hills, where in 21,540 B. C. Orion was born into one of the hill tribes of Southern India. She was a remarkably good-looking girl, much above the average of the tribe; very clever also in gaining any object she desired, but unscrupulous as to methods. She intended to make her way in life, and

therefore she learned to read and write the Tamil language, an unheard-of accomplishment for a woman of her race. She engaged herself to serve a noble Tamil lady, living near Bangalore, in order to learn the habits of cultured life. She had developed some affection, and had a brother (Egeria) whom she loved very much. However, she loved power more, so she left him and her home, and took this service at the age of fifteen, rejecting with scorn the love of several suitors of her own race. She was appointed to attend upon the Tamil lady's daughter, Iota, a young woman of eighteen, and she soon succeeded in so pleasing her mistress that she became her confidante.

In this Tamil family, kept as an heirloom, was an enormous emerald credited with magical powers. It had been magnetised in Atlantis, by one of the Lords of the Dark Face, and it was supposed to win for its possessor whatever he most desired, but it always brought misfortune in the end, because those who used it became the tools of the original magnetiser. Iota persuaded her father, who idolised her, to give her this wonderful stone, and to arrange for her a marriage with a young neighboring King, Theodoros. She was not of royal birth, but the power of the emerald enabled her father to manage it. As the messenger who was sent to investigate reported the young woman as beautiful, the King accepted the offer, and sent an escort to meet her. According to the custom of the period, before leaving her father's house she put on a heavy veil, to be removed only by her husband. She took with her three attendants, our heroine being one of them. The journey occupied several days, and they encamped at night in tents.

During this journey a powerful temptation came into the mind of our heroine. Realising that the King had never seen his intended bride, that (owing to the custom of the veil) the escort had not seen her, and that she herself was about the same height as her mistress and not unlike her in general appearance, she conceived the

idea of murdering her mistress, seizing the magic emerald, and herself playing the part of bride. After weighing the probabilities carefully, she decided to try it, and stabbed the young lady when asleep. One of the other attendants heard something and came in, but after a short struggle was also stabbed. Our heroine then awakened the youngest attendant, Kappa, with whom she had formed a friendship, and threatened her also with death, unless she kept the secret and supported the scheme. The attendant was very much terrified, but was forced at the dagger's point to agree, and also to help to carry away the bodies of the two murdered women.

The young lady's escort was camped as a guard around her, so Orion had to carry the bodies of her murdered mistress and fellow-attendant through this camp and elude the watch. This was achieved after encountering many dangers and having many narrow escapes. As she accomplished this successfully, she must have been possessed of much courage.

In the morning, Kappa was made to announce to the escort that the bride had suddenly decided to dismiss two of her maidens, and had sent them back home. As the late mistress had always been capricious, this was accepted merely as a fresh instance of her whimsicality, and the party proceeded without suspicion, and duly arrived at its destination. The heroine had of course possessed herself of the fatal emerald, and King Theodoros, glamored by it, was quite satisfied with his bride, who was indeed a very presentable person, and had caught to perfection the manner of her late mistress. The marriage took place with great pomp and ceremony. The King, much in love, behaved very kindly to his young wife. At first she was always afraid of discovery, but grew easier in mind as time went on; she became much attached to her husband, attained great influence over him, and on the whole used that influence for good purposes.

The King was fond of hunting, and cared more for his pleasure than for administering with justice the affairs

of the State. Orion took a fancy for listening behind the lattice to the cases which came before him for judgment. Her sharp intuition, and her knowledge of the ways of common life as a hill-woman, enabled her to judge keenly and justly; and the King, by taking her advice, gained fame for cleverness in decision, and for just judgment, and was therefore much pleased with her. She did, however, allow herself to be bribed when the consideration was large enough. She had several children, and was on the whole content, though often haunted by the dread of discovery. For example, the father of her late mistress once journeyed to pay his supposed daughter a visit, and she was put to many awkward shifts to excuse herself from seeing him. From this incident she acquired the reputation of being proud and heartless, for of course the father thought it was because he was not of royal blood that she would not see him.

She specially loved her eldest son Cygnus, a fine handsome boy. After ten years the King took a younger wife, a princess of a neighboring house, mainly for reasons of state, but as our heroine retained her influence unquestioned, she tolerated the new wife and was kind to her in a rather contemptuous way. The new Queen also had two children, a boy and a girl.

Trouble, however, now came from the younger attendant, Kappa, who alone knew of the two murders. When enquiries had been made about the two attendants who were supposed to have returned, it had been thought that they must have met with some accident, or been captured by robbers, and though some enquiry was made, nothing was discovered. Kappa (whom Orion had advanced to great honour at court, and had married to one of the young noblemen who attended on the King) eventually revealed the story to her husband, and he at once began to blackmail the Queen in various ways. This continued for some time, causing her great fear and trouble, so that she began to carry poison on her person, to be used in case of exposure.

At length, encouraged by his success in blackmailing the Queen, this young nobleman formed a plot to seize the throne, and forced the queen to join his conspiracy. The plot was discovered, and the nobleman tried to save his life by revealing the whole story to the King, who was most astonished and indignant, feeling most of all the outrage to his royal line of having been deceived into marrying a hill-woman. The Queen was thrown into prison and condemned to death, and her children were banished. She was desperate at the failure of all her plans, but perhaps felt most of all that her beloved son would not now inherit the throne. She tried hard to obtain pardon or mitigation of sentence, but the King was obdurate. The day appointed for her death arrived, and she was in despair. As a last resort she seized her emerald, which she had been able to conceal about her, and passionately invoked any deity that might be connected with it to help her. A dark, strong-faced man appeared to her, materialising in the room in which she was confined. He listened somewhat contemptuously to her prayer, pointed out through the little barred window at a child (Sigma) playing in the courtyard below, and said:

"Throw out the emerald to that child, and I will save you."

She at once did so, whereupon he ordered her to take the poison. This acted instantly, and as she passed from her body, the child also fell as if in a faint, for the magician forced out the child's ego from its body, and introduced into it that of the Queen.

V

At first everything felt very strange to her, because she could not at once gain control of the little body which she now occupied. However, the magician guided the child for awhile, and compelled her to secrete the magic emerald and bury it. When the guards came to conduct the late Queen to execution, she was of course found dead in her

cell. The great emerald could not be traced and was thought to have been stolen. The little Sigma, whose body Orion had taken, was the daughter of the King by his younger wife. Orion was a little dazed for a time, and in spite of all the care which she tried to exercise certain differences were observable, so that the child's reason was supposed to be affected, and although later she seemed to recover somewhat, she was never quite the same as before. However, as she was only a child of six, her condition was not much noticed except by her mother.

The girl grew up, and while still quite young was contracted in marriage to Leo, who was the Crown Prince of a neighboring kingdom. Her memory of her past life was perfect, and she had great difficulty in controlling her speech; but she learned by degrees to say nothing unsuitable to a child. Nevertheless, she occasionally forgot herself, and employed some of her old gestures or forms of speech, so that the mother half suspected that the dead Queen sometimes obsessed her. She never dared to show the emerald, but secretly dug it up before leaving home to marry the prince, and carried it with her.

Her husband proved on the whole good-natured, though arbitrary and subject to fits of passion when crossed. He was rather a dissolute man, but kind to her. After a time she showed him the emerald, alleging that the late King had given it to her when a child. He and his father the King were glad enough to possess the celebrated jewel, and it never occurred to them to doubt any part of her story.

This emerald had been magnetised long ago by a Lord of the Dark Face. It formed a link between the magnetiser and its possessor, so as to give the magnetiser a power over the other, who became his tool. The possessor's will to achieve that which he desired was greatly increased by that of the magician who had charged the gem with his thought. So on the whole the

person who possessed the emerald was likely to obtain what he wished. This desire was generally for the love of one of the opposite sex, or for power to influence another to do the will of the emerald's owner.

Its magnetism enabled Orion to dominate her husband, and since he acted under his father as governor of a division of the kingdom, she began to gratify her love of power by playing again her old part. She was ambitious, and craved a wider scope, so she urged upon her husband to try to persuade his father to retire to the jungle and give up the kingdom to him. Eventually, by bribing the old King's spiritual advisors, she achieved her end, and her husband was proclaimed King. To a large extent she dictated, through him, the policy of the country, and schemed to enlarge its territory and her own power. Intrigues of this sort eventually involved them in war with two neighboring kingdoms, which combined were obviously too strong for her, so she looked around for assistance, and decided to ask for it from the great Atlantean power.

The rulers of Atlantis at this time claimed the nominal suzerainty over much of South India, and they actually appointed governors for some districts, but more often the native Kings ruled practically without interference, though most paid a small tribute. This particular kingdom was entirely independent, but the Queen persuaded the King that it would be better to offer nominal adherence to the far-away Toltec Empire than to be conquered by their neighbors. The King therefore sent to the Toltec Viceroy of South India saying that he was desirous of enjoying the blessings of the Emperor's protection against other native Kings. The Viceroy accepted his offer of allegiance in the name of the Divine Ruler of the Golden Gate, and sent word to the enemies that that if they attacked the King, they would have to meet the Toltec armies as well. Consequently they

refrained, and the Queen's policy triumphed, but at the cost of the independence of the country, and many of the people grumbled.

Later she suffered from some internal disease, and gradually wasted away and grew weaker. When she knew positively that her disease was incurable and that death was drawing very near, she once more appealed to the Master of the Emerald. For a long time he took no notice, but at last he appeared to her in a dream, and told her that he would help her to take another body, and that it must be that of her own daughter (Theseus) whom she loved very dearly. She pleaded against this, but he quite callously remarked that it must be that or none. Thinking over it, the next day she resolved that she would not live at the expense of her daughter, but after many days of increasing suffering, she gradually came to the decision that it must be done. The instructions given in the dream were that she should take the child and drown it, then hang the emerald round its neck and drown herself, and then she would be helped to seize the little body as she left her own. With much reluctance and horror she carried out this programme; she took the child out to the river bank and with great difficulty held it under the water, until it lost consciousness; then she laid its body upon the bank, hung the gem round its neck and threw herself into the river. She sank, and her body was drowned and swept away, and presently she was aroused in her new form by an attendant who had found the child-body and was weeping over it and chafing it.

VI

It took Orion some little time to realise that a change had once more taken place, and she only gradually grew accustomed to this new vehicle. At first remorse troubled her, but she soon forgot her scruples in the interests of the new life. Naturally in many ways she was an old-fashioned child, but as this body was older than the

other which she had taken last time, it was harder to adapt. She was very impulsive, and thought only of herself, caring nothing for the discomfort caused to others by her whims. The body was ten years old when she took it, and as it grew she gradually obtained more control over it. But in this body she could not advise the old King, and he was much less successful and diplomatic when left to himself.

Discontent had long been smouldering in the kingdom with reference to the unpopular submission to the Toltec power, and advantage was taken of that feeling to promote a rebellion. A battle took place, and the King was defeated and killed. The Toltec Viceroy sent a force to suppress the insurrection, which was speedily done, and then he appointed one of his officers to take charge of the government, until instructions arrived from Atlantis. Alcyone, the son of Leo, had an unquestionable claim to be placed upon his father's throne, and had he pressed it the Viceroy could not have ignored it. But there were many points to take into consideration and many difficulties in the way; Orion's action had made the dynasty unpopular, and he could not have seated himself firmly on the throne without wholesale slaughter, to which he would not consent. So after long and careful consultation with his wise wife Herakles and with the priest Mercury he decided to let matters take their course. Indeed, as soon as he could be persuaded that his duty did not compel him to take action, he was glad enough to put aside politics, for which he had no love, and devote his life to study.

His sister Orion saw clearly that the days of the independent kingdom were over, and thought it might be politic to fascinate the officer in charge. As she was clever and pretty, she had little difficulty in getting up a flirtation, and acquiring considerable influence over him. She was however wise enough not to marry him, as she reflected that a permanent governor would probably be sent from

Atlantis, and she meant to lay her plans for ensnaring him. After nearly two years Sirius arrived as the new governor, a rather serious man of about thirty, just the age of her body, though she had held it only twenty years. She set to work to try her arts on him, but he did not seem very responsive at first. As she came to know more of him she was greatly impressed by his character, and ended by falling desperately in love with him. Under the influence of this feeling she put aside her arts, became natural, and therefore much more attractive to him, and he began to be strongly interested in her. Though before he came she had deliberately planned to marry him, she now experienced very mingled sentiments, passionately desiring his love and yet somehow fearing it.

At last Sirius formally demanded her hand in marriage from her brother Alcyone, who agreed, and she became his wife. He was a man of strong principles and religious feeling, and she now looked back upon her previous proceedings in an entirely new light. She often wondered what he would think about it if he knew, as she found that he had decided opinions about truth and straight-forwardness, and was apt to be scornful and contemptuous of those who failed in these virtues. So she was glad that he could not know her past, but inconsistently, as she grew more and more deeply attached to him, she constantly felt promptings to tell him. The struggle between these opposing feelings became stronger as the years rolled on, and she was worn out with it, and felt as if she was torn asunder.

Sirius saw that she had some trouble, and repeatedly asked what it was, but she would not say. At last she made up her mind to go to Mercury, a learned spiritual teacher whom she had hitherto rather avoided, and under the seal of secrecy she told him the whole weird story, asking his advice. He said that in order to break the spell a great sacrifice was necessary; that she must throw the emerald into the sea, tell her husband everything

and then renounce him and her six children and live as an ascetic. She was heartbroken, but was resolved to carry out his instructions; the teacher himself went with her to the beach, and she hurled the gem as far out into the sea as she could. Then the teacher pronounced over her some solemn invocations, blessed her and sent her home to tell her husband.

Sirius was very much shocked, upset and utterly confounded. At first he was too much dazed to do more than comfort his wife, but was soon able to rally his wits a little, and protested against the decision of the teacher that they must separate. He and his wife went together to call upon the teacher, and Sirius presented the case to him. Of course, he recognised that it was a terrible business to be connected with black magic, but he argued that for that very reason the two should stand together to see it through, for it was obviously the husband's duty to help and sustain his wife. He also urged that as there were six little children, it would be unfair to them to take away their mother. The teacher agreed that all this was true, but insisted that the husband must think of his wife's welfare as an ego; not so much of their common welfare and happiness in this life, as of her becoming free of this attachment to the black magician. The wife agreed, and named her trusted friend Helios as foster-mother of the children. She tried to persuade Sirius to marry this friend. He, however, while perfectly willing that she should take charge of the children, declined to make her his wife, as he said that if he did so, he should feel himself not thoroughly faithful to Orion.

Orion then renounced her husband and children, and retired to a cave to lead the life of an ascetic. Sirius tried to make everything as comfortable as possible for her. He arranged with the teacher that he be allowed to visit his ascetic wife once a month, and these visits were kept up until her death about twenty years later.

The magician troubled her greatly at intervals for a long time, often appearing to her and commanding her to yield herself to him. The bond already existing between them enabled him thus to attack her; but, following the advice of Mercury, she never failed to resist with all her strength, though the struggle left her utterly exhausted. Mercury encouraged her, saying that this acute suffering was part of the price that had to be paid, but that if she were steadfast, final victory was sure, and when that was obtained, it meant perfect freedom through all future lives from that particular evil influence. After a few years of almost incessant contest, she developed strength enough to become almost indifferent to the assaults, and the intervals of attack decreased, until at last she was annoyed no more.

After this Mercury congratulated her and gave her a message from some greater person, to the effect that this which had been done was well done, but it was part of the work only; that there were still many weaknesses to eliminate at the cost of much suffering, and many powers to be acquired; but that when after the storm the flower of her soul should unfold "she should become a Master-builder in the Temple, and through her the world would rejoice."

So Orion died as an ascetic, and was regarded as a holy person. Sirius resigned, had another person appointed as governor, and returned to Atlantis, Alcyone accompanying him, as has already been described in the lives of the latter.

Of all the lives which we have yet examined, this series of three is perhaps in many ways the most remarkable; indeed, we might almost include in that remark all the six lives of Orion which have been so far laid before our readers. To dabble in black magic to some extent has probably happened to all of us at some time or other in our past history; our very desire for knowledge upon occult matters is likely to have brought us into touch with it; but this

goes beyond mere dabbling, and involves much unscrupulous sacrifice of life. The eleventh life of Alcyone may be considered as in some way corresponding to this, for he (or rather she) was then born into undesirable surroundings among a race of barbarous religious practices; but he seems always to have regarded them with horror, and eventually he broke away from them at the cost of an absolute renunciation of all that he knew as life.

That, however, is obviously a case widely different from this, for it is impossible not to observe that Orion, in his life in Hawaii described last month, lived much as did his neighbors, not appearing to feel himself out of place among them, though cleverer than they. He continued in the same general attitude of mind until in the sixth life he came under the influence of Mercury, Helios and Sirius, which re-awakened in him qualities until then to a great extent dormant, and brought him into a condition in which the higher Self could once more dominate the lower.

Yet it is evident that in the first three lives of Orion we are watching, not the gradual upward progress of an ego who properly belongs to the semi-savage level of the people among whom he finds himself, but rather of one who is really much higher in evolution than they, and has been thrown down among them by the action of karma—probably as the result of some serious failure not long before the point at which we have taken up the enquiry into this series of lives. That something of this sort must have happened is shown by the fact that in 70,000 B. C., we find Orion as the child of Mercury, and as His grand-daughter in 32,000 B. C., so that he has evidently been one of the group from a very early period. That the karma of that fall, whatsoever it may have been, is not far from exhaustion is shown by the other fact that in this present twentieth-century incarnation (the 25th according to the numbering of this series) Orion has the honor of being put upon probation by Mercury.

Exactly what that means I have described in *The Inner Life*, p. 42; and it will be seen by reference to that description that a Master never admits a person even to probation unless He considers that there is a reasonable probability that in the same incarnation he will be able to enter the second stage—that of accepted discipleship. So we have every reason to hope that, as the years roll on, Orion will tread in the footsteps of Alcyone and prove an able lieutenant to him. Progress so rapid as Alcyone's has been in this life, is the result only of such a series of lives as he has lived, and it is not every one who can yet achieve that; but, as was said last month, the goal of discipleship is the same for all, though the ways by which we aim at it, and the rates at which we move, are as diverse as our own dispositions.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

IV

- IOTA: ... *Tamil lady's daughter. Attendants: Orion, Kappa.*
 ORION: ... *Brother: Egeria.*
 THEODOROS: ... *King. First Wife: Orion. Son: Cygnus. Daughter by Second Wife: Sigma.*

V

- ORION: ... *(In the body of Sigma). Husband: Leo. Sons: Alcyone, Albireo. Daughters: Theseus, Beatrix.*

VI

- MERCURY: ... *Spiritual Teacher.*
 ORION: ... *(In the body of Theseus). Husband: Sirius. Foster-mother to her children: Helios.*

NOTE—The full list of *Dramatis Personæ* will be found in the third life of Alcyone, Vol. XXXI, page 929.

A HELPER'S EXPERIENCES IN THE UNDERWORLD

(Concluded from p. 114)

On other occasions H. has found that his duty took him to certain places where evil influences had to be cleared away. One place in particular—a country house not a hundred miles from Dublin—was haunted by a man who had been a foolish practical joker in life and had not learnt sense since his death. He took great delight in frightening the superstitious peasantry of the country in various ways. He had to have severe treatment before his pranks could be stopped.

Once H. and some young occult students were gathered together in a certain place, when the conversation happened to turn on the famous mummy in the British Museum, which has caused such widespread devastation since it was brought to this country. It had, a few days previously, brought dire misfortune on two sceptics who went up to the British Museum and laughed in its face. One of the company, whom we will call J., who was always ready to tackle anything or anybody, suggested that it was about time that some investigations were made to find out what had caused the mummy to become charged with such a power of doing harm. Members will perhaps recollect that years ago, when the mummy was first brought to England, Mme. Blavatsky was asked by its then owner to see what could be done to prevent it from wreaking its vengeance upon those around it. Madame, however, on entering into the room where the mummy lay, was so taken aback at the dreadful influence surrounding it that she left it severely alone, and peremptorily ordered it to be taken out of the house. Having that incident in mind, H. suggested to J. that, as an Occultist

of Mme. Blavatsky's great power and experience had left the thing severely alone, it was hardly reasonable to think that raw young neophytes like themselves would be able to make any impression on it. J. however insisted that something ought to be done, and as H. did not like to evade any responsibilities or dangers his friend might be incurring, he agreed to investigate that night with him, while their bodies were asleep. The result was highly curious.

J. awoke suddenly in the night, in a state of half terror, half laughter, with the sensation of having been pursued by a horrible monster. He speedily recovered, and on the next occasion it was decided to make a vigorous attack on the creature. It was found to be what our President recently suggested it was—an artificial elemental of enormous power for destruction, made with conscious and deliberate design by some trained Occultist of those far-away Egyptian times, who knew very well what he was about. This elemental came into being like this:

It was the custom of those well-trained in Egyptian Magic to leave their bodies for days at a time. During the absence of the real man from the physical vehicle, the latter was carefully wrapped up and guarded; the longer the man was away from the body, the more elaborate were the wrapping arrangements. Frequently artificial elementals used to be made to protect the body, often so charged with force as to bring about physical results when some unwarranted intrusion caused them to discharge their stored-up magnetism. The longer the man remained away from his body, the greater Magician did he seem in the eyes of the populace, until in course of time they began to judge a man by the elaborate manner in which his body was guarded. Finally, knowing that death was only a temporary release of the soul from physical incarnation, they wrapped up the dead in a similar manner. On some occasions, when the gentlemen concerned were inclined to the black or grey side of things, they created artificial elementals of such force and power

that they would last thousands of years, provided that they were not called upon to discharge their force too often. Such at any rate seems to have been the case with regard to the particular mummy with which we are concerned. Here, in order to be quite precise, let me inform my readers that what I have called all along the 'mummy' is really only the top of the sarcophagus in which it was originally laid. The whereabouts of the actual mummy is not known; perhaps the High Priestess of Amen-Ra, who wore the body in question, has had some further incarnations since then.

The elemental, finding its *appui* gone, attached itself to the mummy-case, and was still busy executing its task of protection up to the time our investigators arrived upon the scene. Anyone who wishes to familiarise himself with the train of devastation left in the wake of the mummy's journey from Egypt till its arrival at the British Museum some twelve months ago, can find a full account of the same in *The Daily Express* for November 10, 1909.

The helpers had somehow or other to destroy this formidable creature, and, though they tried with all their strength, it took several nights' work before its teeth were fully drawn. Even now some influence still clings to it, but it is nothing like so strong as it was formerly, and we do not think it probable that our old friend the mummy will ever be able to do anybody any physical harm again. H. was much upset for several days. He was unable to sleep, and was much disturbed all round. At the end of the week, however, H. and J. went up to the British Museum and stood before the case, and the influences coming therefrom were practically nil; so they think they have settled that gentleman for good.¹

Quite one of the most remarkable events in connexion with the invisible helpers took place in one of the West-

¹ I believe our President is familiar with the adventures of the mummy in question. It would be interesting to have her opinion on it.

ern States of North America. It happened that H. on this particular night had no definite tasks to execute beyond the ordinary nightly round of cases. Members will remember that the 'Shepherd' of the Twilight stories tells us that each helper has to make regular visits to recently dead people, who are confined to the lower levels of the astral world during the early part of their post-mortem life. H. had, as it seems, already visited his most serious cases, and he was hovering about over the outskirts of a town in America when he came upon a restaurant garden, with a kind of theatre attached, where some entertainment was going on.

He came down to see what it was. It turned out to be a play, but he had some difficulty in following the piece, and finding himself rather bored, was on the point of going off when the people departed, the actors following suit immediately afterwards.

H.'s attention was attracted by a tall, handsome young fellow, who seemed to be having a heated altercation with another actor, a short, thick-set, sour-looking man. The two actors were walking in the garden. To the right and left of them were two artificial ponds decorated with fountains and statuary, in which swam placidly some gold fish.

The altercation was getting very violent, when H. noticed that the burly little man made a dash at the taller man, and suddenly hurling him into the water, did his level best to keep his head under it so as to drown him, at the same time shouting out: "I'll do for you."

The garden was by this time empty of people, though at the extreme end there seemed to be a group of noisy and semi-intoxicated merry-makers.

H. was now thoroughly awake to the seriousness of the situation, and decided that this attempted murder must be stopped at all costs. His first impulse was to try to attract the attention of the party in the distance—

but that proved futile, as they were too much absorbed in their revelry to be impressionable. Meanwhile the younger man was fighting desperately for his life, kicking and spluttering frantically in his efforts to keep his head above water. It was evident to H. that the fellow was getting weaker, and he felt that desperate measures were necessary.

He at once caused the murderer to fall headlong into the pond. In his fall he let go his grasp on his victim, and making the welkin ring with curses at his clumsiness he got inextricably tangled up in the long overcoat he was wearing, and was for the time out of the way. The young man seized the opportunity, and summoning up sufficient strength to climb on to the bank, lay there gasping for breath. The other man in the interim was splashing about in the pond. He crawled out swearing that he would do for his victim yet, and have another shot at drowning him. The younger man was so weak from his struggles to escape being suffocated, that he would be quite incapable of making any resistance a second time. H. saw plainly that the burly man would have no difficulty in accomplishing his object now, and a thousand different schemes to prevent a second attempt surged through his astral brain. He thought of rushing off to fetch the Initiate under whom he works, but he rejected that idea, deciding to put a stop to the whole thing himself. Just then a brilliant idea struck him. There were some heavy stones on the roof of the theatre; he seized one and caused it to fall heavily on the head of the would-be murderer as he was in the act of attacking his victim a second time. The blow stunned him completely, and the two men lay there side by side, one half-fainting for want of breath and the other quite senseless. The younger man thought that a miracle had occurred; he struggled to his feet, and, helped a little by H., managed to crawl to the far end of the garden where he attracted the attention of the party of revellers. H.'s work being over, he went off, but the memory of that exciting episode is stamped ineffaceably on his mind.

A piece of work done not long ago by a helper named O. who was in Bristol at the time, is worthy of mention. He found himself one night near Weston-super-Mare, and seeing what seemed to be a conflagration, he dived down below to see what could be done. It was as he thought; a hotel was in flames, and in it he found an old couple, half stupefied by the smoke. He managed to arouse them to the danger of the situation, but had the greatest difficulty in getting them out of the building. However, after a good deal of effort, he finally contrived to get them downstairs and out of the building into safety. O. brought the recollection of that night's work into his waking consciousness. Next morning, on reading his paper, he was not surprised to find that there had been a serious fire at Weston-super-Mare during the night, and that the only people saved were an aged couple who were acting as caretakers at the time. His feelings may be imagined, when he read further on that the old couple said: "We couldn't understand how on earth we ever got out!" thus showing they were in a measure impressed with the idea that they had both been providentially saved from death; and so they had, but it was providence assisted by O.

A curious characteristic in connexion with the workings in the astral body during the sleep of the physical is that excessive activity in the higher vehicles seems to produce disturbances in the physical body. H. tells me that that is so in his case, and he sometimes found that he had severe and repeated colds and general seediness if too active on the higher planes; hitherto we have been informed that the doings of the consciousness functioning in a higher sheath have no effect on the physical body.¹ However that may be, it is interesting to note in connexion with O. that, during the process of helping the old couple during the fire, a burning rafter (as he thought) fell

¹ It would be interesting to ascertain from other students whether such physical disturbance is ever caused.

and touched his leg. He moved quickly to avoid it, with the result that he awoke to find on the physical leg a painful burn. He decided to have it treated by a doctor, who was much puzzled by the nature of the wound; and after silently consulting with himself for some time, gravely informed O. that he was of opinion that it was a new kind of eczema.¹

Many are those who are burning with eagerness to be able to take part in the work of helping on evolution, but all of us should keep in mind the witty words of the President—that if we wish to work as Invisible Helpers in the astral world we shall first of all have to show that we are good Visible Helpers in the physical world, and until we do that we are not likely to be of much use on a higher plane.

Something is always demanded by the Great Teachers that stand behind, and that is that each aspirant should bring a little piece of fuel with him to keep burning the Fire of that Mighty Sacrifice by which the worlds were made; and the fuel, reader—well, that is service in the physical world.

H. O. WOLFE-MURRAY

¹ Our President in her *Introduction to Yoga* mentions a similar case in her own experience.

THE SECRET NAME

THE DEATH OF BALDER

[The accompanying picture is the production of a gifted artist, Diana M. Read, who also writes the following description. Perhaps "The Death of Balder" would be a better explanatory title than "The Secret Name," though the latter better represents the central idea of the artist. The picture represents Odin holding the world in his hand and giving his benediction to the sacrifice of his Son.—SUB-EDITOR]

BALDER the Beautiful was the best beloved among the gods, and the most praised by gods and men. Therefore when there came to him, an immortal, foreboding dreams of death, all the gods gathered together at the doomstead to take counsel how such a woeful calamity might be averted. At last Odin, the ancient Father, himself set forth to ride downward into the Land of Hell for tidings of the manner of Balder's death, and to discover whether any atonement were possible. He was told that death, indeed, was inevitable, but the Father's anger was appeased by the prophecy of a mighty child to be born unto him who should avenge the woe.

Meanwhile Frigg (the Earth-goddess) had taken an oath from everything in the world not to hurt Balder; and this being done, the gods made sport in his honor, throwing stones and weapons of every sort at him, because there was nothing that would do him harm. Only Höder (God of Darkness), who was born blind, stood aloof and did not join in the sport.

Now of all the plants of the earth the mistletoe alone had been forgotten, for it was thought too insignificant to matter.

Then Loki, the God of the terrestrial Fire, and the maker of all mischief, plucked a bough of the mistletoe and taking it to Höder, said: "Why do you not also do



honor to Balder?" and Höder replied: "Because I cannot see where he stands, and moreover I am without a weapon." Then Loki gave him the mistletoe, and guided his hand while he flung the bough at Balder. The shaft flew straight, and pierced Balder in the side, whereat he instantly fell down dead. Great was the mourning and the lamentation in Asgard for Balder the Beautiful, the best beloved. A funeral ship was prepared for him, and the shape of it was circular, and the masts of it were the trees of the world. So vast was it that Thor himself was not great enough to launch it.

All the gods brought their best gifts as offerings, and Thor first hallowed the pyre with his mighty hammer; Balder's horse was brought with all its trappings, and the body of his dead wife—whose heart had broken for sorrow—was also laid by his side. Lastly came Odin, the All-father, and, first flinging into the flames his magic ring, he then bent down and breathed into his Son's ear the benediction of his Secret Name.

Thus Balder took away with him into the dark land of Hell, the Wisdom, the Power, and the System of the ancient Creator of all, there to keep it in safety until the coming of that day when the old world shall sink into the deep and be lost forever, and a new heaven and a new earth shall arise, wherein the war-gods shall dwell in peace together, and Höder and Balder shall be united in the Halls of Valhalla.

DIANA READ

IN THE TWILIGHT

“THIS comes from a lady friend in England, *not* a member of our Society,” said the Magian. “The facts of this story are known in the locality, and it seems to me interesting enough to read at our meeting.”

“Read away,” said the Vagrant, and the Magian read:

In a beautifully wooded part of the country in the Shire of—there stands a picturesque old Hall, surrounded by gardens and park, once well cared for, now neglected and dreary looking. The Hall itself, with its handsome gables, mullioned windows, fine terrace with stone balcony, and old fashioned sun-dial, looks as though it ought to have been the scene of happiness and contentment, not of the strange and sad events I am about to relate.

In the year which saw Napoleon banished to St. Helena, the last survivors of the family to whom the estate belonged were two brothers. The elder was an officer in the English army; the younger a clergyman, Rector of a small Church not far from the Hall. He was a widower, and had one child, a girl. Soon after Colonel N. came into his inheritance, his regiment was ordered to India; and, knowing that it would probably be years before he returned home, he placed the management of his property in his brother's hands, persuading him to leave the Rectory and take up his residence at the Hall.

Some years passed: communication at that time between England and India was neither easy nor frequent; and Colonel N., a keen officer, engrossed in his duties, soon ceased to write to his brother; and the Rector, settled at the Hall, absolute master of everything, began to look upon himself as owner, and upon his daughter, to whom he was devotedly attached, as heiress to the property.

Unfortunately however for his dreams and plans, Colonel N. married a young Irish girl, whom he tenderly loved. Her death at the end of two years, leaving him a baby girl, Mona, nearly broke his heart. Six months later the Colonel was attacked by fever; and feeling he would not recover, he began to settle his affairs, and to make arrangements for the future welfare of his child. He placed her in the care of his Indian servant, Hassim, giving him at the same time all his money and the jewels which had belonged to his wife, together with a letter to his brother, and papers proving the validity of his marriage. He made Hassim solemnly promise to take his little daughter to England, as soon as possible after his death, and deliver her into the guardianship of her uncle.

Hassim, faithful to his promise, after seeing his kind and generous master laid in his grave, started on his long journey with Mona; and, after a stormy voyage and many difficulties, owing to his imperfect knowledge of the English language, found himself and the child, one cold, foggy, autumn evening, at the gates of the old mansion.

Although unable to discredit his story, the Rector gave them a cold reception; and it did not take Hassim long to realise how unwelcome the little heiress was, and how gladly her uncle would get rid of them both, could he do so. This put Hassim on his guard; and as time went on, the difference made in the treatment of his little mistress and her cousin filled him with indignation and anger. While the one was surrounded with every luxury, and treated with kindness and consideration, as though she were the heiress, Mona, the rightful owner, was banished to the servants' quarters, and allowed to grow up in ignorance and neglect. Powerless to alter this terrible injustice, Hassim brooded over the poor child's wrongs until he could no longer keep silence. With a courage born of his devotion and fidelity, he one day sought Mr. N.'s presence; and in his broken English, deep emotion choking his voice, he reminded him how absolutely his

brother had trusted him with his daughter's happiness and welfare; that *she*, and not his own daughter, was owner of the estate; and implored him to treat Mona from that day with justice and kindness. Livid with rage, raising his hand as though about to strike him, Mr. N., in a loud and angry voice, commanded him to leave the room and *never* to mention the subject to him again.

Poor Hassim was overcome with grief at the failure of his appeal. Living at the Hall only on sufferance, a stranger in a foreign land, possessing neither money nor influence, he could only watch over his beloved charge with ever greater solicitude, hoping that as she grew older, her wrongs would become known, and that she would be restored to her rightful inheritance. With this end in view, Hassim constantly talked to Mona, telling her she must never forget that the Hall and everything in it belonged to her; and that when she was old enough, she must tell some one about it whom she could trust to send her uncle away, and help her to take possession of her own property.

Now, it is said that one evening, Hassim and Mona were sitting in a secluded part of the terrace, overlooking the lake, talking of her father, and of how different things would be were he alive, when suddenly the Rector appeared before them. He spoke sternly and angrily to his niece, and bade her return to her duties, and not idle away her time in foolish conversation. When she had disappeared, pale and trembling, the Rector turned to the Indian and threatened to send him away, unless he promised never to talk to his niece about these things again. Hassim, drawing himself up to his full height, his dark eyes flashing with righteous anger, called Heaven to witness the injustice done to his master's daughter, and pronounced a solemn curse on Mr. N. and his descendants, as long as the rightful owner was kept from her lawful inheritance. Mr. N., transported with rage, struck the Indian on the head with the heavy stick he

carried, and the poor man fell to the ground, dead, the victim of a cruel man's ambition!

The murderer was horrified at the result of the blow. With the usual instinct of self-preservation, his first thought was to hide the body. Dragging it to the edge of the terrace, he threw it into the lake. Then, returning to the house, he called the butler to him, and told him he had found it necessary to send Hassim away, and that he would never return. He also gave orders that his niece should be sent on a visit to a farmer living some miles away, saying that the change would help her to forget her servant.

It was easier in those days than it would be now to avoid suspicion, and Mr. N. hoped that now he was relieved from the presence he hated, he would be able to pursue his plans unhindered. The cruel murder was not however to go unavenged; rumors began to circulate among the servants that Hassim had been made away with, and that his ghost had been seen walking in the park. One night, the footman, who had been out late, came in shaking with terror, declaring he had seen the Indian standing at the edge of the lake, that he had suddenly disappeared, and that he had heard a loud splash, as though something had been thrown into the water. On another occasion, a laborer, returning from his work, saw the white-robed figure of Hassim standing in front of him, who, pointing to the lake, vanished. Moreover, strange voices which could not be accounted for were heard in the house. One evening, the butler vowed that when going into the library to close the shutters, he saw Hassim standing by the window; his hands raised as though in supplication.

Mr. N., overcome by a guilty conscience and cowardly fears, hardly dared to be alone, and never went out after dark; one evening he had been found by a gardener, crouching on a seat on the terrace, half dead with fright at something he had seen! From that

time nothing seemed to prosper with him. To his great sorrow, the daughter he loved so well, and for whose sake he had done so much wrong, had a severe illness which affected her brain; and the servants whispered with bated breath that she too had seen 'something' which had frightened her wits away.

After a time the Rector could no longer endure his life, and decided to shut up the Hall, and go abroad. With this end in view, in order to raise money for his immediate expenses, he told his agent to cut down some trees in the park, and sell the timber. The order was given, and the work of destruction began; but at the first blow of the axe, a voice, which seemed to come from the sky, said: "This tree is mine!" A second tree was struck, and again the voice said: "This tree is mine!" Urged by the agent, the terrified men began to cut another; but once more the voice said: "This tree is mine! this tree is mine!" The men could no longer bear it; throwing down their tools, they rushed from the wood; nor could they ever, either by threats or promises, be persuaded to return to the place again. When the agent, agitated by what he too had heard, told Mr. N. of the occurrence, the weird story proved too much for him, weakened as he was by the burden of his awful crime, and all the consequences he had had to endure. He was struck with paralysis, from which he never recovered, and died at the end of a few days. His daughter, brought up by strangers, was, although half-witted, forced into a loveless marriage, on account of her wealth, and died eventually insane. Her cousin's fate is unknown, but it is believed in the village, by the old people, whose grand-parents were young when these things happened, that she married a farm-laborer, and that they emigrated to America.

Hassim is still said to haunt the scene of his murder; and, to this day, the country people dare not walk through the wood at night, where the voices were heard. The

Hall stands uninhabited and desolate, a witness to the truth of the saying:

The Curse causeless shall not come.

"A good story," commented the Vagrant, "though the end is disappointing. Poor Hassim ruined his murderer, but failed to save the child he loved."

"And here is still another story from a different correspondent, this time a personal experience," said the Magian, and read:

I dreamt, on the morning of Thursday, July 14, 1910—between six and seven o'clock in the morning—that I was standing in a room in the company of others. I had the impression that I was abroad, and was standing in either a Chapel or in a large and lofty room in one of the historic Châteaux of France. But I saw no details of my surroundings, as my attention was concentrated on a girl who was acting as my guide, and who was dressed, it seemed to me, in one of the pretty foreign costumes now rarely, if ever, seen.

"Yes, it is haunted here," this girl said, "and I have the gift of seeing the poor unfortunate one."

"Try to see him now," somebody—I do not know who—said.

The girl placed her hand on the panelled wall of the room, shut her eyes, and seemed to withdraw her consciousness inwards.

"I see him," she said, and then looking straight at me: "Do you not also see? It seems to me you should."

"I feel a dark and lonely presence. I see nothing," I answered.

The scene changed. I was taking part in an *al fresco* fête. The sun was shining, and all around me was gay and festive. Suddenly I became conscious of a man, dressed in sombre black, curiously cut and fashioned, re-

sembling somewhat a monk's dress, or the Geneva robe of a cleric, and whom, though he looked human and of flesh and blood consistency, I knew, directly my eyes fell upon him, to be the ghost of the room I had previously visited. This man approached me, and though he did not speak to me, his presence made me aware of his misery and his desire for help. His nearness conveyed to me the dreadfulness of the fate that was his, condemned as he felt himself to be—though why I do not know—to dwell betwixt heaven and earth, a habitant of neither, feared and shunned by all who could perceive him, lonely and lost in misery. And I knew that only in that old oak-panelled room could I do aught to help him.

And with the thought again I found myself in that large and lofty room, and now facing its ghostly occupant. But his mood had changed. No longer a suppliant, but defiant and triumphant, the man faced me, and I stood before him with my arms raised, my hands spread outward to ward off his closer approach; but he leapt upon me, crying, as he pressed his fingers to mine and I distinctly felt the contact of each finger, and knew his purpose was to draw vitality from mine: "You shall not! You shall not! You are human, and I too am becoming human again"—and as he spoke I felt his fingers as they clung to mine tighten their hold, become more solid, warmer, living, in a word, distinctly human: "I, at any rate, am now alive, am conscious of existence. If you work your will on me, how do I know what then will be my fate? I may vanish into space and nothingness," and, frantic with terror, it appeared he tried by brute force to bear me down. I stood firm. Slowly, firmly, I drew into myself the infinite strength that ever surrounds us; so fortified, I set every power I possessed on loosening the tie that bound the man before me to this place, and to his present fate. Suddenly he disappeared and was not, and I knew that my purpose was accomplished and I awoke.

THEOSOPHICAL WORTHIES

DOMINIQUE ALBERT COURMES



D. A. COURMES.

ONE of our oldest members presents himself this month, M. le Commandant Courmes, of the French navy. He was born in Rouen on August 4, 1843, and at the age of seventeen he entered his country's service, and for thirty-five years he fought her battles in many seas, retiring finally in 1896, at the age of fifty-three, captain of a ship, having received many decorations, among them that of officer of the Legion of Honor, resigning all further opportunities of distinction for the sake of giving himself wholly to the service of Theosophy in France.

He had studied Spiritualism both theoretically and practically, and it was in the *Revue Spirite*, during 1877 and '78, that he published the first message of Theosophy in France, for in 1876 he had met some of the first writings of H. P. Blavatsky. During the struggle of the Commune in the streets of Paris, M. Courmes, then a naval lieutenant, had saved from destruction the spiritualistic records and a statue of Allen Kardec, and it may have been in gratitude for this that his Theosophical articles were accepted.

In 1879, our hero was shipwrecked on the coasts of South America and was invalided home to Toulon, where he lay sick in the Naval hospital, and was cared for by the young Dr. Pascal, the resident doctor, and formed with him the tie which made them fellow-workers in the good cause. In 1880, M. Courmes definitely joined the T. S., and in that same year he translated Colonel Olcott's *Buddhist Catechism*; when, later, he visited Ceylon, the High Priest thanked him for having helped to spread in the West

what he called this simple but accurate exposition of a great religion.

In 1884, M. Courmes had the pleasure of welcoming Madame Blavatsky and Colonel Olcott, with whom he had corresponded since 1876, at Marseilles, and spent some days with them. Two years later he had the joy of leading Dr. Pascal into Theosophy—one of the greatest services he could have rendered both to Theosophy and to France.

He saw Madame Blavatsky shortly before her passing, in 1891, when he promised her that he would translate *The Secret Doctrine* into French, a great task since achieved. The French Theosophical magazine, *Le Lotus Bleu*, was at this time edited by M. Arthur Arnould, a devoted Theosophist, but when he died, in 1896, there was no one to take his place; and it was this which decided Captain Courmes to retire from the Navy, and give his life to Theosophy. He took up the editorship of *Le Lotus Bleu*, and also issued a useful *Questionnaire Theosophique Elementaire*, which was translated into English and Spanish, but is now out of print. It was in *Le Lotus Bleu* that appeared the translation of *The Secret Doctrine*, completed in 1910. He also translated many articles by H. P. Blavatsky, C. W. Leadbeater and Annie Besant, working indefatigably to spread Theosophical ideas. When Dr. Pascal came to Paris as General Secretary, he had the aid of his much-loved friend, and the two toiled side by side.

Until the Section was formed in 1900, Captain Courmes organised the Paris work, but then proposed Dr. Pascal as the first General Secretary. He also organised the first International Theosophical Congress at Paris in this same year, an initiative that later blossomed into the regular International Theosophical Congresses which are now held every two years in some European country. After thirty years of friendship, and fifteen of ever-harmonious Theosophical work, the two co-laborers, Captain Courmes and Dr. Pascal, were parted, for the Doctor passed away in 1909, and the survivor wrote a loving tribute to his memory.

His last important literary work was the translation of the *Bhagavad-Gītā* into his mother-tongue.

M. le Commandant Courmes has ever shown a perfect loyalty to Theosophy and its leaders, an upright and courageous character, and a chivalrous honor. As befits one who has had the advantage of naval discipline, and who has wielded for years the absolute authority of a naval commander, he is a lover of discipline and has a manner a little authoritative; but it sits well on him, and his heart is as tender as a woman's. Brave and gentle, he is a friend to be loved, a colleague to be trusted, and well do I know that, in an hour of peril or of treachery, I should never call in vain on *mon ami Courmes*.

A. B.

THE LIBERATOR

He comes with lightning, and tempest, and roar
Of mountainous seas that rush on to the shore;
Or stealthily stealing at dead of night
He closes poor eyes that are weary of light.

He takes the sick babe from the mother's breast,
With the aged and suffering he lays it to rest.
Through horror of battle, through anguish and pain,
He gathers his own in his strong arms again.

But how, when, or where? what matters to thee,
Who know'st that his coming is but to set free?

U. M. B.

ELEMENTARY THEOSOPHY

OUR ELDER BROTHERS

IN the previous article we traced the steps by which a man may climb to the status of the Super-Man. Let us now consider the relation to the world of Those who stand at that great height, and who yet are of the human family, our Elder Brothers.

All religions look back to a Founder, who rose high above humanity; all ancient history tells of lofty Beings, who laid the foundations of nations, and guided them during their infancy and youth. We hear of divine Kings, of divine Dynasties, of divine Teachers; the testimony of the past is so unanimous, and the ruins remaining of past civilisations are so mighty, that we cannot reasonably declare the testimony to be worthless, nor the civilisations to be the unaided product of an infant humanity.

It is also noteworthy that the most ancient Scriptures are the noblest and most inspiring. The *Classic of Purity* of China, the *Upanishads* of India, the *Gāthās*—fragmentary as they are—of Persia, are far above the level of the later religious writings of the same countries; the ethics found in such ancient books are all authoritative, not hortatory, they teach “as having authority, and not as the scribes.”

No religion denies or ignores these facts, as regards its own Teachers and its own Scriptures; but, unhappily, most are apt to deny or ignore them where the Teachers and Scriptures of other religions are concerned. Students of the Wisdom realise that all these claims must be impartially recognised or impartially rejected; and Occultists

know that while many legends and fables may have gathered round these mighty Beings, none the less They, of a verity, have existed in the past and exist in the present.

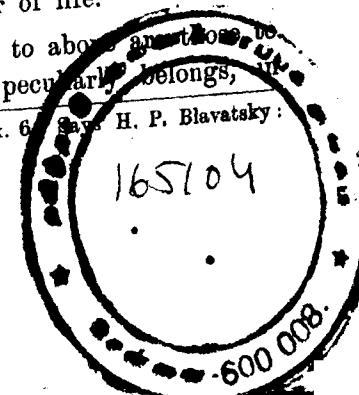
The Occult Hierarchy which rules, teaches, and guides the worlds is a graded Order, each rank having its own multifarious duties, and carrying them out in perfect harmony, working out a portion of the plan of the Supreme Lord, the Logos of the system, in a service which “is perfect freedom.” Two leading departments of our section of this Hierarchy are concerned, the one with the ruling, the other with the teaching, of our worlds.

Those whom the Hindūs call the four Kumāras¹ are the chiefs of the Ruling Department, and the Manus of Rounds and Races are Their Lieutenants, with below them the grade of Adepts which numbers among its members Those called Masters to carry out the details of Their work. Theirs to guide evolution, to shape races, to guide them to continents builded for their dwelling, to administer the laws which cause the rise and fall of peoples, of empires, of civilisations.

At the head of the Teaching Department stands the ‘Enlightened,’ the Buddha, who, when He passes away from earth, hands the Teacher’s staff to Him who is to become a Buddha in His turn, the Bodhisattva, the actual Teacher of the worlds. This supreme Teacher is the ever-living Presence who overshadows and inspires the world-faiths, who founds them, as they are needed for human guidance, and who, through His Helpers among the ranks of the Adepts, guides each religion so far as is permitted by the stubbornness and ignorance of men. Every great spiritual wave flows from this department of the White Brotherhood, and irrigates our earth with the water of life.

In the grade of Adepts alluded to above, and those to whom the name of ‘Master’ more peculiarly belongs,

¹ “The Ancient Four.” *Bhagavad-Gītā*, i. 6. Says H. P. Blavatsky: “Higher than the Four is only One.”



that They accept as chelās, or disciples, those who have reached a point of evolution fitting them to approach the Portal of Initiation, and are resolutely striving to develop in themselves the qualifications before described. There are many of this rank in the Hierarchy—Those who have passed the fifth Initiation—who do not take pupils, but are engaged in other work for the helping of the world. Even beyond this rank some will still keep under Their charge chelās who have been long devoted to Them, the tie formed being too sacred and too strong to break.

The Theosophical Society is an open road whereby these great Teachers may be sought and found. We have amongst us those who know Them face to face; and I, who write, add my humble testimony to that which has echoed down the ages, for I too have seen and known.

ANNIE BESANT

THE MAHĀTMĀS: AN AUTHENTIC PIECE OF EVIDENCE

I had the good fortune of being sent for and permitted to visit a sacred Āshrama, where I remained for a few days in the blessed company of several of the Mahātmās of Hima-vaṭ and Their disciples. There I met not only my beloved Gurudeva and Col. Olcott's Master, but several others of the Fraternity, including one of the highest ... Suffice it that the place I was permitted to visit is in the Himālayas, not in any fanciful Summer Land, and that I saw Him in my own physical body and found my Master identical with the form I had seen in the earlier days of my chelāship. Thus, I saw my beloved Guru not only as a living man, but, actually as a young one in comparison with some other Sādhus of the blessed company, only far kinder, and not above a merry remark and conversation at times. Thus, on the second day of my arrival, after the meal hour, I was permitted to hold an intercourse for over an hour with my Master ... These are all stern facts, and no third course is open to the reader. What I assert is either true or false ... Of course I am fully aware that many will discredit my account ... As for the majority who laugh at and ridicule what they have neither the inclination nor the capacity to understand, I hold them in very small account.

ĀMOPAR K. MAVALANKAR in
Five Years of Theosophy



REVIEWS

Ancient Mysteries and Modern Revelations, by W. J. Colville.
(William Rider & Son, London.)

This is not an encyclopædia, as the title might suggest, but a collection of lectures on a variety of subjects that Mr. Colville dealt with during his six months' residence in Washington. The author has travelled extensively and read extensively, and there seems hardly a topic that he cannot tackle, from the mysteries of Egypt to Halley's Comet. In all, he sees the great oneness of our humanity, and he looks to the ceasing of all race and class antagonism. Though Mr. Colville no doubt writes with the esoteric side in view, the present volume may be said to deal rather with the phenomenal and external side. He has the pleasing knack of discussing subjects without unduly straining the credulity of the public. The pages on Pythagoras are interesting, and one notices the influence of Ed. Schuré. Indeed, Mr. Colville is especially useful where one is looking up a subject for the first time, as the references quoted enable the student to trace out the subject in greater detail than Mr. Colville's treatment is intended to cover. There is however, a tendency to give sentences from other authors (unconsciously, we have no doubt) without stating the sources. Some interesting interpretations of Old Testament history will appeal to many. Several kindly references to the Theosophical Society and to Mrs. Besant are made. The last Chapter gives an appreciative account of the psychopathic treatment given at Dr. Sahler's sanitarium, Kingston-on-Hudson.

S. R.

Survival and Reproduction, by Hermann Reinheimer.
(John M. Watkins, London. Price 7s. 6d.)

In this volume we have a brilliant and compelling study of the questions suggested in the title. They are, of course, dealt with from the author's own special standpoint. Regarding nutrition as of cosmic importance, he expounds in the most

telling way its effects upon survival, and upon all phases of reproduction from simple fission upwards. This work of Mr. Reinheimer's is too valuable to be dismissed in a brief review. We propose therefore with this volume, as was done with the same author's previous volume on *Nutrition and Evolution*, to offer a careful and detailed study of its fascinating pages. We feel it imperative to call the attention of our students to the important issues raised by Mr. Reinheimer. Not that we are by any means prepared to accept them *in toto*—they are too subversive of much that we find in *The Secret Doctrine* about the stages of racial development. But that will not deter the student from trying to gain another view of the facts; it should rather enlarge and broaden his outlook, and add to his mind yet another "angle of Truth." We must not omit to mention here that the book is well and carefully arranged, and with the exception of certain unfamiliar and technical words, will be found lucid and comprehensible by the serious student. It is of portable size, well-printed and well-bound, and should be readily welcomed to our bookshelves.

J. R.

The Essentials of Character, by Edward O. Sisson, Ph. D. (The MacMillan Company, New York. Price 4s. 6d.)

This book is a practical study of the aim of moral education, and the author has written it with the idea that clear comprehension of the essentials which go to make up human character will be helpful to teachers and parents, and to all those who have to do with the moral training of the young. His main idea seems to be that character springs from native impulses and tendencies in the child, and that out of this original endowment, by organisation and co-ordination, and by enlightenment, character arises gradually by imperceptible processes. It should be the aim of moral education to direct all these native impulses into the larger service of human ideals. The intellectual element in character he shows to be a very important factor, pointing out that as ideas become united with emotional warmth and volitional power they become ideals that dominate the life, and therefore the intellectual content is as essential to the idea as the emotional warmth, for the ideal must contain the particular knowledge fitted to stir the heart and guide the conduct in the right direction. He truly points out that character makes destiny in the individual, and in the race. He admits that no training which ignores the

individual differences between children will ever be very successful and yet, at the same time, he thinks it is more necessary to "recognise and bring to perfection the universals than it is to discover and cultivate the occasional talent for music and art, or athletic prowess, or oratory." Here we think there is room for difference of opinion. The author seems to have no knowledge of the laws of reincarnation or karma, therefore gifts of character to him are something "bestowed" on the "chosen few," instead of being the result of efforts made in previous lives by the individual himself. When he tells us that "not only disposition, but practically all the elements of education and character, are habit," he does not realise how much the habits of past births which he speaks of as "native impulses and tendencies," show out in the present character of the individual. The book is wholesome reading and will well repay perusal, but it lacks the fulness of explanation that only a knowledge of reincarnation and karma can give. A very complete 'Bibliography' is given at the end of the book.

M. H. H.

The Awakening, by Archdeacon Wilberforce. (Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row, London.)

Three sermons by the famous Westminster preacher, which give in a convenient form the essence of the Archdeacon's religious philosophy. A foreword by our friend Miss Woods introduces the work. A favorite proposition of the author is that creation is a spiritual process, and to him, the Christian doctrines are statements as to the growth and fruition of the Heavenly germ. At the same time, he shows that the inspired cosmogony of Genesis is entirely in line with modern science. Would there were more preachers of the Archdeacon's calibre, for such are truly preparing the race to accept spiritual religion. Here are a couple of quotations, and our readers should judge for themselves:

The secret of the Lord, that thought was before matter, that all that has been evolved was involved in the Eternal thought, that I am a thought of God.

Christ is the evolving spirit who is slowly transfiguring the race from within ... He conditions Himself in a separate human personality.

We fear our recommendation will come too late for Easter, but the book would make an appropriate gift for that 'queen of festivals' by which we know, as our author reminds us, that life shall live for evermore.

S. R.

THEOSOPHY IN MANY LANDS

ENGLAND AND WALES

The past few weeks have witnessed considerable propaganda activity in our National Society, most of which is due to the power of one penny per day! If a greater number of our members will wake up to the value of combination in providing funds for carrying on propaganda work, very much more can be done in the future than has yet been attempted. The Preparation Fund, with one penny per day as its basis, has done well, but less than half of our members have as yet responded to it.

In London, besides the regular Lodge and Headquarters activities, three courses of public lectures were given—one at Hampstead, where Mr. and Mrs. Alan Leo have long been tillers of the soil; Mrs. Larmuth, so well known in Manchester, is now President of this Lodge, which promises to extend its sphere of work in the near future. A second course was given in North London and a third in Croydon, in each of which places we have Lodges working. The attendance was good at every lecture, great interest was shown, and full reports were published in the local papers. Mrs. William Bell of Harrogate and Dr. Hancomb of Southampton both gave most valuable assistance in this work.

The People's Free Theatre, inaugurated a year ago by Miss Gwendolen Bishop, has again been active in taking free and noble entertainment to the poor. Maeterlinck's *Sister Beatrice* has been played seven times, and report says that the performances were crowded. Speaking of the stage reminds me that a very favorable reception has been given to a clever and sparkling comedy which that illustrious Theosophist Mr. A. P. Sinnett has written. In *Married by Degrees* he deals with the curious psychological problem of a charming girl with a double personality. A young man in every way eligible woos and wins one of these personalities, and is dumbfounded when the other resents his accustomed liberties.

He sets himself to the hard task of winning this second personality which, in the meanwhile, has become enamored of an Italian count of dubious reputation. A situation full of humorous possibilities is the result; one report says that Mr. Sinnett has made full use of them. A happy issue is brought about by the hypnotic blending of the two personalities, in the process of which, presumably, the wicked count is quietly squeezed out!

The work of Dr. Haden Guest and Mr. Scott-Moncrieff calls for special report. Dr. Guest has devoted himself unsparingly to the work of the new propaganda office, and has successfully arranged and carried through a fine programme of work; old centres have been vivified and new ones stirred. Mr. Scott-Moncrieff has done and is doing work the value of which it is difficult to over-estimate; in every part of England he has labored, and his programme is not yet completed. In Bath, to single out one place for mention, they had a most successful week, and Mr. Scott-Moncrieff was invited to preach at Christchurch, one of the most popular and influential of the churches there. Mrs. Despard has shared the labors of this country propaganda by speaking at Swindon and Cardiff. The Society is fortunate in having two such speakers to represent it.

The sixty-seventh conference of the Northern Federation was held at Liverpool in February. The General Secretary Mrs. Sharpe, was present, and Mr. Ernest Outhwaite presided over the discussions and gave an admirable closing address on "Theosophy and Social Problems"—a topic which seems to be a certain "draw" in these days of pressing problems.

We are all glad to have Mr. J. I. Wedgwood back with us; the work is the richer for his stay at our Theosophical Mecca, Adyar, and we hear most favorable reports of the value of his addresses. Recently he spoke for the Spiritualist Alliance, where he is always heartily welcomed, as befits a grandson of Hensleigh Wedgwood.

Speaking at Portsmouth recently to the Free Church Assembly, Sir Oliver Lodge gave further proof of his profound conviction as to the spiritual basis of the world.

After a close and searching investigation, said Sir Oliver, he had come to the conclusion that there was a range of beings, extending up from man to the Deity, who were able,

in certain favorable conditions, to hold communication with each other. He had no doubt that the departed dead could hold intercourse with the living. He said that the bare possibility of the existence of the miraculous had been hastily denied. It was not necessary to object to miracles on scientific grounds. They need be no more impossible, no more lawless, than the interference of a human being would seem to a colony of ants or bees.

Dealing with the real simplicity of apparently most complex things, the speaker said the idea of God was essentially simple. "No matter how complex and transcendently vast the reality must be, the Christian conception of God is humanly simple. It appeals to 'the man in the street,' and this is always the way with the greatest things. The sunshine is not the sun, but it is the human and terrestrial aspect of the sun; it is that which matters in human life. It is independent of study and discovery; it is given us by direct experience, and for ordinary life it suffices."

Sir Oliver concluded with a few sentences which made a deep spiritual impression:

"Thus would I represent the Christian conception of God. Christ is the human and practical and workaday aspect. Christ is the sunshine—that fraction of transcendental cosmic Deity which suffices for the earth. Jesus of Nazareth is plainly a terrestrial heritage. His advent is the story, His reception the shame, of the human race."

Some of us feel that the wonderful reception given on all sides to the proposal for a peace treaty between America and England is a hopeful portent and a preparation for the days to come. Years ago we heard from Occult students that such a peace was to be, and it is to be hoped that nothing will arise to set back again this desired end. That the public mind of Europe is turning towards the fair hope of a world-peace, driven thereto by this appalling pressure of the burden of armaments, seems evident by the way in which the suggestions of President Taft and Sir Edward Grey are being welcomed on every side; it is as though a saturated solution were being suddenly crystallised before our eyes, at one last magical touch. May nothing occur to mar the work!

H. W.

SCOTLAND

Here in Scotland the Theosophical Movement is spreading as the result of propaganda work. During March the Glasgow and Edinburgh Lodges are co-operating in the work, and lectures are being given in Falkirk. Lecturers are also going to Forfar. We had the great pleasure of a visit from Mr. Lazenby in February, and, as is always the case when a fresh effort is put forward, renewed zeal and vigor were the result of his two week-end visits—one to Edinburgh and Leven and one to Glasgow. In Edinburgh the Lodges had an address given by Mr. F. R. Benson on 'Symbolism in Art and Religion,' which was much appreciated by all. The Glasgow Lodges are arranging for the Niebelung Ring lecture, to be given in preparation for the performances of the Ring later in Glasgow. Aberdeen, Dundee, and Leven are also very active, and the various centres meet regularly for study. The sale of Theosophical literature keeps up well, and favorable reports of lectures have been given in various newspapers. All are working in harmony, and in Scotland we try to live the Brotherhood we preach.

S. R. G.

HUNGARY

Notwithstanding that this last winter has been very cold in Budapest, Society was at its best in February, and naturally we expected small attendances at our Theosophical gatherings. Happily, it was the contrary; the interest had not lessened; about forty was the usual attendance, and there is a growing interest along Theosophical lines. A little fire has been lighted here and there, and we find a group gathering round it. We have one class in French, and another in German; and the second talk by Mrs. Oakley, given at the five o'clock tea in a wealthy Hungarian house, was attended by a number of eager listeners.

According to the printed programmes which have been sent out freely, Mr. Nagy Dezső gave a lecture on January 29th, in the Magyar tongue, on 'What is Theosophy?' Mrs. Cooper-Oakley spoke on February 12th on 'The Change of Life that men call Death,' and on February 26th Gaston Polak, formerly of Belgium, lectured on 'Reincarnation as applied to the Law of Rhythm.' These three lectures were given in Prof. Geschwindt's Private Concert Hall, to nearly one hundred listeners.

Reading and thoughtful questions surely show study along Theosophical lines, and the lending library at Mrs. Oakley's is well patronised. The bookstores are also beginning to order Theosophical books for sale, but as yet the prices are not satisfactory; all these smaller details will soon be adjusted, we hope.

The home lectures and classes in Mrs. Oakley's rooms on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays are now a settled thing, and are well attended. On Mondays at 5 P.M. there is discussion in French, German and Hungarian. On Wednesdays at 8 P.M. the talk is in English, with occasional sentences translated into Hungarian; last week the topic was Cause and Effect, or Karma; an interesting discussion took place between a Doctor and a Professor, which led up to many strong points where science and religion meet. On Friday mornings the study-class looks forward to a peaceful hour, when the Adyar pamphlets are read aloud, or choice bits from *The Theosophist*; but mostly we dwell upon the working of Consciousness and the Spiritual Life. On Saturday, five o'clock tea is served, and open questions are propounded; the social hours are passed instructively, and many a one remarks: "Oh! the atmosphere here is so harmonious and restful." The meetings come so fast and so often that it is impossible to write in detail the grand work as it goes on.

On February 19th, Mrs. Oakley was asked to speak at the Peace Meeting given by the Stephen Society of Budapest. The large auditorium was filled, and there were several speakers, music, and a generally interesting programme, on which Mrs. Oakley was placed as second speaker. There was much applause, and flowers were presented, after which the invited guests adjourned to the Jägerhorn Hotel for a banquet. Here the toast of Mrs. Oakley's health was proposed for doing so much for the Peace Society, not only by words but by sending in names of new members.

One of the most interesting meetings was on March 1st, at Mrs. Oakley's home, where about fifty persons came to listen to the delightful lecture given by Mrs. Zipernowsky on this selfsame Peace question, which is very near the heart of a country like Hungary, that has had storm clouds on all sides. The pleasing manner of the speaker, the thrilling words and heartfelt sentiments captured the audience, and when interpreted into English by Béla de Takách, the entire theme seemed to

grow under its double treatment. Mrs. Zipernowsky's speech was so Theosophical that she was particularly requested to send it to Mrs. Besant for publication. The practical result was that ten new members joined the Peace Society.

On all sides we hear of the interest in Theosophy being stirred up and furthered, as a result of the new propaganda now being carried on.

On March 17th we start for Kolosvar, the capital of Transylvania, where Mrs. Oakley will lecture, and we are planning to go to Brasso (a large town on the border of Roumania) at Easter, to carry Theosophy there, as two of our new members in Budapest have their families in Brasso holding important positions in that place. These ladies will accompany us, and Mrs. Oakley will lecture as often as possible during her visit.

L. O.

NOTES

We take the following from *The British Medical Journal*:

A hospital for fishes seems a striking enough novelty in its way, and the ingenious idea, needless to say, comes from America. Such an establishment has been set up at the New York Aquarium, and already a considerable number of finny patients have been attended to with an encouraging measure of success. The scope of treatment is naturally somewhat limited, and many of the diseases dealt with necessitate treatment of a very empirical kind, yet it would be too much to expect the piscine healing art to attain perfection from the very start. So far as we know, the diseases to which fish, especially fresh-water fish, are most liable are of a parasitic, protozoal, or fungal nature. These attack the skin and frequently give rise to extensive epizootics. Treatment of these cases has been attempted by the application of formalin and other antiseptics, as well as by the gradual change from fresh to salt water for a few days, which not infrequently kills off the parasite without doing much injury to the fish. Deformities and injuries are common enough, and these cases do surprisingly well under the skilful surgeon's hands. Tumours, benign and malignant, are of frequent occurrence amongst fishes, but they have not lent themselves as yet to operation. We have even seen a case, *post mortem*, of chronic pericarditis with cardiac hypertrophy in a fish, but there was unfortunately no previous record of the clinical signs and symptoms. It is not too much to believe, indeed, that fish are subject to the same ills as human flesh is heir to, and in spite of their undemonstrative nature, there

is no reason why we should not be able, if need be, to render them medical assistance in the same way as we do horses, dogs, and other animals which have come, voluntarily or otherwise, under man's fostering care.

Science is certainly moving in the direction of occult teachings, and that on many lines. A new proof of this shows itself in Dr. Coriat's book on *Abnormal Psychology*, which has just been sent in to us for review. In it are described many experiments which have been tried by celebrated doctors in various countries; and it is interesting to note the advance that has been made from the attitude which was generally held even only a few years ago. Hypnotism and suggestion are now spoken of quite freely as methods which are ordinarily used to effect a cure in the case of nervous diseases; and even crystal-gazing and automatic writing by the patient are admitted as means whereby information useful in the treatment of his case may be obtained. Medical science has also discovered that the thoughts and emotions of man create under certain circumstances a definite *something*, which then has an existence quite apart from the man, and may react banefully upon him. The fact that this *something* is called "a dissociated mental or emotional complex" instead of a thought-form or an artificial elemental does not perhaps matter very much. It may be remembered that mesmerism was utterly scouted by science, but was found quite acceptable a few years later when it had been re-labelled as hypnotism. A detailed review of this book will appear in our July number.

We are glad to welcome a new contemporary *The Pioneer*, published at 42, Westland Row, Dublin, Ireland, with the object of stimulating, organising and making articulate a growing body of thought which strives for nobler living. Our good colleague Mr. James H. Cousins is on the Editorial Board of this monthly, the first number of which is replete with good and instructive reading matter. We wish the journal all prosperity.

THEOSOPHICAL MAGAZINES

ASIATIC

The Adyar Bulletin, Adyar, April, 1911. 'Headquarters' Notes' speaks of the President's forthcoming tour and of her work in Calcutta. 'Prejudices,' by X. is concluded. 'The Mist of Yesterday,' by Isabel Foulkes is a nice little poem. Mr. Leadbeater writes in his usual thorough way an useful article on 'Clothes'. Marguerite Pollard begins a contribution on 'Theosophical Ideas in Modern Poetry' which promises to be interesting. 'A Vision,' by Dorothy Mary Codd has its own moral to impart. 'Spiritual Progress,' by H.P.B. is a reprint from a very old number of *The Theosophist*, but is as useful and instructive to-day as in the days gone by. 'Love Thou Thine Enemy' is a meditation in verse by F. T. Brooks.

Theosophy in India, Benares, March, 1911. There is nothing of particular interest to note.

The U. H. C. Magazine, Benares, April, 1911, is a very good number. We can give contents only: 'Karma,' by Annie Besant; 'Service of the Great Ones,' by G. S. Arundale; 'Study of the Purāṇas,' by P. K. Telang; 'Emerson,' by Miss Albarus; 'Koramdevi, the Mohil Princess,' by Josephine Ransom.

The Cherāg, Bombay, April, 1911. 'The Ten Divine Kings' is an original article; reprints make up the issue.

The Message of Theosophy, Rangoon, October-December, 1910 and January-March, 1911. We are glad to receive these again. The delay and obstructions in the bringing out of this monthly have improved it in printing and reading matter. We wish our Rangoon brothers all success in their laudable efforts for the spread of Theosophic knowledge.

EUROPEAN

The Vāhan, London, March, 1911, opens with a good review of our President's *Universal Text Book*. Reviews, news, and notes fill the rest of the space.

Theosophy in Scotland, Edinburgh, March, 1911. 'Symbolism in Art and Religion' is a report of an address by F. R. Benson; 'Occult Training' is a good little piece, and so is Mrs. Ransom's 'Indian Womanhood'.

The Lotus Journal, London, March, 1911. The place of honor is given to 'Buddha-Gaya,' by Alcyone; two pictures accompany the article. Mrs. Whyte begins 'Legends of the Round Table' and writes this month on 'The Birth of King Arthur'; B. M. Y. has a contribution on 'S. Gerasimus'; 'The little Fire-Fairy' is an interesting piece; 'The Brotherhood of Religions' is adapted from our President's *Universal Text Book*, and is to be continued; smaller but not less interesting contributions make up an excellent magazine, on which we must congratulate the indefatigable Editors.

Teosofisk Tidskrift (Danish), Stockholm, March, 1911. Among the articles are 'Two Roses'; 'Mysteries, Initiations and Christianity,' by Richard Eriksen; and 'The Power of Thought,' by Mrs. Besant.

Tietäjä (Finnish), February, 1911. A Reporter reports 'In the new Finnish Headquarters'; V. H. V. writes on 'The Primitive Civilisation of the Kalevala-people'; Aate tries to answer the question 'Why does materialism want that the soul should die?'; questions and answers are added.

Bulletin Théosophique (French), Paris, March, 1911. In this we find notes, news, an Adyar Letter from the General Secretary, who has been visiting our Headquarters, and some reviews.

Revue Théosophique (French), Paris, February, 1911, contains translations as usual, and among them the beginning of the *Lives of Alcyone*.

Sophia (Spanish), Madrid, January, 1911. The nineteenth year of this capital Theosophical Magazine of our Spanish brothers opens auspiciously with a fuller number than usual, full of varied articles from some of our principal writers: it contains also two photogravures, one of the late Countess Wachtmeister and the other of Dāmodar K. Mavlankar, and at the end is furnished with the customary Review of Reviews, bibliography and Theosophic news.

Bollettino della Società Teosofica Italiana (Italian), Genoa, January and February, 1911. This sectional organ appears in

new and improved garb, well-printed on better paper and with a more appropriate cover. Its contents are always well-selected, and it fulfils the important rôle of providing Italian Theosophists with the most recent Theosophical news and articles. A translation of Alcyone's article on 'Buddha Gaya' appears as a pleasant feature of the New Year's number, accompanied by two photographs. Among other matter Madame Ferraris gives a paper on Christian Science and the late Mrs. Eddy. The February number opens with Mr. W. H. Kirby's descriptive article on the thirty-fifth Convention of the T. S. this year in Adyar, together with Mrs. Besant's fine address 'The Opening Cycle,' at that Convention.

Ultra (Italian), Rome, February, 1911, contains among other matter: 'The Negative Side of Reality in Human Perception,' by Luigi Merlini; 'Pain and Joy from the Theosophical Standpoint' by Olga Calvari; 'Unity of Matter in Science and Spiritualism,' by Benedetto Bonacelli; 'A Vision of the Astral Plane in Plutarch.' The usual collection of anecdotes and excerpts from spiritualistic sources appears, and also a Review of Reviews, Theosophic and otherwise.

AMERICAN

The Theosophic Messenger, Chicago, February, 1911. Mrs. Russak writes a story on 'Whosoever shall lose his life for my sake shall find it'; 'Logos-Monad-Ego-Person'; 'Sacrifice'; 'The Fundamental Education of Children'; 'Hearken ye!' (a Parable of interest and value); 'Sacrifice in Service' and 'The Inner Round,' by W. V. H.; 'Vampirism' and other papers, along with the usual columns, keep the magazine at its accustomed level.

La Verdad (Spanish), Buenos Aires, January, 1911. A good magazine. The chief article is a translation of Mrs. Besant's *The Coming Race* from one of her *London Lectures*. A story is told from Mr. C. W. Leadbeater's *Other Side of Death* and a good diagram accompanies the same writer's 'Lunar Monads'. A curious prophecy by Don Pablo regarding Pope Pius X and the future of the Vatican as seen in the vision of an Irish priest, is distinctly interesting and merits integral reproduction. There is a good review of magazines and periodicals by Prasio.

O Pensamento (Portuguese), S. Paulo, Brazil, January, 1911. This number announces the formation of an 'Esoteric

Circle,' of which, with masonic looking dots and abbreviations, it publishes the rules and regulations. The 'Circle' appears to be composed of what the promoters call 'Tattwas' (or 'centres of irradiation')—these 'Tattwas' have names, and among the first is 'Tattwa Atkinson' and later on we notice one called 'Tattwa Helena Blavatsky.' The object apparently of the above 'Circle' is to discover and cultivate the occult and invisible forces latent in Man and in Nature; so far so good; but if for the teachings they rely on the pseudo-occultism and dangerous practices, so prevalent in a certain kind of literature largely advertised and circulated by pseudo-yogis with imitation Indian names, they are likely to derive quite obvious harm to mind and body rather than reveal to themselves or to others anything esoteric that is good.

AUSTRALASIAN

Theosophy in Australasia, Sydney, March, 1911. Among the original contributions is the second part of 'The Ten Commandments' and the sixth of 'Random Shots.'

Theosophy in New Zealand, Auckland, March, 1911. 'The Formative Will' is the second Convention Lecture of Amy de L. Graham. Miss Christie writes a report of 'The Adyar Convention, 1910-11'. 'Establishing New Lodges' by H. M. C. is a useful little paper. 'Responsibilities of Motherhood,' by C. Porteous is the third of the Sectional Convention Lectures. K. E. T. contributes 'A Tribute from Adyar'.

AFRICAN

The Seeker, Pietermaritzburg, March, 1911. 'Confession' and 'Why Contemplate?' by A. Traumer; 'On the Way in which a Man may conduct his Business on Ethical Principles,' by Mrs. Cook; 'Equilibrium,' by Grihastha; 'Adyar Letter of Mrs. Taylor' make up the contents of this growing monthly.

Le Chercheur, Mauritius, January, 1911, continues the good work in a far-away land, and we wish the Journal greater success and usefulness.

X.



Vol. XXXII

No. 9

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

ANOTHER important item in the effort to substitute Arbitration for War comes from Australia. The Australian Commonwealth Government has decided to move the following resolution in the Imperial Conference in London:

That this Conference recommends in the most emphatic possible manner the acceptance by all civilised nations of the principle of reference of international disputes to, and settlement by, a properly constituted tribunal.

It is cheering to see one government after another declaring in favor of arbitration. When will Germany speak?

**

A very valuable paper on 'Christ and Man's Latent Divinity' appears in *The Outlook*, a journal of which Mr. Theodore Roosevelt is part Editor. It is the first of a series of Lenten sermons by leading Americans, and was given by the Rev. Anson Phelps Stokes, the Secretary of Yale University. The thesis maintained by Mr. Stokes is summed up in his first paragraph:

The religious experience of Jesus Christ is repeatable. His life may be reproduced in its purity, its power, its divinity, for we are created "in God's image and after His likeness." The spark of divine life fanned into perfection in Jesus is

latent in us. It needs merely the right understanding of the Master, and the earnest effort to follow Him, to enable us to be among those "many brethren" of whom He was the "first" or the "first-born."

The preacher then develops this idea very effectively, showing that a Christ different in nature from man cannot, in any true sense, be an example.

If Jesus is held up to us, as was the custom of old, as the very God himself—rather than as the most perfect manifestation of God—if we preach that His purity is inimitable, that His feeling of unity with God cannot be repeated, then His temptations seem hollow, His prayers unnecessary. He becomes an unreal figure with little meaning for us. But if we feel, as frankly I feel, that the God to whom we pray is exactly the same God to whom He prayed, that Jesus is flesh of our flesh and blood of our blood, that temptation and difficulty and suffering were real to Him, that there is no intimacy with the Father that He had which we cannot have, except always the profound difference between the discovery of a great secret and the repetition of the experience under the sure leadership of the discoverer; if we feel that He intended all humanity to realise perfect union with God, here or in the world beyond—then life becomes a thrilling opportunity for service.

The young men of Yale University are fortunate in being influenced by such truly Theosophical teaching.

Very curious motives often underlie the attacks made on the Theosophical Society, and one of these has just come to the surface in Bombay. A furious assault was made, Theosophy was ridiculed, its leaders slandered, and this continued vigorously for many weeks. Now the cause appears. The Trustees of the great Pārsi charity fund had been co-opted, and lately the High Court of Bombay gave the right of election to the community. The new voters, numbering about 5,000, were to elect a Committee of 100, and this Committee, with donors of large sums to the number of 95, were to elect three new Trustees. That was the signal for the storm, and the whole Pārsi press, except the *Jam-i-Jamshad* and the *Sanj-Vartman*, fell upon the Theosophists tooth and nail, with quite American electioneering zeal. They must at all

hazards be discredited, lest any Theosophist should be elected. Despite all, a number of Theosophists were elected on the Committee, and the Committee, in electing three Trustees, placed a Theosophist, Judge Munchersah P. Kharegat, I.C.S., at the head, by 152 votes out of 172—23 voters out of the 195 being absent. The other two Trustees had 140 and 137 votes respectively. As soon as the election was over, the abuse ceased.

It is interesting to note how little press abuse affects the assailed, so far as public confidence is concerned. All the arguments were used in Bombay that were vamped up again in the *Hindu*. Presently we may learn what worldly motive underlay its attack. One of the chief motives in the anonymous personal attacks on myself has been the desire to undermine an influence that has been used to the utmost against assassination and political terrorism, and in favor of preserving the tie between England and India. The attack on Theosophy is only a convenient veil to hide the sinister motive.

Bath is going to have its fill of Theosophy; a week is to be devoted to lectures by Mr. Scott-Moncrieff, Mrs. Despard, Dr. Haden Guest and Mr. Wedgwood, aided, possibly, by Mrs. Sharpe and Lady Emily Lutyens. Further, Mr. Scott-Moncrieff is to preach in the chief Bath Church—after the Abbey—on two Sundays, on the invitation of Prebendary Norton Thompson, and Mr. Wedgwood lectures at the Unitarian Church. May the seed sown bring an abundant harvest.

In the most unlooked-for places the expectation of the Coming Teacher is being voiced. A vague belief in the Second Advent is, of course, general in Christendom, but now a writer in *The Life of Faith* speaks of "the cry for His return being the supreme need of the hour," and declares that from the Church should go up an unceasing cry: "Even so, come, Lord Jesus." While many

will not agree in the special view of such Christians as the writer, there is no doubt that a strong expectation is an element in the thought-atmosphere which will help to prepare the public mind. How often do the words of S. Paul to the men of Athens recur to the mind under present circumstances: "Whom, therefore, ye ignorantly worship, Him declare we unto you!"

I have received a pamphlet giving a most shocking account of the violence with which the suffragists were treated by the police in London on November 18, 22 and 23, 1910. If a fiftieth part of the evidence given is true—and there is no reason to discredit it, for the statements are sober and unemotional—an enquiry should at once be made. The honor and humanity of the London police force are of vital interest to all citizens, and the London police stand deservedly high. For their sakes, as well as for ours, a strict enquiry should be made, and any who are proved to have disgraced the force should be removed from it.

The Theosophical Society has the honor to be the first public body in India to have erected a large building in re-enforced concrete. This has been introduced by Messrs. Schüneman and Sons, backed by Messrs. Shaw Wallace of Madras, and they have built for us at Adyar the splendid Leadbeater Chambers, Miss Arundale's house, the workshops and the power-house. In an interview with Mr. Edison, reported in the *Calcutta Statesman*, the famous discoverer said:

Men are lunatics to keep on building with brick and steel. Re-enforced concrete is better and cheaper than either. Builders who stick to brick and steel are behind the times. Re-enforced concrete is not only cheaper than brick and steel, but it is fireproof. A re-enforced concrete building will stand practically for ever. Within thirty years all construction will be of re-enforced concrete, from the finest mansions to the tallest office-buildings.

Even in such a matter as this, the Theosophical Society is the first to make a movement forward!

It will be interesting to watch the development of the crisis provoked by Shri Shaṅkarāchārya of Sringeri by his ukase against foreign travel. Rao Bahaḍur G. Srīnivāsa Rao, a member of a distinguished Brāhmaṇa family in Maḍura, late member of the Madras Legislative Council and Chairman of the Maḍura Municipality, has left India for England. He has taken with him a Brāhmaṇa cook, who will, I fear, prove a great trouble to him and will be of little use; but this, according to the Jagat Guru above-named, will only mean the excommunication of two instead of one. The Rao Bahaḍur joined the Theosophical Society before leaving India.

The movement in favor of establishing a Moslem University has necessitated a change in my scheme for a United India University; the Hon. Paṇḍit Maḍan Mohan Malaviya formulated, some time ago, a scheme for a Hindū Residential University at Benares, and H. H. the Mahārāja of Benares promised to give the land necessary for the carrying out of this idea. The Hon. Paṇḍit is a man of noble eloquence, and he has sacrificed a brilliant legal career and made himself a poor man, in order to give his great talents to the service of his country. He is in every way qualified to act as a leader in such a scheme, and I have gladly made the modifications necessary in my own scheme so as to join with him. I am now seeking the consent of the influential group of representative men who signed the original petition for a Royal Charter to the retention of their names to the amended Petition, and I have no doubt that they will agree. We shall then all act together, and only two petitions, Hindū and Moslem, will be before the Crown. It is not beyond hope that a joint prayer to H. M. the King to lay the foundation-stones of the two



Universities, at Benares and at Aligarh, might meet with a gracious acceptance.

A very interesting lecture has been given at the Royal College of Surgeons, London, on the antiquity of man. A skeleton found in the bed of the Thames valley at Galley Hill, and known as the "Galley Hill man," was held to be 170,000 years old. This, in itself, is not remarkable. What is remarkable is that the Galley Hill man "is essentially modern in type, and is the only representative known of the thousands of generations of Englishmen which span the vast period of human life in 'England' from glacial to neolithic times." To throw the "Modern Man" back seventeen hundred centuries is very good.

The Lodge at Quetta, founded with strong courage and whole-hearted devotion, has made great progress in a short time. It bought itself a good block of land, and then proceeded to erect a Lodge at a cost of Rs. 3,700; it has also purchased books and furniture. Khān Bahadur Burjojē D. Patel, C. I. E., a Pārsi Merchant-prince of Quetta, has presented the Lodge with Rs. 2,902, in memory of his little daughter, who passed away at the age of twelve, and the building will be called by her name. Quetta Lodge is very cosmopolitan, English and Indians fraternising in a pleasant way. Miss Browning has helped it much, and is warmly admired there.

Our Russian brethren are the victims of the incomprehensible Russian laws. The Society was formed regularly under Russian law, and we thought that the troubles were over. Suddenly an issue of the Theosophical journal was seized and confiscated, and the General Secretary is being prosecuted. Under the persecuting code of Russia, a religious heretic may be exiled or imprisoned. The Russian journal has always been spoken of as digni-



fied, reverent and courteous, but it is liberal, and that is a crime. Yet happy are they who are persecuted for loving Truth, and I congratulate Anna Kamensky for being counted worthy to suffer.

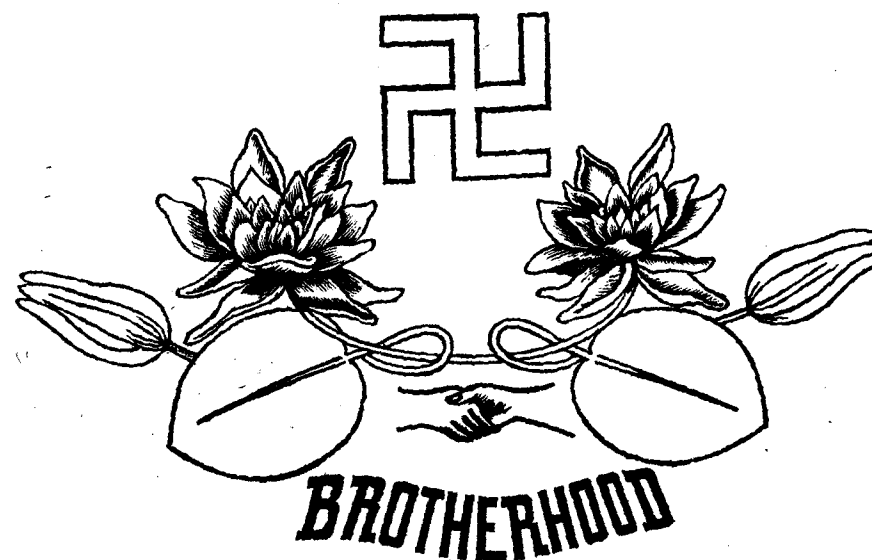
Our friend Mr. A. Ostermann, of Colmar, Alsace, being an untiring propagandist for the Theosophical cause, has invented a new device for calling attention to some of the leading Theosophical teachings amongst the general public. He has issued a series of some twelve picture post-cards containing symbolical and allegorical pictures, representing such conceptions as karma, reincarnation, the unity of religions and others. These cards he spreads broadcast amongst his friends for distribution. Upon being requested to do so he has courteously lent us his blocks, and permitted us to reprint the series in *The Theosophist*. Last month we reproduced three of them, dealing with the universal peace idea, and we used them appropriately to illustrate an article on the Peace Movement. This month we reproduce one of the cards dealing with a more specifically Theosophical subject: the three paths to union with God. We hope that the wider publicity amongst Theosophists thus given to new means of propaganda for some of our conceptions will evoke a general interest, and we hope also that some of our artist members may feel called upon to continue this useful and striking line of activity in their own respective spheres.

New Zealand received the benefit of a visit from a company of Anglican clergymen last year who carried a most successful "Mission" through the Dominion. Upon their return to England they were received by the Archbishop of Canterbury, several Bishops and other dignitaries of their Church sitting in *private conference* in the Jerusalem Chamber, Westminster. The *New Zealand Times* of Wellington gives a lengthy report of this meeting and we find that

in answer to questions after the speeches it was said that "the prevalence of Theosophy in many parts of New Zealand actually helped towards the acceptance of the Christian faith." This is only as it should be, for Theosophy pours life into the many empty religious vessels in all parts of the world. We are doubly glad to have this in a New Zealand paper and in reference to that country, because of the attitude of the Bishop of Auckland towards Theosophy in the cases of the Rev. Mr. Scott-Moncrieff and the Rev. Mr. Pigott, upon which our President commented in this column some months ago.

* * *

One of the oldest members of our Society has passed over into the astral world. The venerable Chief Abbot Hikkaduwe Sumangala, High Priest of the Peak and of Galle, the virtual Head of the Southern Church of Buddhism, left the physical plane on April 29th, at the ripe age of eighty-four. He was ever a close friend of Colonel Olcott from the time of the first visit of our Founders to Ceylon in the year 1880, when he was made Chairman of the Buddhist Monks' Theosophical Association, and one of the Honorary Vice-Presidents of our Society. A man of wide erudition, a shrewd metaphysician, and yet withal one who never failed in kindness and gentleness. The imprimatur which he attached to Colonel Olcott's *Buddhist Catechism* and to Mr. Leadbeater's little *Introductory Catechism* secured for them a wide acceptance, at the same time that it testified to his eagerness to further the cause of religious education among his people. It was by him that Mr. Leadbeater was admitted as a Buddhist in the year 1884, and in his splendid work in Ceylon during the following years he always found the High Priest to the fullest degree friendly and helpful. A great scholar has gone from among us who are still left behind upon the physical plane; may his successor tread in his footsteps, and leave behind him, when *his* time comes, as noble a record as that of Hikkaduwe Sumangala!



THE WHITE LODGE AND ITS MESSENGERS

Public Lecture delivered by ANNIE BESANT, P. T. S.

at Adyar, January 1, 1911

IF you could look backwards beyond historical periods; backwards still across the mist of legend and of myth; backwards into the darkness of the past where even legend and myth have ceased to be; backwards ever, into the far night of time, into the beginnings of humanity, as humanity, on our globe; then would you see a brilliant golden cloud flashing down to earth from a far-off planet—the planet which you know as Shukra, and which we call Venus in the West. From that planet far away in space a radiant cloud is coming, a cloud of fire and of light; and as it descends through the ambient air, as the clouds of heaven roll away dispersing at its coming, the fire-cloud sinks gently to earth like some huge Bird of Heaven, and settles down upon an island—

the White Island, it is called in the Purāṇas, the island on which later was builded the sacred City of Shamballa. There the fiery cloud comes to rest; there the glorious Beings who were borne in it, as in a chariot of fire, descend: They are the Sons of the Fire, the Lords of the Flame: They come to this planet as the Messengers of the Logos, of Ishvara Himself; They come as the Helpers of our infant humanity, to guide its tottering steps along the path of evolution.

Many names have been given to this Root of the White Lodge by human reverence and by human wonder, to express something of the marvellous life with which those mighty Beings were instinct. In the Purāṇas They are called the Four Kumāras, the Virgin Youths; sometimes we read of Shiva Kumāra, sometimes of other names; for names in this are nothing, and They transcend all names that human tongue can syllable. From that far, far off time, perhaps some sixteen millions of years ago, They have dwelt in that which was the White Island, and is now a portion of the Gobi desert, an island once washed by a great sea which spread northward into the Arctic Ocean. That sea was drained in the mighty convulsions which also changed an African sea into the desert of the Sahara, and in its stead stretches the Gobi desert; but those wastes of sand are broken by the remains of the cyclopean architecture raised there some fifty thousand years ago and more, fragments of broken temples, magnificent even in their ruins, and near these a city now beneath the sand-dunes, connected with the island by a wondrous bridge, stretching across a flood that long since has vanished in the desert sands.

Because These were the Founders of the White Lodge, They have been spoken of in occult records as the Root of the spreading Banyan-Tree, and no symbol could be more graphic or more exact. Look around you at the mighty tree under which you are sitting; in the centre you see a huge pillar which has increased slowly since

the tree commenced its growth; from that central trunk spread out great far-reaching branches, and from time to time roots descend from a branch and fix themselves in the soil beneath, and make a new centre for the tree's perennial growth. Even so is that centre of the life of the world like the central stem of the Banyan-Tree, and the far-spreading branches are like the branches of the Occult Hierarchy that looks to that centre as its root and home; it also from time to time sends down, as it were, roots into the earth, and a new religion is founded and a new centre of spiritual life is made on earth. Thus ever spreading and spreading, growing ever mightier and mightier, the great Banyan-Tree of the White Lodge spreads its branches over the world, and the nations of earth take refuge beneath its shade, generation after generation.

Such the wondrous beginning, such the founding of the great White Lodge, the Guide and Guardian of Humanity. Then as nation after nation grew up, families forming into tribes, tribes into nations, miniature copies of the Centre were made on one continent after another, and Lodges were formed, centres of civilisation and instruction.

Come in thought to far Atlantis where now the Atlantic is rolling, but where then there existed a mighty continent; on that continent was a great city, capital of the wide Toltec Empire, the City of the Golden Gate. There ruled the White Emperor, son of a divine dynasty, and there Messengers of the Lodge built up that prodigious civilisation which has not yet been overtopped on earth. As you follow the spreading branches from that centre, you see the building of kingdom after kingdom, empire after empire. Egypt knew Them, with her wondrous civilisation which, Bunsen declared, sprang fully formed on to the stage of history with no past to explain it—as Pallas Athene from the head of Zeus. See how mightily Egypt built, so that modern engineers look in wonder at her ruins, and ask how the men of old lifted the huge

stones which top the giant pillars of her temples; see her learning, the "wisdom of Egypt," her joyous civilisation, her divine dynasties, her pre-Āryan Pharaohs, her strange knowledge of the worlds invisible, her science of the world visible. Turn westwards from Atlantis instead of eastwards, and see an empire where now Mexico is struggling, a reproduction of Egypt, already ancient when the Aztecs destroyed it. See South America, the corpse of an ancient greatness, where the last fair relics of an exquisite culture were trampled out in blood and fire under the terrible hoofs of the invading hordes of Spain. And if you turn your eyes to this Indian Peninsula, in the days when the Himālayas had but newly risen, rearing their mighty crests into the azure sky, you see stretching southwards from their bases the land which had emerged from the bosom of the ocean, a huge mass of swamps untreadable by human foot, uninhabitable by man; as they dry up and become drained by rivers, coated by vegetation, fit for human home, the vast Toltec hosts pour down upon them through the Himālayan passes, and overspread the Indian plains; they build splendid cities, they rear great fortresses, they shape a luxurious civilisation—the civilisation known in the Purāṇas as that of the Daityas—which sinks into decay, and gives way before the flood of invasion of the younger and more virile Āryan race, "the high-nosed barbarians from the north."

Thus glancing over the history that seems to you so far away—and, truly, far away it is—what is the one point which emerges on whatever empire you may fix your gaze? It is that the splendid culture, the wondrous architecture, the control over natural forces, all came from the Divine Kings who founded and ruled nations, whose grandiose figures loom gigantic through the mists of time, who were the Messengers of the White Lodge, shaping the civilisation of the infant world. No savages were they who reared the gigantic buildings the ruins of which, though dumb, speak trumpet-tongued

of the architectural genius which raised them. No savages were they who built the cities in Chaldaea, which have been unburied one below the other—one city forgotten in the dim past and buried 'neath the earth ere another was raised on its site—and in the lowest of them, deep down below the surface of the ground, great corridors, libraries filled with thousands of volumes, telling of the thoughts, the laws, the knowledge, of those who lived in those incredibly far-off days. No savages were they who, in Europe, in a much less ancient antiquity, raised the huge stones of Stonehenge, poised those strange rocking-stones with such skilful accuracy that a child's finger can set them rocking, yet the push of a giant could not upset them—tangible witnesses to a past that long since has disappeared, eloquent in their age-long silence of a knowledge that made them what they are.

China, again, is being slowly penetrated—as yet unknown to the western traveller through nearly all its huge extent—and I have been told by a traveller who passed far into the interior, engaged in geological research, some of the wonders that he saw in that ancient land; he spoke of a bridge, the age of which none could tell, made of slabs of marble so huge, that he, an American, familiar with his country's mastery over machinery—and here the American engineers stand easily first—could not even form a theory as to how those slabs had been placed where they were, and fitted together into such a structure. In one of the old books of China which has been translated into English, known under the name of the *Classic of Purity*, one of the most exquisite gems of translated Chinese literature, you will find a significant tradition that it came from the West, transmitted from mouth to mouth, and was only committed to writing by Ko Hsüan: "I got it from the Divine Ruler of the eastern Hwa; he received it from the Divine Ruler of the Golden Gate; he received it from the Divine Mother of the West." The name, the City of the

Golden Gate, was given to later capital cities after that first wonderful pile was known by that striking title, but even the youngest—and last—of these capitals of Mid-Atlantis was ancient when ancient Greece was born; and the long tradition, handed down from millennium to millennium, shows how deeply the impression of its glory had been graven on the minds of generations.

When you come to later days, the time of the fifth Root-Race, the child of the fourth, we find that similar care is said to have surrounded its founding and its childhood—Divine Kings nurtured it, Divine Teachers instructed it. For we read of an august Lawgiver, known by the name of Vaivasvata Manu; we read of a revered compiler of the scriptures for the people, known by the name of Vyāsa; we read of many other Rshis, known under various names, appearing from time to time, generation after generation, bearing always one message, teaching the later people as they had taught the earlier; and the Hindū records tell us of Divine Kings. What Hindū heart does not swell with reverence, with admiration, with devotion, as there shines out from Samskr̥t story the splendid outline of Shri Rāma, the Ideal Monarch, the Ideal Son, divine in His nature, mighty in His rule, perfect in His manhood, Lawgiver and King?

And so with others also, not in India only, but in the lands where settled other offshoots of the Aryan Race which spread over the world. They all carried with them the memory of Divine Kings; they all speak of Divine Teachers, the Founders of their faiths; they all tell of mighty heroes, of demigods who ruled and taught them in their early days. That universal tradition testifies of the days when the gods walked with men, ruled them, instructed them, and were the great Ideals which even yet survive to charm and fascinate the hearts of men. For think you that Kingship would still exert its wondrous magic, even over the nations which boast themselves as in the van of civilisation and vaunt their own enlightenment; think you that

the name of King would yet remain so sacred and so dear—spite of many who have sullied and outraged it, spite of many who have blotted and obscured it—were it not that the memory of Kings, divine in Their love and wisdom, divine in Their power and justice, has thrown such a glamor over men, that still we love the name of Kingship, that still we bow our hearts in reverence to the one who wears the crown? If you would realise how empty is all the talk against Kingship, and how futile the attempt to lower the ideal that reigns in the nations' hearts, if you would understand how weak and paltry is all that is said against it, then throw yourself only a few years back in time, when Victoria, Queen and Empress, went through the streets of London to St. Paul's Cathedral, to give thanks for the many years through which she had wielded the sceptre of Empire, and see the street crowded with men and women from every part of that Empire; and in that homage of nations, in the great waves of love, almost of adoration, that surged round that stately age, you will realise that Kingship is something more than a constitutional convenience, something more than acceptance by a Parliament, that in very truth a King rules by a right divine, and is the symbol of divine power among men. And that tradition has come down from nations ruled by Kings who were indeed royal:

Men the masters of things.

I spoke not of Kings only as Messengers of the White Lodge, but also of Teachers, and Founders of the faiths of the world. For religion is of heavenly birth, and man's continual seeking after God draws an answer from that great White Lodge, which is the centre of divine life on earth. For what is religion? Religion is not a mass of formulæ which people can learn by heart and practise by rote; it is not a number of ceremonies which priests can perform and people look on at; it is not even sacred books, however noble, however inspiring, however precious. Religion is the cry of the human spirit

to the Life whence it came; it is the appeal of the little self, bewildered in the mists of earth, to the supreme Self whose reflexion it is; it is the search of the human heart for God, syllabled in the words of the Hebrew poet: "As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God." It is the perennial thirst of humanity for divinity, and can never be quenched until man drinks the water of life in the realisation of God.

The many religions of the world are the answers of the Elder Brothers, telling the child-souls of the Eternal Life, and giving them in child-language as much as the child-soul can grasp. And so from time to time, whenever the Mother-Race branches, and sends her children into far-off lands and waste places, to make them fertile, life-giving and beautiful, to build a new nation, then the Father-Lodge does not forget those children, removed from its physical neighborhood, but sends after them a Messenger, one of its greatest, in order to give them the ancient message of the eternal and ever-young Truth, clothed in the garment which best fits the necessities of the time.

When the second-born of the Aryan Race was sent out to Arabia and Africa, and travelling southwards founded a great empire in southern Africa, we find in Egypt, and in communication with the leaders in Arabia, the Messenger to whom Egypt gave the name of Thoth, to whom Greece later gave that of Hermes, who clothed His message in the symbology of light. In the central home the Race had been taught that the Self is one, "the Person in the Sun," and that all selves are rays of that Sun. The same idea was carried by Hermes to Egypt, but the symbology was that of Light. For He said that the Light dwells in heaven, and yet finds its home in every heart of man, that Light in the heaven above us is identical with Light in the heart within us, and that when once men have seen the Light in their own hearts, then they can look abroad and see it everywhere in heaven and earth. The message was still the ancient teaching, but in the new form the

message spoke of Light, where in the earlier time it had spoken of the Sun.

And when again a sub-race went out to found the mighty Empire of Persia—lasting from B.C. 30,000 to B.C. 2000—the same great Messenger went thither, 27,000 years before the Christian era, to teach the builders of the Empire and to strike the key-note of the Faith which still is preserved in our own days. We see Him garbing the one Truth now in Fire—Fire the purest of all elements, Fire the purifier of all else. Fire, the divine Fire on the altar; Fire, the divine Fire in the heart of man. Zarathushtra was the Messenger of the Fire, drew down Fire from heaven, was caught up when His Mission was over in a cloud of Fire and rapt away from the sight of men; but the Fire He lighted has not yet been quenched, and still His people remember the Word of the Fire; for no new fire may be lighted in the Fire-Temple by a modern Zoroastrian unless the Fire has flashed from heaven and has lit a flame on earth; many a Fire-Temple has waited for years ere the lightning has come down from the clouds and set some tree on fire, so that the heavenly Fire might be added to the fires gathered from the earthly hearths. Thus strong even yet is the tradition which has come down from the time when Zarathushtra's outstretched hand compelled the Fire to come down from heaven, and to light the piled-up wood on the altar by which He stood.

Yet again another civilisation was to be built, one that was to dominate European thought, the civilisation that gave to Europe the literature which still it strives to copy, the beauty that still it tries to reproduce. Greece, in the days of her glory, raised buildings so exquisite that modern genius and modern skill only try to copy that which they may never hope to excel; Greece gave birth to philosophers so great that all Europe's greatest are still Plato's men, and modern pygmies gaze in wonder at that giant figure, rearing his head so high above his race. Greece is the



master of European civilisation, with a mastery unchallenged even to our own times. When that rare nation was a-building, when that unrivalled people was establishing itself, then came to ancient Greece the same Mighty Messenger, and now He came with Song. He had spoken in Light and in Fire, and as Orpheus he now spake in music, wondrous music that the Devas gathered to hear, wondrous music drawn by His own magic from a simple instrument, looking all unmeet for the giving forth of such melodious strains; music of voice, too, so marvellous that Nature seemed to hold her breath in listening in rapt delight—so exquisite the melodies He chanted, so mighty the magic that He wrought. Just as in Egypt He founded the great Mysteries which kept alight the torch of knowledge for many thousand years; just as in Persia He founded the Mysteries which trained the Magi; so in Greece He founded the Orphic Mysteries, which were the source of all the occult Schools of Greece; the Mysteries led up to by the Schools of Pythagoras, of which Plato spoke, which moulded the master-minds of Greece, wherefrom they drew the Wisdom which fed Europe.

Time went on and on, until the day dawned in which a yet greater Message was to be spoken upon earth, and in Northern India, in a family of Kings, a Child was born. Round His cradle Devas gathered, scattering flowers, hymning the Holy Birth, gazing at the Mother and the Child, the Mother in whose arms was cradled the Hope, the Light of the world. He grew up through exquisite childhood to noble youth, from noble youth to perfect manhood, and no touch of the world-pain had ever weighed on His heart, nor dimmed His eye. Then from the world a sob of sorrow caught His ear; then through the diseased, the dead, the aged, the cry of humanity smote upon Him, and on one still fair night—all blessing on that night—He rose and bent over sleeping wife and slumbering babe, breathed over them His tender bless-

ing and farewell, and—cutting off with sharp sword-blade his flowing hair, casting off his royal robes, sending back his favorite horse—He, who was Siddhartha and who was to be the Buddha, went out on His lonely journey, the goal of which was the world's salvation. Long He sought and much He suffered; many ways He tried, and none led Him to His end; emaciated, feeble, worn out, a mere skeleton, sinking to the ground, having tested austerity to the uttermost, and having found it fail, He took from a maid's hand a few drops of milk, and renewed His failing strength; then onwards He went to complete His work, to find the Light which was to shine on Him and through Him upon the world, He, the first of our humanity to climb that loftiest peak of Buddhahood. Under the Bodhi tree He sat, assailed by all the powers of evil, tempted by the weeping figure of His wife and the wailing cry of His child, until the Light broke upon Him, until his eyes were opened, until He saw the cause of sorrow and the path to the ceasing of sorrow; then the Devas gathered round him, and Brahmā, the Creator of the world, prayed Him to take to it the Light which He had found. After some days He arose and went near to the holy City of Benares, and there He began the rolling of Wheel of the Law, and brought the Light of Life to men. Thereafter for many a long year His blessed feet trod the plains and forests of India, His exquisite voice brought knowledge to the ignorant and comfort to the sorrowing; until He cast away His last mortal body, and rose high into super-celestial worlds, to shed thence His priceless blessing on the humanity He had glorified, lifting it in Himself to wisdom and love illimitable.

His work as Messenger of the White Lodge was over, for He had risen to the place where none might bid Him go forth again, and He then yielded the seat of the Supreme Teacher to His beloved Brother, who for millions of years had trodden the Path beside Him, whom we

know as the Lord Maitreya, the future Buddha of Compassion. You know the great Rshi who is mentioned from time to time in the Hindū Purāṇas, in the *Mahābhārata*, the mighty One, gentle as He is mighty. The time came when He should manifest Himself in all the splendor of His Love, the power of His matchless tenderness, to the world to whose service He was vowed; and in the little country of Judæa, among the despised nation of the Jews, He came. Reverence gave Him the name of the Christ, the Anointed, but it is written in the Christian Scriptures: "He came unto His own, and His own received Him not." Although it is true that they said of Him that no man spake such words as fell from His gracious lips, although His heart of love attracted round Him for a while the fickle populace, yet they who shouted welcome to Him a few days later shouted death, and slew the Holy One. Only for three brief years could they tolerate His presence, only for three brief years might His tender glory shine on a world unworthy of Him. Then they slew His body, and He, rejected of the world, went back to Those who were in very truth His own, to the great White Lodge that knew Him, and that did Him reverence.

Many another lesser Messenger has come since then; there is not one new impulse given to the world that does not come from the hands of some Messenger of the Lodge. They come not only for religion, albeit that is their most perfect and sublime work; they come whenever man has need of teaching and of helping. As Prophets, Scientists, Warriors, Teachers, they come, carrying light and strength; Hunyadi, Paracelsus, Bruno—their names are legion. Many Rshis have come to this land of India, all of them Messengers of the one White Lodge; many great religious Teachers have arisen in the west, Messengers of the Lodge which is the Heart of the world.

When Europe was sunken in darkness, when the light of Greece was shrouded, when ignorance wrapped her

people, when the Church had become the slayer instead of the guardian of knowledge, and priests were no longer light-bringers; then it was that, turning from Europe, a Messenger of the White Lodge, whom you know as the Prophet of Arabia, the Prophet Muhammad, was sent to light again the lamp of knowledge. Its rays spread over the western world; for his work was not alone to teach the unity of God to the depraved and quarrelling tribes of the country of his birth; there was a mightier work than conquest by the sword, a work grander than the Empire his followers builded. Islām brought knowledge back to the Western world; Ali, the son-in-law of the Prophet, gathered round him men eager for knowledge; they took up the tradition of Greece, they founded schools and universities. From the lips of the Prophet fell the startling statement: "The ink of the scholar is greater than the blood of the martyr." And the ink of the scholar was used in Arabia while the sword of the warrior was conquering in Turkey. Learning spread as power subdued. Behind the conquerors came the scholars, the teachers of science, astronomers, philosophers, mathematicians, architects. They appeared in Spain under the banner of the Prophet, and to them all Europe went to school. It is to Islām that Europe owes its great awakening. It is Islām that brought to Europe the treasures of science, and made it possible for men to think and study where they had been willing merely to accept and to believe.

Later came other Messengers like those I have mentioned, and brought alchemy which built chemistry, astrology which built astronomy; medicine was taught, and later the vital powers which could check disease took a name from one of Their pupils. The White Lodge, the Master-builders, laid the foundations of modern Europe, and sent craftsmen and apprentices thither, that the new Temple of modern thought and modern civilisation might be builded. The greater Ones have not left the world They love, though They have not walked much among men; not because Their love is less,

not because Their power is weaker, but because in the growth of the self-assertive intellect there was no place left for Them in modern minds and hearts.

The history of the Messengers of the great White Lodge, during many a century of European story, is a history of persecution, of torture, of hatred in every form. Every lover of humanity who came to Europe with a message of Light carried his life in his hands. If you ask why the higher Teachers do not come, look at the fires which the Inquisition lighted; look at the dungeons which the Inquisition built; see Copernicus holding back his knowledge till he lay on his death-bed; see Bruno defiant, and yielding his dying breath in the Field of Flowers in Rome; see Galileo forced upon his knees, and compelled to deny the truth he knew. Messenger after Messenger came, and met torture and death; Messenger after Messenger later found misery and social ostracism. Take the latest of them, that noble woman, Helena Petrovna Blavatsky; she gave up high rank, wealth and country, to wander over the countries of the earth in search of her Master; she found Him, learned from Him, and came back to the modern world, her hands filled with the treasures of the Ancient Wisdom; they rewarded her by branding her as cheat and fraud; she was disbelieved and scorned, slandered and outraged; until even that lion-heart was broken, and that body of tempered steel was shattered.

With such a record behind us, with such a shame of brutal treatment in our memories, we await again the coming of its greatest Messenger from the White Lodge; not one of the lesser Messengers, not one of the faithful and devoted disciples, not one of those who come because bidden by their Superiors to go out into the world. But One to whom none may say: "Go," but who ever breathes: "I come"—the supreme Teacher, the great R̥shi, the Bodhi-saṭṭva, the Lord Maitreya, the blessed Buddha yet-to-be. We who know something of the occult life, we who of our

own knowledge bear witness that He lives upon our earth, are waiting for His coming: and already the steepes of the Himālayas are echoing to the footsteps that tread them to descend into the world of men. There He is standing, awaiting the striking of His hour; there He is standing, with His eyes of love gazing on the world that rejected Him aforetime, and perchance will again reject Him; there He is waiting till the fulness of the time is ripe, till His Messengers have proclaimed His advent, and to some extent have prepared the nations for His coming.

Already among the peoples of the world there is the hush of expectation; already from many a pulpit in the western world is ringing out the cry for a great spiritual Teacher, who shall shape the religions of the world into one vast synthesis, and spread true Brotherhood among men. Already the heart of the world is beating with hope; already the mind of the world is beginning to be alert; and before very many years have rolled over us and have become the past, in a future that is near, reckoned by our mortal years, there shall go up a cry from humanity to Him whose ears are never deaf, to Him whose heart is never closed against the world He loves. A cry shall go up: "O Master of the great White Lodge, Lord of the religions of the world, come down again to the earth that needs Thee, and help the nations that are longing for Thy presence. Speak the Word of Peace, which shall make the peoples to cease from their quarrellings; speak the Word of Brotherhood, which shall make the warring classes and castes know themselves as one. Come with the might of Thy love; come in the splendor of Thy power, and save the world which is longing for Thy coming, Thou who art the Teacher alike of Gods and men."

ANNIE BESANT

The Coming Day.



WORDS AND MELODY BY E. L. F. HARMONIES BY A. L. F.

Sleepers awaken! see, the Day-Star rises!
Darkness and error soon will pass away;
Light scatters darkness, knowledge conquers error;
Love will be victor in the Coming Day.

Far in the East the shafts of light are centred,
Soft pearly dawn has touched the hill-tops gray;
Those who are waiting soon will see the Sun rise,
Strong in the glory of the Coming Day.

At the Creation Angel hosts assembled,
Each in his order came the grand array;
Singing for gladness, sons of God were joyful,
Knowing the beauty of the Coming Day.

Christ in His Kingdom gathers all the faithful,
Those who will love Him, honor, and obey;
Then will His servants true, and tried, and trusted
Live in His presence through the Coming Day.

E. L. FOYSTER

THE PASSING OF A GREAT PERSONALITY

IN the passing of great souls, who have been leaders of spiritual movements, we naturally pause for a moment to consider their teaching and the effect of its influence upon the world. A practical proof of this lies in the fact that the clergy and medical fraternity of England made common cause, and met in conference to discuss the absence of congregations on the one hand and the absence of patients on the other. This public admission of its power did what might have been foreseen; it acted as a splendid advertisement for both the spiritual and physical healing of Christian Science, for it roused the attention of the unaffected and convinced the waverers that there "must be something in it," if it could so seriously affect two of the recognised bulwarks of a civilised country.

Certainly we must see in the death of Mrs. Eddy the passing of a great personality. I suppose there is no case on record where a woman has had such a phenomenal following as Mrs. Eddy. She rose like a meteor from obscurity, and in her ascent drew the eyes of the civilised world, not all of them by any means friendly eyes, for, as in the case of every other great teacher, the ever-recurring question arose "Who is she?" Then the whole of her private life (following the same rule) was dragged into the light of severe criticism, and her personality attacked with the usual amount of mud-slinging. In spite of it all Christian Science spread and spread.

We read, in the preface of Mrs. Eddy's life-work, *Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures*, in her own words, how, in 1862, she began to jot down the results of her study of the Bible to pass on to her friends. Certain essays written at that time are still in circulation among

her first pupils, but they are, she says, crude and feeble attempts to state the principle and practise of Christian Science healing. The first edition of *Science and Health* was published in 1875, and it is said that she lived, while writing it, in perfect seclusion for three years, with the Bible as her only instructor.

The first school of Christian Science Mind-Healing was started by Mrs. Eddy with only one pupil, in Lynn, Massachusetts, about 1867. In 1881 she opened Massachusetts Metaphysical College in Boston, U. S. A., chartered under the Commonwealth. During seven years over four thousand students were taught by its founder in this College. Mrs. Eddy became pastor of the first established Church of Christ, Scientist; President of the first C. S. Association, and editor and publisher of their first periodical—*The Christian Science Journal*. The author spreads the publication of her book with these words:

In the spirit of Christ, charity—as one who “hopeth all things, endureth all things,” and is joyful to bear consolation to the sorrowing and healing to the sick—she commits these pages to honest seekers after Truth.

The book was bought by thousands, and, at the present time, I suppose there is no country on the globe that has not its Christian Scientists. The reason of its success, no doubt, was because its author sounded out a note the world was waiting for—cures for those pronounced incurable. Hope was theirs once more. “Man has failed, let us try what Christian Science can do,” they said; for it is ever the doomed, who have tried all physical means, that come to God for healing through Christian Science, as a last resource. Whether or no we agree with the methods, we must admit, through the overwhelming amount of evidence, that many hundreds of sufferers have become whole through Christian Science healing.

Invariably it follows that the sufferer, in seeking the healing, studies the teaching, and finds that to keep his

health he must lead the Christ-life, for though no Christian Science practitioner will ever interfere with the mentality of a patient and ask him to become a “Scientist,” he soon finds that sin and disease are synonymous terms, and that if he would be free from one, he must forsake the other, for as long as the life is not pure, “error” will reappear in another form.

Mrs. Eddy classifies disease as “error,” an illusion, just as sin is the result of illusion, ignorance, which may be entirely eradicated by Truth, Light. Her contention is that ‘mortal mind’ (what we should call *kāma-manas*) is entirely the source of all forms of disease, as it is of all forms of sin, for it is impossible that anything can manifest itself without the action of the mind. “Mind can cure by opposite thoughts.”

It has often been said that this healing is simply ‘mental science,’ but this Mrs. Eddy emphatically denies, calling it “mental mal-practice,” and saying that no man has a right to control the mentality of another except through Divine Love. The gist of Christian Science teaching is that God, the Creator, Himself perfect, made man in His own image and likeness; therefore man in his essential nature, his true reality, is perfect, and can reflect nothing but perfection. Anything that cannot be classified under perfection manifested through Divine Love is therefore illusion, and has no real existence. Matter, sin, sickness and death are all illusions, and may be transcended by the “image and likeness of God,” the real man. For man is Spirit and not Matter. Matter has no real existence, but is an illusion of the senses. In Mrs. Besant’s *A Study in Consciousness*, p. 42, we find words which may be taken as a parallel statement.

The Christian Science teaching is ever to keep the consciousness fixed upon the omnipresence of God, and to see nothing but His perfection behind the forms which are the illusions of matter. One is reminded of the story in the *Avatāras* by Mrs. Besant, of the devotee of

Vishnu, who with the name Hari ever on his lips remained unharmed, though his father strove by every means to slay him. His absolute faith and devotion brought deliverance from the sword, the poison, the infuriated elephant and the serpent, for he saw in all his Creator, the omnipresence of the Supreme.

This is, in effect, the contention of the Christian Scientist, built upon the words of the Christ¹: "They shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover." The resemblances in the teachings of Christian Science and Theosophy are very striking, though in Mrs. Eddy's book *Science and Health* the wording is so ambiguous and the thought so obscured by the method of expression that, without the light of Theosophical teaching, one would be hopelessly lost in the swamps of ambiguity. With that golden key, however, the locks turn easily, and we may see the truths revealed.

For instance, on page 90 we find what clearly points to a conception of the astral body:

In dreams we fly to Europe and meet a far-off friend. The looker-on sees the body in bed, but the supposed inhabitant of that body carries it through the air and over the ocean.

Then a Theosophist will recognise a similarity in the following quotations: "Jesus is the human man, and Christ is the divine idea; hence the duality of Jesus, the Christ" (p. 473). The three aspects of the Supreme are expressed as Life, Truth, and Love, right through the book.

With regard to vicarious atonement we read: Sin is only forgiven when it is destroyed by Christ—Truth and Life (p. 22) and again: "There is no discount in the law of justice, and we must pay the uttermost farthing; the measure ye mete shall be measured to you again" (p. 5).

Relating to the Higher Self:

¹ Mark, xvi. 18.

Mind (spelt with a capital, not mortal mind) is not necessarily dependent upon educational processes. It possesses of itself all beauty and poetry, and the power of expressing them. Spirit, God, is heard when the senses are silent. We are all capable of more than we do.

But one could multiply instances; a hint of reincarnation can be glimpsed in the words which speak of "probation and progression." Can we doubt that Christian Science, like every other great spiritual movement, has at the back of it some guiding Intelligence, perhaps even a Master, who (as in other cases) used the best instrument for His purpose available at the time, and found in Mary Baker Eddy that instrument, through which to express His message? Her long training in metaphysics and her mediumistic tendency (she had been a very fine medium) were valuable, when impressed from a higher plane, and made her peculiarly fitted for the revival of the injunction of the Christ to "heal the sick." Another interesting point is, that in tabulating matter as non-existing, they consider always the thought of which it is the physical representation. For instance, it matters hardly at all what you eat or how little, it is the thought of nourishment, of sustaining life that is the real food. Carrying this principle into the realm of healing, Mrs. Eddy says it is not the drugs, through any power of their own, that help the patient, but the thought that is given with their application; each remedy having round it the collected strength of the thoughts of thousands and thousands of people, as well as the directed thought of whoever administers the remedy. And it seems a reasonable theory, if the power of thought is what it is said to be. A little child's mind is an open receptacle which the thoughts of evil and disease—sent out broadcast by their elders—will attack, to find perchance a resting place. The atmosphere surrounding a child's mentality should be charged with pure and healthful thought, and all talk of evil and disease kept from him, until he has understanding enough to be taught to act as his own mental guardian.

To Mrs. Eddy then we pay the tribute of acknowledging the debt humanity owes to the great soul that has passed, for the spiritual uplift and physical help her teaching has brought to it. Personal contact with the disciples of Mrs. Eddy gives abundant proof of their pure unselfish lives; they are always helping someone else in thought. The peaceful harmony of their homes, and the cheerful happy faces of the inmates are very noticeable. By her teaching Mrs. Eddy has brought harmony to hundreds of families where discord had torn the members asunder. 'Harmony' is the watchword of the Christian Scientists, and to that note their whole lives are tuned. If one could not be a Theosophist one would wish to be a Christian Scientist, for to some of us there seems to be one bead missing in the string of Theosophical perfections, and that is the pearl of healing through the power of Divine Love. Love is the principle of all modern teaching of whatever school, 'new' to us only because unfamiliar in presentment. They give us the one element lacking—the great all-embracing love of the Supreme, which changes with its magic touch the hard, relentless—though majestic and awe-inspiring—Creator into the all-wise and all-loving Father, by whom "even the very hairs of our head are all numbered," whose very essence is Love. "Pure love brought the Universe into Being, pure love maintains it, pure love draws it upward to perfection, towards bliss," and it is in this aspect of the Love of God that all modern teachings meet, whatever their method of presentment of Divine truths; through all, like a golden thread of Unity, may be traced the encircling cord of Universal Love.

Is it too much to hope that the future will see the great bodies of the disciples of these different schools unite, through clearer illumination, under the banner of one great Teacher?

T. E. K.

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF

I

WE are standing at a juncture when *realisation* is vitally necessary. Glad tidings of great joy are ringing in our ears, and our hearts and minds are stirred to a glorious expectancy. It behoves us to make ourselves ready, and strive each to make his corner of the world ready, to receive not wholly unworthily that divinest privilege and blessing which is promised to us: the Presence in our midst of the Supreme Teacher of Gods and men. What can we do—who are unfit even to worship from afar? The message finds an echo deep down within our souls; but we have to bring this recognition up into the common day; we must make it the one central fact of our outer as well as of our inner life.

We sit in darkness, and our perceptions are dull and gross. Let us neglect no means of clearing and refining our sight and hearing and understanding.

How shall we know our Lord when He comes, hidden in the veil of the flesh? What should we expect to see in a World-Savior?

The Hindū scriptures say that three are the marks by which one can know a wise man: *Balyam*—childlike simplicity, innocence. *Pāṇḍityam*—literally, understanding of the Shāstras, hence, learning; but really, full of assimilated learning, for the root of the word comes from cooking; it means cooked, stewed: we might translate the word, *imbued* with wisdom. *Maunam*—silence.

In the West, a story of a Savior has come down to us in the ancient and most beautiful legend of the San Graal. Only facts which are repeated over and over again

in the world's history become enshrined in legend, so their witness is valuable. We read in this one that the Savior was called the *guileless simpleton*, or the *pure simple one*. (*Parsi*, pure, *fal*, fool.)

Having got so far, we begin to ask ourselves whether such qualities are likely to be understood or appreciated by the world of to-day; for it has left the simple-mindedness of early years behind it, and has not reached the noble and strong simplicity that is the culmination of wide experience and ripe judgment. We are complex, vain of knowledge, restless, noisy; our admiration is most readily called out by all the brilliant activities of the lower mind. The special characteristics of the fifth Race are too preponderant, in these days of the ascendancy of its fifth sub-race. At the last Coming of the World-Teacher, His 'kinsmen according to the flesh' were that highly-gifted little people who are the survival of the fifth sub-race of the fourth Race. They foreshadowed our fifth Race qualities, so we may get some light by studying the record of what took place two thousand years ago. By studying, not scorning; it remains shortly to be seen whether the gentile nations have not despised the Jew and boasted of themselves too soon.

These considerations sent me to read again with new eyes the familiar narrative of the Christian Gospels. How much more *real* it seems! Likely similarities between past and future events abound; many incidents that we read of as having occurred then, must, it would almost seem, in some form or other recur.

The first three Gospels are very exoteric; and in the fourth the exoteric and esoteric elements are fused together. Their exoteric nature only helps us to understand better how such great happenings appear at the time, how they work out on the physical plane. Many elements intermingle in the Gospels, as we know; but that something of the kind that is related actually happened, we may feel certain, for the stamp of actuality and truth is on them. To the average Christian, the Gospel is on the plane of the fairy-

story; he does not realise it, does not even try to understand the *how* of it all. And it is small blame to him, if his creed is too often but a well-meaning convention; for spiritual truths and lofty precepts are mixed in with accounts of so many things which, without Theosophy to explain them, appear indeed inexplicable, hardly susceptible of reasoning.

Finding this study so interesting, I have written down various points in it, believing that some students who are intimate with the Christian Scriptures, and others perhaps who are unacquainted with them, may also find thoughts that are suggestive.

II

1. THE PREPARATION

"The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight." John the Baptist preached repentance and gave the baptism of water; he warned the Pharisees:¹

¹ The following information will help the reader to understand the force of some of the texts quoted.

Pharisees. One of the four principal sects of the Jews: the other three being the Sadducees, the Herodians and the Essenes. The name is derived from a Hebrew word signifying 'division' or 'separation.' The Pharisees distinguished themselves from the other Israelites by a stricter manner of life, of which they made profession. They were held in great credit among the people because of the opinion these had conceived of their great learning, sanctity of manners, and exact observance of the Law. In matters of religion, the traditions of the ancients were the chief subject of their studies; and to these they made additions of their own, as they thought fit, making their own opinion pass for part of these traditions. By this means they had overburdened the Law with a vast number of trifling observances. They even altered and corrupted it in important articles, as the Christ accused them of doing. For example: the Law commanded, "Honor thy father and thy mother;" the Pharisees taught, that if one said to his parents who were in necessity, "Father or mother, the thing you ask of me is dedicated to God, it is no longer in my power, but you shall have a part in the merit of my offering, which will do you as much good as if I had given it to you;"—he was then freed from the obligation of succouring his parents (See *Mat.* xv. 4-6). The observance of the sabbath was another point they had refined upon (See *Mat.* xii. 10-14; *Mark.* iii. 1-6).

Scribes. Public writers, and professed doctors of the Law, which they read and explained to the people. They seem to have had the sole expounding of the Scriptures.

"Bring forth fruits meet for repentance: and think not to say within yourselves: We have Abraham to our father"; and he proclaimed "There cometh one mightier than I," "There standeth one among you, whom ye know not; He it is, who coming after me is preferred before me, whose shoe's latchet I am not worthy to unloose" (*Mat. iii; Mark, i, Luke, iii; John, i*).

The office of the Baptist has devolved upon the Theosophical Society. The 'voice' is the voice of its Leaders and Teachers. For we may well distinguish between three things in our Society. There is the body, made up of many members and having a certain life of its own; there is a great Life animating it; and there is that portion of the body whose function it is to give expression in the world to the will of the great Life within, a portion which we may well typify by the Voice: for without the voice that Will would remain hidden and dumb.

It was in a wilderness that the sound of this second voice arose. For perhaps not even the Dark Ages, the dreary centuries of ignorance, brutality and bloodshed that passed over the young fifth Race in Europe, were so arid to souls thirsting after the living waters, as the age of unbelief; the former period was one of intellectual darkness, but faith of a kind it had; in the latter, the intellect had risen, like land above the formless sea of ignorant belief, till it stretched everywhere, a waste, dry as the desert sand. Then came a messenger, bringing gifts of life that should make the wilderness blossom. The baptism of repentance has been given, truly; the proper meaning of repentance is to feel such sorrow for sin as produces newness of life: and sin is neglect of duty, neglect of the laws of morality and religion. Look at the noble ethics

Publicans. Receivers of public money, officers of the revenue: they collected the tribute and impositions laid on the nation by Rome. The Jews held their name and profession in abhorrence; and those of their nation that undertook this employ, they looked upon as no better than heathen and sinners. ("Let him be unto thee as an heathen man and a publican," *Mat. xviii. 17*, "Verily I say unto you, that the publicans and the harlots go into the Kingdom of God before you" *Ibid. xxi. 31*). [See *Cruden's Concordance of the Bible.*]

and ideals which the Society has held up, scientifically formulated and expounded, as the needs of the time required, and accompanied by the gift of ancient knowledge, new to the modern world. Look at the new life and the new spirit that are abroad in the world to-day. All that it is possible to do, has been and is being done by Those who sent Their Messenger, to vivify the hearts and minds of men and prepare them for the One who baptises with the Holy Ghost and with fire.

"... Without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or color." The Brotherhood of man implies the Fatherhood of God, and therefore also his own innate divinity: and the moment we touch the living, inward side of things, outer distinctions fall away. Too often do we still make the mistake of thinking that because we belong to a special race or religion we are privileged beings, whereas these are largely 'a matter of geography,' and the ancestry of our bodies and of our creed is not the ancestry of our souls. This clause in the Society's First Object is comparable to the Baptist's warning to the Pharisees about descent from Abraham.

After a certain amount of preparation the Glad Tidings are given through the Society; it "bears witness of the Light, that all men through him might believe" (*John, i. 7*).

The Christians look for special signs and wonders that shall herald the 'Second Coming' of the Lord; so did the Jews look for the advent of Elias before that of the Messiah. And behold, "Elias is come already, and they knew him not, but have done unto him whatsoever they listed" (*Mat. xvii. 12; Mark, ix. 13*).

2. THE BIRTH OF THE HOLY CHILD AND EARLY EVENTS IN THE LIFE

Quite obscurely as regards place and circumstance the Child was born. He was of the Royal House of David, by which we may understand that the purest and best

physical heredity was selected for the body which was to be the earthly vehicle of the Christ. But Joseph was a carpenter, his birth-place was unrenowned, his nation was playing no great rôle in history and was but lightly esteemed; it was part of the Roman Empire, and the Romans, apt for rule and the upholding of justice, were not endowed with the gift of sympathy, and certainly took no interest in the religious beliefs and traditions of this religious race over which they held sway.

Yet ere ever the world had heard of Him, the wise had given Him recognition and welcome. In those days, at least, Christians must admit, there were men and women having access to knowledge hidden from all the rest. The "Wise Men out of the East" saw His Star, and came straightway and worshipped Him (*Mat.* ii. 1-12). Simon and the aged prophetess Anna saw the infant brought to the Temple for presentation, and at once they gave thanks to the Lord that their eyes had seen His Salvation. It is true that we are told of Simon, that "it was revealed unto him by the Holy Ghost, that he should not see death, before he had seen the Lord's Christ"; and that "he came by the Spirit into the temple" (*Luke*, ii. 25-38). Only what exactly do the phrases convey to the pious believer? and would he admit that what happened then in that case, might equally well happen now? The questions probably do not occur to him. It happened a comfortable number of centuries ago, and he is content to leave his idea of it vague.

Early in His life, Jesus came to John the Baptist and was hailed by him: "Behold the Lamb of God!" John had not known Him before: "I knew him not: but that he should be made manifest to Israel, therefore am I come baptising with water." A Voice from Heaven said: "This is my beloved Son." The world did not witness this event; only "John bore record saying, I saw the Spirit descending from heaven like a dove, and it abode upon him;" "I saw, and bore record that this is the Son of

God" (*John* i. *passim*). What the Pharisees thought of his record-bearing is not told us.

Further on in the Gospels we read of another occasion when the Voice from Heaven uttered the same words, and again the world knew nothing about it at the time, and received nothing of the nature of independent testimony afterwards. This was the occasion of the Transfiguration of Christ in the mountain. Three of His disciples—Peter, James and John—were with Him, but "they kept it close, and told no man in those days any of those things which they had seen" (*Luke*, ix. 28—36. See also *Mat.* xvii. 1—9; *Mark*, ix. 2-10). It is at once obvious to the Theosophical student that we are dealing here with events on the inner planes; and the world *can* only know of these through disciples who have ascended 'into the hill of the Lord' (*Psalms*, xxiv. 3), the sacred Mount of Initiation. No one else can know what takes place in the mountain, so our ignorant opinions on these matters have no value; we depend on the Initiates for knowledge till we ourselves have reached Initiation.

What does S. Peter say on this subject in his second Epistle?

This voice which came from heaven we heard, when we were with him in the holy mount. We have also a more sure word of prophecy, whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn, and the day-star arise in your hearts: knowing this first, that no prophecy of the scripture is of any private interpretation. For the prophecy came not in old time by the will of man: but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost (2 *Peter*, i. 18-21).

3. THE CALLING OF THE DISCIPLES

What determined the selection? for it is not conceivable that it was haphazard. It is not easy to convince ourselves that a few fishermen were chosen at random, or merely in order to exalt poverty. To exalt the poor as poor above the rich as rich would be unfair; the idea is indeed irreverent, suggesting as it does that

spiritual and earthly riches can fairly be set off one against the other. There is a kernel of truth in the idea, of course; so there was in that 'heresy' that sprang up in the Middle Ages: the notion, namely, that Christ was deformed, in order to show His sympathy with those who are bodily afflicted. But—granting for a moment that such a predilection were just—why those few particular people? there are millions of poor who have gained no such advantage from their poverty! The disciples were not only admitted to companionship with Christ, but they were given special teaching which 'those without' did not receive, truth being veiled in parable for the latter (*Mark*, iv. 11, 34). What made the disciples more fit for the reception of this teaching? Also, how was it that they recognised and followed their Master instantly? Consider the Gospel accounts; Jesus said only: "Follow me"; and they left all on the instant and followed Him (*Mat.* iv. 18—22; ix. 9). I see no reasonable explanation, save that they had followed and loved Him for many, many lives, and so were drawn to Him when once more they met Him, and were already prepared for this more advanced teaching.

In *S. John* there is an interesting account, showing that He recognised His disciples at sight.

The day following Jesus would go forth into Galilee, and findeth Philip, and saith unto him, Follow me. Now Philip was of Bethsaida, the city of Andrew and Peter. Philip findeth Nathanael, and saith unto him, We have found him of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write, Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph. And Nathanael said unto him, Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth? Philip saith unto him, Come and see. Jesus saw Nathanael coming to him, and saith of him, Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile! Nathanael saith unto him, Whence knowest thou me? Jesus answered and said unto him, Before that Philip called thee, when thou wast under the fig tree, I saw thee. Nathanael answered and saith unto him, Rabbi, thou art the Son of God; thou art the King of Israel. Jesus answered and said unto him, Because I said unto thee, I saw thee under the fig tree, believest thou? thou shalt see greater things than these (*John*, i. 43—50).

4. KARMIC LINKS AND OPPORTUNITIES

Not only through faithful love, however, may links be made with a great Teacher. Some are composed of too slight elements to endure when the time of testing comes; others it were well if they had never made. In *S. John* we read how after the Christ had preached on one occasion, when His sayings were found hard:

From that time many of his disciples went back, and walked no more with him. Then said Jesus unto the twelve, Will ye also go away? Then Simon Peter answered him, Lord, to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life. And we believe and are sure that thou art that Christ, the Son of the living God. Jesus answered them, Have not I chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil? (*John*, vi. 66—70).

Let us consider that further selection which Jesus made, when He chose twelve of His disciples to be Apostles, on whom He conferred special powers, whom He endowed with a special mission; and let us put together the various statements about the startling fact that confronts us there—startling, if the underlying reason is not understood.

He went out into a mountain to pray, and continued all night in prayer to God. And when it was day, he called unto him his disciples: and of them he chose twelve, whom also he named apostles; [then follow their names, the last being] Judas Iscariot, which also was the traitor (*Luke*, vi. 13—16). And he ordained twelve, that they should be with him, and that he might send them forth to preach, and to have power to heal sicknesses, and to cast out devils: . . . and Judas Iscariot, which also betrayed him (*Mark*, iii. 14—19).

Jesus knew he should betray Him: "He knew all men, and needed not that any should testify of man: for he knew what was in man" (*John*, ii. 24, 25). Yet Judas was allowed to stay with Him to the end; and he carried the money that served to supply their necessities and for purposes of distribution to the poor, and yet was a thief (*Ibid.* xii. 4—6). Finally, we read:

Then entered Satan into Judas surnamed Iscariot, being of the number of the twelve. And he went his way, and

communed with the chief priests and captains, how he might betray him unto them. And they were glad, and covenanted to give him money (*Luke*, xxii. 3-5).

The world was unable to wreak its hatred on the Master till His Ministry was over and He Himself permitted it; often when He was surrounded by an angry crowd that wanted to kill Him, He was suddenly gone. "Then took they up stones to cast at him: but Jesus hid himself"—made Himself invisible to them, apparently—"and went out of the temple, going through the midst of them, and so passed by" (*John*, viii. 59). But at the last He made no effort to save Himself, ("This is your hour, and the power of darkness," *Luke*, xxii. 53), and dismissed Judas to his work. Read *S. John's* account of the evening of the betrayal. Jesus taking the Last Supper with the twelve testified: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, that one of you shall betray me." Then the disciples "looked one on another, doubting of whom he spake," and Peter beckoned to John the 'Beloved Disciple' to ask Him. John said, "Lord, who is it?" and Jesus discovered it to him by a token: "He it is, to whom I shall give a sop, when I have dipped it." Having given it to Judas Iscariot, he said to him:

That thou doest, do quickly. Now no man at the table knew for what intent he spake this unto him. For some of them thought, because Judas had the bag, that Jesus had said unto him: Buy those things that we have need of against the feast; or, that he should give something to the poor. He then having received the sop went immediately out: and it was night. (*John*, xiii. 21-30).

Opportunities earned may not be withheld, no, not even out of pity for the man who is going to misuse them. "The Son of man goeth as it is written of him, but woe unto that man by whom the Son of man is betrayed! it had been good for that man if he had not been born" (*Mat.* xxvi. 24). We recall how it was said that 'poor Madame Blavatsky' could not tell her friends from her enemies, and she took rogues into her household. "It is enough for the disciple that he be as his

master" (*Ibid.* x. 25). One who touches the inner things becomes rapidly either better or worse; he becomes a channel for good forces or for evil. Every great Teacher endangers himself by taking disciples; without them he is safe, beyond the world's reach; when in compassion he stoops to those below him and draws them into contact with himself, he lays his safety in their hands. It takes a Theosophist to injure the Theosophical Society; and here at this higher level it seems as though the wickedness of the world could only touch the Master through the wickedness of a disciple. "O Lanoos, be of clean heart before thou startest on thy journey!"¹

5. THE BEGINNING OF THE MINISTRY

Hardly had Jesus taken up His ministry when a storm broke—faint precursor of the storms that were to come. It is instructive to note the first effect of the contact between a great One and the world, and *S. Luke* gives us a graphic account of this event.

Jesus came into His own part of the country and the people of His city were ready to welcome their remarkable townsman and to be proud of Him, and they expected Him to reciprocate their feelings and share their point of view. They came to hear Him preach in the spirit of the world coming to an entertainment, a spiritual one by way of a change, and were quite prepared to be edified. But the first thing that every one learns who comes into even the vestibule of the Sanctuary is, that no outer claim is valid there. Many come, thinking they are rich, only to learn that their coin has no currency: position, talent, kinship, friendship, even a record of past services rendered—all do not count. Moreover, they must throw their outer riches behind them, and come poor in spirit and needy; for this attitude—the true *asking* is the one thing necessary in order to receive. It is the first test of the

¹ *The Voice of the Silence.*
6

candidate's sincerity, this accommodation of himself to a new scale of values. The world never understands this, so the great Ones bewilder it and make it indignant. The laws of the inner life are immovable and unchangeable, they do not accommodate themselves to any mistake. The world senses their nobility without understanding them, so when it comes—well-meaning, maybe—into contact with them, it is apt to blunder; and then, under the smart of its discomfort, it too often gives way to anger and hatred. The attempt to explain to it is always being made; the various Scriptures give it all it needs in order to comprehend; but having eyes, it sees not. Jesus had recourse to their own familiar Scriptures and history the better to reveal these things to His countrymen; and their fury was roused all the more thereby:

And Jesus returned in the power of the Spirit into Galilee: and there went out a fame of him through all the region round about. And he taught in their synagogues, being glorified of all. And he came to Nazareth, where he had been brought up: and, as his custom was, he went into the synagogue on the sabbath day, and stood up for to read. And there was delivered unto him the book of the prophet Esaias. And when he had opened the book, he found the place where it was written, The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord. And he closed the book, and he gave it again to the minister, and sat down. And the eyes of all them that were in the synagogue were fastened on him. And he began to say unto them, This day is this scripture fulfilled in your ears. And all bore him witness, and wondered at the gracious words which proceeded out of his mouth. And they said, Is not this Joseph's son? And he said unto them, Ye will surely say unto me this proverb, Physician, heal thyself: whatsoever we have heard done in Capernaum, do also here in thy country. And he said, Verily I say unto you, No prophet is accepted in his own country. But I tell you of a truth, many widows were in Israel in the days of Elias, when the heaven was shut up three years and six months, when great famine was throughout all the land; but unto none of them was Elias sent, save unto Sarepta, a city of Sidon, unto a woman that was a widow. And many lepers were in Israel in the time of Eliseus the prophet; and none of them was

cleansed, saving Naaman the Syrian. And all they in the synagogue, when they heard these things, were filled with wrath, and rose up, and thrust him out of the city, and led him unto the brow of the hill whereon their city was built, that they might cast him down headlong. But he, passing through the midst of them, went his way, and came down to Capernaum, a city of Galilee, and taught them on the sabbath days. And they were astonished at his doctrine: for his word was with power (*Luke*, iv. 14—32).

6. ASKING FOR A SIGN

The world's attention having been drawn to Him, its demand for 'signs' and wonders began, never to cease again till the marvellous Life was closed. It is the demand of the restless, uncontrolled lower mind, or rather, of the desire-aspect of the mind (*Kāma-Manas*). The mind (*Manas*) is the real God of our idolatry. Yet despite its extraordinary and widespread development, its evolution is only half-completed; it is strong and active, but it has not realised its limitations; only the foremost minds of our day have done so; the rest are working and playing with its manifold properties without having any clear idea of its nature and scope. Reading the Gospel-story, we are amazed at the blindness of these educated Jews; here were miracles, teaching 'with power,' perfect example, claims put forward that their own 'Law' substantiated; yet nothing was ever enough; all was pushed aside, or recognised only to serve as ground for accusation and slander, while the demand for 'signs' grew angrier and more insistent.

And in our own days, symptoms of a similar blindness can be seen. Think what scorn and abuse have been poured out on the subject of spiritualistic phenomena: the apparent inability of many to believe the evidence of their own senses when these bear testimony to something that does not fit into the limitations of their mental experience, and the credulity on the other hand with which they will admit any wild and fantastic hypothesis of fraud which relieves them from the necessity of such a belief. Think also of the mockery, the calling for 'signs' and 'tests'

and the cries of 'fraud!' that our Society has met with and heard. It would be worth while for our orthodox Christian brothers to join it for some years, if but for the sake of the light that they would find shed on the New Testament. They would *see* the conditions that surrounded their own Faith in its infancy, and hear the reasoning and the arguments of those long-dead actors in Judæa, issuing hot from living lips. Only now-a-days inconvenient facts are put down to hysteria and fraud, whereas of old they were attributed to the intervention of devils.

The great Ones do not provide conjuring entertainments. They come to bring *life* to the world, and are nowise concerned in satisfying idle or insolent curiosity. There is plenty on which the mind can profitably exercise itself; and when it strives to understand the real needs of the time, it prepares itself to understand the help that is given to the time. But the unseen eternal things it cannot know; it can only reflect them when calmed and purified, it lies like a still pool on whose surface the heavens are reflected. Then, as 'through a glass, darkly,' (1 *Corinthians*, xiii. 12), we begin to see. "A man can receive nothing, except it be given him from heaven;" (*John*, iii. 27) and the "kingdom of God is within" (*Luke*, xvii. 21). If instead of this the mind is turned to try to fathom things which are utterly beyond it, to reason and argue about them, it is getting in its own way. It may lead the man far off the right track, becoming a danger to him, and through him to others, in proportion as it is powerful; and it will find neither light nor resting-place.

S. Jude, writing of "false teachers" who "speak evil of those things which they know not," describes them thus:

Clouds they are without water, carried about of winds; trees whose fruit withereth, without fruit, twice dead, plucked up by the roots; raging waves of the sea foaming out their own shame; wandering stars, to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness for ever (*Jude*, i. 12, 13).

When the mind is not striving upwards towards that which lies beyond it, its tendency is to gravitate downwards and entangle itself with passion and desire. This frequent admixture of passion in the mind is shown in the acrimony that so often enters into controversies purporting to be kept within the limits of the mere intelligence. In the Gospel story this reveals itself continually, most of all in the clamor of reviling that goes on during the scenes of the Passion:

When they had blindfolded him, they struck him on the face, and asked him, saying, Prophecy, who is it that smote thee?" (*Luke*, xxii. 64). And finally: He saved others, himself he cannot save. Let him now come down from the cross, and we will believe him. He trusted in God; let him deliver him now, if he will have him: for he said, I am the Son of God (*Mat.* xxvii. 42, 43).

The Pharisees also with the Sadducees came, and tempting, desired him that he would show them a sign from heaven. He answered and said unto them, When it is evening, ye say, It will be fair weather; for the sky is red. And in the morning, It will be foul weather to-day; for the sky is red and lowering. O ye hypocrites! ye can discern the face of the sky; but *can ye not discern the signs of the times?* A wicked and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign; and there shall no sign be given unto it, but the sign of the prophet Jonas. And he left them, and departed (*Mat.* xvi. 1-4).

One reason for His persistent refusal to give a sign is stated at the end of His parable of Dives and Lazarus:

They have Moses and the prophets... If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead (*Luke*, xvi. 29-31).

Belief cannot be forced on a man; until the elementary spiritual truths have been received and lived, further help cannot be given to him. The Apostles and disciples had no need of 'signs,' and so to them signs abounded.

How little curiosity about spiritual Teachers and the desire to see marvels have to do with a mind prepared to learn, was never better exemplified than in that episode about Herod related in the Gospel according to *S. Luke*:

Then said Pilate to the chief priests and to the people, I find no fault in this man [Jesus]. And they were the more fierce, saying, He stirreth up the people, teaching throughout all Jewry, beginning from Galilee to this place. When Pilate heard of Galilee, he asked whether the man were a Galilean. And as soon as he knew that he belonged unto Herod's jurisdiction, he sent him to Herod, who himself also was at Jerusalem at that time. And when Herod saw Jesus, he was exceedingly glad: for he was desirous to see him of a long season, because he had heard many things of him; and he hoped to have seen some miracle done by him. Then he questioned with him in many words; but he answered him nothing. And the chief priests and scribes stood and vehemently accused him. And Herod with his men of war set him at nought, and mocked him, and arrayed him in a gorgeous robe, and sent him again to Pilate. And the same day Pilate and Herod were made friends together: for before they had been at enmity between themselves (*Luke*, xxiii. 4—12).

The Christian Scriptures contain various apocalyptic accounts of the Coming of Christ at the 'end of the world,' with power and great glory, seated on the clouds of heaven and accompanied by hosts of angels. This need not be taken to exclude the possibility of His Coming again before the end of the world. Whenever He comes, the power and the glory will assuredly be there. But how many of us can see the power and glory of the higher planes, and the heavenly Presences? Because the world sees only the veil of the flesh, therefore to it 'the day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night' (*1 Thessalonians*, v. 2).

7. OPINIONS OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES

What things were said of the Christ by men of His time?

First of all, we meet with amazement: "Is it possible that one who seemed to us quite an ordinary individual, can be so wonderful?"

And when he was come into his own country, he taught them in their synagogue, insomuch that they were astonished, and said, Whence hath this man this wisdom, and these mighty works? Is not this the carpenter's son? Is not his mother called Mary? And his brethren, James and Joses, and Simon and Judas? And his sisters, are they not all with us? Whence

then hath this man all these things? And they were offended in him. But Jesus said unto them, A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country, and in his own house. And he did not many mighty works there because of their unbelief (*Mat.* xiii. 54—58).

There was also contempt, on account of His provenance.

Then came the officers to the chief priests and Pharisees, and they said unto them, Why have ye not brought him? The officers answered, Never man spake like this man. Then answered them the Pharisees, Are ye also deceived? Have any of the rulers or of the Pharisees believed on him? But this people, who knoweth not the law, are cursed. Nicodemus saith unto them, (he that came to Jesus by night, being one of them): Doth our law judge any man before it hear him, and know what he doeth? They answered and said unto him, Art thou also of Galilee? Search, and look: for out of Galilee ariseth no prophet. And every man went unto his own house (*John*, vii. 45—53).

And always a babel of voices went on, hostile or doubtful. "He is mad" (*Mark*, iii. 21; *John*, x. 20). "He hath a devil" (*Mark*, iii. 30; *John*, vii. 20; viii. 48, 52; x. 20). "A friend of publicans and sinners" (*Mat.* ix. 9—11; *Mark*, ii. 15, 16; *Luke*, v. 27—30; xv. 1, 2). "A blasphemer" (*Mat.* ix. 3; xxvi. 65; *Mark*, ii. 7; *John*, x. 39). "A deceiver" (*Mat.* xxvii. 63).

The Jews then murmured at him, because he said, I am the bread which came down from heaven. [The bread of God is he which cometh down from heaven, and giveth life unto the world." "I am the bread of life."] And they said, Is not this Jesus, the son of Joseph, whose father and mother we know? how is it then that he saith, I came down from heaven? (*John*, vi. 33, 35, 41, 42). And there was much murmuring among the people concerning him: for some said, He is a good man: others said, Nay; but he deceiveth the people." (*Ibid.* vii. 12). Do the rulers know indeed that this is the very Christ? Howbeit we know this man whence he is: but when Christ cometh, no man knoweth whence he is." (*Ibid.* vii. 26, 27). Many of the people . . . said, Of a truth this is the Prophet. Others said, This is the Christ. But some said, Shall Christ come out of Galilee? (*Ibid.* vii. 40, 41). "His brethren therefore, said unto him, Depart hence, and go into Judæa [for the Feast of Tabernacles], that thy disciples also may see the works that thou doest. For there is no man that doeth any thing in secret, and he himself seeketh to be known openly. If thou doest these things, shew thyself to

the world. For neither did his brethren believe in him. Then Jesus said unto them, My time is not yet come: but your time is always ready. The world cannot hate you; but me it hateth, because I testify of it, that the works thereof are evil (*Ibid.* vii. 3—7).

As an instance of the mingled incapacity and refusal of the Pharisees to acknowledge Him, one may recall the almost amusing recital of their discussions after the miracle which gave sight to the man born blind. It was done on a Sabbath day, and the people brought the man before the Pharisees. They enquired how he had received his sight? When he had described all to them, some of them said:

"This man is not of God, because he keepeth not the Sabbath day." Others said: "How can a man that is a sinner do such miracles?" and there was a division among them.

They finally agreed—in disbelieving the miracle; and they then sent for the parents of the man born blind. These however testified that he *was* their son, and that he *had* been born blind, but refused to commit themselves any further, out of fear, for the Jews had decided already that if any man confessed that Jesus was the Christ, he should be put out of the synagogue. They therefore referred the Pharisees back to him: "He is of age, ask him." So again they called the man:

And said unto him, Give God the praise: we know that this man is a sinner. He answered and said, Whether he be a sinner or no, I know not: one thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see. Then said they to him again, What did he to thee? How opened he thine eyes? He answered them, I have told you already, and ye did not hear: wherefore would ye hear it again? will ye also be his disciples? Then they reviled him, and said, Thou art his disciple; but we are Moses' disciples. We know that God spake unto Moses: as for this fellow, we know not from whence he is.

The altercation ended by their excommunicating him (*John*, ix). Fitting words on these men of His time are put into the mouth of the Christ in the First Gospel.

Whereunto shall I liken this generation? ... For John came neither eating nor drinking, and they say: He hath a devil. The Son of man came eating and drinking, and they say:

Behold a man gluttonous, and a winebibber, a friend of publicans and sinners. But wisdom is justified of her children. (*Mat.* xi. 16—19). Also he said: Blessed is he, whosoever shall not be offended in me (*Ibid.* xi. 6).

Why were men so perpetually 'offended' in Him? On reflexion two reasons soon strike one. First of all, they wanted one thing or another from Him which He did not give them. The Messianic tradition among the Jews was that of an earthly King and Conqueror who should exalt them and their nation at the expense of other people and nations. They had no use for a Messiah who declared: "My kingdom is not of this world" (*John*, xviii. 36). There are many traces of this tradition in the Gospels: for example, after the miraculous feeding of five thousand people, we read:

When Jesus therefore perceived that they would come and take him by force, to make him a king, he departed again into a mountain himself alone (*Ibid.* vi. 15).

We meet also with the selfishness in other forms: on the day succeeding that on which this miracle was wrought, Jesus reproached the multitude that followed Him: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, Ye seek me, not because ye saw the miracles, but because ye did eat of the loaves, and were filled" (*Ibid.* vi. 26). And on one occasion:

One of the company said unto him, Master, speak to my brother, that he divide the inheritance with me. And he said unto him, Man, who made me a judge or divider over you? And he said unto them, Take heed, and beware of covetousness: for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth (*Luke*, xii. 13—15).

The second reason lies in the power of a great Being: power which acts on men as an immense stimulus, vivifying and strengthening the good and the evil which is in them. For it is like the sun that shines and the rain that falls on the just and on the unjust. When a man of unpurified heart comes under the influence of such a force, concealed passions wake in him and he finds himself in their grip, he scarcely knows why. Also people

who are liable to be thrown off their balance may suffer temporarily; the history of religious movements and revivals shows us this, in the hysterical phenomena which so frequently accompany them.

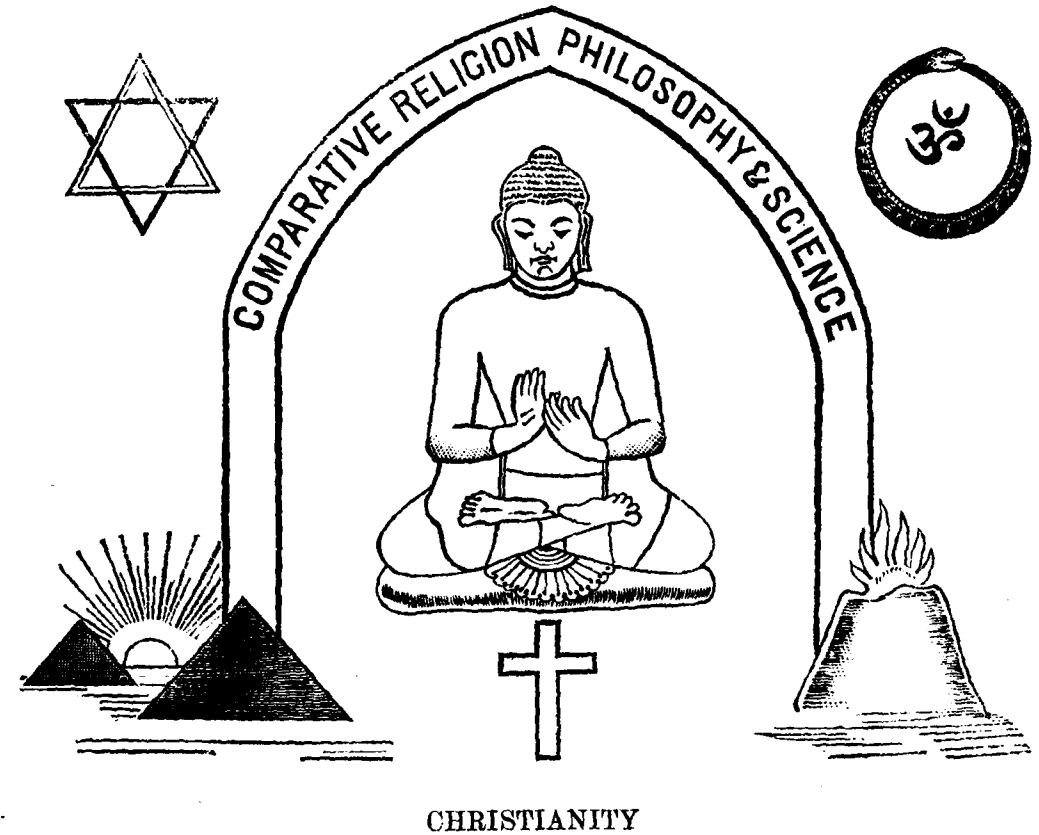
The greatest of the Apostles added his testimony to the fact that "a pure heart, an open mind and an unveiled spiritual perception" are needed before any of the things of God can be apprehended.

For the Jews require a sign, and the Greeks seek after wisdom: but we preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling-block, and unto the Greeks foolishness; but unto them which are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God, and the wisdom of God. Because the foolishness of God is wiser than men; and the weakness of God is stronger than men (1 *Corinthians*, i. 22—25). The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned (*Ibid.* ii. 14).

'Christ crucified' is the Christ in the heart of each; Paul preached the doctrine which the Christ taught, not merely belief in the Person of the Christ. On this point he speaks himself clearly: "Henceforth know we no man after the flesh: yea, though we have known Christ after the flesh, yet now henceforth know we him no more" (2 *Corinthians*, v. 16). And in stern words he taught that it was idle to claim to have received the second birth into the Spirit while belief in the necessity of outer rites remained: "Christ is become of no effect unto you, whosoever of you are justified by the law; ye are fallen from grace" (*Galatians*, v. 4).

(To be concluded)

MARGHERITA RUSPOLI



CHRISTIANITY

ITS ANGLICAN MODE

IT is the faith of the Christian Church that there is One God, Infinite, Eternal, Unchangeable, the Source of all Life and Light and Love, in His essence unknown and unknowable. Yet though Infinite He is not alien, though incomprehensible He is yet akin to His human children made after His likeness and partaking of His nature. He has revealed Himself as One in Substance, Triple in Personality, and we worship Him as Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

It is also the Christian Faith that God, the Eternal Son, manifested Himself visibly in the world at the beginning of the Christian Era by taking our nature upon Him and by being born a little child, the Son of the Virgin Mary. In the words of the great creed of Nicæa: "For us men and for our salvation He came down from Heaven, and was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary, and was made man."

Because the consciousness of men was persistently turned towards that side of their being which looks out on the phenomenal world, the Eternal Christ who is "the Light that lighteth every man" projected Himself into human history, and approached them by the pathway of the bodily senses.

In Him is revealed "all the fulness of the Godhead in a bodily form." "He that sees Him has seen the Father." Himself God and man, He reveals what God is and what man may be. The spiritual and material, earth and heaven meet in Him. He made manifest in history the abiding fact that in our humanity God dwells.

"Jesus Christ cometh—keeps on coming—in the flesh." That great continuous coming was manifested—not initiated—in Bethlehem.

So in the flesh God was manifested to men for thirty-three years. They looked upon Him and saw—each according to his power of seeing—what God is. His attitude to sin and to sinners was made plain. The nature and the tendencies of sin were shown on Calvary as striking at the very life of God. The eternal truth that in all the afflictions of His children He is afflicted, and that He feels the shame of their sins as His own, was made visible there. Through His human Body which He took of the Virgin Mary all these truths were, so to speak, materialised for us. "The glory of God"—which is the going forth of His love—was revealed "in the face of Jesus Christ."

His Body was to Him the medium by which He came within the sphere of human consciousness. He needed lips to tell men of the love of God, eyes through which that love might shine, feet to take Him where the shadows of life lay deepest, hands to heal and help and bless. But in that human Body in which He lived and worked in Galilee He could only be seen and known for a few short years and to a limited number. As His mission was world-wide, He needed a medium which could bring Him into touch with people of every nation, a body which could be diffused through the world, which should live from age to age. And therefore the great work of His earthly ministry was the preparation of a Church which should be His representative and *alter ego* in the world, a Church which should be fit to be entrusted with His own great commission and endured with His own mighty powers. This Church is meant to be to Him now and always exactly what His physical Body was. In it He lives, by it He comes within the sphere of man's consciousness, and through it He works in the world. Like His physical Body, it was to provide Him with lips for His Message, hands to do His work, eyes through which His love might shine upon the world.

And this mystical Body is made up of human beings who, in spite of all their imperfections and faults, accept His ideal and offer themselves for His work. It is a visible Body, yet all its power is drawn from the world unseen. It is organised and constituted as a kingdom on the earth, yet it is not of it. Like all living organisms it has the power to assimilate what is good from its surroundings, and to grow by what it assimilates. The fervor of the Hebrew, the subtlety and accuracy of the Greek philosophy, the strength of Latin organisation, the steady perseverance of the Teuton, the strong individuality of the Anglo-Saxon, the mysticism of the Indian, the endurance of the Negro, are all needed for its full self-expression.

"The Kings of the earth shall bring their honor and glory into it."

But the Church can only find its true life in spending it as Christ spent His. If its efforts are directed towards aggrandising itself and extending its power, privilege or prestige, then it fails in the purpose for which it was created. If, forgetting itself, it lives to do the work which Christ did, laying its healing hand on the sores of suffering humanity, helping, raising and blessing, then without seeking life it lives, and without seeking growth it grows.

The Church, then, as the living representative of Christ on earth, is Catholic, or open to people of every age and race, and historic in that its great commission has been handed down in an orderly and regular succession of Bishops from the Apostolic age. It is ever witnessing to the reality of the spiritual world by its sacramental system. Like the Christ, whose mystical Body it is, it lays hold of both worlds, and brings spiritual and material things together.

There have been differences in the different parts of the historic Church about the number of the Sacraments, but such differences are more apparent than real, and depend mainly on the way in which the word Sacrament is defined.

The Church of England and the Churches in communion with it make a marked difference in the position assigned to the two great Sacraments of the Gospel, Baptism and the Holy Eucharist, and that of the other five "commonly called Sacraments"—Confirmation, Penance, Holy Orders, Matrimony, and Unction or Anointing of the Sick—but none the less is it true that in every part of the Catholic Church, whether Greek, Roman, or Anglican, all are revered, valued and used.

HOLY BAPTISM

It is obvious that we should expect that there would be a visible form of initiation into a visible Society, and

that the form should symbolically express what membership in the Society involves. Accordingly we find that our Lord adopted for His Church a form of initiation common among the Jews and in the East generally, and raised it to the dignity of a Sacrament. "Go ye into all the world," He said, "and make disciples of all nations, baptising them into the Name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost." Baptism with water signified not only cleansing, though this thought is prominent, but also "a death unto sin and a new birth unto righteousness." In it is proclaimed and sealed the forgiveness of all sin, original and actual.

The baptised infant, for example, may bring with him from the past many sinful tendencies, but God meets him on his admission into His church with a full assurance that all guilt is washed away, and that he begins this earthly life as it were with a clean page.

In Baptism we are made members of Christ in order that Christ through us may do His work in the world. And the obligation on the baptised is implied. They must be trained to respond to the impulses of Christ as the fingers of a musician are trained to respond to the directions of his mind. The work of our Lord on earth remains undone because the members of His mystical Body are often as unresponsive to His will as paralysed limbs are to the mind that ought to control them. Baptism not only proclaims our relationship to God as His reconciled children, bound by the very fact of our second Birth to renounce the sins which He hates, to believe what He has revealed, and to keep His commandments, but it also teaches our obligation to love, serve, and help our fellow-members in the great Brotherhood of Christ.

THE HOLY EUCHARIST

S. Paul, who was not present at the institution of the Holy Eucharist, but was called much later to the Apostleship, tells us that he received by direct revelation

from Jesus Christ the account of what took place in the upper room at Jerusalem just before the Crucifixion. "I received of the Lord," he says, "that which also I delivered unto you: how that the Lord Jesus in the night in which He was betrayed took bread, and when He had given thanks He brake it, and said 'THIS IS MY BODY which is given for you. This do in remembrance of Me.' In like manner also the cup, after supper, saying 'This Cup is the new covenant in My Blood. This do, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of Me'."

In this great Sacrament the Master ordained a service in which outward expression should be given at once to God's love for man and man's love to God. All true love on earth demands outward expression, and the Incarnate Love needed it too. "With desire," He said, "I have desired to eat this passover with you." Such a love, extending to generation after generation, and intenser in its application to each individual than we are able to conceive, needed such an unique expression as should both bear witness to its intensity and also be capable of continuance from age to age. Further it needed an expression of a love that is mutual, infinite on the one side, and on the other capable of infinite growth and development. It would need at once to symbolise and realise that incorporating union which is the result of mutual self-surrender. In this Sacrament the love of heaven and the love of earth must meet and blend. And so the words spoken by the priest to each communicant: "The Body of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was given for thee," "The Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ which was shed for thee," find their echo in the answering cry of self-surrender: "Here we offer and present unto Thee ourselves, our souls and bodies to be a reasonable, true and lively sacrifice."

The Church has always taught that the Holy Eucharist is a sacrifice. In the Unity of the Blessed Trinity the attitude of the Son to the Father, as of the

Father to the Son, is essentially and eternally one of sacrifice. There is ever the going forth of the mutual tide of everlasting love. By taking humanity upon Him the Eternal Son draws that humanity into the same attitude of perfect sacrifice, and that great fact was once for all manifested in the Cross of Calvary, which borrows all its tragic associations from human sin, and all its unspeakable sublimity from Divine love. The sacrifice which found its expression there stands ever before God a continuous willing offering of a spotless Humanity, and because it is a continuous offering, it is by His own appointment continually shown forth. At every altar in Christendom men gather round the One Great Sacrifice, and worship and receive the Living and Glorified Victim, and become one with Him, and He one with them. We may say that Christ is present in His Sacrament as we are present in our bodies. It is only the body which meets our physical sight or touch, but we recognise through the body of our friend the man who ensouls it. Even so we see—not with our bodily eyes but with soul-sight (or faith, as theologians call it)—the Christ who comes to us and gives Himself to us under the veils of bread and wine. Nor is it by geographical movement that He comes to us in His Sacrament, but rather in it He brings us into living union with that which transcends time and space alike. The outward part or sign is in itself of no value. "The flesh," said the Master, "profiteth nothing," but the inward part or thing signified, *that* is all in all to us, for it is nothing less than "the Body and Blood of Christ which are verily and indeed taken and received by the faithful." The celebration of this great Sacrament has always been the central act of worship in the Christian church. It is the pledge, the vehicle, the shrine of the Presence of our Incarnate Lord with His church on earth. It provides for man in a wonderful mystery the meeting place of earth and heaven, and communion alike with Christ and with one another in Him.

This social or corporate aspect of the Eucharist must not be overlooked. In it the fact of brotherhood is realised and the basis of brotherhood made plain. "We are all members one of another," says S. Paul, "for we are all partakers of that one loaf." One other aspect we may notice. According to a great and universal law, *form* is ever being broken, *life* is ever being poured forth. In lower nature—including lower human nature—the operation of that law is violently resisted. Each creature seeks at all cost to others to preserve its own form unbroken, its own life from being outpoured. It is all claws and talons and teeth, the realm of *tô thêrion* the wild beast of the Apocalypse. But when we look up to those heights to which humanity aspires, it is all open hands, outstretched arms and faces which are a benediction, and above all the figure of the Crucified, who gave His Body to be broken and His Blood to be shed. It is no longer the Kingdom of the wild beast, but of the Lamb which was slain.

Accordingly He taught His followers that the true path to bliss is to be found not in resisting but in accepting the universal law. He took the Bread and said: "THIS IS MY BODY" and with His own hands He broke it. He took the cup and said: "THIS IS MY BLOOD" and with His own hands gave it to them, and having thus taught that in self-sacrifice is salvation, He added: "THIS do for a memorial of Me."

S. Paul teaches that so close is the contact with Christ in the Holy Sacrament that "he that eateth and drinketh unworthily is guilty of the Body and Blood of the Lord." So mighty are its spiritual vibrations that on a communicant consciously living in unrepented sin they have a rending effect even on the physical body. "For this cause," he writes, "many are weak and sickly among you, and many sleep."

Hence the Church has always urged on all communicants the need of careful preparation by self-examination

and repentance. "Let a man examine himself," says S. Paul, "and so let him eat of that Bread and drink of that Cup."

CONFIRMATION

Before His Crucifixion and again after His Ascension the Lord Christ made the great promise to His Apostles, and through them to the whole future Church, that the Holy Ghost should come upon them. Accordingly on the day of Pentecost, after the Disciples had spent ten days in preparation and prayer, the promise was fulfilled. Their spiritual faculties were awakened, and they became conscious of a sound like a rushing mighty wind that seemed to shake the house where they were assembled, and of lambent flames like tongues of fire that rested upon each. They were "endued with power from on high." Then, and not till then, did they begin their work. "The Lord gave the word: great was the company of the preachers."

Now we are constantly taught in the Bible that the Holy Spirit is given for an office and work, and the great Pentecostal outpouring was nothing less than the Ordination of the whole Church for its work of winning the world for God. But that Ordination was meant to reach to all who should then or afterwards all down the ages be added to the Church. Indeed we may say that it was the Divine intention that the Church should be the society of those who are ordained to carry on the work of Christ on earth. Accordingly from that time onwards, as soon as anyone was baptised, apostolic hands were laid on him and he received the gift of the Holy Ghost.

The first recorded instance of the use of this rite or Sacrament of Confirmation is related in the eighth chapter of the Book of the *Acts of the Apostles* when we are told of the mission of Philip the Deacon to Samaria, and of the conversion and baptism of large numbers of people. But more was needed than a Deacon was authorised to supply, and so we read:

"When the Apostles which were at Jerusalem heard that Samaria had received the word of God, they sent unto them Peter and John, who when they were come down prayed for them that they might receive the Holy Ghost: for as yet He was fallen upon none of them, only they had been baptised into the Name of the Lord JESUS. Then they laid their hands on them and they received the Holy Ghost."

From that day to this the same great gift has been given in the same way through the ministry of the chief Pastors of the flock of Christ. Just as a priest receives through ordinary hands the Holy Ghost for the Office and work of a priest in the church of God, so truly does one who is confirmed receive the same Holy Spirit for the office and work of a lay worker. Just as the one life in the body enables eye and hand and foot each to do its several work, so in the Church there are different grades of workers, but one ordaining spirit inspires them all. Thus witness is borne to the fact that all Christians are meant to be members of a "royal priesthood."

ABSOLUTION

It is not difficult to account for the great emphasis put by Christianity on the awfulness of sin, and the need of repentance. The central theme of Christian preaching—the scene to which all eyes are directed—is Christ crucified, and it is there that sin is at once manifested and condemned. Its nature is not negative; it is malignant. It is not the failure of the soil to receive the good seed; it is the sowing of a noxious weed. "An enemy hath done this," and in these words our Lord set His seal to the doctrine of the malignancy of sin. We are often told that it is the part of "a religion of healthy-mindedness" to forget and ignore it. That is just what cannot be done. It will not be forgotten, but it can be forgiven. It is in order to set people free to adopt a religion of healthy-mindedness that the Church

preaches as the great message to mankind the Gospel of the forgiveness of sins. Accordingly we are told in *S. John's* Gospel that after His Resurrection Jesus "breathed" on His Apostles and said to them: "Receive ye the Holy Ghost. Whosoever sins ye remit they are remitted unto them and whosoever sins ye retain they are retained." That the Anglican Church regards these words as conveying a power and commission meant to be handed down from age to age is evident from the fact that they are repeated by the Bishop at the solemn moment of Ordination to each candidate for the priesthood: "Whose sins thou dost forgive they are forgiven."¹ Again in the service for the visitation of the sick the priest is directed to move the sick person to make a special confession if he feel his conscience burdened with any weighty matter. After which the priest is to absolve him as follows:

Almighty God, who of His great mercy hath promised forgiveness of sins unto all them that with hearty repentance and true faith turn unto Him, of His great mercy forgive thee thine offences, and by His authority committed unto me, I absolve thee from all thy sins, in the Name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost.

It is of course to be remembered that all forgiveness of sins comes from God, and that God Himself cannot forgive sins of which men have not repented; but many who are sincerely anxious to repent find it hard to realise forgiveness, and hence the Lord Christ provided in His Church what S. Paul calls "the ministry of reconciliation." When the King's Messenger says to the prisoner: "I forgive you in the name of the King," it is, of course, the King who forgives, but it is through the Messenger that the pardon is given and taken. Even so there is nothing personal to the priest in the words: "I absolve thee from all thy sins in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." He is only the instrument through which God's pardon has been applied to the penitent.

¹ See Ordination of Priests.

In the Anglican Communion no one is compelled to seek this ministry of reconciliation, but on the other hand every priest is, in the *Prayer Book*, directed habitually to offer it (see Exhortation in Communion Office) and sometimes to urge it, and all are free to claim and use it.

HOLY ORDERS

We saw under the heading of Confirmation that it was the divine purpose that the Church should be a Society of those who were ordained by the gift of the Holy Ghost to carry on the work of Christ in the world. It was to be "a Royal Priesthood," and the commission by which its work was to be carried on is nothing less than identical with that of the three years' gospel ministry of the Master Himself, of which it is in very truth only the extension. "As My Father hath sent Me," He said, "*even so send I you.*"

But the powers which are inherent in a community can only be validly exercised through its official executive, and the "Royal Priesthood" must needs have a ministerial priesthood through which it can act. And what is that ministerial Priesthood?

To that question the historic Church in all its branches has but one answer. We may give it in words taken from the English Ordinal.

It is evident unto all men diligently reading Holy Scripture and ancient authors that from the Apostle's time there have been these orders of ministers in Christ Church; Bishops, Priests, and Deacons. Which offices were evermore had in such reverent estimation, that no man might presume to execute any of them, except he were first called, tried, examined, and known to have such qualities as are requisite for the same; and also by public Prayer with Imposition of Hands, were approved and admitted thereunto by lawful authority. And therefore to the intent that these orders may be continued and reverently used and esteemed in the Church of England; no man shall be accounted or taken to be a lawful Bishop, Priest, or Deacon in the Church of England, or suffered to execute any of the said functions, except he be first called, tried, examined and admitted thereunto, according to the Form hereafter following, or hath had formerly Episcopal Consecration or Ordination.

From this it will be seen that the Bishops alone, as successors of the Apostles, are recognised as possessing authority to confer Holy Orders. But since all within the Church are intended to have a share in the "Royal Priesthood" and to receive the Holy Ghost by the laying on of the Bishop's hands, the difference between clergy and laity, or between the various grades of the ministry, is definite rather than wide. It is not a matter of caste which separates, but of function, order, and degree which blend in a living unity.

HOLY MATRIMONY

"Marriage," says *The Prayer Book*, "is an honorable estate instituted of God in the time of man's innocence." This natural union is raised to a higher dignity in the Christian Church by its solemn benediction in the Name of the Holy Trinity, and this sanctified mutual self-surrender becomes in a great mystery the type of the union that is betwixt Christ and His Church.

This blessing of the Church is only given to a union in which both parties solemnly pledge to each other a life-long fidelity. This pledge, accepted and sealed by God, constitutes a bond which it is never lawful to break. The pledge is taken "till death us do part," and not till incompatibility of temper shall supervene. Nothing could be more definite than our Lord's own words in this connexion: "For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother and shall cleave unto his wife: and they twain shall be one flesh. Wherefore they are no more twain but one flesh; what therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder." The family—not the individual—is the unit of society, and the family is held together by the marriage bond. If that bond be slackened in order to remove the grievance of one, then ten bind themselves with it more recklessly just because it is slack, and thus the slacker it is made, the more intolerable it is felt to be. Yet when once it is destroyed, society at once falls into ruin.

UNCTION OR ANOINTING OF THE SICK

The practice in the Christian Church of anointing the sick with oil is based on the injunction in the *Epistle of S. James*.¹ "Is any sick among you? let him call for the elders of the Church and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the Name of the Lord. And the prayer of faith shall save him that is sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him."

There can be no doubt that our Lord, in express words, left to His Church healing power, and willed that it should be used. It was want of faith which in later times changed the rite to which S. James refers into a service for anointing with the holy oil those for whose restoration to health all hope had been abandoned. It was a like want of faith in the Church of England which, while it avoided this "corrupt following of the Apostles," ceased to give any directions on the subject at all. In recent years, however, this scriptural practice of "praying over the sick, anointing him with oil in the Name of the Lord" with a view to his recovery, is becoming increasingly used.

The following form was enjoined in the *First Prayer Book of Edward the Sixth*:

If the sick person desire to be anointed then shall the priest anoint him on the forehead or breast only, making the Sign of the Cross, saying thus: As with this visible oil thy body outwardly is anointed, so our Heavenly Father, Almighty God, grant of His infinite goodness, that thy Soul inwardly may be anointed with the Holy Ghost, who is the Spirit of all strength, comfort, relief and gladness; and vouchsafe of His great Mercy (if it be His blessed will) to restore unto thee thy bodily health and strength to serve Him; and send thee release of all thy pains, troubles and diseases, both in body and mind. And howsoever His goodness (by His Divine and unsearchable Providence) shall dispose of thee; we, His unworthy ministers and servants humbly beseech the Eternal Majesty to do with thee according to the multitude of His innumerable mercies, and to pardon thee all thy sins and offences, committed by all thy bodily senses, passions, and

¹ S. James, v. 14, 15.

carnal affections: Who also vouchsafe to grant unto thee Ghostly Strength by His Holy Spirit, to withstand and overcome all temptation and assaults of thine adversary, that in no wise he prevail against thee, but that thou mayest have perfect victory and triumph against desire, sin, and death, through Christ our Lord, Who by His death hath overcome the Prince of Death, and with the Father and the Holy Ghost evermore liveth and reigneth God's world without end. Amen.

PRAYER

All desire is of the nature of prayer, and the words of our Lord "Ask, and ye shall receive," have a far wider application both for good and evil than most people realise. Perhaps the best definition we can have of prayer is that contained in the words of a familiar hymn:

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire
Uttered or unexpressed.

"The young lions roaring after their prey," says the Psalmist, "do seek their meat from God." "He feedeth the young ravens which call upon Him."

The inarticulate cry of the little infant for food is a very real prayer in the ears of the mother. Even so God hears the hunger of the world as a prayer, and the yearly miracle of the world's harvest is His answer. A man's real prayer is not necessarily that which his lips express: it is always that which his heart desires. If a man is longing for more money all day long and directing all his energies towards that object, and then at night whispers by his bedside a formal and careless petition that God's Kingdom may come and His will be done, it is not the request of his lips, but of his life, that partakes of the nature of prayer. Thus all are praying whether they know it or not, but not many have yet learned to "set their affections on things above," and so make their prayers worthy of immortal beings. For this reason our Lord gave His followers a standard prayer which should express in order and intensity what we should train our desires to be.

"After this manner," He said, "pray ye. Our father which art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name; Thy Kingdom come; Thy will be done, as in heaven so as on earth; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our debts as we also have forgiven our debtors, and bring us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."¹

When men have really learned to tune their desires to this high standard, prayer will be found to be the mightiest power on earth. Steam and electricity have always been tremendous forces in the world, but it was not until they were scientifically studied and the law by which they worked carefully investigated, that men learned how they could be profitably used.

Prayer too, if it is to be effective, must be studied, and its law must be observed. Let us take, for example, one law of prayer which is almost absurdly obvious and yet is very generally neglected; *we must want what we ask*. Intensity of desire is to prayer what the force of the gunpowder is to the bullet. Yet how little real desire there often is to give force to the beautiful petitions offered in the name of the congregation in the services of the Church; the whole face of the world would be changed in a generation if even a part of the vast volume of desire which is now wasted on the transient and perishable things of the world were directed towards the noble objects suggested in the Lord's Prayer.

And if one law of prayer is that we must want what we ask, another simple and neglected law is that *we must know what we want*. Definiteness and singleness of purpose are to prayer what the aim is to the bullet. Prayer that is vague and general, or that is distracted by a divided will, is necessarily ineffective. A man who can make a definite mental picture of what he wants and can desire it with all his heart has learned at least two of the conditions of effective prayer.²

And a third law is *faith*.

¹ S. Matthew, vi. 10-14.

² S. James, i. 6-7 (R. V.)

Our Blessed Lord uses the strongest words which language can supply to assert the supremacy of spiritual over material forces. "If ye have faith," He said, "as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place, and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible unto you."¹ Napoleon was not the first to banish from his vocabulary the word "impossible". Again on another occasion the Lord uses these remarkable words: "All things, whatsoever ye pray and ask for, believe that ye have received them and ye shall have them."² Thus when the ten lepers besought the Master to help them, He told them to go and show themselves to the priests. They were to act as though they were already cured before the cure had in any way manifested itself, and as they so acted the healing came. "As they went they were cleansed." The want of faith paralyses—not God's hand which gives but—man's hand which receives.

Again, when there is earnest desire combined with faith there will also be *persistence*; an intensity like that of Elijah, which can be told six times that the prayer is ineffectual and can still go on praying, is sure sooner or later to receive its reward.³ It would seem that the lesson which our Lord taught in the parable of the Unjust Judge⁴ was simply this. If steady and eager persistency can break down the selfishness and callousness of a wicked man, how much more effective will such persistency be when there are no such evil obstacles to be overcome!

There is yet another law, the value of which men have recognised in worldly matters, and which in the spiritual realm is more effective still. We may call it the Law of Combination. When a number of men, capable and keen in business, enter into partnership and bring all their varied energies to bear upon the accomplishment of a

¹ S. Matthew, xvii. 21.

² S. Mark, xi. 24.

³ S. James, v. 17.

⁴ S. Luke, xviii. 1-9.

common purpose, they achieve much more than is represented by the amount of what each could have done added to all the rest. Now the spiritual counterpart of this Law of Combination was taught by our Lord when He said: "Again I say unto you, that if two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in Heaven".¹

S. James, who was in a very special sense a man of prayer, and whose short epistle is full of references to these laws, uses a very remarkable expression in speaking of prayer. "The fervent prayer of a righteous man," he says, "availeth much in its working".² He speaks of a prayer as a force which has gone forth, and which goes on doing its work long after, it may be, the man from whom it emanated has turned his attention to something else. And that is indeed the truth, for real prayers are desires, and desires are things.

The Christian Church lays the greatest emphasis on the duty of public or common prayer. It is her constant effort to gather her people together to worship in the name of Jesus Christ, and in the realised Presence of the great All-Father. Such gatherings give outward expression to the idea of brotherhood, which is no less fundamental to Christianity than it is dear to the heart of Christ. Fellowship with God cannot be separated from (and cannot be obtained without) fellowship with the brethren.³ That surely is the true meaning of the old words that sound so harsh when misunderstood: *Extra Ecclesiam nulla salus*; selfish salvation there is none.

T. ERSKINE HILL

Canon of the Church of England

¹ S. Matthew, xviii. 19.

² S. James, v. 16 (R. V.)

³ S. John, i. 3.

HEGEL

BUREAUCRAT AND REVOLUTIONIST

AT the root of all science, all philosophy, and all common-sense, there lies, or has lain, what, since Aristotle enunciated it in his *Logic*, has been known as the "Principle of Contradiction." This principle is to the effect that two contradictory statements cannot be true, that it is impossible for the same thing at once to be and not to be, or, more briefly, $A = \text{not-}A = 0$. It was reserved for the Titanic genius of Hegel, if not to demolish, at all events to attack with ruthless and by no means ineffective blows, this foundation-stone of assured knowledge. Why I have called him a bureaucrat will presently appear: but that he was an arch-revolutionist is already obvious. To upset a dynasty were mere child's play in comparison with the enterprise undertaken by this bourgeois philosopher, who contemplated nothing less than the reversal of the method of thought itself.

The external events of Hegel's life are, for the most part, unimportant. He was born at Stuttgart in 1770, and died in Berlin sixty-one years later (1831). His father was, as had many of his forefathers been, a civil servant, quiet, methodical, conservative. George William Frederic was a good, studious, unprecocious boy, who kept a diary. All his life he remained an indefatigable accumulator of facts. In his teens he studied Rousseau and championed Jacobinism; a little later we find him translating the *Antigone* of Sophocles and writing a rationalistic life of Jesus. Then for some years he earned a precarious livelihood as tutor, as journalist, as pedagogue. At forty-one he married Marie von Tucher, whose impulsive artistic nature was the very complement of his

own. Finally, at forty-eight, he succeeded Fichte in the chair of Philosophy at Berlin, which he held until the time of his death.

Hegel was of medium height and stooping gait, with regular, somewhat rugged features, and inward-looking eye. "A peculiar smile bore witness to the purest benevolence, but it was blended with something harsh, cutting, sorrowful, or rather ironical." He would stand for hours at his window, immersed in speculation, lost to all outward things. Yet "he was fond of the society of ladies . . . the fairest were always sure of a sportive devotion." And "at times he took pleasure in people of the commonest stamp, and even seemed to cherish for them a kind of good-humored preference." In controversy Hegel proved himself a pitiless antagonist: he had small patience with shallowness or presumption.

Hegel's greatest work in pure Science is the *Logic*, written at Nuremberg between his forty-second and forty-sixth years. Hegel, with astounding boldness, conceived *Logic* as not the analysis of the abstract forms of the understanding, but as the Science of the Idea in and for itself, of the divine Logos and "the simple ultimate principles into the diamond net of which the entire universe is built." In other and his own words, *Logic* is a series of "metaphysical definitions of God," conceived first as mere Being, the object of unreflective observation, secondly as Essence, Power, the subject-matter of Science, thirdly as self-conscious Mind, the sphere of Philosophy. Starting from the conception of Being in its purest and most abstract form, and excogitating therefrom the derivative concepts—Quality, Quantity, Measure; Essence, Manifestation, Actuality; Subjectivity, Objectivity, Idea—which are logically implied by it, he forces it to disclose its transcendent purport. In this dialectical process investigation and proof are as one, since "in philosophy to prove means to show how the subject, by and from itself, makes itself what it is." All

true thinking is, for Hegel, of a dialectical nature, that is, an exertion of that inner power by which Reason overcomes and unifies the contradictory conclusions of the finite understanding.

Thus when Hegel in his *Logic* posits pure Being as his point of departure, he asserts that in its bare abstractness this idea is identical with that of its opposite, Nothing. Take away from your conception of any object all determinate qualities—color, form, size, weight, power of resistance, and so forth—leaving only the residual assurance that it somehow *is*, and, although you may cherish the distinction between this idea of empty Being and that of its opposite, it is a distinction without a difference. "Mere Being, as it is mere abstraction, is therefore the absolutely negative: which, in a similarly immediate aspect, is just Nothing." It is not really the featurelessness reached by the elimination of character, although that may serve as an illustration or suggestion of its nature, but the original featurelessness which *precedes* all definite character and is the very first of all. So, as the idea of pure Being is identical with the idea of Nothing, we find the Absolute defined by one school of thought as the supreme Being, exempt from all those limitations which are found in every reality, and by another (*e.g.*, the Buddhists) as the non-existent—the Nothing. And these two definitions of the Absolute, as pure Being and as Nothing, are, to all intents and purposes, identical.

Confronted by two contradictory, yet—since extremes meet—indifferent conclusions of the understanding, the one that all appearance is real, the other that it is all illusion, reason proceeds to combine both in a higher and reconciling point of view. Obviously it is not enough to say of any real object of thought that it merely is or is not. For since change is incessant and universal, and, even in the instant in which we begin to think of it, it has become something else, it both is and is not.

To be born is to begin to die, and to be is to become something else. In becoming, reason finds that unity of Being and Nothing which an ever-changing universe implies.

"The truth of Being and Nothing is accordingly the unity of the two: and this unity is Becoming." The Absolute, at this stage of the logical process, is defined, as it was, for example, by Heraclitus, not as a mere state but as a perpetual process: All is flowing."

"There is absolutely nothing whatever," Hegel declares, "in which we cannot and must not point to contradictions or opposite attributes." Now the faculty by which we investigate the several properties of a given object, comparing them with the analogous properties of other things, and so attaining to a clear and definite conception of the object, is the understanding. This is not merely a legitimate but a quite essential part of the process of investigating reality. But the understanding works abstractly; that is, for the sake of clearness it attends exclusively to one aspect of reality at a time, attempting to treat that exhaustively, and ignoring the others. "Thus, for example, in mathematics, magnitude is the feature which, to the neglect of any other, determines our advance." And "thus the judge must stick to the law, and give his verdict in accordance with it, undeterred by one motive or another, allowing no excuses, and looking neither left nor right." But this fidelity to the law of understanding, which is the principle of contradiction, right and necessary within reasonable limits, may be carried too far. There is an old saying: *Summum jus, summa injuria*: the height of legality is the height of injustice. Witness the case of Shylock, demanding his pound of flesh. "To drive an abstract right to its extremity is to do a wrong." When the law fails him a good judge falls back upon equity: that is, he corrects the one-sidedness of the understanding by the exercise of reason. The understanding works on the assumption that every finite object has valid existence, that it

can be caught on the wing and exhaustively determined. But Hegel believed that every finite thing is essentially self-contradictory, every individual a potential universal, barely maintaining itself against the tendency to merge into its opposite. In dealing with a self-contradictory subject-matter as if it were self-consistent, contradictory conclusions are obviously inevitable. Hence the necessity of a higher truly-rational point of view, which compels the terms of every contradiction to render up their common secret, and finds for that a place in the logical scheme.

This is the sphere of the concrete Notion, culminating in the Absolute Idea, Self-Consciousness, the final realisation of the unity of Subject and Object. Rational thought is, for Hegel, of a nature such that it cannot without sacrifice of truth be translated into terms of the sensuous or picture-thinking of ordinary conceptions. Hence the great difficulty of giving a satisfactory account of his philosophy that shall at the same time be faithful to the original and generally intelligible. He said himself that no philosophy that is not systematic has any claim to be regarded as a Scientific philosophy, and certainly Hegelianism is nothing if not systematic. Only heroes of thought can break through the ring of fire which guards "the secret of Hegel."

For him the core of Reality is an ever-expanding sphere of Thought, which with adamantine strength breaks down and crushes into its own glassy essence the seemingly-irreconcilable antitheses of the finite understanding. Open his books where you will, and, as has been well said by Dr. Stirling, you will always find him apparently saying much the same things. Always that ruthlessly logical, unhasting, unrelenting, ever-expanding sphere of Thought: always the same austere supersensuous pitch: and you seek and seek vainly for a momentary relaxation of the intellectual tension, a hint of concession to the lust for symbolical elucidation, a weak spot in that iron phalanx

of conquering dialectic. If, at last, by dint of well-nigh intolerable effort, you succeed, or flatter yourself that you have succeeded, in breaking through the ring of fire into the magic circle where the charmed goddess sleeps, you will be fortunate if you succeed in winning out in less than twenty years.

Once fairly under the spell of the Hegelian point of view, and your world, whether or not you maintain formal allegiance to the master-magician, will never be quite the same world again.

"Thinking," says Hegel, "is always the negation of what we have immediately before us." It is an attempt at, and (in so far as it is true,) the accomplishment of, a leap from appearance to reality. It negatives the appearance; it affirms the reality. And in the course of this, Thought follows a regular process, taking up in succession three distinct attitudes towards its object. In the first of these attitudes thought entertains a naïve, uncritical faith in its powers, and has no sense of the contradictions involved in its own activity. Confronted by conflicting alternatives, thought, in this phase, adopts without hesitation that which appears preferable, to the total exclusion of the other, even when dealing with the objects of reason, e.g., God, the Soul, the Universe—where such finite methods are inapplicable. Has God existence? Is the Universe finite or infinite? Is the soul simple or composite? Whichever answer is given to any one of these questions, only a half truth will be attained. The objects of reason cannot be defined by the mere assignment of predicates; cannot be investigated on the "either, or" principle; nor the truth about them expressed in such crude and one-sided ways. By persistence in this course, thought either hardens into dogmatism or crumbles into scepticism, according as it accepts or rejects the results of its abstract construction.

Foiled in this first attempt to solve its self-proposed riddles, thought assumes a new attitude towards them.

Finding no satisfaction in the meagre diet of unverifiable abstractions, which conceal their utter lack of substance under high-sounding names, it falls back upon the world of sense and the wealth of so-called "real experience." It lays hold on man and nature as they are here before it, and by means of such categories as force, matter, cause and effect, seeks to penetrate to the reality underlying them. Science is born; and for a time its rapid progress seems more than to compensate for the forfeiture of supersensuous dreams. The distinction between subject and object is not merely recognised but magnified into an impassable gulf, so that reason, turning against itself, decrees its own impotency to know things as they are in themselves, and limits itself to the investigation of mere appearances, and the uniformities discernible therein. What the ancients called the "intelligible" world *may* exist, but, since it is not intelligible, we can at best attain to a conviction of its bare existence.

But reason, in condemning itself to the investigation of the sphere of sense-perception, is adopting a self-denying ordinance which its own essence forbids it to obey. Having decreed its own inability to know the unconditioned, it still finds its consciousness haunted by the idea of the unconditioned, as by a spectre that cannot be laid. To account for this presence a new theory is formulated by which the mind is, as it were, split into two parts. Thought proper is limited to the investigation of the particular and finite. The infinite on the other hand is not knowable in the ordinary sense, but its existence is given by a special faculty of intellectual intuition. This intuition suffices to give assurance of the reality of its objects—the soul, the Absolute—but stops there. To this theory Hegel objects that it is absurd to qualify as *intellectual* an intuition which does not issue in concrete thought. "Pure and simple intuition is," moreover, "completely the same as pure and simple thought." On the other hand, Hegel, who believed thought and being, subject and object, to be

inseparably united, approved of this theory of immediate knowledge, in so far as it asserted that the existence of the Absolute Idea is guaranteed by consciousness. Our consciousness of unconditioned reality is not merely immediate (although it is that, when attained) but is also mediated, that is, must be reached by a definite step from the finite, by the negation of the finite. We cannot stop short at knowing *that* the Absolute is, we must also strive to know *what* it is. The resolve that *wills pure thought*, and grasps in pure abstraction the simplicity of thought, which is also, for Hegel, the simplicity of *being*, is the very first step in philosophy as he conceived it. Once committed to this step, the mind cannot rest until it has completed the circle and assured itself that the idea of being implies and inevitably expands into the idea of knowledge. Being, divorced from knowing, or the possibility of knowing, is thus a meaningless word.

Philosophy as conceived by Hegel divides into three parts, viz.: (1) Logic, the Science of the Idea in and for itself; (2) The Philosophy of Nature, the Science of the Idea in its self-alienation or otherness; and (3) The Philosophy of Mind, the Science of the Idea come back to itself out of its otherness. I have said something of Logic, the first of these three divisions, which might be called the science of unmanifested mind, of mind conceived as creative power and self-subsistent reality. In the second part Hegel's task is, as it were, to demonstrate the immanence of thought in Nature, and here, as might have been expected, even favorable critics agree that his success is at least open to question. In the first place, Hegel was not a practical scientist; and in the second, the mechanical view of things was too strongly entrenched in the sphere of inorganic processes to yield place to the first wave of his wand of logic. "All that is reasonable is also actual," said Hegel; "all that is actual is also reasonable." If this be so, one can only submit that the reasonableness of Nature is, in many respects, very cur-

ningly concealed. To which he would no doubt have replied that the actuality of Nature is also by no means exempt from qualification, since therein Thought, the supreme reality, is for the most part merely potential or implicit. Nature was, for Hegel, a bacchantic god, uncontrolled by and unconscious of himself. The third part of Philosophy, that of manifested mind, mind becoming reconciled to itself after its self-alienation, begins with the emergence of Man from Nature. In the human spirit the truth of Nature is revealed. From the life of sensation Man rises to the life of emotion, from that again to the life of thought and rational will. This rational spirit again realises itself objectively in a new world of its own, the world of Law, Morality, and the State, the last-named being the actuality of the Ethical Idea, the realisation of rational freedom. Finally, as Art, Religion, Philosophy, Spirit attains to the Absolute Sphere, and becomes reconciled with itself after its long immersion and self-concealment in Nature. Hegel claimed for Philosophy, as represented by his own system, that therein the unity of the divine and the human, which is the import of Christianity, was demonstrated in the form of thought reproducing from itself the entire natural and spiritual universe. Thus, although, in a sense, Hegel made himself the champion of Religion, he always claimed for Philosophy the supreme place among the spiritual functions. What the saint only feels, the Philosopher knows and comprehends. In the long run Hegel's championship of orthodoxy is, therefore, I think, likely to prove more embarrassing than helpful. For nothing is more certain than that there can be no absolute finality in Philosophy; and if not in philosophy, then, on his own showing, even less in religion.

"In his conception of the State," says Schwegeler, "Hegel has a decided leaning to the ancient political idea which completely subordinates the individual . . . to the will of the State. The omnipotence of the State in its antique sense—this, before all, is held fast by Hegel. Hence his

aversion to modern liberalism, to the claims, criticisms and pretensions to know better on the part of individuals. The State to him is the rational ethical substance, within which the life of the individual must find itself—it is existent Reason to which the subject must with free vision adapt himself." This deification of law and tradition, this identification of the State into which a man happens to be born with the Reason World, so far as he at any rate is concerned, constitutes the *bureaucratic* element in Hegel. It is, in my opinion, at once the strongest and the most vulnerable point in his practical philosophy. "Is it not indeed to Hegel," exclaims Dr. Stirling, "and especially his philosophy of ethics and politics, that Prussia owes that mighty life and organisation she is now rapidly developing? Is it not indeed the grim Hegel that is the centre of that organisation, which, maturing counsel in an invisible brain, strikes lightning-like, with a hand that is weighted from the mass?"

Yes; but, on the other hand, that contempt for individual aims and happiness implied by the Hegelian deification of established institutions, that slighting tone which he invariably adopts towards what he depreciatingly terms mere "subjectivity," that unqualified demand that every citizen shall adapt himself to his place in the national machinery—how could these fail to evoke the bitterest and most relentless opposition? So we must recognise in the uncompromisingly democratic, socialist ideal initiated by Karl Marx, and growing more and more powerful in modern Germany, a kindred expression of the revolutionary aspirations voiced by Hegel himself in the days of his youth, and imbedded in his own despite, as a principle of *self-disruption*, at the heart of his seemingly-conservative philosophy. The claims of "mere subjectivity" are not so lightly to be disposed of in the long run: we are not all descendants of a line of methodical civil servants.

Perhaps the best general view of Hegel's results is to be obtained by the study of his Lectures on the

Philosophy of History, delivered five times at Berlin between his fifty-third and sixty-second years, that is, up to the very eve of his last illness. In these lectures Hegel treats History as the theatre whereon is wrought out and realised that rational freedom which is, for him, the essence of Spirit. The light of self-consciousness follows the course of the sun, dawning in Asia, passing thence to the Greek and Roman civilisations, attaining its consummation in that of Germanic Europe.

"The East knew, and to the present day knows, only that *one* is free: the Greek and Roman world, that *some* are free: the German world knows that *all* are free. As in Logic, so in history. Spirit at every step encounters contradictions, born of its own substance, which it has, by painful effort, to resolve and overcome. Its expansion, therefore, does not present the harmless tranquillity of mere growth, as does organic life, but a stern reluctant working against itself." Beginning at the phase of immersion in Nature, Spirit has to rise to that state in which it attains the consciousness and feeling of itself. In its progress from East to West, and from phase to phase, embodying itself now in one civilisation, now in another more advanced one, it has always one predominant representative, one State or Empire which on the stage of World-History plays for the time being the protagonist's part. When such a World-Historical Nation reaches maturity it comes into contact with its predecessor and defeats it in war. Thus the Greeks conquered the Persians, and in due course were defeated by their successors, the Romans, who henceforth were to take the lead, until they too decayed and fell before the Germanic tribes. And against that nation which, at a given moment, represents the crest of the spiritual wave, no other existing nation has any rights, or can stand in successful opposition.

The Spirit of a nation, in realising its potentiality, erects itself into an objective world, manifesting in a

particular form of religion, and in its customs, constitution, laws, as well as in the events and transactions that make up its history, the aim and purport of its existence. "A nation is moral, virtuous, vigorous, while it is engaged in realising its grand objects, and defends its work against external violence during the process of giving to its purposes an objective existence. But this having been attained, the activity displayed by the Spirit of the people in question is no longer needed: it has its desire. The nation can still accomplish much in war and peace at home and abroad; but the living substantial soul itself may be said to have ceased its activity." A life of mere use and wont lacks the interest born of opposition, the creative interest; and in the absence of some new informing principle, some new ideal, must issue in stagnation if not in decay. The needs of such times in the history of nations are met by the emergence of great men, world-historical individuals, whose wills embody aims apparently hostile to the interests of the State, yet really essential to its salvation from the living death which threatens it. The essence of tragedy consists not in the conflict of right and wrong, but of two rights—on the one side an established right that has had its day, on the other an unacknowledged right whose day is at hand. To enforce the recognition and achievement of such unacknowledged rights is the task of heroes of thought and action. Their success is usually bought at the expense of happiness; often, as in the cases of Cæsar and Socrates, at that of life. In substance their deeds or words are right and even necessary; in form they are criminal. Thus when on account of giving utterance to that new and higher morality which was advancing to recognition, Socrates is condemned to death, "the sentence bears on the one hand the aspect of unimpeachable rectitude—inasmuch as the Athenian people condemns its deadliest foe—but on the other hand, that of a deeply tragical character, inasmuch as the Athenians had to make the discovery that what they reprobated in Socrates had already

struck firm root in themselves, and that they must be declared guilty or innocent with him."

In this view of the creative rôle of great men, and in its repudiation of the view which judges their actions from the standpoint of conventional morality, Hegel seems to be applying the root-principle of his logic to the stubbornest and most momentous of all antitheses—that of "good" and "evil." This revolutionary suggestion has perhaps borne fruit in the super-morality of the philosophy so much in vogue to-day—that of Friedrich Nietzsche, who was an avowed admirer, though by no means a disciple, of Hegel. What Hegel would have thought of Nietzsche's "Beyond Good and Evil" one would not care to suggest; but, for all that, its root-principle is, in a sense, implied by his own—that of reason's power to transcend all contradictions, and to resolve every "pair of opposites" into a higher point of view.

The task of great men of action is to meet the needs of the moment; and although in their deeds they are impelled by purposes and ambitions of their own, these turn out to be precisely what the interests of the nation required. Great thinkers, on the other hand, bring to light the defects of the actual achievements of their nation in the past, and strive to formulate a new and higher ideal. So, like the phoenix, the national spirit rises from its own ashes, and sets itself a new and a higher task. And so, from hand to hand, from nation to nation, the torch of freedom is passed round the world, glowing ever with a brighter and purer flame. And in his *Philosophy of History*, Hegel set himself to trace the growth of rational freedom from its dawn in the far East, China, India and Persia, to what he considered its full noontide in the protestant civilisation of modern Europe.

It is now close upon a century since the first publication of Hegel's *Logic*, the central achievement of his intellectual career. It has been a century rife with

epoch-making discoveries, involving fundamental changes in man's outlook upon the world. How far have these discoveries, these changes, affected for good or ill the position of the Hegelian philosophy? Does it still stand four-square to all the winds of heaven; or are its foundations undermined, its walls crumbling, its defenders disheartened by the prospect of defeat? Do modern thinkers, *those who really count*, still accept as valid the claim of Hegel to have demonstrated his so-called "Absolute Idealism"; to have proved, once for all, that Thought is the sole reality; that the Universe with all its marvellous complexity, all its tragic discords, all its grandeurs, mysteries, cruelties, horrors, mockeries, is the self-realisation of one infinite Mind, sundering itself into innumerable finite minds, yet maintaining ever in unbroken unity the conscious omnipotence of its will?

In my opinion this is very far from being the case. On the contrary, I believe that the sun of Absolutism is irrecoverably setting; that its day is drawing to a close; and that Hegel, the high-priest of Absolutism, great man as he was, will never again hold in the world of Thought the despotic sway to which he so arrogantly aspired; which, indeed, for some few years, in many influential quarters, he undoubtedly achieved and held. We do not in these days believe in the possibility of "defining" the Absolute; while the suggestion that Logic (the Logic of Hegel, or any other Logic) be regarded as a series of such definitions of the undefinable, provokes only ironic smiles.

At the bottom of all the hard thinking and, I must add, the dogmatic assurance of the Hegelian Logic, there will be found something which in so far as it is not a mere truism is in my opinion a fallacy. Start, says Hegel, with the thought of Being and follow up carefully all the derivative thoughts which on the same abstract plane arise out of it. You will inevitably arrive at the idea of self-conscious Mind.

Therefore, Self-conscious Mind is the fundamental reality implied by Being—the sole and final reality. It is, however, no great discovery that a thought, whether of being or anything else, implies a *thinker*. "Because there is a concept of existence, that is not to say that existence is a concept." The gulf between reality and our thought of reality remains unbridged. A man who had been all his life imprisoned in a cell with red windows would necessarily conceive the outside world as red. But he would nevertheless be wrong. Hegelians are never tired of repeating the master's dictum to the effect that "to know a limit as such is in some sense to be beyond it," since "the consciousness of a limit implies the consciousness of something beyond it." A prisoner may be conscious of his dungeon walls as a limit, and of the existence of a busy world beyond them. In imagination he may even take part in the life of that outer world, but that is not a very satisfying way of transcending the limit of his dungeon-walls. It is in much the same way that Hegel seeks to transcend the limits of our inner life and to prove that being and our thought of being are one and the same. Hegel defines conception as "the penetration of the object by thought." In other words, he seems to have held that in thinking of anything we are in spiritual contact therewith, or rather that we are, to the extent that our thought is true and adequate, carried out of ourselves and identified with that thing. This may be so, of course, but to admit that is a long way short of admitting that Hegel has proved it. I do not believe that he or anyone has proved anything of the kind.

It should always be remembered that when Hegel in his *Logic* or elsewhere speaks of Mind or of Thought, he does not mean any particular person's mind or thought, but uses both words in an absolute and universal sense. The self-consciousness to which the logical process conducts us is that of a Self spelt with a capital initial. Hence for Hegel

Thought is not something fallible and capricious; it is in essence true and divine. He himself doubtless believed that in excogitating his own philosophy he was functioning as the mouthpiece of divine Truth. And because he was himself methodical and systematic, as befitted the descendant of a line of order-loving civil servants, he conceived thought as essentially methodical, and philosophy as nothing if not systematic. He quite failed to see that this is merely a matter of temperament. It is nonsense to say that no philosophy is to be considered scientific unless it forms a complete system; the very opposite would be at least as tenable a view. For truth is larger than any philosophy or any man-made system. It was really his own way of thinking that Hegel with cool effrontery apotheosised and worshipped as divine. But there are so many other ways; are they too divine? And if not, why not?

Similarly he recognised in the State and its legal prescriptions and prohibitions an impressive embodiment of his bureaucratic point of view. Accordingly the State also was acclaimed as divine; against its decrees no personal hunger for happiness or satisfaction should have any right of protest or appeal. The best we can really say for the State is, however, that it is a kind of rough and ready expression of the practical outcome of a number of conflicting points of view. As to its divinity—the least said about that the soonest mended. As an embodiment of Reason every State that has hitherto existed has been, if not a hopeless failure, an indispensable makeshift and nothing more. It is mere idolatry to call any State divine.

Hegel called his system "Absolute Idealism." Now the proof of a pudding is in the eating; and it seems to me that to call a system which apotheosises bureaucracy as such, "Absolute Idealism," is going a little too far. I suggest "Absolute Philistinism" as a more appropriate name.

Hegel's philosophy in its mature form—his early works are in a different category—is the philosophy of the

middle class man, at his best and highest assuredly, but merely of the middle-class man. It embodies his common-sense, his love of decency, order, frugality, his domesticity, patriotism, piety, occasional geniality, above all his rigid intolerance of alien and conflicting points of view. And since the middle-class man exemplifies, far more typically than the aristocrat or the plebeian, the virtues and limitations of the civilised state, Hegel's may be called *par excellence* the Philosophy of Civilisation. And that, of course, is as much as to say that in the History of Philosophy the Hegelian system and the Hegelian point of view will always maintain an honorable place. On the other hand it is an indubitable fact that the point of view of civilisation, as such, is not the modern twentieth-century point of view. We have not by any means worked out the civic phase of development; but we are beginning to look beyond it; and our poets, composers, artists and thinkers are on the alert for glimpses of a new ideal of social organisation, differing in every possible respect from that of the civic phase. I cannot attempt to describe this new order of things, but will merely suggest by way of analogy that the modern social ideal bears to the civic ideal somewhat the same relation that a living organism bears to a machine. Spontaneity rather than discipline—although by no means to its exclusion—will be the key-note of the future: and spontaneity to your Hegelian bureaucrat is "mere subjectivity," or negligible if not culpable caprice.

In the Introduction to his *Philosophy of History* Hegel speaks of America as "The Land of the Future, where, in the ages that lie before us, the World's History shall reveal itself . . . It is a land of desire for all those who are weary of the historical lumber-room of old Europe . . . It is for America to abandon the ground on which hitherto the History of the world has developed itself . . . Dismissing then the New World and the dreams to which it may give rise, we pass over to the Old World—the scene of the World's

History." In this passage, and in a good many others, Hegel, as it seems to me, implicitly acknowledges the limitations of his chosen point of view. His metaphysical "proofs" are in my opinion neither more nor less satisfying than those of other philosophers; the real guarantee of his insight and good faith consists in the fact that his own system points beyond itself. How indeed could it otherwise with a system whose logic conceded finality to absolutely no cut-and-dried proposition? Consider the significance of the fact that Bismarck, Karl Marx, David Strauss and Walt Whitman were all more or less loyal Hegelians. After all, it may be claimed that Hegel remained staunch to the somewhat exuberant ideals of his youth, inasmuch as he defined Spirit as Freedom, and History as the realisation of that Freedom. Certainly his conception of Freedom leaves much to be desired. The painful crabbed zigzagging movement of his thought suggests rather the burrowing of a mole than the flight of an eagle. On the other hand, he is describing not Freedom itself, but the arduous process by which Freedom has been and is being won, the past not the future of mankind—its caterpillar or *civilised* phase. For civilised or semi-civilised Man is an eagle whose wings are as yet unfledged.

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SURVIVAL AND REPRODUCTION¹

BOOKS dealing with health and disease—how to maintain the one and prevent or cure the other—are continually being poured out upon the world. The majority of people go on their careless, normally healthy way till some physical disturbance arrests their sudden attention. They then turn to ask: What is health? what is disease? Mr. Reinheimer with the splendid courage of conviction offers an answer to these simple yet momentous questions in his two books. The first book, *Nutrition and Evolution*, giving part of the answer, has been before the public for some time. That part of the answer was clear and unequivocal:

Pure bodies alone are stable. The presence of impurities weakens resistance and is responsible for instability and subsequent disintegration in atom, mineral, vegetable and animal.

In a word—nutrition. Fretted on the one hand by so-called purists in the matter of food, we are constantly wondering what to eat, what not to eat, till one day we courageously study food values for ourselves, and then we steer as clear a course as may be through a maze of threats and warnings. On the other hand we are bothered by the serum and toxin advocates. They look upon us as an already diseased humanity, and would instil a counter-disease in order to kill or prevent the development of the latent diseases which, wrongly or rightly, they have decided we are harboring. Mr. Reinheimer plunged into this amazing whirl of conflicting views; but, from his own observations, he fastened the guilt of disease upon nutritive abuses. To him the question of nutrition loomed vast and significant

¹ *Survival and Reproduction*, by Hermann Reinheimer. London: John Watkins. Obtainable at THE THEOSOPHIST Office, Adyar. 7/6 or Rs. 5-10.

and of cosmic importance. It involved not physical conditions alone but moral and æsthetic operations as well. Ugliness means inutility; beauty is identical with utility, with true usefulness. But leaving aside the state of health, of equilibrium, Mr. Reinheimer makes an inquiry into the causes that make for instability, unfitness and dissociation. He sees them as effects of wrong nutrition, surfeit and "infeeding." Then he studies these (a) as they directly affect the organism individually, (b) the species, (c) the total biological community, and (d) as they indirectly produce reactions in the wider field of cosmic relation (Preface, p. vi). This is the scope of his work. The conclusions stated in his previous volume Mr. Reinheimer indicates briefly in the opening paragraph of the volume now before us. He says:

I have demonstrated that stability and permanence of individual and racial existence depend primarily on the state of the nutritional life and on the observance of proper metabolic ratios; and finally reaching the conclusion that parasitism in the widest sense of the term is responsible for the majority of improper ratios which result in disease, in antithetic morphological and racial developments, and in degeneration generally.

Parasitism may be said to be Mr. Reinheimer's *bête noire*! He says quite frankly that the object of this book, *Survival and Reproduction*, "is to continue the criticism of what I believe to be the impeding principle of selection, and to establish the teleological rationale of preservation and survival..." (p. 6); that his views are an "indictment of modern biology as providing interpretations of facts which are in the main inaccurate" (p. 7).

Mr. Reinheimer wishes the word teleological to be regarded as covering a "cosmic concept of usefulness—based on the widest possible considerations of stability, health, interdependence of life and correlation of growth" (pp. 6-7).

The student will be glad to find in the main part of the Introduction a fine and condensed summary in terse, numbered paragraphs of *Nutrition and*

THE THREE PATHS

THE picture we reproduce bears the following legend:
 "Through the laws of reincarnation and causality—the soul, following the path of intellect, action, or devotion, learns to manifest itself in all its perfection."

We see a rugged mountain before us, becoming steeper and steeper towards its summit. Many paths lead to the top, but three different systems of roads are clearly recognisable in the maze. Yet the three paths unite at the top. Each road has a little shrine at its base, a shrine containing a symbol of the three aspects of human manifestation; an eye for wisdom or knowledge; a hand for activity or labor; a heart for love or devotion. On the summit, lost in the glory of the skies, there stands one unique shrine in which the direct image and symbol of the Divine radiates forth its dazzling rays. Itself one in three, it emits three streams of light and glory, one to each of the three lower shrines. It is the source of the three great ideals or types of manifestation for which these shrines serve as altars. The divine light contains all ideals, and all ideals are one in it. Humanity in its onward march of aspiration and evolution climbs slowly towards the mountain's summit. According to his temperament each individual chooses his own way. Divided and separated at the beginning of the quest for perfection, yet each separated individual shall meet earlier or later his fellow-pilgrims at the door of the final goal. Some of the travellers start full of enthusiasm, and keep up that enthusiasm till the very end is reached. Some become disheartened, sore and weary, and sit down on the roadside in doubt or despair. Some fall down exhausted and seek rest; others, seeing failing fellow-travellers in the road, pause and hesitate. Some again catch a momentary glimpse of the far-off eternal beacon light, and receive fresh energies and inspirations which make them rush forward with renewed zeal. Such are the details of our picture: full of wisdom, full of food for deep thought and quiet contemplation.

J. v. M.



THE THREE PATHS.

Evolution. The views there set forth are in the chapters that follow emphasised and enlarged upon; survival is treated from a nutritional standpoint; reproduction (and all that it involves) is examined from the same standpoint.

The book is in two parts, and Part I is more or less devoted to a critical examination of the law of Natural Selection as affecting survival. In Chapter I, entitled 'The Passing of Natural Selection' we detect our author's tendency to look upon Darwin's famous law as inadequate, as incapable of fully explaining the many forces which in combination constitute evolution. Darwin found it difficult to convince his contemporaries of the use to which he put the phrase 'Natural Selection.' He was puzzled at the storm of objection it raised. He would perhaps have been equally puzzled at the way in which it was subsequently raised to the dignity of an invincible law; and how it is now criticised because it does not include the further facts known to-day, but not to Darwin. He repeatedly declared that he used it in a very simple, and natural sense—to indicate what he thought was the purpose of variations and the survival of the fittest—a phrase, by the way, to which Mr. Reinheimer has many serious objections. In fact one is tempted occasionally to think that he has momentarily forgotten the times in which Darwin lived, how his pioneer work was where there were no beaten tracks to facilitate his researches, his experiments and discoveries. No one objected to conclusive theories more than Darwin; we know how he wrote of himself:

I have steadily endeavored to keep my mind free so as to give up any hypothesis, however much beloved... as soon as facts are shown to be opposed to it.

We find also in this chapter emphatic views on the interrelation between the animal and plant kingdoms. Infringement of animal alimentation occurs

As soon as animals habituate themselves to feed on animal instead of on vegetable matter.

For then

Multiplication of individuals and frequently of groups termed species proceeds at a dangerous and chaotic rate...

This leads to an intra-organismal struggle which ends in all the deadly evils of parasitism. The preventative of this is plant food.

Plant food alone supplies alimentation concordant with the requirements of stability and alone prevents parasitic "needs" and parasitic ratios of multiplication.

The state of parasitism is looked upon as going on *pari passu* with the consequent degeneration of the hosts, till mutual extinction threatens. How recovery may take place is scarcely mentioned—a possible objection which Mr. Reinheimer himself realises may be raised, and, departing for a moment from his strong and sturdy utterances, he remarks rather feebly:

Sheer necessity... frequently and for a season puts a stop to parasitic indulgences, and produces a recovery in an organism otherwise degrading to the pathology of a mere feasting and reproducing automaton.

His main thesis is, however, the development of disease from certain causes, and not the means of recovery from it.

In the next four chapters Poulton, de Vries and Darwin, Kropotkin and Malthus are passed in somewhat critical review. Poulton and de Vries because of adherence to the Natural Selection theory, while Kropotkin receives a certain meed of commendation because he added 'environment' to the outlook. Malthus, our author considers, has not given sufficient importance to pathology and factors of teleological adjustment. The imagination of Malthus, he thinks, was overpowered by the prospect of what might happen if all germs could freely develop.

Part I may be summed up as an attempt to show that Natural Selection by itself is not a complete and irreproachable theory of evolution, but that it is only one of the many factors that go to bring about a genuine survival, i.e., stability and progress.

Part II deals with reproduction. Having shown how nutrition affects the whole question of survival, Mr. Reinheimer's next care is to show how intimate is

the connexion between nutrition and reproduction. It will be well to remember that he seems to regard conjugation as a higher method of propagation than fission; indeed all methods other than the former he plainly suggests are abnormal, are retrogressions from organismal balance. His position is clearly put in the following fine passage, which we quote at length:

Seeing that the unfolding of life proceeds frequently at tremendous expense on all sides, why should nutrition alone be religiously guarded against indiscriminate and wasteful propensities, to accord with an inconveniently rigid and cast-iron cosmic ratio?

The answer is not so much a matter of conjecture as of fact. The very wastefulness so often thoughtlessly charged against nature is the result of transgressions against metabolic ratios, as will be seen more fully when we come to deal with the extreme cases of nemesis in the matter of reproduction.

Indispensable and fundamental principles of cosmic order and cosmic progress are involved in the fixity of metabolic exigencies. If a cosmic progression along the lines of least resistance were to result from the process of evolution, the evolving animal life, from a mere foster-child of the plant, had to develop a teleological position entailing reciprocal and complementary service. A law of mutual aid has thus from the beginning of things formed the foundation of harmonious adaptation and of striking progress in many directions. It is demonstrable that some kind of food-reform along the lines of increasing conformity with nature's fixed metabolic law has preceded, attended and conditioned every step of evolution, and that every deviation towards depredation *i.e.*, or parasitism, spelt a precarious adaptation, fatal when persisted in. The growing points on the organic tree of life ever tend to shift in favor of those organisms distinguished by a legitimate metabolism. It is they who possess "resultant" faculty (growing-point faculty) capable of giving rise in time to what Darwin called dominant races; for only from a satisfactory physiological basis is it possible to evolve anything approaching a promising social organisation (pp. 157-158).

This whole chapter may be regarded as a brilliant piece of argument, both destructive and constructive; destructive as regards his treatment of other important theories, constructive as regards the firm building up and expansion of his own. Before passing on to the next chapters we must note one statement full, not only of biological significance, but of ethical value as well:

On teleological lines it will be found that permanence, stability and elevation of status can scarcely be purchased at too high a cost (p. 173).

Mr. Reinheimer next takes *Evolution of Sex*, by Geddes and Thomson, as a text-book upon the various methods of reproduction, and examines them in the light of his own theories. Geddes and Thomson probed deeply in the effort to discover some answer to the vexed question: What is the origin of sex? They thought they saw some glimmer of it in the conditions that seemed to them fundamental—anabolism and katabolism—femaleness and maleness—the former resulting from well-fed conditions, the latter from hunger, starvation. Again a nutritive base. But even they were not convinced as to what were the hidden subtle causes that predetermined the choice of the primitive plasm. They called it a constitutional bias of sex. I confess to having seen in this anabolic and katabolic theory a dim suggestion as to what sex really is. Theosophical teachings emphatically declare that the soul (the ego) has no sex. Therefore sex must be a quality of some lower vehicle. The mental body is devoid of sex, and we gather too that astral entities can enjoy or satisfy the sense of sex only through a *physical* medium. Anything then in the nature of sex organism seems to be confined in the apparatus of the physical plane. Further, *Occult Chemistry* points to the fact that there are two types of physical atoms—female and male—the upward whirl and downward swirl. We might quite reasonably suppose therefore, that if permanent atoms are of one or the other type there will be a consequent predisposition to femaleness or maleness of physical nature, whatever the outer sex may be. In fact, that physical bodies are, as Weismann so well puts it "but appendages to this immortal chain of sex-cells."

Having Mr. Reinheimer's position now clearly before us, it will not be difficult to see why he condemns a-sexuality, hermaphroditism and parthenogenesis (virgin birth) as conditions of degenerate parasitism, retrogressions that end

in monstrous growths, which he describes as "a mark of old age in the species." To him these conditions indicate confusion, and not the history of an ordered sequence in the development of physical bodies. I imagine that the lower species evolved in the same order as did humanity in the earlier races. The characteristics of those earlier races were, according to *The Secret Doctrine*, that

From being previously a-sexual humanity became distinctly hermaphrodite or bi-sexual; and finally the man-bearing eggs began to give birth, gradually and almost imperceptibly in their evolutionary development, first, to beings in which one sex predominated over the other, and, finally, to distinct men and women (Vol. II. p. 140).

Now the point most insisted upon at present is that, whatever origin be claimed for man, his evolution took place in this order: (1) sexless, as all the earlier forms are; (2) then, by a natural transition, he became a "solitary hermaphrodite," a bi-sexual being; and (3) finally separated and became what he is now. Science teaches us that all the primitive forms, though sexless, "still retained the power of undergoing the process of a-sexual multiplication;" . . . Bi-sexual reproduction is an evolution, a specialised and perfected form on the scale of matter of the fissiparous act of reproduction. Occult teachings are pre-eminently panspermic . . . (*Ibid.* p. 141).

Then as to parthenogenesis—

. . . The gradual development of organs; their solidification, and the procreation of each species, at first by simple easy separation from one into two or even several individuals; then a fresh development—the first step to a species of separate distinct sexes—the hermaphrodite condition; then again, a kind of parthenogenesis, "virginal reproduction," when the egg-cells are formed within the body, issuing from it in atomic emanations and becoming matured outside of it; until, finally, after a definite separation into sexes, the human beings begin procreating through sexual connexion. (*Ibid.* p. 694).

Thus occultism. How widely divergent from Mr. Reinheimer's views! But despite this divergency the student will read through the pages of his book with interest and even with some profit. His brilliant defence of Death, in Chapter VII, as a 'preventer of evil' comes with a certain sense of relief after the long tracing of the horrors of parasitism. The mission of death is said to be "the elimination of parts and organisms which show manifest dysteleological habits of life and growth." There are several other important statements

in this chapter that I should like to quote, only that space forbids.

For the same reason Chapter VIII on the 'Special Physiology of Sex and Reproduction' cannot be dealt with in the detailed manner that it deserves—there is so much of profound interest in it. We note, however, that Weismann's 'germ-plasm' theory is not credited with the importance usually assigned to it. The pathological conditions that accompany reproduction are discussed:

Nature's law is unmistakable; the degree of legitimacy in a species determines its status, its chances of progress, and its freedom from nemesis.

Given legitimate conditions, and sacrifice will turn into delight—the very reverse of the reproductive nemesis under parasitism.

Nor does Mr. Reinheimer, happily, look upon arche-biosis (origin of life) as a settled fact. The widespread distribution of infusoria over the earth he does not admit as giving proof enough; rather does he see in them, and in allied groups, cases of reversion where

In preponderating dissociation, primordial modes may—magically, as it were—become resorted to.

"Organic Immortality" he looks upon as a verbally contrived concept of modern savants.

Chapter IX, headed 'Instance of the Evolution of a Criminal Habit in Animals,' discusses the case of the cuckoo as an "instance of the evolution of a criminal habit originating in nutritional transgressions." We cannot do better than give the summary of the case:

1. Extreme illegitimacy in the physiological basis of life—infecding, insatiability, gluttony, and parasitic dyspepsia.
2. Marked sexual and domestic anthesis—polyandry, callousness. There is nothing to spare for reproductive sacrifice.
3. Pronounced *misère psychologique*, a passionate, ill-conditioned character.
4. Anatomical disfigurement and disproportion.
5. General immorality—criminal behavior towards others—a "markedly evil" character.
6. A selfish, monopolising greed. Pronounced jealousy of "preserves" and unsociability.
7. Hereditary transmission of criminal propensities.

Upon this exposure of the extraordinary nature of the cuckoo Mr. Reinheimer characteristically remarks—

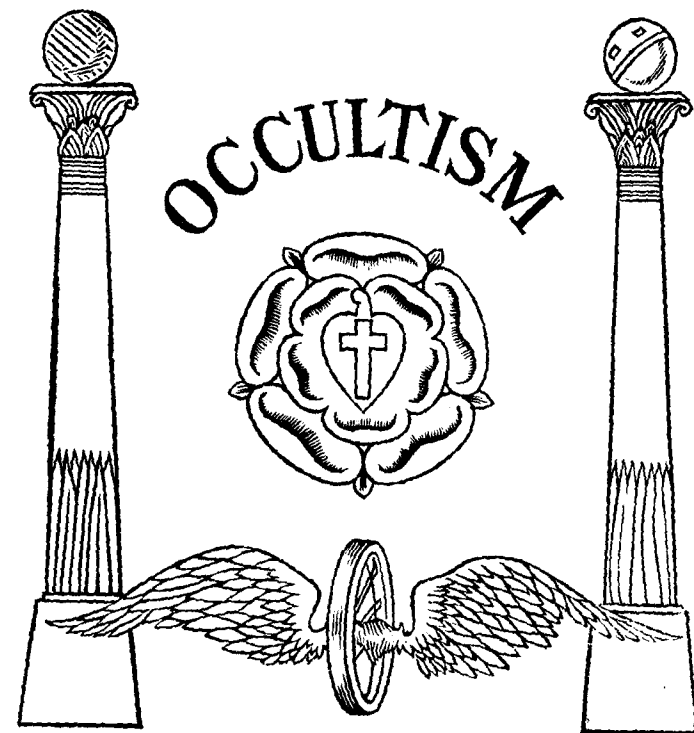
All this coincides with the conclusions I have been throughout trying to establish as to the inevitable nemesis resulting from the parasitic habit wherever developed.

The final chapter on the 'Laws of Multiplication' is largely a criticism of Herbert Spencer's "Inverse Ratio." But we must leave it for the student to read for himself. Mr. Reinheimer quotes at length some of Mr. Sampson Morgan's strictures upon the usual present-day methods of manuring which, in the words of the usual excellent summary to be found at the end of each chapter:

Frequently produces a surfeited and dyspeptic condition of the soil. Recent researches regarding the fertilising influence of sunlight, as well as the experience of modern fruit-growers, strongly support the contention that animal sustenance is most effectively and legitimately obtained by conforming to a natural and teleological order of things.

So ends our study of this very original and fascinating book. We strongly recommend it to all students as a work of rare merit, provocative of much thought. Like the first book of this author, it gives sound philosophic reasons for much of the faith that lies within us, but without unduly forcing the uninformed reader to realise the position at which he has arrived. No sounder arguments could be given for vegetarianism, yet the meat-eater might read the pages calmly and undeterred—until he thought! The make-up of the book, too, like the previous work, is excellent. Only one criticism could be made of the arrangement, that the paragraphs of the summary are not numbered concordantly with the text. The suggested alteration would save the reader's time—always a consideration nowadays, even with the best book and for the kindest reader.

JOSEPHINE RANSOM



THE MAGIC OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH

II

I wrote in THE THEOSOPHIST for last September of the marvellous effects produced upon the vehicles of man by the principal service of the Christian Church. As many friends have been interested in the matter, and have made enquiries as to the result of the minor services, and of various accessories, I propose now to supplement that article by some further explanations.

Another very important factor in the effect produced is the music which is used in the course of the service. Those who have read *Thought-Forms* will remember the

striking drawings that are there given of the enormous and splendid mental, astral and etheric erections which are built up by the influence of sound. The general influence of sound is a question which I shall take up in a separate article, touching here only upon that side of it which belongs to the services of the Church. Here is another direction, unsuspected by the majority of those who participate in them, in which these services are capable of producing a very wonderful and powerful effect. The devotion of the Church has always centred principally round the offering of the Mass as an act of the highest and purest adoration possible, and consequently the most exalted efforts of its greatest composers have been in connexion with this service also. Here we may see one more example of the wisdom with which the arrangements were originally made, and of the crass ineptitude of those who have so blunderingly endeavored to improve them.

Unquestionably all the great services of the Church (and more especially the celebration of the Eucharist) were originally designed to build up a mighty ordered form, expressing and surrounding a central idea—a form which would facilitate and direct the radiation of the influence upon the entire village which was grouped round the church. The idea of the service may be said to be a double one: to receive and distribute the great outpouring of spiritual force, and to gather up the devotion of the people, and offer it before the throne of God. In the case of the Mass as celebrated by the Roman or the Greek church the different parts of the service are grouped round the central act of consecration distinctly with a view to the symmetry of the great form produced, as well as to their direct effect upon the worshippers. The alterations made in the English Prayer Book in 1552 were evidently the work of people who were ignorant of this side of the question, for they altogether disturbed that symmetry—which is one reason why it is an eminently desirable thing for the Church of England that it

should as speedily as possible so arrange its affairs as to obtain permission to use the Mass of King Edward VI. according to the Prayer Book of 1549.

One of the most important effects of the Church service, both upon the immediate congregation and upon the surrounding district, has always been the creation of these beautiful and devotional thought-forms, through which the downpouring of life and strength from higher planes can more readily take effect. These are better made and the effect enhanced when a considerable portion of those who take part in the service do so with intelligent comprehension, yet even when the devotion is ignorant the result is still beautiful and uplifting. The majority of the sects which unhappily broke away from the Church entirely lost sight of this inner and more important side of public worship. The idea of the service offered to God almost disappeared, and its place was largely taken by the fanatical preaching of narrow theological dogmas which were always unimportant and frequently ridiculous. Readers have sometimes expressed surprise that those who write from the occult standpoint should seem so decidedly to favor the practices of the Church, rather than those of the various sects whose thought is in many ways more liberal. The reason is shown precisely in this consideration of the inner side of things on which we are now engaged.

The occult student recognises most fully the value of the effort which made liberty of conscience and of thought possible; yet he cannot but see that those who cast aside the splendid old forms and services of the Church lost in that very act almost the whole of the occult side of their religion, and made of it essentially a selfish and limited thing—a question chiefly of "personal salvation" for the individual, instead of the grateful offering of worship to God, which is in itself the never-failing channel through which the Divine Love is poured forth upon all. The attainment of mental freedom was a necessary step in the process of human evolution; the clumsy and brutal manner in which

it was obtained, and the foolishness of the excesses into which gross ignorance led its champions, are responsible for many of the deplorable results which we see at the present day. The same savage, senseless lust for wanton destruction that moved Cromwell's brutal soldiers to break priceless statues and irreplaceable stained glass has deprived us also of the valuable effect produced on higher planes by perpetual prayers for the dead, and by the practically universal devotion of the common people to the saints and angels. Then the great mass of the people was religious—even though ignorantly religious; now it is frankly and even boastfully irreligious. Perhaps this transitory stage is a necessary one, but it can hardly be considered in itself either beautiful or satisfactory.

No other service has an effect at all comparable to that of the celebration of the Mass, but the great musical forms may of course appear at any service where music is used. In all the other services (except indeed the Catholic Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament) the thought-forms developed and the general good which is done depend to a great extent upon the devotion of the people. Now devotion, whether individual or collective, varies much in quality. The devotion of the primitive savage, for example, is usually greatly mingled with fear, and the chief idea in his mind in connexion with it is to appease a deity who might otherwise prove vindictive. But little better than this is much of the devotion of men who consider themselves civilised, for it is a kind of unholy bargain—the offering to the deity of a certain amount of devotion if he on his side will extend a certain amount of protection or assistance. Such devotion, being entirely selfish and grasping in its nature, produces results only in the lower types of astral matter, and very unpleasant-looking results they are in many cases. The thought-forms which they create are often shaped like grappling-hooks, and its forces move always in closed curves, reacting only upon the man who sends them forth, and bringing back to him whatever small result they may

be able to achieve. The true, pure, unselfish devotion is an outrush of feeling which never returns to the man who gave it forth, but constitutes itself in very truth a cosmic force producing widespread results on higher planes.

Though the force itself never returns, the man who originates it becomes the centre of a downpour of divine energy which comes in response, and so in his act of devotion he has truly blessed himself, even though at the same time he has also blessed many others as well, and in addition to that has had the unequalled honor of contributing to the mighty reservoir of the Nirmāṇakāya. Anyone who possesses the book *Thought-Forms* may see in it an attempt to represent the splendid blue spire made by devotion of this type as it rushes upwards, and he will readily understand how it opens a way for a definite outpouring of the divine force of the Logos. He is pouring forth His wonderful vital energy on every level, on every plane, and naturally the outpouring belonging to a higher plane is stronger and fuller and less restricted than that upon the plane below. Normally, each wave of this great force acts upon its own plane alone, and cannot or does not move transversely from one plane to another; but it is precisely by means of unselfish thought and feeling, whether it be of devotion or of affection, that a temporary channel is provided through which the force normally belonging to a higher plane may descend to a lower, and may produce there results which without it could never have come to pass.

Every man who is truly unselfish frequently makes himself such a channel, though of course on a comparatively small scale; but the mighty act of devotion of a whole vast congregation, where it is really united, and utterly without thought of self, produces the same result on an enormously greater scale. Sometimes, though rarely, this occult side of religious services may be seen in full

activity, and no one who has even once had the privilege of seeing such a splendid manifestation as this can for a moment doubt that the hidden side of a Church service is of an importance infinitely greater than anything purely physical. Such an one would see the dazzling blue spiral or dome of the highest type of astral matter rushing upwards into the sky, far above the image of it in stone which sometimes crowns the physical edifice in which the worshippers are gathered; he would see the blinding glory which pours down through it and spreads out like a great flood of living light over all the surrounding region. Naturally, the diameter and the height of the spire of devotion determines the opening made for the descent of the higher life, while the force which expresses itself in the rate at which the devotional energy rushes upwards has its relation to the rate at which the corresponding downpouring can take place. The sight is indeed a wonderful one, and he who sees it can never doubt again that the unseen influences are more than the seen, nor can he fail to realise that the world which goes on its way heedless of the devotional man, or perhaps even scornful of him, owes to him all the time far more than it knows.

We shall find it interesting to study the hidden side of some of the minor services of the Church, and the work done by her priests. Into the making of holy water, for example, the mesmeric element enters very strongly. The priest first takes clean water and clean salt, and then proceeds to demagnetise them, to remove from them any casual exterior influences with which they may have been permeated. Having done this very thoroughly, he then charges them with spiritual power, each separately and with many earnest repetitions, and then finally with further fervent adjurations he casts the salt into the water in the form of a cross, and the operation is finished. If this ceremony be properly and carefully performed the water unquestionably becomes a highly effective talisman for

the special purposes for which it is charged—that it shall drive away from the man who uses it all worldly and warring thought, and shall turn him in the direction of purity and devotion. The student of occultism will readily comprehend how this must be so, and when he sees with astral sight the discharge of the higher force which takes place when anyone uses or sprinkles this holy water, he will have no difficulty in realising that it undoubtedly must be a powerful factor in driving away undesirable thought and feeling, and quelling all irregular vibrations of the astral and mental bodies.

In every case where the priest does his work the spiritual force flows through, but unquestionably he may add greatly to it by the fervor of his own devotion, and the vividness with which he realises what he is doing.

The sacrament of baptism, as originally administered, had a real and beautiful hidden side. In those older days the water was magnetised with a special view to the effect of its vibrations upon the higher vehicles, so that all the germs of good qualities in the unformed astral and mental bodies of the child might thereby receive a strong stimulus, while at the same time the germs of evil might be isolated and deadened. The central idea no doubt was to take this early opportunity of fostering the growth of the good germs, in order that their development might precede that of the evil—in order that when at a later period the latter germs begin to bear their fruit, the good might already be so far evolved that the control of the evil would be a comparatively easy matter. This is one side of the baptismal ceremony; it has also another aspect, as typical of the Initiation towards which it was hoped that the young member of the Church would direct his steps as he grew up. It is a consecration and a setting apart of the new set of vehicles to the true expression of the soul within, and to the service of the Great White Brotherhood; yet it also has its occult side with

regard to these new vehicles themselves, and when the ceremony is properly and intelligently performed there can be no doubt that its effect is a powerful one.

The economy and efficiency of the whole scheme of the Lord Maitreya depends upon the fact that much greater powers can easily be arranged for a small body of men who are spiritually prepared to receive them, than could possibly be universally distributed without a waste of energy which could not be contemplated for a moment. In the Hindū scheme for example, every man is a priest for his own household, and therefore we have to deal with millions of such priests of all possible varieties of temperament, and not in any way specially prepared. The scheme of the ordination of priests gives a certain greater power to a limited number, who have by that very ordination been specially set apart for the work. Carrying the same principle a little further, a set of still higher powers are given to a still smaller number—the bishops. They are made channels for the force which confers ordination, and for the much smaller manifestation of the same force which accompanies the rite of confirmation. The hidden side of these ceremonies is always one of great interest to the student of the realities of life. There are many cases now, unfortunately, where all these things are mere matters of form, and though that does not prevent their result, it does minimise it; but, where the old forms are used as they were meant to be used, the unseen results are out of all proportion to anything that is visible on the physical plane.

To the bishop also is restricted the power of consecrating a church or a church-yard, and the occult side of this is a really pretty sight. It is very interesting to watch the growth of the sort of fortification which the officiant builds as he marches round uttering the prescribed prayers and verses; to note the expulsion of any ordinary thought-forms which may happen to have been there, and the substitution for them of the orderly and

devotional forms to which henceforth this building is supposed to be dedicated.

There are many minor consecrations which are of great interest—the blessing of bells, for example. The ringing of bells has a distinct part in the scheme of the Church, which in these days seems but little understood. The modern theory appears to be that they are meant to call people together at the time when the service is about to be performed, and there is no doubt that in the Middle Ages, when there were no clocks or watches, they were put to precisely this use. From this restricted view of the intention of the bell has grown the idea that anything which makes a noise will serve the purpose, and in most towns of England Sunday morning is made into a purgatory by the simultaneous but discordant clanging of a number of unmusical lumps of metal.

At intervals we recognise the true use of the bells, as when we employ them on great festivals or on occasions of public rejoicing; for a peal of musical bells, sounding harmonious notes, is the only thing which was contemplated by the original plan, and these were intended to have a double influence. Some remnant of this still remains, though but half understood, in the science of campanology, and those who know the delights of the proper performance of a triple-bob-major or a grandsire-bob-cator will perhaps be prepared to hear how singularly perfect and magnificent are the forms which are made by them. This then was one of the effects which the ordered ringing of the bells was intended to produce. It was to throw out a stream of musical forms repeated over and over again, in precisely the same way, and for precisely the same purpose, as the Christian monk repeats hundreds of *Ave Marias* or the northern Buddhist spends much of his life in reiterating the mystic syllables *Om Mani Padme Hum*, or many a Hindū makes a background to his life by reciting the name *Siṭā Rām*.

A particular thought-form and its meaning were in this way impressed over and over again upon all the astral bodies within hearing. The blessing of the bells was intended to add an additional quality to these vibrations, of whatever kind they may have been. The ringing of the bells in different order would naturally produce different forms; but whatever the forms may be, they are produced by the vibration of the same bells, and if these bells are, to begin with, strongly charged with a certain type of magnetism, every form made by them will bear with it something of that influence. It is as though the wind which wafts to us snatches of music should at the same time bear with it a subtle perfume. So the bishop who blesses the bells charges them with much the same intent as he would bless holy water—with the intention that, wherever this sound shall go, all evil thought and feeling shall be banished and harmony and devotion shall prevail—unquestionably a real exercise of magic, and quite effective when the magician does his work properly.

The sacring-bell, which is rung inside the church, at the moment of the reciting of the *Tersanctus* or the elevation of the Host, has a different intention. In the huge cathedrals which mediæval piety erected it was quite impossible for the worshippers to hear what the priest was saying in the recitation of the Mass, even before the present system of what is called 'recitation in secret' was adopted. And therefore the server, who is close to the altar and follows the movements of the priest, has it among his duties to announce in this way to the congregation when these critical points of the service are reached. The bell which is often rung in Hindū or Buddhist temples has yet another intention. The original thought here was a beautiful and altruistic one. When someone had just uttered an act of devotion or made an offering, there came down in reply to that a certain outpouring of spiritual force. This charged the bell among other objects, and the idea of the man who

struck it was that by so doing he would spread abroad, as far as the sound of the bell could reach, the vibration of this higher influence while it was still fresh and strong. Now it is to be feared that the true signification has been so far forgotten that there are actually some who believe it necessary in order to attract the attention of their deity!

The same idea carried out in a different way shows itself to us in the blessing of the incense before it is burned. For the incense has always a dual significance. It ascends before God as a symbol of the prayers of the people; but also it spreads through the church as a symbol of the sweet savor of the blessing of God, and so once more the priest pours into it a holy influence with the idea that wherever its scent may penetrate, wherever the smallest particle of that which has been blessed may pass, it shall bear with it a feeling of peace and of purity, and shall chase away all inharmonious vibrations.

Even apart from the blessing its influence is good, for it is carefully compounded from gums the undulation-rate of which harmonises perfectly with spiritual and devotional vibrations, but is distinctly hostile to almost all others. The magnetisation may merely intensify its natural characteristics, or may add to it other special vibrations, but in any case its use in connexion with religious ceremonies is always good. The scent of sandalwood has many of the same characteristics; and the scent of pure attar of roses, though utterly different in character, has also a good effect.

Another point which is to a large extent new in the scheme prepared by its Founder for the Christian Church is the utilisation of the enormous force which exists in united synchronous action. In Hindū or Buddhist temples each man comes when he chooses, makes his little offering or utters his few words of prayer and praise, and then retires. Result follows each such effort in proportion to the energy of real feeling put into it, and in this way a

fairly constant stream of tiny results is achieved; but we never get the massive effect produced by the simultaneous efforts of a congregation of hundreds or thousands of people, or the heart-stirring vibrations which accompany the singing of a swinging processional hymn. By thus working together at a service we obtain four separate objects. (1) Whatever is the aim of the invocatory part of the service, a large number of people join in asking for it, and so send out a huge thought-form. (2) A correspondingly large amount of force flows in and stimulates the spiritual faculties of the people. (3) The simultaneous effort synchronises the vibrations of their bodies, and so makes them more receptive. (4) Their attention being directed to the same object, they work together and thus stimulate one another.

What I have said in the earlier part of this article will explain a feature which is often misunderstood by those who ridicule the Church—the offering of a Mass with a certain intention, or on behalf of a certain dead person. The idea is that that person shall benefit by the down-pouring of force which comes on that particular occasion, and undoubtedly he does so benefit, for the strong thought about him cannot but attract his attention, and when he is in that way drawn to the church he takes part in the ceremony and enjoys a large share of its result. Even if he is still in a condition of unconsciousness, as sometimes happens to the newly-dead, the exertion of the priest's will (or his earnest prayer, which is the same thing) directs the stream of force towards the person for whom it is intended. Such an effort is a perfectly legitimate act of invocatory magic; unfortunately an entirely illegitimate and evil element is often imported into the transaction by the exaction of a fee for the exercise of this occult power—a thing which is always inadmissible.

I have been trying to expound something of the inner meaning of the ceremonies of the Christian Church—taking that, in the first place because it is with that

that I am most familiar, and in the second place because it presents some interesting features which in their present form may be said to be new ideas imported into the scheme of things by our present Bodhisattva. I do not wish it to be supposed that I have expounded the Christian ceremonies because I regard that religion as in any way the best expression of universal truth; the fact that I, who am one of its priests, have publicly proclaimed myself a Buddhist shows clearly that that is not my opinion.

So far as its teaching goes Christianity is more defective than any other of the great religions, with perhaps the doubtful exception of Muhammadanism; but that is not because of any neglect on the part of the original Founder to make His system a perfectly arranged exposition of the truth, but because most unfortunately the ignorant majority of the early Christians cast out from among themselves the great Gnostic Doctors, and thereby left themselves with a sadly mutilated doctrine. It would seem as though the Founder may perhaps have foreseen this failure, for He supplied His Church with a system of magic which would continue to work mechanically, even though His people should forget much of the early meaning of what He had taught them; and it is precisely the force which has lain behind this mechanical working which explains the remarkable hold so long maintained by a Church which intellectually has nothing to give to its followers.

Those who profess other religions must not then suppose that I mean any disrespect to their faiths because I have chosen for exposition that with which I am most familiar. The general principles of the action of ceremonial magic which I have laid down are equally true for all religions, and each must apply them for himself.

C. W. LEADBEATER

RENTS IN THE VEIL OF TIME

THE LIVES OF ORION

VII

OUR story carries us this time to quite another race and another country—to an old Turanian race, the fourth sub-race of the fourth Root-Race, and to a town in the country which has since been called Bactria, to the north of Persia. After all the strange experiences through which Orion had passed in female bodies there was now a change of sex, and this time he was born in the year 19617 B. C. as the son of parents in good condition—owning lands and possessing considerable wealth. The family had been a great and a rich one, but the population had increased so rapidly that they were at this time somewhat crowded out, and were not doing so well as formerly in money matters, though still respected as people of consideration. His mother was Helios, the lady who had been chosen by him in his last incarnation to look after his children when he adopted the ascetic life. His father Lomia was proud of his family traditions, and bitterly discontented at the lack of sufficient means to keep them up to the old level. Helios, though sympathising with her husband's desires, usually preached patience and contentment. They had a son Achilles, (several years older than Orion) to whom the mother was passionately devoted, and as he grew up he entered eagerly into his father's schemes.

This was the environment of Orion's earliest years, and all the influences around him tended to inculcate the re-establishment of the family fortunes as the one thing on earth to be most desired. There was also a

sister Egeria, who was younger than Orion; he was always kind to her, but often wished she was a boy. The children received a certain amount of education, and Orion was taught to write a curiously clumsy, semi-hieroglyphical sort of script, drawn in large coarse characters; but this accomplishment was not acquired by the great majority of the nation, and there were but few books—some collections of religious or philosophical maxims, and others of medical lore or such as referred to manufacturing processes, being all that the investigators noticed. The religion appeared vague and ill-defined—more ancestor-worship than anything else. The people gathered occasionally in the temples, and verses and invocations were recited, but the temples were absolutely undecorated and without images. The style of architecture seemed curiously low and heavy to our modern eyes.

Orion was much loved by his mother; but the father and the elder brother, though kind, regarded him and everything else merely as so many pawns in their game to restore the family fortunes. The expansion of the country was impossible, as a strong and highly-civilised power existed to the south, which always tended to encroach upon Bactria and absorb it, while on the other sides it was surrounded by warlike marauding nomad tribes. Large numbers of the people were already migrating eastward, but Orion's father declined to abandon his ancestral domains. When Orion was a young man of eighteen, he married Cygnus, a nice girl, and they had four children, the eldest of whom was Vesta; then Rigel followed as a girl and Bellatrix and Parthenope as boys. Orion had all sorts of plans and would have liked to direct affairs, but the father and the elder brother managed everything and kept it all in their own hands. He was always seeking restlessly to find an outlet for his energies, but as the family would not stoop to trade, there seemed nothing for him to do.

At last Mu, a poor man whom he had befriended when in suffering and extreme poverty, told him in gratitude

a strange story of a vast buried treasure upon which he had come by accident, while hunting in the country to the north. He had brought away with him what little he could carry, intending to return with assistance and remove the rest, but had met with an accident on his return-journey, and was then very weak and not likely to recover. Orion was much interested and excited by this story, and when the narrator died he mentioned it to his father and brother—who, however, regarded the tale as improbable and unworthy of investigation. The dead man, it seemed, had a daughter in a distant city, and he had begged Orion to go and search for the treasure, and hand over the greater part of it when found to this daughter, retaining only a certain portion for himself as a reward for his exertions. But Orion thought that if he could secure it, it would be better employed for his own purposes.

The thought of the hidden gold inflamed his imagination; he brooded over it, and finally decided, in opposition to the advice of his father and brother, to set out in search of it. Since they would not help him, he could afford but a small and poorly-equipped expedition. He and his few followers wandered for weeks among the hills, running short of food and enduring incredible hardships, but could not succeed in finding the place described by the dead man. At last they were captured by a band of men from one of the fierce nomad tribes, and enslaved. They were very harshly treated; most of them died, and Orion, though he survived, had twelve years of great suffering.

Meantime his wife and children at home had long mourned him as dead—all except his second son, Bellatrix, who against all arguments persisted in the belief that his father was still alive, and announced his intention of going in search of him as soon as he was old enough. When he was eighteen he decided that he could no longer delay his rescue expedition, and appealed to his grandfather and uncle for help. They regarded the plan

as chimerical, and refused, whereupon he turned to his elder brother Vesta. Vesta did not really believe in it either, but still he had a sort of inner prompting that there might be something in it. As he had recently married Aldebaran, and had some children, naturally he felt that he could not leave home, but was willing to help to fit out his brother's expedition.

Bellatrix did not know in the least where to seek his father, having only his childish memory of the treasure story to guide him. He had been eight years old when his father left home, and that father was then thirty. The treasure was not Bellatrix's object; his one idea was to rescue his father. He supposed that Orion had met with some disabling accident, but was firm in his conviction that he still lived. In boyhood he had already realised the possibility that his father might be a captive among the tribes, and he had therefore set himself to learn something of their language and customs. Thus, when the party caught sight of any wandering bands, Bellatrix always tried to escape observation, concealed his party if possible, and then himself, at the risk of his life, entered the camp of the nomads in disguise to search for his father.

After two years of adventure, he at last found him, a slave in one of the bands, but had great difficulty in recognising him under such changed conditions, and after twelve years of toil. Between them they contrived a plan of escape, and Bellatrix, who by this time knew the hills well, was able to conceal the little party successfully. During the wanderings of the tribe by which he had been enslaved, Orion had seen the landmarks described by the dead man as indicating the position of the treasure, so he was able to guide Bellatrix's party to find it, and dig it up. After much labor and various vicissitudes they brought it safe home, to the joy and astonishment of the rest of the family.

Orion's father was now dead, and the elder brother Achilles was the head of the family. After all the members of the little expedition had been handsomely rewarded, there was still a fortune left. As it seemed almost certain that this Bactrian nation would be absorbed by the stronger power from the south, Achilles, Orion, Vesta and Bellatrix held a family council, and after much deliberation decided to join the constantly increasing stream of eastern migration, taking with them their gold. They travelled in a vast caravan, moving very slowly, driving flocks and herds with them, and camping each winter during the coldest months. The family eventually settled in a fertile country in the southern part of China, and made for themselves a comfortable home.

Their wealth made them people of consideration in the new community, and Achilles was presently appointed chief of a section or colony, and managed its affairs very ably. As time went on more of our characters appeared upon the scene, for Vesta's son Mira grew up and married Selene; their sons were Sirius, Alcyone and Ajax, and their daughters were Vega and Mizar. As soon as Orion's great-grandson, Sirius, became of sufficient age to understand anything, the old man and the little boy were devoted to one another and were always together. The great-grandfather drew the boy to his side, and told him endless stories about his captivity and the great search for the treasure, and the boy's grief was deep and lasting when the old man passed away at the age of seventy-one.

Orion's character showed very marked improvement since the Indian days, and even already the power to love was very strong; but there was still a good deal of selfishness and desire for wealth and power, as well as some unscrupulousness in methods. Nevertheless the transformation since the life as a priest of the volcano in Hawaii four thousand two hundred years before was simply marvellous, and most unusual in the time.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

- ORION: ... *Father: Lomia. Mother: Helios. Brother: Achilles. Sister: Egeria. Wife: Cygnus. Sons: Vesta, Bellatrix, Parthenope. Daughter: Rigel.*
- MU: ... *Poor man who reveals a treasure to Orion.*
- VESTA: ... *Wife: Aldebaran. Son: Mira.*
- MIRA: ... *Wife: Selene. Sons: Sirius, Alcyone, Ajax. Daughters: Vega, Mizar.*

NOTE.—The full list of Dramatis Personæ can be deduced from the fifth life of Alcyone, Vol. XXXI. p. 1055, and the tables of additional Dramatis Personæ Vol. XXXI. p. 1336, and Vol. XXXII. p. 816.

VIII

On this occasion we find our hero taking birth in the year 18301 B.C. in an Arab race, though not in Arabia, but in North Africa near Morocco, on what was then an island in a sea which filled the present Desert of Sahara. He was born on the sea-shore, and was the son of an important and influential man, who owned both land and ships, and was evidently a trader as well as a cultivator.

Orion was passionate if crossed, determined to have his own way, and liable to unreasoning fits of anger if anything interfered with the accomplishment of his purpose. While still a boy, he fell into bad company at an irrationally early age.

Before he was quite twenty, he married Sigma—not a woman he loved, but one selected for him by his parents. The marriage, in fact, was entirely arranged by the parents of the two young people, without in the least consulting them. They had several children. Orion fell in love later, not with his wife, but with Epsilon, a woman of rather unpleasant character. He made no secret of his feelings, and neglected his wife and home, much to the disgust of Sigma. Epsilon, who was beautiful, had many admirers, but she favored Orion, because he made her many presents. But Cancer, who was the son of the

governor of the district, also admired her, and he was even richer than Orion and possessed the additional charm of having more power socially. So finally she bestowed her favors on the governor's son, much to the infuriation of Orion, whom she still kept dangling after her. But one day Orion found them together in a wood, and mad with fury rushed on them and grappled with the lover. The girl fainted or pretended to do so. In the struggle Orion killed the governor's son, and then picking up the fainting girl, ran off with her. She awakened, and discovering herself in Orion's arms, began to scream and struggle. The path that Orion took in his flight with the girl led along the edge of a ravine, and when she endeavored to free herself they both lost their balance and rolled off the bank into the ravine. In falling, Orion was caught by some bushes, and so was not seriously hurt, only receiving a few scratches. The girl, however, rolled over and over again to the bottom of the ravine, and was severely injured, and Orion, finding her unconscious when he rushed down to rescue her, thought she was dead.

In the meantime, some people who had seen the struggles and heard the screams came rushing and shouting to the scene. Suddenly Orion realised that the man he had just killed was the governor's son, and that here also lay the body of a girl whom his ill-fated passion had slain. He could not hope to have an impartial trial; so, filled with stormy emotions, he fled to the sea-shore, followed by men in close pursuit. As he reached the shore, his heart leaped as he saw a sailing vessel, which he recognised as one of his father's, tacking to go through a sea-passage between the coast and a large rock rising out of the sea. He jumped desperately into the water, and after violent efforts finally reached his father's vessel. The sailors dragged him on board much exhausted, and he was carried away in safety, under the impression that the girl was dead.

In the course of the voyage, the vessel passed out through the Straits of Gibraltar. Storms were encountered in the Atlantic, and the frail vessel, built to weather the milder waters of an inland sea, soon became much battered, and finally sank, yielding to the heavy blows of mighty waves. Orion grasped a spar as the ship disappeared, and after being tossed and beaten for many hours, eventually reached land, and was thrown unconscious upon the shore. He waked to find himself on an island (possibly the Great Salvage), and utterly alone, as it was uninhabited save by animals. There was fruit in profusion, and by killing some of the animals for food he was able to live.

On this island he lived in silence for twenty years. The island was so utterly out of the course of trading vessels that there was little hope of rescue in his heart, except by a ship driven out of its course or by some pirate vessel. Solitude and constant introspection produced a great change in Orion's character. As he had much time to think, he gradually realised the fact that he had lived an unworthy life—that all these trials to himself and others had been brought about by his passionate selfishness and wilfulness; and he vowed that if he were ever rescued, he would live better. Such was the effect of this new direction of his thoughts, that after twenty years of solitude he was greatly sobered and looked much older than his age would warrant.

At last a vessel did appear, driven out of its course by adverse winds; he was taken on board, but could hardly speak because of his long silence. He was conveyed to the mainland, and his rescuers gave him clothes, but no money. He started on foot to Morocco and found it a long wearisome journey, full of hardships, but at last he reached his own country. Fearing to make himself known until he had found out the state of affairs, he engaged in menial work to enable himself to procure the necessities of life, all the time carefully making

enquiries as to his own family, the governor's and that of the girl. He eventually learned that the governor's family had all moved away and that his own had entirely disappeared, and so felt that he was in no danger now of being recognised or of being brought to trial.

He was told that only one female member remained of the girl's family. As she lived in a quiet place, he thought that by lingering near it he might have an opportunity of seeing and possibly recognising her. One day as he watched he saw a woman who resembled the girl-friend of his youth, but she was much older in appearance. Feeling sure that that girl was dead, he thought that this one must be her daughter, and did not hesitate to meet her. She, however, knew him, and after the greetings were over told him how she had recovered from the fall, though severely injured and in consequence lame; how after she had become crippled, all her former suitors had left her, and she had been much alone. During all these years she had been thinking of what had transpired, and had come to the conclusion that she had not been right in her dealings with her two men friends, and she afterwards felt herself to blame for what had happened. In her reveries she had grown to think that Orion was a better man than the other, and that she had not been fair to him.

Epsilon helped Orion to search for his wife and children, but they were not to be found, and no one knew anything of their former movements. Eventually these two married, and lived quite peacefully, as both had learned to be forbearing. He was rather broken down in health, but still had something of his old desire for power. She had some money, and with this he started in trade; and from this time to their death they lived a comparatively quiet and ordinary life.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ORION: ... *First Wife*: Sigma. *Second Wife*: Epsilon.
Rival: Cancer.

IX

The grim drama of this ninth life of Orion opened in the southern part of Poseidonis, where he was born in the year 17228 B.C. in an Akkadian race, which, though practically independent, still paid tribute to the Toltec Emperor. The people were manufacturers and traders, rather than agriculturists. Here, on the borders of the great Toltec Empire, the country was in an unsettled condition, and the merchants suffered much from the depredations of pirates, whom the authorities seemed unable to repress. The pirates lorded it over the people, terrorising outlying districts, and compelling many of the merchants to pay them a kind of tribute to obtain immunity from their attacks. Orion was the son of a rich merchant, who loved the boy and regarded him as very promising. From quite an early age he received a sort of commercial education; he learned the values of various commodities, especially of gems, and was taught how to buy as cheaply and sell as dearly as possible. As he grew to manhood his doting father made him a generous allowance, but Orion soon exceeded it. He plunged deeply into the less reputable so-called "pleasures of life." As his father trusted him entirely, Orion fell into the habit of pilfering small sums from the business to add to his allowance, large though it was.

He became infatuated with Gamma, a woman of poor character, who constantly exacted rich presents from him, and urged him to rob his father on what she called a "gentlemanly scale." In order to meet her extravagant demands he arranged a much larger defalcation, receiving payment for a certain shipment of goods, but not handing the money over to his father. By various excuses and falsehoods he covered this for a time, but at last saw that discovery was imminent. The only person who could really prove the case against him was Zeta, the young man who had brought him the money; and Gamma advised him that that young

man should be disposed of in order that the secret should not be told. Opportunely for them a pirate ship was at hand on a neighboring coast, and the woman suggested that the inconvenient witness be sold to the pirates as a slave. Orion contrived this, and for the moment the secret of the crime was undiscovered. The money was again demanded from the merchant who had already paid it; then the missing messenger was supposed to have absconded with the sum, and his family was disgraced and brought to ruin.

Orion felt some compunction at this, because the sister of the abducted victim was a friend of his, with whom he had had intimate relations; but his present mistress easily persuaded him to say nothing, and let events take their course. To satisfy Gamma's insatiate rapacity he soon had to undertake further peculations, and presently was in instant danger of discovery. In despair he reproached the woman for whose sake all these crimes had been committed; she was very angry, and told him that if he would not make the effort to obtain more money for her, there were plenty of men who would. There was a great quarrel, for in reality she was growing tired of him, so she arranged through other men friends that he in turn should be seized and sold to the pirates. This was done, and his merciless owners forced him to work as a galley-slave.

He was eventually carried to an island where the pirates had their headquarters, and there met Zeta, the victim that he himself had sold to the pirates years before. The victim at once fell upon him and tried to kill him, but the pirates dragged them apart, and hearing the story, at once determined by a refinement of cruelty that these two men should be chained to the same oar and forced to work together. Night and day for many years they were never for a moment free from one another, and this close association bred such bitter hatred that they constantly quarrelled furiously, tried even in their chains

to fight, and consequently were severely beaten by their task-masters. Gradually they were worn down into sullen submission, and for months did not speak to one another.

One day when the oar broke and jammed in the porthole, Zeta instinctively held it off Orion, and thus, at the cost of a tremendous strain to himself, saved him from being severely hurt and crushed by it. Orion had often had some feelings of remorse and repentance, and this act brought them to a culmination, and for the first time they spoke kindly to one another. Fellowship in misery now made them friends instead of enemies. They often discussed in whispers plans of escape, but they never could see any way in which there was the least hope of managing it. Their opportunity came at last, for the galley attacked a vessel which proved too strong for it, and manœuvred so as to saw through its bank of oars with her prow, thus breaking them one by one and rendering her helpless. Many slaves were killed by the broken oars, but some few were torn away from their benches in the crash, and among them were our two. The disabled galley drifted to the rocks and the survivors were washed off into the sea. Zeta was badly injured; but Orion, though much hurt himself, contrived to get him ashore somehow through the surf. He obtained help from some fishermen, and together they carried the wounded man into one of their huts, where he lay for many days. As soon as Orion himself recovered, he agreed to work with the fishermen in return for food and shelter for both, and devoted every moment of his spare time to nursing Zeta.

The latter had a very long illness, being seriously injured internally, and it was more than a year before he was able to take the road; even then he was crippled and weak. Orion attended upon him and helped him along carefully, and as beggars they slowly made their way northward along the coast towards the great city. Arriving

there, Orion found employment with a goldsmith, who at first engaged him out of pity, but afterwards began to find him useful. Orion was now about forty-two, for they were fourteen years captive among the pirates, and it was now two years since their escape. Orion gradually worked his way on, and his knowledge of jewels was found useful. All this time he supported the crippled Zeta, until the latter died.

The goldsmith died after Orion had been with him nineteen years, and as the heirs were otherwise occupied, Orion succeeded to part of the business. He had grown hard and grasping; though the business was not large, he amassed wealth by degrees, but after ten years' labor lost all through the dishonesty of a workman. He was now too old to obtain regular work, so he drifted gradually downwards, became a beggar again, and lived in poverty and obscurity to extreme old age.

In this life as in the last, he began with good opportunities, but his desires were so strong and uncontrolled that they carried him away. When a desire seized him he *would* gratify it at any cost to others, and was quite unscrupulous as to his methods while sweeping obstacles out of his way. In each case opportunity for reflexion and repentance was given him, in the first merely by long loneliness, in the second by a shorter period of positive suffering. In both cases he took to some extent advantage of this, and the latter part of the life showed its effect.

During these two lives—the Semite and Akkadian—he was taken away from those egos who had helped him the object being to see whether he could yet stand alone. The success was not very great, although things came round better in the end.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ORION : ... Lover : Gamma. Co-slave : Zeta.

X

Orion was next born in the year 15690 B.C. in a Tartar race in Central Asia, a race which might be said to be nomad on the whole, though some of its members had already begun to settle and build cities. There was a good deal of barbaric splendor about it, but little education. The women wore rough gold ornaments in great profusion, but they were taught little except to prepare herbs medically and to dress wounds. Orion was the son of Aglaia, a high official, a sort of president or governor of a district, whose duty led him to travel constantly all over his province. He frequently went in state, carrying all his family and retinue with him in a caravan. In the intervals between these journeyings they lived in one of the principal houses in the chief city of the province.

Orion's training was almost entirely military; he was taught to ride almost as soon as he could walk, and also to shoot with a bow, and to use a lance, a short sword and a club. Unfortunately, in the same city lived Gamma, who had exercised such an evil influence over him in his previous life. He was scarcely sixteen when the shadow of that unprincipled woman fell upon his life again. She was already secretly married without the knowledge of her parents, but nevertheless conceived a passion for Orion, and soon succeeded in getting him into her toils. As before, she wanted costly gifts, and the infatuated boy was hard put to it to find means to satisfy her wild desires.

This went on for some years, and the previous life might to a great extent have repeated itself, but for the entry upon the scene of a second young lady, Helios, whom he had the opportunity of saving one day from some robbers on a country road. She was the exact opposite of his older charmer—wild and free, yet shy and modest, a lovely child of nature, while the other woman

was bold, brazen and artificial. As she was riding along with one woman attendant, Kappa, two ruffians rushed up, seized the bridles of the horses, and tried to tear a necklace from her throat. Orion, observing this, rode up hastily and struck down one of the robbers, whereupon the other fled; he then supported and reassured the frightened maiden. She was naturally grateful for his daring rescue, while he was deeply impressed by her beauty, and they probably both enjoyed the next half-hour as they rode along together. When they approached the town, she seemed to expect him to leave her, so he drew away politely. As they parted he ventured to ask her name, and was disagreeably surprised to learn that she was the daughter of a house between which and his own was a bitter hereditary feud. Their ancestors for generations had been slaying one another at sight, and each had been brought up to regard with the utmost horror and detestation everything connected with the opposite faction. He rode off home greatly crestfallen, for he had determined to improve her acquaintance, and he now realised that there would be the most formidable difficulties in the way.

The impression made upon him increased instead of decreasing as the days wore on, and he felt that with this sacred image in his mind he could not go to see the other woman. When some days had passed, the latter, anxious lest she should be losing hold upon a valuable source of revenue, sent to fetch him. He went, because he could not well help it, but his thoughts were otherwise engaged, and he naturally seemed cold and distracted, so there was a quarrel. The woman wanted more money from him, but he was not now interested in her, and felt bored and uncomfortable. He tried to resume the old relation, for he was in despair about his new love, not seeing how he could reach her, and feeling himself to be altogether unworthy of her even if he could. His attempts, however, were unsuccessful; the adventuress detected the hollowness of his pretences, and

there were incessant quarrels and scenes between them. He brooded more and more over the mental image of the fair girl whom he had rescued, and day after day he found himself hanging round the house to which she had gone, though he did not even know whether she was still there or not. He could not forget her face, though he had seen it only once; he tried to draw it, but was dissatisfied with the result. He struggled long against his feeling for her, but it grew even stronger. He gave up the other woman altogether, and entirely reformed his life.

At last he determined that it was useless to fight against his love any longer, so he solemnly informed his father of the facts, and declared that in spite of the family feud he *must* have that young woman if she would have him. The father thought him mad, would not hear of the proposition on any consideration, and drove him from his presence with contumely. Orion, however, stood loyally to his resolution; and his father, finding him intractable, finally drove him from the homestead and disinherited him. The young man was thus left in a very peculiar position, thrown out penniless on the world for the sake of a girl whom he had seen only once, while he did not even know whether she cared in the least for him.

It seems distinctly an improvement on the last life, that for the sake of true love he should thus be willing to throw aside the bad woman and reform his life, and then to lose all that had made up that life. He rode off with his horse and arms, but with little else; and since he was thus cast out for the sake of his lady-love, he thought he might as well cross the steppes to the town where her home was. Arrived there, he debated with himself as to what he should do, for he knew that if the girl's relations should discover him they would probably kill him at once on account of the feud. He decided eventually that boldness was the

best and worthiest policy, and that he ought to go openly to the girl's father and claim her hand; but his difficulty was that he did not know whether she would have him, and he naturally wanted to discover her sentiments before he intruded.

Just as he was getting quite desperate, he had the good fortune to meet the young woman who had ridden as an attendant behind his lady-love on the memorable occasion. He at once claimed acquaintance and led her on to talk about her mistress. She was distinctly encouraging, for she said that her mistress had often spoken of him and would certainly be glad to see him, and furthermore she tried to arrange a meeting. It was time that some fortune should come to him, for he was very poor; often he had not even enough to eat, and his pride was too great to allow him to make friends with anyone. He was at the rendezvous next day, and was overjoyed to see the mistress of his heart appear as well as the maid. He poured out his tale of love, and she blushing admitted that she could not feel indifferent to such devotion. He was transported with joy over this, but began to consider what he could do, for he felt it quite hopeless for a penniless outcast to approach her father on such a subject. She intimated her willingness to wait for him, but expressed a fervent hope that it might not be too long. Finally they decided that they could not possibly wait, and that he must see the father forthwith.

A temptation came upon him to go to the father without saying anything of the fact that he had been disinherited, and to represent himself as coming on behalf of his family to propose that the hereditary feud should be ended by a marriage; but he decided that such deceit would make him unworthy of her whom he loved, and for this reason he abandoned the idea. When he appeared before the great rambling castle-like building which was the home of her family, and announced his name to the sentinel, there

was great excitement. He was carried before the chieftain, and boldly told his hereditary enemy that he wanted to marry his daughter. The chief was too amazed to be indignant; he thought the young man mad, and his first impulse was to throw him into a dungeon, but on second thought he simply had him cast out of the castle with a warning not to come again on pain of death.

Orion thought himself fortunate to have got off so easily, but did not quite know what to do next. He saw that he must somehow earn money for food, and resolved to turn to work of some kind. He had not, however, been brought up to do anything useful, but he reflected that in the surrounding country he could support himself by hunting; so he lived for a while a kind of gipsy life. He came into town frequently, and though he could not see his lady-love, he often managed to meet the maid, and to receive and send messages through her. The maid's advice was that he should waste no more time, but at once carry off the mistress of his heart; he replied that he would be very willing to do so if he were able to take her to a palace which was worthy of her. The next time the maid came, she brought a message that gorgeous surroundings were unnecessary and love in a cottage would be quite enough, and after that matters were easily arranged. She stole out one day, and they fled together.

The father was furious when he found that she had disappeared, even though he did not know of the young man's part in the drama. He sent in pursuit of her, but they had had a good start, and so got clear away, hiding themselves among one of the wandering tribes. It was certainly an evidence of real love that these two, who had been used to every luxury that the period could afford, should resign everything for the sake of being together, and live in the queer little black huts of an uncivilised tribe who drove their cattle through the desert from pasture to pasture. (It will be remembered that in the last life Orion

did not give up his position voluntarily, but had to be carried off.) These people were to a certain extent marauders also, for they levied contributions of food from the weaker of the settled tribes; but they made our fugitives welcome, and they wandered over the country with them for years, passing far away from their original home.

Being alone together among those who were comparative barbarians, they reacted upon one another very powerfully. Orion was full of the idea that his wife's life had been a beautiful and pure one, while his own had been sadly stained, so he thought of her always in a humble and adoring way which was unquestionably good for him. She, on the other hand, thought of nothing but his bravery, and of all that he had given up on her account. And so, each admiring the other, they lived very happily, even though their physical surroundings were horribly rough and poor. Orion undertook to do the hunting for the caravan in return for food and lodging for himself and wife, and presently he bartered some of the skins for cattle, and in this way came to own a few, like the men of the tribe.

They wandered with this tribe for several years, and three children were born to them, the eldest boy being Aldebaran and the second child, Eros, a girl. Later on they joined another band of people of higher type, who were engaged in war with a neighboring tribe. Orion offered his services, which were eagerly accepted, and when his side had been victorious he received a considerable share of the spoil, thus becoming comparatively rich again. Then he and his wife gave up their wandering life entirely, and settled among their new friends of the victorious tribe.

Meanwhile news of their flight together had reached Orion's family, who were furious, considering that he had disgraced their name and dragged their honor in the dust by intermarrying with their hereditary enemies. His father sent his brother, Scorpio, to search for him and

to kill him, as he thought that only blood would wipe out the dishonor. Scorpio, after much labor, succeeded in reaching the pair, but finding them domiciled among a powerful and warlike tribe, hesitated to make any direct attack upon them. He thought it wiser to ally himself with a robber band whose depredations had long been an annoyance to the district. These bandits occupied a small rocky valley among the hills, so well defended by nature as to be almost impregnable. It was surrounded by precipices perhaps two hundred feet in height; a river fell in a cascade into one end of it, and the place where the river flowed out at the other was the only practicable entrance. The bandits had strengthened this by building a wall across it, leaving only a winding passage which was always guarded.

Scorpio disguised himself and, with two other bandits, watched for Orion until he saw him at some distance from the town, when they fell upon him. Being a well-trained fighter Orion succeeded in beating them off, killing one and wounding both the others, who, however, contrived to escape. Orion himself was wounded, but not very seriously. He regarded this as an ordinary attempt at highway robbery, and had no idea that his own brother was concerned in it. Scorpio was now more determined than ever to injure him, though afraid to meet him in fight, so he formed the project of kidnapping his son and heir, Aldebaran, who by this time was a child of seven. He succeeded in this nefarious plot, and the grief of the father and mother at the boy's disappearance was indescribable.

Indeed the mother's anguish was such that Orion, who loved her so deeply, was almost maddened by it, and swore a great oath to recover the child if he were alive. Looking around with great care for any clues as to what had happened, he found, on a sort of fork which happened to be hanging on the wall close to the doorway, some torn shreds of cloth, a thread or two of

the clothes his boy had worn, and also a fragment of a particular kind of dark blue cloth, with a little burr sticking to it. The fork hung well above the height of the child's head, so the father deduced that when it caught his clothes he was being carried by someone. The blue cloth was quite strange to him, so he thought it must be from the garment of the kidnapper; the little burr belonged to a kind of plant which grew in only one spot in the district—a bit of swampy ground just outside the entrance to the bandit's valley. Orion quickly inferred where his child must be, and resolved to rescue him, for since the robbers did not kill him on the spot he thought it probable that the boy still lived. Everyone was afraid to meddle with the band of thieves, who had a great reputation for ferocity, but Orion spent a large portion of his wealth in bribing a number of men to join him in an attack on their stronghold.

He went alone to reconnoitre the place, and decided at once that nothing could be done with the guarded entrance, and that his party must somehow or other get down the cliffs. He constructed a rope-ladder with wooden rungs, something new in that country, and resolved that a few daring spirits should descend by this means, while the rest kept the bandits employed. The bandits guarded only their doorway, being perfectly confident that their cliffs were unscalable. The top of the cliffs could be reached from the valley only by a detour of several hours, so Orion was able to put his men in position not far from their edge without attracting the attention of the bandits. Then with great labor they gathered together vast numbers of loose boulders. When all was ready Orion himself, with a small party of picked men, advanced to the spot which he had chosen for fixing the ladder, but he had barely succeeded in doing this before he was perceived by one of the bandits, who instantly gave the alarm. At once the robbers came rushing out of their huts, and began to shoot their arrows at the daring little party; but at

the same moment Orion developed *his* attack, for his men on both cliffs also shot clouds of arrows, while others rolled down rocks on the heads of the advancing robbers, and yet others threw down balls of wool which had been soaked in oil and lighted. Thus in a few minutes several of the huts were set on fire, and many of the bandits killed or wounded.

Meantime Orion had lowered his clumsy ladder, and was himself the first to trust to its very precarious support. As soon as he reached the bottom he was able to fix the lower end, so the rest of his little band came down much more safely; and meanwhile the attention of the robbers was so thoroughly engaged that only one of his men was wounded by an arrow during the descent. His party now protected the bottom of the ladder while more and more of his men came swiftly down it, the rest up above never ceasing their steady downpour of rocks and arrows. When about fifty of his men were in the valley he led them in a furious charge upon the remnant of the bandits, who were exterminated after some desperate fighting, as the remainder of Orion's troops came clambering down to help. Orion looked out eagerly for the blue garment, rushed madly upon its wearer, and killed him with his own hand, but was terribly shocked when he tore off the disguise and discovered it was his own brother whom he had slain. Several prisoners who had been held for ransom were found, and a number of women whom the robbers had at different times captured.

Among these Orion was overjoyed to find his little son alive and unhurt, though badly frightened. He carried him home to his wife in triumph, and the reunion was indeed a happy one, though clouded by the horror of the fratricide. Orion was all but overwhelmed by the thought of what he had done, but his wife comforted him, pointing out that he could not be held responsible, as he was entirely ignorant of the identity of his enemy. Nevertheless he brooded over it, all the more as he found himself

avoided by the neighbors when the story became generally known. Finally, the whole family decided to leave that part of the country, and Orion directed their course towards his old home, with some half-formed intention of giving himself up to his father as a kind of atonement. Before he arrived, however, he heard that his father had been recently slain by the opposite parties in the old feud—indeed that his family had been all but exterminated, and that he was now the only surviving male. He therefore took possession of the property, and his wife persuaded him that it was best to say nothing of the fratricide, which of course was unknown there. For his wife's sake he took no further action in the matter of the feud, though many people blamed him for leaving his father's death unavenged.

The remainder of his life passed comparatively quietly, and he died at the age of fifty-eight, his wife following him a few years later. This life undoubtedly showed considerable improvement upon the previous one, not only in the greater determination exhibited, but also in the absence of greed and avarice. It will be noted, however, that to effect this change it needed the presence with Orion of two of those egos who have always been helpers and influences for good, so that the victory was not won entirely alone. Few of his other old friends were with him this time. Sirius was indeed his great-grandmother, but had died before he was born. Sirius had married Bellatrix; and two at least of their children played a prominent part in the history of their tribe, for their eldest son Deneb was a great military and political leader, while their second son Lyra devoted himself to philosophy and religion, and became a celebrated teacher and prophet. Orion had altogether five children—three during the wandering, and two later on.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

BELLATRIX:	... Wife: Sirius. Sons: Deneb, Lyra, Aquarius. Daughter: Mira.
DENEb:	... Wife: Theodoros.
LYRA:	... Wife: Proteus. Daughter: Virgo.
MIRA:	... Husband: Vesta. Son: Aglaia. Daughters: Berenice, Dolphin.
EPSILON:	... Father: Daphne. Mother: Hebe. Husband: Aglaia. Sons: Orion, Scorpio, Flora. Daughter: Chamæleon.
ORION:	... Wife: Helios. Sons: Aldebaran, Pegasus. Daughters: Eros, Sagittarius, Ophiuchus.
GAMMA:	... Adventuress.
KAPPA:	... Attendant of Helios.
CHAMÆLEON:	... Husband: Juno. Son: Iota. Daughters: Stella, Nu, Avelledo.
FLORA:	... Wife: Mu.

XI

The scene of this life lies in what is now Canada, north of Lake Superior, and its date is 14507 B. C. The great lakes at that time were somewhat different in outline, and the climate was colder. Orion's father, Ursa, belonged to a race something like the Esquimaux, who were small of stature, sturdy and dark. The people lived in houses that had very thick walls, made of double rows of logs. The tribe migrated in each year for hunting purposes, moving south for the winter, and north for the summer, and they often erected temporary snow-huts on their journeys.

Orion's mother, Sirius, was the daughter of the chief. His father, Ursa, was a selfish and scheming man, who was often unkind to his mother. Orion on the whole was afraid of him, though the father was good-natured to the child, at such times as he thought of it. When Orion was seven years old, we observe that he loved his mother and helped her in looking after the babies, of whom there were six younger than himself, two of them being twins.

About this time his father fell in love with another woman, Gamma, and brought her home in place of the mother, whom he drove away. Gamma pretended to take care of the children at first, but did not really like them, and soon began to neglect them, treating them unkindly. Orion soon grew to hate her. There was often not enough food for the entire family, and hunger made him grow selfish, and even drove him to steal. He became, in fact, rather a little savage—short but strong for his age, with keen black eyes. His inward craving for love was not understood now that his mother was gone. He was thus always thrown back upon himself, and he grew hard and was often cruel, not from love of cruelty, but because he was self-centred; he did not even *think* of others.

After a few years, the mother reappeared, and begged to be allowed to see her children sometimes, but the new wife compelled the father to refuse. Orion was hardy and strong: he hated the new wife, despised all women, and had even lost his love for his own mother. He went out hunting sometimes with his father, but quarrelled even with him. When he was sixteen years old, his father was badly mauled by a bear; and the new wife, seeing at once that Ursa would never be a strong hunter again, abandoned him, and, taking her jewels and some weapons, ran off with a younger man.

Orion would not stay at home to nurse his wounded father, who lay in a very bad condition for weeks. His first wife Sirius heard of his state, and returned and nursed him back to health. Orion by this time had formed his own habits; he was suspicious of his mother, as of all women; he was intractable and wayward, and would not respond to her anxious love, or help her with the younger children. Everything must give way to his slightest whim, or he was impatient, rough and angry. Already he was beyond control, often remaining away from home for days together. In pursuance of his

uncontrolled passions he seduced Sigma, the daughter of a neighbor, a girl who was about his own age. This was discovered, and caused a great disturbance, for under these circumstances the girl was no longer a desirable person, and could not be given in marriage to any one else. A tribal council was held, which decreed that, young as Orion was, he must marry Sigma, and take her to his father's house. This made one more mouth to feed, where already there was not enough to go round. The father was angered, but the mother tried to make the best of it. Orion was carelessly kind to the girl-wife, when he happened to think about her, but soon regarded her as a burden thrust unjustly upon him, and a clog to his ambitious schemes.

The household ran along scantily in a comfortless fashion for some years. Orion had some children for whom he really cared, but they most unfortunately died, and the sorrow hardened him still more. Eventually he went off to another tribe, at the age of twenty-four. There he soon made a reputation as a good hunter, and a keen trader in skins and furs. He married for policy's sake Nu, the daughter of an important man, and with her obtained a good dowry. Orion did not specially love her, but he had two little sons by her whom he loved very dearly, one of whom was Theseus. When these sons were seven and five years old respectively, their mother died, and he had no one to look after his children. Just at this time, in the course of his wanderings, he came across his old tribe again, learned that his father was dead, and that his mother Sirius and his own first wife Sigma were living together in very poor circumstances. They welcomed the wanderer and offered to take care of his children. He accepted their offer and returned to his own tribe with his little sons; and because of his mother's love for these sons of his, he grew to love her again, as he did when he was a little child. Sirius had always yearned over

him, so she was very happy at recovering him and his love. Broken down by hardships, she died when he was thirty-four; but the household still went on, for Orion had resumed his original wife, and they understood one another better now. She looked well after his sons, and soon had some of her own. Orion had grown less selfish, though he was still impulsive; he now settled down to some twenty years of fairly ordinary family life, dying at the age of fifty-six.

This life was evidently largely a test to see whether under unfavorable circumstances and with a difficult body, the ego could still contrive to impress on the personality the love and unselfishness of the previous life. In many ways he was unsuccessful, so in the next incarnation an experiment was made with a change of sex.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ORION: ... *Father*: Ursa. *Mother*: Sirius. *Step-Mother*:
 Gamma. *Girl-Wife*: Sigma. *Second Wife*:
 Nu. *Son*: Theseus.

I that rather held it better men should perish one by one,
 Than that earth should stand at gaze like Joshua's moon
 in Ajalon!

Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward let us
 range,

Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves
 of change.

Thro' the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger
 day:

Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.

Mother-Age (for mine I knew not) help me as when
 life begun:

Rift the hills, and roll the waters, flesh the lightnings,
 weigh the Sun.

TENNYSON



RAI PYARE LĀLL SĀHAB.

THEOSOPHICAL WORTHIES

RAI PYARE LĀLL SĀHAB

THE subject of our sketch this month has lately passed away from among us at the ripe age of 71. His useful and benevolent life was closed on earth on November 18, 1910. Since 1883 he had been a member of the Theosophical Society, and through evil and good report he bravely stood by his flag.

Pyare Lāl was born on September 18, 1839, in Delhi, the capital city of so many fortunes—Indraprastha, as good Hindūs still love to call it. There is a prophecy that Delhi is to be ruined nine times, and each time it is to rise again and flourish; seven such destructions lie behind it. The boy learned Persian and Arabic with Muhammadan lads, sons of his father's friends, and the boyish association left behind it a friendly feeling towards Musalmāns that lasted throughout his life. He was still a lad when the Sepoy War broke out, and lived in Delhi through the siege; in his old age he would tell many a story of that wild time. In 1858 he went to Agra to complete his English education, gained a scholarship and studied in the Government College, rising very rapidly through the classes, and becoming a teacher in 1860.

Pyare Lāl did not, however, remain in the teaching profession, but in 1869, after two years as Head Clerk, he became Munsarim of the Judge's Court in Meerut, and as he found the legal profession attractive, he passed the Law Examination in 1873, and came out second on the list. In two years he was appointed a Munsif, and then was made a Sub-Judge at Cawnpore. From this he rose to be Judge of the Small Cause Court at Agra, and later officiated in the responsible post of District and Sessions Judge.

His services were found so valuable that he was given a three years' extension after completing the age for retirement, and he was rewarded with the title of Rai Sāhab.

His career as a Theosophist was as active and as honorable as his judicial service, and he devoted himself most earnestly to the task of purifying and reforming popular Hindūism by the infusion into it of Theosophy. He became an Inspector of Branches, and later Provincial Secretary, and worked diligently to the end. He was one of the Founders of the Central Hindū College, and supported it in every way. He also was one of the Founders of the Hindū Girls' School in Delhi, one of the most flourishing institutions of its kind, and one which will long feel his loss.

Rai Sāhab was a most delightful personality; to a keen and well-trained intellect, he added a childlike simplicity, and a heart of gold. How often did he move us to laughter by some quaintly naïve remark; how often did he win our admiration by the rare generosity so unconsciously manifested! Truly of such as he is the kingdom of heaven. And with all his good-nature and friendliness, he was steady and strong, firm in his attachments, unshakable in his loyalty. For myself, when he passed away, I lost on earth a steadfast friend, but the sure tie between us cannot break.

A. B.

ELEMENTARY THEOSOPHY

THOUGHT-POWER AND ITS USE

ONE of the most striking features of the present day is the recognition on all hands of the Power of Thought, the belief that a man can mould his character, and therefore his destiny, by the exercise of this power which makes him man. In this our modern ideas are coming into line with the religious teachings of the past. "Man is created by thought," was written in a Hindū Scripture; "what a man thinks on that he becomes; therefore think on the Eternal." "As he thinketh in his heart, so is he," said the wise King of Israel, giving warning against association with an evil man. "All that we are is made up of our thoughts," said the Buddha. "Whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her, hath committed adultery with her already in his heart," declared the Christ. Thought is the parent of action; our nature sets itself to embody that which is generated by thought. Modern psychology states that the body tends to follow out the thought, and traces the inclination felt by some to throw themselves down from a height to the imagination picturing a fall, and the body acting out the picture.

There being, then, a practically general appreciation of the Power of Thought, it becomes a matter of great moment to know how to use this power in the highest possible way and to the greatest possible effect. This can best be done by the practice of meditation, and one of the simplest methods—which has also the advantage that its value can be tested by each person for himself—is as follows.

Examining your own character, you pick out some distinct defect in it; you then ask yourself what is its exact opposite, the virtue which is its antithesis. Let us say that you suffer from irritability; you select patience. Then, regularly every morning, before going out into the world, you sit down for from three to five minutes and think on patience—its value, its beauty, its practice under provocation, taking one point one day, another another, and thinking as steadily as you can, recalling the mind when it wanders; think of yourself as perfectly patient, a model of patience, and end with a vow: "This patience, which is my true Self, I will feel and show to-day."

For a few days, probably, there will be no change perceptible; you will still feel and show irritability. Go on steadily every morning. Presently, as you say an irritable thing, the thought will flash into your mind unbidden: "I should have been patient." Still go on. Soon the thought of patience will arise with the irritable impulse, and the outer manifestation will be checked. Still go on. The irritable impulse will grow feebler and feebler, until you find that irritability has disappeared, and that patience has become your normal attitude towards annoyances.

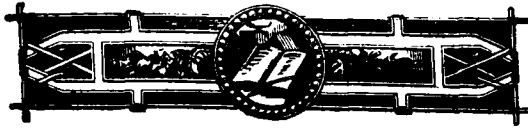
Here is an experiment that any one can try, and prove the law for himself. Once proven, he can use it, and proceed to build virtue after virtue in a similar way, until he has created an ideal character by the Power of Thought.

Another use for this power is to help any good cause by sending to it good thoughts; to aid a friend in trouble by sending thoughts of comfort; a friend in search of truth by thoughts, clear and definite, of the truths you know. You can send out into the mental atmosphere thoughts which will raise, purify, inspire all who are sensitive to them; thoughts of protection, to be guardian angels of those you love. Right thought is a continual benediction which each can radiate, like a fountain spraying forth sweet waters.

Yet must we not forget the reverse of this fair picture. Wrong Thought is as swift for evil as is Right Thought for good. Thought can wound as well as heal, distress as well as comfort. Ill thoughts thrown into the mental atmosphere poison receptive minds; thoughts of anger and revenge lend strength to the murderous blow; thoughts which wrong others barb the tongue of slander, and wing the arrow loosed at the unjustly assailed. The mind tenanted by evil thoughts acts as a magnet to attract like thoughts from others, and thus intensifies the original ill. To think on evil is a step towards doing evil, and a polluted imagination prompts the realisation of its own foul creations. "As a man thinks, so he becomes" is the law for evil thought as well as good. To dwell on an evil thought gradually deprives it of its repulsiveness, and impels the thinker to perform an action which embodies it.

Such is the Law of Thought, such its Power. "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them."

ANNIE BESANT



REVIEWS

Reason and Belief, by Sir Oliver Lodge, F.R.S. (Methuen & Co., 36 Essex Street, London. Price 3/6 net.)

Part I of this book, entitled 'Incarnation,' is of profound interest. Commencing with the statement that there is "no end to any real existence; nor is there any beginning," Sir Oliver Lodge goes on to discuss the inter-relations between consciousness and matter, and the persistence of the individual. He notes the "dim reminiscence as of previous experience," so characteristic of man, and he declares: "My message is that there is some great truth in the idea of pre-existence;" but he is not yet prepared to go into details. It may be that, in embodying itself, the soul becomes entranced, and suffers dislocation of memory, but none the less may memory be regained when the body is cast off. We are developing will, and the dangerous gift of freedom is ours; sin is "the conscious doing of what we know to be wrong," and it is the inevitable result of growing intelligence to change into "a condition of joyful and heart-whole obedience to what they see to be best." Then comes "the reign of peace and undisturbed progress."

As regards the Divine Incarnation believed in by Christians, Sir Oliver Lodge sees nothing unreasonable in it. "We are all incarnations, all sons of God in a sense;" "Christ did not spring into existence as the man Jesus of Nazareth. The Christ-spirit existed through all eternity. At birth he became incarnate." Sir Oliver Lodge is coming perilously near Theosophy. And again:

Even now the seers and poets are preparing their songs to welcome a second Advent of the Divine Spirit in the hearts of men—not in Palestine or Asia Minor, but here in Europe, in Britain, in London; the time will surely come when we can feel that the further dream of the poet has been realised.

And lo, Christ walking on the water
Not of Gennesareth, but Thames!

Sir Oliver Lodge raises another interesting point as to prophecy, asking if people think it absurd to suppose that the coming of Christ in Judæa was "foreseen and heralded." Strange as such foresight may be.

I believe you are wrong if you think so, nevertheless. Facts are beginning to be known to me, still obscure and incomplete, which tend to show that even the birth of a human child, of ordinary parents, a child only remarkable for the fulness and richness of its nature and for the destiny soon to overtake it, was predicted, was shadowed forth in ways obscure but subsequently unmistakable, several years before birth.

A statement to be weighed, surely.

Part II deals with the Old Testament in Education, and its most interesting chapter is that on 'The Problem of Evil'; here again our author is thoroughly Theosophical. Part III deals with 'The Scope of Science,' and contains some useful reminders on the limitations of science and the use of hypotheses.

A. B.

Spiritual Science, by Sir William Earnshaw Cooper, C.I.E. (L. N. Fowler & Co., London. Price 3/6 or Rs. 2-10).

Sir W. E. Cooper is a man who has lived for over forty years in India, and has been a member of one of its Legislative Councils, and is still the head of a large Indian manufacturing company. He is already known to the world as the writer of several books upon agriculture, and one upon the perils of socialism. In this volume he has abandoned his accustomed fields, and burst forth in a new and unexpected direction, giving us an energetic and enthusiastic presentment of the higher type of Spiritualism.

The first thing to be said of the book is that it gives us remarkably good value for the money as far as size goes; it is quite as large as many a book which has been sold for three times its price. Frankly, it has no message for the Theosophical student, for he already knows, not only all this, but much more also. But there is a class, and a large class, to whom it will appeal, and the Theosophist may find it useful to keep it to lend to people who belong to that class. It is perhaps somewhat verbose, and it contains pages of quotations; still, it must be admitted that many of the quotations are good ones, though even a good quotation begins to pall upon one when one meets it four times over, as at pp. 291, 323, 328 and 380.

Sir William's arguments are for the most part unanswerable, for they are just plain common-sense—as, for example, when he asks why the law of evolution and progress should not apply to spirit as well as matter, and points out the inconsistency of the thousands of people who admit the existence of the soul, yet continue to live exactly as though it did not exist. He has evidently been making some efforts at propaganda, for he has already discovered that there are some people who actually lack the power or the intellect to believe even what is clearly demonstrated. He prostitutes the sacred name of the Brotherhood by applying it to mediums; but he appears to use the word medium in a wider sense than is common, for he speaks of Jesus as a medium, and also includes in his list Joshua, Samuel and others. He is sometimes amusing, as when he (quite justly) compares the prophet Samuel to the Mad Mullah, since both of them were alike “mediums” for frenzied exhortations to the commission of the most abominable crimes. He clearly knows nothing of Theosophy, for he remarks that no one has yet elevated all these occultisms into a science! To become a medium is for him the highest summit of attainment, but on the other hand he says that all may become the mediums of the higher forces by doing their daily work well and kindly. He gives us from his own experience several good pieces of direct testimony, and his colloquialisms are often refreshing, even though his repetitions are sometimes a little tedious. There are some careless errors—as for example, “vouchsafed” instead of “vouched”—that should be corrected in a second edition.

C. W. L.

Man's Supreme Inheritance, by F. Matthias Alexander. (Methuen & Co., Ltd., London. Price 5/- or Rs. 3-12.)

Originality is stamped on this small book, which has a message to give in the interests of the individual and the race. The reason why the writing of the book is undertaken is “the appalling physical deterioration that can be seen by any intelligent observer;” to the writer the existing systems of physical culture are unsatisfactory, and he is also opposed to the idea of fighting diseases by inoculations of sorts till “our bodies become depressed and enervated sterilities, incapable of action on their own account.” What is our author's remedy? He has evolved a theory of his own; he has boldly put aside the cherished pet ideas of scientists

in general (even his sub-conscious or subliminal self is different from that of Myers) and has come to believe that “as the intellectual powers of man extend, we progress in the direction of *conscious control*. The gradual control of evolution by the child of its production has pointed always to this end, and by this means, and by this alone can the human race continue in the full enjoyment of its physical powers and forfeit no fraction of its progressive intellectual ideal.” He explains the principle of conscious control at length, and in doing this gives to his readers a couple of good chapters. The latter portion of the book (which parents will do well to read) is more practical. There is much to be said about our author's theory, but we cannot agree *in toto* with his various details, and he is too materialistic in his explanations. The book is very well printed, but is rather dear at its price; but then, it contains original thought of value and utility.

B. P. W.

The Writers' and Artists' Year Book for 1911. (Adam & Charles Black. London, Price 1/- net.)

Though in no sense specially connected with any specifically Theosophical or kindred subject, this little book will be of interest and value to many of our readers. It is a *vade mecum* for all writers, artists and photographers who wish to have dealings with publishers and editors. Its main contents are detailed lists of British and American Journals and Magazines, as well as publishers. The lists of Journals give full details as to what matter they accept, what length and of what nature it should be, and also what payment it should command. Music publishers are enumerated under a separate heading, and short lists are furnished of syndicates for MSS., of Literary Agents, of Press-Cutting Agencies, and of Authors' and Artists' Clubs. There is also a good classified index. The little book is replete with careful and practical information and forms a most valuable tool for the business side of literary and artistic activity.

J. v. M.

A Holiday with a Hegelian, by Francis Sedlák. (A. C. Fifield, London, or the author, Whiteaway, near Stroud, Gloucester. Price 3/6.)

To find old, old problems expounded with charming freshness, and with an enthusiasm devoid of bigotry is indeed a mentally Epicurean pleasure. And here it is in *A Holiday with a Hegelian*—and done too with a skill and technique that

command our admiration and excite our interest. The author undoubtedly realised that before him lay a task of immense difficulty, that to win the attention of a too busy world for a theme in which no practical advantage lay save in enrichment of the mind, he must present it with all the cunning of the skilled artificer, who knows just how to set his jewels to catch the hurried glance of the passer-by and win him to closer attention, to desire, to possession. To think long and consecutively is boredom to the ordinary person; it is the delight of the thinker. And this is what Mr. Sedlák claims to be, and justifies his claim in the brilliant and virile exposition of Hegel's philosophy now before us. Old, old problems we have said; does not the question 'What am I' haunt the pages of the Upanishads? And the answer rings true and unequivocal every time: I am Brahṁā. The Buddha left all dear ones, all worldly treasures to seek an answer, and 'I am the Jewel in the Lotus'—was His mystical finding; the Christ answered it in the simple, holy sentence—"I and the Father are One;" and from thence on through the centuries the answer has been given again and yet again, aye, even by the stiff, disputing scholastics of a few centuries since, for despite their controversial spirit they generally agreed that the goodness of Being pre-ordained the human mind to the attainment of Truth; the answer of the mediæval mystics was that the grace of God dwelt in His inner sanctuary—the *substance* of the soul; and philosophers have each contributed their answer through all nations and races, till we arrive at Hegel, one of the greatest exponents of what that answer involves. "The only way to answer 'What am I?' is by answering the question 'What is Thought?'; 'for the Ego and the Thought are one and the same.'" Here we have succinctly, almost axiomatically, the answer that this book offers—its central idea, of which all the arguments and dialectical movements are, in truth, but expansions and expositions of how Thought acts.

Having cleared the student's way, the author devotes nine chapters to "Acts of Thought." Here we find things familiar in a new garb. The mind is forced to pace through cosmic concepts in ordered sequences with logic alone as the severe and incorruptible guide. Cycles of close reasoning trace becomings to their logical end. It were almost a truism to say that the student will benefit by a study of this book—it could not be otherwise. All his mental muscles will be exercised

and braced by it to keen fitness. Two final chapters—'The Meaning of Planetary Distances' and 'Our Destiny' are replete with fine, close and magnificent thinking—the former especially.

Much of the book is in the form of a dialogue and hence is robbed of the tediousness that in works of this nature is so often the despair of the ordinary reader. Its lack of verbosity delights the 'thinker' who wants 'Thought' and not mere words. And of this dialogue, of the style, and of the presentation of the subject-matter Viscount Haldane, Minister for War—who is described as being "our foremost English Hegelian"—writes in warm appreciation. With him we hope that this book will do good. It will undoubtedly mark an era in the way in which philosophy is presented—in clear language understandable even at first reading. We wish the book the success it truly deserves—a circle of serious and appreciative students of things noble and inspiring, who are above all lovers of Truth, into the nature of which this volume claims to be a guide.

J. R.

Social Idealism, by R. Dimsdale Stocker. (Williams & Norgate, London. Price 3s.)

Mr. Stocker is indeed a maker of books. He writes interestingly on many topics that are agitating the public mind and conscience to-day, chiefly perhaps on matters relating to what is called "New Thought." While there is nothing very original in what he says, yet he has the happy knack of giving publicity to the latest ideas on social and religious questions, and for that reason he is always worth perusing. The book has seven chapters, the first being "The New Religious Metaphysic." In this he points out that the iconoclastic spirit of thirty years ago was an essential factor in progress. But now the time has come when there must be spiritual reconstruction. The churches have failed to weld together our social and spiritual forces to one supreme end, so science must attempt the task, by establishing the new ideal—produce a "serviceably scientific conception of Society." Chapter II is entitled "The New View of Immortality." In this Mr. Stocker adversely criticises the late Rev. Dr. Momerie's ideas on "Immortality." Mr. Stocker himself is not sure that there is a future state, but hopes that there is. In Chapter III, "Salvation for All"—the author is inclined to believe more in collective than individual immortality. Chapter IV is entitled, "As a Little Child," and the thought of the writer

revolves round the idea that the State should not only supervise the mental training of children, but their physical well-being as well—also that the State should incorporate in its educational system training in the art of motherhood. "Conscience—the Voice of Man" is the title of Chapter V. In this he shows that the individual conscience is clearly a question of growth, but that the realisation of the social conscience is the greatest fact of modern thought. Chapter VI is entitled "International Idealism and its Message," and shows that all those who can think above considerations of race and country are helping to break down the barriers of prejudice, convention and ignorance that divide mankind, thus bringing about more quickly the time when all will say: "The world is my country, to do good is my religion." The final chapter is on "The Life of the World to come," and is a comparison of existing social and religious conditions with those described by Sir Thomas Moore in his *Utopia*. The book is nicely bound and printed and should have a wide circulation.

M. H. H.

Adyar, the Home of the Theosophical Society, by Alcyone (J. Kṛṣṇamūrti). (THE THEOSOPHIST Office, Adyar, Madras S., India. Price Re. 1-8 or 2s. 6d. or 60 cts., postage extra).

At last we have an album worthy of Adyar, and though the critical may find several little imperfections and flaws—by way of contrast with the superb half-tone printing of England and America—yet if they but realised even a few of the difficulties under which it was produced, they would feel only the deepest gratitude to Alcyone for attempting such a daring feat. For the work has been done entirely at our own Vasanṭa Press upon two hand-driven presses, by men to whom the work was new, and with the limited materials which could be obtained in Madras. But no apologies are needed for this book of views; it is a gratifying success, and not a member who purchases one but will number it among his treasures—for our hearts turn ever to Adyar, and we have often longed to see its beauties. Through the perseverance and patience of Alcyone, who walked day after day about the estate in the hot sun with his camera, we are shown forty-two excellent half-tone photographs (printed on heavy art paper) of beautiful Adyar, and each one is accompanied by a page of exceedingly interesting letter-press written by Mr. Leadbeater. Portraits of Madame

Blavatsky, Colonel Olcott and Mrs. Besant are also included, and at the very end of the handsome cloth-bound album is a large new map of the estate, indicating the position of all the recent buildings, and two plans showing the ground and first floors of the historical Headquarters building. In his introduction, Mr. Leadbeater has described the various changes which have so modified the appearance of this building, and in addition has given us the history of the estate. Throughout all of his descriptions, little anecdotes and personal touches are found which make their reading delightful. One of the most interesting photographs is that which gives us—more clearly than any words—the exact appearance of the famous roof upon which the members have gathered for years to listen to our teachers, and where great Visitors have sometimes come. Then there are photographs of the Convention hall, of the library, of the veranda round the President's room, upon which those nearest to her gather in the twilight, of the octagon room famed in early days, of the cool, green palm grove, of Leadbeater Chambers which front the river near the sea; as we turn over page after page, glancing across the quiet river, upon an ancient gate of carved stone, or down an aisle of stately palms, we suddenly realise the value of this gift of Alcyone—he has given us a glimpse, not of physical beauty alone, but of the subtle magic which has transformed Adyar into one of the greatest spiritual centres in the world. And we are grateful to him. At the wish of Alcyone all the profits go to Mrs. Besant.

I. S. C.

The Allahabad and Nagpur Congress, Conferences and Conventions. A Collection of the Presidential Addresses delivered at various meetings held in 1910. Natesan & Co., Madras. Price 12 Ans.)

With laudable energy and up-to-date-ness Mr. Natesan publishes another annual batch of presidential speeches by the various chairmen of some fifteen different conventions and conferences held in 1910, mostly in its closing months. The matter furnished makes most interesting reading and gives a valuable *résumé* of current tendencies and movements in present day India. To our readers perhaps the reports of speeches at the Theosophical Anniversary Meeting, at the Convention of Religions, and at the Theistic Conference will appeal most. In this otherwise excellent little collection it is a pity to notice that the exigencies of a speedy production have prevented thorough completeness. So we find only Mrs. Besant's closing address insert-

ed, but not her real Presidential address, and the former is incorrectly labelled 'Presidential address.' May future issues avoid similar mistakes, in order to enhance the usefulness and reliability of the publication!

J. v. M.

The Altar in the Wilderness, by Ethelbert Johnson. (Wm. Rider & Son, Ltd., London. Price 1/6 or Re. 1-2.)

This booklet is said to be "an attempt to interpret man's seven spiritual ages," each of which is leading him to a higher and fuller life. Good ethical essays are the seven chapters, each of which treats of one such spiritual age, and they provide an hour's fair reading. It furnishes a welcome change for the serious student, as the book gives a rest to the ever alert mind and brings the emotions into healthy play, a dose of which is now and then essential for an all-round development. The book is Theosophical in spirit, though couched in language suitable for Christian ears, and we hope it will find a ready sale, especially among the young of Christendom.

B. P. W.

Aspects of Death in Art, by F. Parkes Weber, M.A., M.D. (T. Fisher Unwin, Adelphi Terrace, London.)

Mr. Weber is a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries and of the Royal Numismatic Society of London, and his studies have led him especially into the examination of medals, engraved gems, jewels, cups and vases. In the volume before us, he has selected works of art bearing on death, and gives a remarkable series. They are classified under various appropriate headings, and with the many illustrations given, the book should prove very useful for those who wish to tread this bye-way of Art.

A. B.

The Day's Message, by Susan Coolidge. (Messrs. Methuen & Co., London. Price 3/6 net).

This is a new edition of a well-known selection of maxims, texts and other quotations for daily use throughout the year. It has been before the public now for more than two decennia, and should be too well-known by this time to need much recommendation. A page is allotted to every day in the year, and each page contains three or four quotations. The plan of the little work is sensible and effective. First on each page comes a text quoted from the Bible, from either the New or the Old Testament. There come one or two verses from the poets, and lastly a quotation from a secular prose writer. The selections are predominantly Christian in sentiment and

religious in subject. To the devotional temperament the little book ought to be inspiring and of value.

J. v. M.

Some Noble Souls, by Elisabeth Severs. (Theosophical Publishing Society, London. Price 4/6 or Rs. 3-6.)

Seven of the great souls of the world have been objects of inspiration to our good friend Miss Severs and she has, with a view to helping her fellow-men, produced this volume of uncritical studies. It is helpful for the young, and inspiring for certain temperaments. The seven are Pythagoras, S. Francis of Assisi, S. Catherine of Siena, Joan of Arc, H. P. Blavatsky, H. S. Olcott and Annie Besant. The 350 pages of this book provide interesting reading for a day, and when even the hasty reader comes to the end he finds himself not altogether uninstructed. Theosophists will do good work in the way of propaganda if they will recommend the book for school libraries and get it taken up for prize distributions at educational institutions. We wish it success.

B. P. W.

Light on the Path and Karma, new edition, with an introduction by C. W. Leadbeater. (THE THEOSOPHIST Office, Adyar. Paper 6d. or 6 ans.; Cloth 1/- or 12 ans.; Leather 2/- or Re. 1-8.)

This priceless pearl of Theosophical literature is here given a new and valuable setting. It is printed in three sizes of type to indicate the respective sources of inspiration. The original aphorisms are put in italics, and the explanations (which we now learn were given by the Venetian Master) are put in large type. The notes that were added by the Master Hilarion after the first edition, are now put in their appropriate places, printed in smaller type. We have included in the present edition the wonderful essay on "Karma" which, we are told, is also from the hand of the Venetian Master. Mr. Leadbeater's introduction must be read by every lover of *Light on the Path*. It settles once and for all the questions that have been raised regarding the origin of the work. Failing any knowledge, we were bound to speculate on such a wonderful book, and we were bound to be wrong! The present edition is well produced, and it is a pleasure to handle it.

S. R.

The Victory of Love, by C. C. Cotterill. (Fifield, price 2/- net).

No one can deny the sincerity and warmth of this little book. The author's theme is that "the root of all human

greatness is human love." He believes that this very moment is ripe for realisation, and in that, his optimism is bigger than many utopians who, while believing in a glorious age on earth, see it only as a "far-off divine event."

The word 'Love' as he says, may stand for something weak and flabby, and the very expression brotherly love so easily drifts into mere sentimentalism. Our author is far removed from that, and is indeed practical to a degree. In discussing the poverty of the poor, and how the arch-separator, money, has flung two million of our brothers and sisters in England into utter destitution (with how many more millions on the verge!), he asks what he ought to do in his private affairs towards remedying the shameful contrasts. He calculates roughly the income that would be necessary to keep a small family in such a condition as would satisfy the requirements of human existence. He has decided the amount, and attempts to live himself in some conformity with it, the residue of his income being given to hastening in some way the day of love's victory. He says truly 'we must strongly desire the removal of barriers, if we wish them removed.' Like many practical men, he sometimes falls into a curious error. He thinks that the Buddha's message had weak points because of His not having worked with His hands for a living. Comparisons with other world saviors cannot, in our opinion, be made. With so many people believing in the "essential goodness of human nature" we seem to see the obstacles that have been raised by man being broken down. We welcome Mr. Cotterill's book as a sign of the approaching dawn.

S. R.

TRANSLATIONS

From Norway comes an excellent translation, by Eva Blytt, of the first section of Mr. Leadbeater's *The Inner Life*. Its Norwegian title *The Masters and the Way (Mestrene og Veien)* defines its contents well. The execution is neat and up to the high standard shown by the well-known firm of Theosophical Publishers, Blytt and Lunds Forlag, Kristiania. The price is 2 kroner.

Aux Pieds du Maître is the French translation of Alcyone's *At the Feet of the Master* issued by the committee for 'Publications Théosophiques' at Paris. Very tastefully executed and artistically bound, the little volume is a dainty production indeed.

THEOSOPHICAL MAGAZINES

ASIATIC

The Adyar Bulletin, Adyar, May, 1911. Theosophy is being appreciated in various quarters, as shown by the 'Headquarters' Votes'; extracts from the spiritualistic weekly *Light* and *The Baluchistan Gazette* are interesting as independent testimony of our Society's silent work in two remote corners of the world. The advance of Theosophy in Scotland and the sudden increase in sale of our literature is also noted, and we will quote a few sentences for the information of the readers of this magazine. "*At the Feet of the Master* has been sold out, and so also our President's *Universal Text Book Part I* in cloth; the former is again in the press and will be out soon, while the latter is available in wrapper, and will be out soon also in cloth... A new feature is the regular issue of a complete pamphlet on the 21st of each month; two of the series, one by Mrs. Besant and the other by Mr. Leadbeater, are already out." Mr. Leadbeater writes an instructive article full of new and interesting information, much to our surprise and admiration, for it is always a puzzle to the ordinary mind how he can find, month after month subject-matter for splendid articles; he writes this time on 'The Founding of Religions,' and we strongly recommend the article to all our readers. 'From my Scrap-book' by Felix, is a new column which we hope will be continued; 'Theosophical Ideas in Modern Poetry' is concluded. 'Meditation' and 'A Birthday Message' make up an excellent number. We are glad to note that this little monthly is getting very popular; certainly it is the cheapest little magazine now running, and yet most useful.

The C. H. C. Magazine, Benares, May, 1911. 'In the Crow's Nest' is followed by Mrs. Besant's second instalment on 'Karma'. P. K. Telang continues his useful 'Study of the Purāṇas'; Psyche writes a sketch on 'Burma'; Miss Albarus contributes an essay on 'Emerson'.

EUROPEAN

The Vāhan, London, April, 1911. A short contribution on 'The Poor Law Commission' is worthy of perusal. The remaining contents is made up of notes, news, reprints and reviews.

Theosophy in Scotland, Edinburgh, April, 1911, continues its good work and gives us some interesting reading matter.

The Lotus Journal, London, April, 1911, opens with a story from the lucid pen of Mabel Collins which is to be continued. 'The Seder Service' of the Jewish people on the eve of the Passover is interesting. A useful Lotus lesson is entitled 'The Story of Jesus'. 'A Wonderful School,' by our friend Miss Kate Browning, is an excellent story, to be continued.

Tietäjä (Finnish), March, 1911. 'The Eye of God'; 'The Knowledge of Good and Evil in Kalevala'; 'The Faminism in the Light of Occultism' are original contributions.

Teosofisk Tidskrift (Danish), Stockholm, April, 1911. 'The Secret of Death and a Key to the Riddle of Life,' by Dr. Steiner and 'The Monads from the Moon,' by Mr. Leadbeater form the chief items of the contents.

Le Lotus Bleu, Paris, April, 1911. Sixteen pages more of the Lives of Alcyone are given, taking us from the third life to the fifth. Almost an equal amount of space is occupied by the President's 'Theosophy and the New Psychology'; and for the rest we have an article by Mabel Collins upon 'How *The Idyll of the White Lotus* and *Light on the Path* were written,' and the translation of a recent 'Twilight' from our own pages.

Bulletin Théosophique, Paris, April, 1911. Here we have a report of the recent Convention of the French Section, the quarterly letter from our President, a letter from Monsieur Charles Blech describing the tour in Burma, and the announcement of a project for the foundation of a school for young children.

La Revue Théosophique Belge, Brussels, May, 1911. Our Belgian friends are running through the pages of their Review a translation of *At the Feet of the Master*—not, apparently, the same as that so admirably prepared by Mademoiselle Aimée Blech. They commence Mrs. Besant's article 'What Should We Think of the Masters?' and reprint from our pages Mr. Leadbeater's "Notes upon the Higher Planes".

Sophia, Madrid, April, 1911. Our principal Spanish magazine always spreads good fare before its readers. It begins this time with a translation of part of the President's speech in closing the thirty-fifth Convention. The next item is an article by Mr. C. W. Leadbeater on 'The Hidden Side of Music,' which

is practically nearly the same thing as the concluding chapter of *Thought-Forms*. In its present form it is taken from *Le Lotus Bleu*, and it also appeared, if we are not in error, in *The Lotus Journal*. The thirteenth life of Alcyone is the instalment given of 'Rents in the Veil of Time,' and it is followed by a translation from one of our earlier volumes of 'Occultism in the South of India'. A. F. Gerling's article on 'Is Marriage a Sacrament?' is concluded; we notice in it the rather severe though perhaps not unmerited remark that "The great majority of the human race are not really more than candidates for humanity." Dr. Danjou writes on 'How and Why We Ought to Breathe,' and José Graves on 'Fatality, Free-will and Causality'. A curious case of reincarnation is extracted from the *Annales des Sciences Psychiques*.

Ultra (Italian), Rome, April, 1911. We note an article by Alberto Gianola on 'Pythagoras and his teachings in the Latin writers of the first century' and a first instalment on 'The Mysteries of Ancient Egypt,' by Augusto Agabiti. Decio Calvari contributes an interesting appreciation of the philosophical and religious views of the late Antonio Fogazzaro, the well-known author of *The Saint*.

Bollettino della Società Teosofica Italiana (Italian), Genoa, April, 1911. A translation from *Bibby's Annual* of the President's article on 'The Masters' opens the April number and is followed by an interesting account of 'The Shwe Dagon,' the great Golden Pagoda of Rangoon, by Alcyone. We note also 'Parables and Truth;' 'The Science of Life, or H. P. B. and Tolstoi;' a description of G. Calleri's recent visit to Ceylon and a brief account of the Tenth National Congress of the Italian T. S.

AMERICAN

The Theosophic Messenger, Chicago, April, 1911. 'The Legend of the Holy Grail'; 'Keeping in good Health'; 'The Mighty Æther'; 'What proof?' along with poems, short contributions, notes, news and reviews make up this number.

La Verdad, Buenos Aires, April, 1911. This opens with our President's lecture upon 'The Rôle of Theosophy in the Coming Civilisation,' and her explanation of the seal of the Society. An appreciative note upon Alcyone appears, and we notice that in another part of the magazine various writings of Mrs. Besant referring to him have been gathered

together from THE THEOSOPHIST and *The Adyar Bulletin*. It is not, however, correct to describe the Srotapatti Initiation as the fulfilment of the vow taken before The Lord Buddha; that can be fulfilled only by the attainment of Buddhahood, which lies yet many lives in the future. Dr. Hartmann's 'What is Matter?' is given, and next comes Dr. Pascal's 'Reincarnation,' illustrated by a design taken from one of Mr. Ostermann's post-cards. Articles on 'Pythagoreanism' and 'The Prayer on the Acropolis' follow; but one wonders why a Theosophical Magazine should perpetuate the horrible illustration (on p. 601) of a self-styled 'Modern Rosicrucian,' who certainly does not recommend himself by his appearance if he looks anything like that portrait! Monsieur Charles Blech's first impressions of Adyar are reproduced.

Virya, Costa Rica, March. The frontispiece of this Magazine is a portrait (not a flattering one, I am sorry to say) of our honored friend Señor Don José Xifré. The letterpress opens with an obituary notice of the Countess Wachtmeister by Mademoiselle Aimée Blech, and after that comes our President's 'Why we have forgotten our past lives'. Señor Muñoz concludes his article, on 'Theosophy and Science,' and we have Monsieur Edouard Schuré's answer to certain questions on the revival of the divine idea.

AUSTRALASIAN

Theosophy in Australasia, Sydney, April, 1911. 'The Outlook' this month is wide and therefore interesting. 'The Day of Opportunity' is a very readable contribution, with good hints and suggestions, and we hope the readers will succeed in catching the spirit of the writer's message regarding "the tremendous importance of the *Near*, and look for the infinite possibilities of the *Now*."

Theosophy in New Zealand, Auckland, April, 1911. With this number the little monthly enters on its ninth volume, and we welcome it under a new and improved garb. 'The Limitations and Defects of Intellect,' with short articles, reprints, notes, reviews and children's pages give a fair amount of reading. We wish our New Zealand colleagues great success and prosperity.

AFRICAN

The Seeker, Pietermaritzburg, April, 1911, is showing decided improvement and we cannot but congratulate the small band of workers in this far-away land on their laudable efforts to spread the good tidings.

X.

THEOSOPHY IN MANY LANDS

THEOSOPHY IN BRAZIL

We have before us several interesting cuttings from Brazilian newspapers, sent by our devoted brother Captain R. Seidl, who is doing all in his power for the spread of Theosophy in his beautiful country. There is a long article in memory of Colonel Olcott, translations from Mrs. Besant's and Mr. Leadbeater's works, and a clever exposition of the ground and purpose of the *Liga Mental Internacional "Pro-Pace"* founded by our brother in Rio de Janeiro. It is remarkable, and has probably caused great curiosity, that the proposal for this League comes from an officer of the army. The newspapers of Rio, so we learn, accept as a rule almost everything on Theosophy which is offered to them. It seems, therefore, that the time is not far off in which a stronghold of Theosophy will arise in that vast and promising country which, according to Señor Roso de Luna, can be compared only with India, as far as spirituality is concerned.

SCOTLAND

The present season's programme of propaganda work has now been completed. The winter months have been very fully occupied in conducting a series of lectures in different towns, and as an immediate result we have Lodges in Perth and Forfar, and Centres in Musselburgh, Hawick and Falkirk. A further result may doubtless be that some of these new Lodges will themselves undertake propaganda work. The message of Theosophy has everywhere met with so great a welcome that it is not too much to anticipate that before long the Society may be represented in all parts of this country.

In Glasgow and Edinburgh the work has gone steadily forward, and the Lodges in both of these cities have increased in numerical strength. Mr. Lorimer Thomson has undertaken and is energetically carrying out a heavy programme of lectures in Dundee, Aberdeen and Perth, among other places.

The Theosophical Society in Scotland has recently acquired permanent Headquarters in Edinburgh. An exceptional opportunity offered for the purchase of a house, and by taking advantage of it our members have placed the Society in possession of premises that are admirably suited to the purpose of Headquarters. When a few small alterations have been effected, we shall be provided with a Lecture room capable of seating 200 people, a Library, an E. S. room, and bedroom accommodation for the use of visiting Theosophists. There is little doubt that these new premises will be open by the date of the President's arrival in Edinburgh. The new Headquarters address will be 28 Great King Street, Edinburgh. The whole of the requisite funds for the purchase of these premises has been subscribed, and also funds provided for necessary alterations and decorations.

The Society is keenly looking forward to the forthcoming visit of the President to Scotland. Preparations are being actively carried out in all the towns that will be visited, and we anticipate a great strengthening of the foundations of the Scottish Society as the outcome of the President's tour of the Lodges. Mrs. Besant will preside at the first annual Convention of the Scottish Society to be held in Edinburgh on Saturday, June 3rd.

C. G.



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THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

LONDON, *May* 12, 1911

BOMBAY gave us a noble farewell, and we passed through the entrance to the pier amid a chorus of good-byes from a large crowd of friends; through the medical inspection to the launch, from the launch to the ship, s. s. *Mantua*, where we quickly settled down for the voyage. The Peninsular and Oriental Company is an old friend, and its stewards efficiently catered for our vegetarian party, attracting thereby some Indian travellers who asked to be allowed to join us. The passengers requested a lecture between Bombay and Aden, and I spoke on Reincarnation, and so gave rise to many questions during the remainder of the voyage.

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We reached Aden on April 26th, and left again the same evening, spending some time in pleasant talk with Colonel Nicholson and others who came on board. We were at Suez on April 30th, and entered the Canal on the same day. At 2 A.M. on May 1st we were routed out to join the *Isis* at Port Said, and spent nearly three uncomfortable hours waiting about at that unconscion-

able time. We left Port Said at 5 A.M., and met a rather heavy swell in the Mediterranean, the legacy of a past storm; but fortunately the sea was quiet the next day, and we reached Brindisi at 1 P.M. on May 3rd. My Indian charges proved quite good sailors, and, for myself, it is the first voyage in my life during which I have not once been ill.

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At Brindisi the Italian General Secretary and some other friends met us, Professor Penzig travelling with us as far as Turin, where the Lodges turned out in force to greet us, and smothered us in the loveliest and most fragrant flowers. On May 5th—thirteen days out from Bombay—we arrived in England, after a smooth Channel passage; the English General Secretary met us at Dover, and at Charing Cross we found a great crowd of friends who gave us joyous greeting. Thence to the new London home, 82 Drayton Gardens, S. W., whither my dear old friends, Mrs. and Miss Bright, had moved; and, as people matter more than places, it did not really seem new.

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So now we are established for a time in England, and are settling down to work. Alcyone and Mizar are with me at Mrs. Bright's; Mr. Arundale sleeps at my son's, but is with us all day; Shri Prakāsha is staying for awhile in the hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. Alan Leo. All are well, and adapting themselves to the new conditions. A generous friend has put a motor-car at my service for three months—an immense boon in this city of huge distances.

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On White Lotus Day we found Headquarters packed to suffocation, a large crowd of members blocking even the stairs. It was pleasant to see many old faces and

many new ones, all alight with enthusiasm for the one great Cause. After a violin solo by Mrs. Herbert Whyte and a song from Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Sharpe opened the meeting with a few appropriate words; Mrs. Betts and Mr. Whyte read from *The Bhagavad-Gītā* and *The Light of Asia* respectively, and then the duty of speech came to me. What I said will be found on p. 583.

* * *

On the 9th eleven of us went down to Folkestone, where I had to give a public lecture in the Town Hall in the afternoon and a Lodge address in the evening. The afternoon gathering filled the Hall, and I spoke on Theosophy to an audience that proved to be remarkably enthusiastic; in the evening, the Lodge room was packed for a students' address on Mysticism. We returned to London on the following morning, and in the afternoon Shri Prakāsha and I visited the house lately opened for Indian students and societies in Cromwell Road, and had an interesting talk with Mr. Arnold, the Educational Adviser. Mr. Arnold is eminently fitted for his work by his keen sympathy and wide heart, and he is laboring against many difficulties. The rush of Indian students some years ago, who came over without proper guardianship and control, has led to much trouble; some left the University with debts unpaid, and some injured their country's good name by loose behavior. Oxford practically closed itself against them, and Mr. Arnold, after prolonged efforts, has only lately succeeded in persuading one college after another to open its doors. Now only four remain obdurate; the remainder are willing to accept a limited number. It remains for a better class of students to win respect for their country and affection for themselves.

* * *

The second half of May is very full of work; we shall be visiting Oxford, Manchester, Liverpool, Aberdeen,

Dundee, Leven, Perth, Edinburgh, Forfar and Glasgow. In addition I speak at a meeting of the Fabian Society in London, and to the Round Table, and I have promised to attend the Annual Dinner of Women Writers. The meetings in the large Queen's Hall begin on June 11th, and occupy five successive Sunday evenings.

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Scotland has quite justified her organisation as a National Society; 125 members made up the forming body, and in a year they have risen to 235. Three new Lodges have been formed during April and May, at Perth, Forfar and Glasgow, completing a dozen, and there are ten centres. The Society has just purchased a large house in Great King Street, one of the finest thoroughfares in Edinburgh, as its Headquarters, and the formal opening is to take place on June 3rd, when I shall have the pleasure of being there. I hope later to give an account of the little Scotch tour.

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At the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, I am to deliver a lecture on 'The Emergence of a World Religion,' at the Spring Assembly of the League of Liberal Christian Thought. The Assembly itself seems to indicate a great widening of religious thought, for among the speakers are the Rev. R. J. Campbell, Canon Cremer, the Very Rev. Monsignor Hugh Benson, and myself—a Non-conformist, an Anglican, a Roman Catholic and a Theosophist. A number of ministers of various denominations are gathered together to discuss Christian teachings and co-operation among the Churches, and the social Service which should be rendered by the Churches to the nation. The gathering should be impressive and useful, and I am glad to have been asked to deliver the closing address. It is a recognition of the position gained by the Theosophical Society.

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LONDON, May 26, 1911

The first country work began with a visit to Oxford, where the South-western Federation held a Conference. Two evening public lectures were given on May 19th and 20th in the Town Hall to good audiences, and a pleasant garden party—at which Mr. Arundale and myself spoke on the 'Order of the Star in the East'—occupied one afternoon. An E. S. meeting completed the work. It was very pleasant to meet there Basil Hodgson-Smith, now an Oxford undergraduate, looking very well, and active in service to our Society. On May 23rd we were at Manchester, where the League of Liberal Christian Thought was holding a four days' Conference; it was surely significant that the President of the Theosophical Society was asked to deliver the closing address on the 'Emergence of a World Religion.' The Rev. Mr. Campbell presided at a great meeting in the Free Trade Hall, which was roused to much enthusiasm. Our party, consisting of Aloyone, Mizar, Mr. Arundale and myself, stayed at the Blavatsky Institute, Hale, a most charming house, dedicated to the service of the Masters in the name of Their great Messenger.

On May 24th we motored from Hale to Bidston through a beautiful undulating and well-wooded country, in all the charm of the fresh green of spring. The rolling sweep of emerald meadows, the dropping yellow rain of the laburnum, the mauve of the lilac, the white and rosy snow of the hawthorn, the golden glory of the gorse, the brilliant plume of the broom, the white spike of the chestnut, brooded over by the calm serenity of the English country-side, made a scene as fair and peaceful as the eye could wish to rest upon. England cannot boast of snowy peaks or rushing torrents, but for rich and gracious beauty her landscape cannot be excelled. And it has a certain intimate and home-like aspect, with its buttercup-flecked fields and its many-hued hedgerows, that distinguishes it from other lands.

Bidston Priory, a delightful house surrounded by beautiful grounds, is the residence of Mr. Joseph Bibby, a Theosophist of many years standing; it is near Birkenhead, Liverpool's twin-city, the Mersey rolling between the two towns. Mr. and Mrs. Bibby had invited the Theosophists of the neighborhood to a garden party, and there was a large gathering, which was first fed intellectually with an address from myself, and then physically with tea and innumerable cakes. A little later we betook ourselves to Liverpool, crossing the river by steamer, for a lecture presided over by Sir Benjamin Johnson, and listened to by a large audience. I spoke on 'The Masters and the Way to Them,' and it was interesting to note how the audience gradually changed from cool attention to warm enthusiasm—warmer than a Liverpool audience is wont to show. The next day we were in London once more, but not for long, since we leave on the 29th for Scotland.

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Four functions, however, interpose between us and the journey north. To-night—the 26th May—I am to speak at the Fabian Society on "England and India." On the 28th there is a meeting of the Round Table at Headquarters, and on the 29th I am to attend the opening of the International Club for Psychical Research, of which I have been made an Honorary Life Member, and, later, the annual dinner of the Women Writers' Club. To-morrow there is an engagement of a lighter character, the Trooping of the Color on the birthday of H. M. the King, for which we have been fortunate enough to receive tickets; as the King, the Queen and the Royal Family are to be present, the spectacle will be an imposing one.

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Our nineteenth National Society has just been formed, Belgium having grown strong enough to stand on its own feet. Belgium is the last fragment of the 'European Section' of the past; nation after nation has organised itself within its own borders, until the 'European' had

become the 'British' Section *plus* a large family of national daughter Sections. Belgium long remained attached to Britain, and after North Britain organised itself separately, it still clung to England and Wales. Now it has launched itself in its own ship, and we all give it God-speed. Spain, Ireland, Poland, Austria, the Balkan States, Turkey and Greece still remain unsectionalised. Poland would have organised many months ago, had it not been for the lack of some one knowing Polish at Headquarters, and the consequent arising of some confusion.

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London streets are crowded with motor vehicles, horsed carriages being comparatively rare. Even in Hyde Park motors predominate, though there are still to be seen some of the splendid horses for which London is famous. The air is full of the preparations for the Coronation, and we are fortunate enough to have had given to us some seats in Whitehall, a splendid position for seeing the procession. King George appears to be very popular among his people, and the highest hopes are expressed for his reign; the Queen also is winning love by her warm sympathy and gentle ways. The Empire is certainly fortunate in its Monarchs—Victoria, Edward VII. and George V. Rarely indeed is such a succession to be found in history.

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A very interesting article appeared in the London *Daily Express* on the discovery by Dr. W. J. Kilner, a London physician, of a method of rendering visible the human aura. He has written a book, now in the press, entitled, *The Human Atmosphere, or the Aura made visible by the aid of Chemical Screens*. The representative of the *Daily Express* was shown a series of experiments by Dr. Felkin, who is much interested in Dr. Kilner's discovery. He says:

The apparatus, if apparatus it can be termed, consists of a number of what are technically termed 'spectauranine' glass screens, each about four inches in length by an inch and a

half in breadth. These screens are made each of two plates of very thin glass, between which, hermetically sealed in, is a wonderful fluid that Dr. Kilner has discovered.

The screens vary in color. Some are red, others blue, varying in depth of color to suit the eyes of the investigator.

The subject was a well-made woman of medium height, and apparently in the best of health. Dr. Felkin first of all told her exactly the nature of the experiments he was about to make. Then, having instructed the *Express* representative to look steadily at the daylight through one of the spectauranine screens, and set the patient standing upright with legs together and hands on hips, about a foot away from a dead, dark background, facing the only window in the room, he proceeded to draw a dark blind half-way down this window. Then from below he drew up a blind of dark serge until it overlapped the upper blind sufficiently to allow light so dim to filter into the room that only the white form of the subject's body could be discerned in the gloom.

"Now turn round," Dr. Felkin said to the *Express* representative, "and tell me what you see, or if you see anything at all, for there are perhaps four or five people out of every hundred who, through some inherent defect in the eyesight, are physically unable to perceive the 'aura'."

For some moments, perhaps a quarter of a minute, the only object that could be made out in the darkness was the subject's form and its outline. Then gradually, as the eyes grew accustomed to the darkness, a sort of double mist or halo, the one within the other and the inner one denser than the outer, became more and more distinctly visible.

The outlines of this mist exactly followed the curves and the contour of the subject's body. The color of the outer aura seemed to be a blue-grey; that of the inner aura was darker—also, apparently, the inner aura was denser. In the triangular space formed by the sides of the body and the angle of the arms, as the subject remained with her hands resting lightly on her hips, the halo could be seen most clearly.

Presently, acting upon Dr. Felkin's instructions, the subject raised and extended first one arm, then the other. Then she joined her hands at the back of her neck. And always the mist of aura followed, as though it were itself an outline of some sort of shadow of the limbs.

Presumably the liquid between the screens lessens the refrangibility of the vibrations of the aura colors, and so renders them visible. The protruding part of the etheric double and the health aura must be the parts shown. It will be interesting to learn the further development of the method.



HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF

(Concluded from p. 366)

THE MIRACLES

IF it may be said without irreverence, one finds oneself wondering whether this time the Supreme Teacher will work miracles. Last time He did so; as Shri Kṛṣṇa He did so, but the Lord Buddha worked none.

In considering the accounts that have come down to us of the miracles of the Christ in Judæa, two things especially strike one. *Firstly*, the connexion that He invariably made between suffering and sin. For example, after He had cured the man who had had an infirmity for thirty-eight years, and was lying at the Pool of Bethesda in the hope of a cure, He said to him; "Behold, thou art made whole: sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto thee" (*John*, v. 14). (There is nothing whatever to show that this was a bad man.)

Before the great twin-doctrines of Reincarnation and Karma were known to us, how did we account for this connexion? What rational belief in it was possible? The difficulty can be *evaded* in various ways: by a mere general declaration that as we are all miserable sinners we all deserve all possible evils—little babies, with souls fresh-created by God, included; and by deferring the promised suffering to the next world in our ideas. The objections to the first theory are many and glaring; we all know them well. The objection to the second is, that the Christ was quite apparently speaking of *this* world to the sufferers whom He healed. He was evidently doing so also in the following passage:

There were present at that season some that told him of the Galileans, whose blood Pilate had mingled with their sacrifices. And Jesus answering said unto them, Suppose ye that these Galileans were sinners above all the Galileans, because they suffered such things? I tell you, Nay; but, except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish. Or those eighteen upon whom the tower in Siloam fell, and slew them, think ye that they were sinners above all men that dwelt in Jerusalem? I tell you, Nay; but, except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish (*Luke*, xiii. 1—5).

Secondly, His constant insistence on the need of that much misunderstood quality, *Faith*, in order to receive and benefit by 'the virtue that went out of Him' to effect a cure; or if not its actual necessity, at least He claimed it as an assistance which the sufferer ought to give. He said to two blind men: "Believe ye that I am able to do this? They said unto him, Yea, Lord. Then touched he their eyes, saying, According to your faith be it unto you." The question was seemingly put either to strengthen and maintain the two men in the right mental attitude, or to show onlookers that faith was needed if their cure was to be wrought: for of the faith of the men themselves there could be no doubt, seeing they had been following Him, crying: "Thou son of David, have mercy on us" (*Mat.* ix. 27—30).

That cure was not merely a *reward* of faith is made all the clearer by a passage in the *Acts of the Apostles*

where we read of the man at Lystra, "impotent in his feet, being a cripple from his mother's womb, who never had walked," and that S. Paul "steadfastly beholding him, and perceiving" (clairvoyantly, we may presume) "that he had faith to be healed, said with a loud voice, Stand upright on thy feet. And he leaped and walked" (*Acts*, xiv. 8—10).

Sometimes the faith was required by Jesus of the person who made the petition for another; in these cases, the sufferer was at least passive, capable of neither faith nor unfaith at the moment. Such cases were those of the centurion's servant (*Luke*, vii. 2—10), the nobleman's child who lay dying (*John*, iv. 46—53), the daughter of Jairus (*Mat.* ix. 18—26; *Mark*, v. 22—43; *Luke*, viii. 41—56) and of people possessed (*Mat.* xv. 22—28; xvii. 14—18; *Mark*, ix. 17—27). Faith was seemingly demanded, in order to avoid an unnecessary expenditure of the occult force employed. In one case there are two circumstances which lead us to infer this: firstly, the person is taken apart, away from all possible opposition made by the minds of the crowd (this was done in several instances); secondly, the miracle is only half-wrought at first, showing that the Christ was using only just so much force as was necessary to effect His purpose.

He took the blind man by the hand, and led him out of the town; and when he had spit on his eyes, and put his hands upon him, he asked him if he saw aught. And he looked up, and said, I see men as trees, walking. After that he put his hands again upon his eyes, and made him look up: and he was restored, and saw every man clearly (*Mark*, viii. 22—25).

To a woman who came to Him seeking her daughter's cure, and who refused to be put off by the question with which He tried her, He said, "O woman, great is thy faith: be it unto thee even as thou wilt." (*Mat.* xv. 28). To a man who came similarly for his son, He said: "If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth" (*Mark*, ix. 23). And He told His disciples

that if they had faith but as a grain of mustard seed, nothing should be impossible to them, while His constant reproach even to them was "O ye of little faith!" (*Mat.* vi. 30; viii. 26; xiv. 31; xvi. 8; *Luke*, xii. 28).

If love be the greatest thing, as S. Paul said it was, (*1 Cor.* xiii.) surely faith is the strongest: or perhaps, love being the root of all good, it is love manifesting as strength. It is hard to acquire, for it has to be sought in the depths of our being; it is "deep calling unto deep." There are degrees of trust, and it may be well or ill bestowed; but faith makes no mistake, and it cannot be shaken: even the one to whom it is given could not destroy it. Outward seemings cannot affect it; they may bewilder and cloud the mind for a time, but below the troubled surface the faith remains inviolate. It is the house founded on a rock; the storms may beat on it and the floods may come, but they pass and it remains. "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him," declared Job in his afflictions (*Job*, xiii. 51). Said the Christ:

There was in a city a judge, which feared not God, neither regarded man: and there was a widow in that city; and she came unto him, saying, Avenge me of mine adversary. And he would not for a while: but afterward he said within himself, Though I fear not God, nor regard man, yet because this widow troubleth me, I will avenge her, lest by her continual coming she weary me (*Luke*, xviii. 1-5). Again: Which of you shall have a friend, and shall go unto him at midnight, and say unto him, Friend, lend me three loaves, for a friend of mine in his journey is come to me, and I have nothing to set before him? And he from within shall answer and say, Trouble me not; the door is now shut, and my children are with me in bed; I cannot rise and give thee. I say unto you, Though he will not rise and give him because he is his friend, yet because of his importunity he will rise and give him as many as he needeth (*Ibid.* xi. 5-8).

These parables He spake "to this end, that men ought always to pray, and not to faint;" the unjust judge and the unkind friend are chosen as types of God, evidently to make more striking His praise of that quality which

will take no denial, the perseverance which can only grow out of faith.

THE BREAKING OF TRADITIONS

The old order changeth, giving place to new,
And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.¹

The old is the enemy of the new—not the new of the old, for the new builds on the old.

A custom will often persist after the reason for it has passed and the spirit which inspired it has departed. We are always mistaking shadow for reality, the changeable covering of a thing for its vital essence. Everywhere and always tradition is being confused with the living commandments: in the East, it may be, through some forms which conservatism takes; in the West, by unspirituality—dogmatism and materialism even in matters of religion. But no form has any value except as a witness of the indwelling Spirit: the Scriptures of all the world are only precious because they witness to 'Christ,' under whatever name Christ be called in them. "Search the scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life: and they are they which testify of me. And ye will not come to me, that ye might have life" (*John*, v. 39, 40). Constant repetition tends besides to grow mechanical, and then it deadens the understanding. And so, for many reasons, a new impulse of life is sure to break down some conventions. When the impulse is a tremendous one, much of the old order is bound to go, however good it may have been in its time and place.

Many passages could be quoted from the *New Testament* to show that when a form seems to be directly attacked, it is only in order to make room for a new and better spirit to manifest.

Let us take the vision of S. Peter. He saw in a trance heaven opened, and as it were a great sheet knit

¹ Tennyson, *The Passing of Arthur*.

at the four corners and let down to earth, wherein were all manner of four-footed beasts of the earth, and wild beasts, and creeping things, and fowls of the air; and a voice gave him the very uninviting command: "Kill, and eat." "Not so, Lord," replied Peter: "for I have never eaten anything that is common or unclean." And the voice answered: "What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common." The sequel of the story shows that what was being controverted had no reference to rules about clean diet. For while Peter doubted in himself what this vision should mean, men came to him from Cornelius, a centurion of the Italian band: and the Spirit bade him go with him. He went, and found Cornelius and many people with him, who were earnestly desirous to hear him preach. Then Peter—a rigorous upholder of Jewish traditions, who had not thought it well that the Gospel should be preached to the Gentiles—said to them: "Ye know how that it is an unlawful thing for a man that is a Jew to keep company, or come unto one of another nation; but God hath shewed me that I should not call any man common or unclean." And again: "Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons. But in every nation he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted of him" (*Acts, x. passim*).

This story shows us how to interpret rightly that saying attributed to the Christ:

There is nothing from without a man, that entering into him can defile him: but the things which come out of him, those are they that defile the man. If any man have ears to hear, let him hear (*Mark, vii. 14—16*. See also *Mat. xv. 10, 11*).

The saying follows on some of the ceaseless carping and cavilling of the Scribes and Pharisees. "How is it that he eateth and drinketh with publicans and sinners?" (*Mark, ii. 16*). "Why do the disciples of John and of the Pharisees fast, but thy disciples fast not?" (*Ibid. ii. 18*). "Why do they on the sabbath day that which is not

lawful?" (*Ibid. ii. 24*) and on this occasion: "Why do thy disciples transgress the tradition of the elders? for they wash not their hands when they eat bread" (*Mat. xv. 2*). Afterwards the disciples came and said to him: "Knowest thou that the Pharisees were offended, after they heard this saying?" And Jesus answered: "Let them alone; they be blind leaders of the blind." Then Peter prayed Him: "Declare unto us this parable." "Are ye also yet without understanding?" asked the Master. "From within, out of the heart of men, proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornications, murders, thefts, covetousness, wickedness, deceit, lasciviousness, an evil eye, blasphemy, pride, foolishness; all these things come from within, and defile the man" (*Ibid. xv. passim*).

And it came to pass, as Jesus sat at meat in the house, behold, many publicans and sinners came and sat down with him and his disciples. And when the Pharisees saw it, they said unto his disciples, Why eateth your Master with publicans and sinners? But when Jesus heard that, he saith unto them: They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick. But go ye and learn what that meaneth, I will have mercy and not sacrifice (*Mat. ix. 10—13*). At that time Jesus went on the Sabbath day through the corn; and his disciples were an hungered, and began to pluck the ears of corn, and to eat; [the Pharisees took exception to their action, and Jesus reminded them how David on one occasion ate the shewbread in the house of God for the same reason, and concluded:] "But if ye had known what that meaneth, I will have mercy, and not sacrifice, ye would not have condemned the guiltless. For the Son of man is Lord even of the Sabbath day" (*Ibid. xii. 1—8*). And He said: The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath (*Mark, ii. 27*).

This rebuke to the Pharisees gives us one ground of His condemnation of their standards—the *uncharitableness* which inevitably follows from judging everything by outward appearances. "Judge not according to the appearance, but judge righteous judgment" (*John, vii. 24*). He bade them on one occasion; and again He said, "Ye judge after the flesh; I judge no man" (*Ibid. viii. 15*). "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them; for this is the law and the

prophets" (*Mat.* vii. 12). S. Paul taught the same: "Love worketh no ill to his neighbor; therefore love is the fulfilling of the law" (*Romans*, xiii. 10).

One of the Scribes—after listening to Christ reasoning with the Scribes and the Pharisees and the Sadducees who were seeking to "catch him in his words" (*Mark*, xii. 13) and "entangle him in his talk," (*Mat.* xxii. 15)—perceiving that he had answered them well, asked him:

Which is the first commandment of all? And Jesus answered him. The first of all the commandments is, Hear, O Israel; the Lord our God is one Lord: and thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength: this is the first commandment. And the second is like, namely this, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. There is none other commandment greater than these. And the Scribe said unto him, Well, Master, thou hast said the truth; for there is one God; and there is none other but he; and to love him with all the heart, and with all the understanding, and with all the soul, and with all the strength, and to love his neighbor as himself, is more than all whole burnt offerings and sacrifices. And when Jesus saw that he answered discreetly (*i.e.*, discriminatingly), he said unto him: Thou art not far from the kingdom of God (*Mark*, xii. 28—34).

How little, I think, do most of us realise what we have been told about superstition, the evil and the danger of it! "This nightmare of superstition," as we may now read¹ that a Master has called it, is made up of customs, habits and prejudices which appear so natural, so unobjectionable and pleasant to their victims. In this region it is eminently true that we can all see the mote in our brother's eye and are most unwilling to consider the beam in our own (*Mat.* vii. 1—5).

We have grown up in these things, and countless associations have made them dear to us. But the Master classifies superstition as a *sin against love*, one of the three sins which do the most harm in the world. If we examine the source of all the uncharity of these Pharisees of the olden time, we see that it is indeed

¹ Akyone, *At the Feet of the Master*.

superstition. And whence, save from superstition, sprang the persecutions, the heretic-hunts, the witch-burnings, the countless and nameless cruelties of the Inquisition, which drenched in blood and covered with infamy the annals of the Christian Church, all committed in the name of Him 'whose Name is Compassion'? The other ground of the Christ's condemnation is *hypocrisy*, which so often—consciously or unconsciously—accompanies an exaggerated regard for outward forms and observances. For as "we all fall short," it is better to do so openly and honestly at least, than to put our extremest care into preserving a spotless outward appearance, which not only blinds others, but, what is worse, blinds ourselves to the shortcomings that exist underneath.

Ye fools, did not he that made that which is without make that which is within also? But rather give alms of such things as ye have, and behold, all things are clean unto you. But woe unto you, Pharisees! for ye tithe mint and rue and all manner of herbs, and pass over judgment and the love of God: these ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone (*Luke*, xi. 40—42). "Well hath Esaias prophesied of you hypocrites, as it is written: This people honoreth me with their lips, but their heart is far from me. Howbeit in vain do they worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men (*Mark*, vii. 6, 7). Full well ye reject the commandment of God, that ye may keep your own tradition" (*Ibid.* vii. 9). Thus have ye made the commandment of God of none effect by your tradition (*Mat.* xv. 6).

Hypocrisy was the one sin that brought denunciation down upon the offenders, in words that fall like fire from heaven.

Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye pay tithe of mint and anise and cummin, and have omitted the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy, and faith; these ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone. Ye blind guides, which strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel. Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye make clean the outside of the cup and of the platter, but within they are full of extortion and excess.

Woe unto you Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! because ye build the tombs of the prophets and garnish the sepulchres of the righteous, and say, If we had been in the days of our

fathers, we would not have been partakers with them in the blood of the prophets. Wherefore ye be witnesses unto yourselves, that ye are the children of them which killed the prophets. Fill ye up then the measure of your fathers.

O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not! Behold, your house is left unto you desolate. For I say unto you, Ye shall not see me henceforth, till ye shall say, Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord (*Mat. xxiii. passim*).

These last words set us thinking of the awful and far-reaching consequences that must ensue from rising up against Him who is the 'Refuge of the World.' To those who have done this, nothing is left under which they can shelter; no plea is of any avail for them; for "this is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light" (*John, iii. 19*).

After the body the Christ was using had been murdered, the greatest of the Apostles carried on the war against the confounding of substance and shadow, and—human nature being everywhere the same—had to wage it inside the young Church, where the confusion did not delay to appear.

In his *Epistle to the Romans*, Paul wrote, referring to existing differences of opinion as to what was lawful food, and which days should be kept holy:

Who art thou that judgest another man's servant? to his own master he standeth or falleth. Yea, he shall be holden up; for God is able to make him stand. He that regardeth the day, regardeth it unto the Lord; and he that regardeth not the day, to the Lord he doth not regard it. He that eateth, eateth to the Lord, for he giveth God thanks; and he that eateth not, to the Lord he eateth not, and giveth God thanks. For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself. For whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord; whether we live therefore, or die, we are the Lord's. But why dost thou judge thy brother? or why dost thou set at nought thy brother? Every one of us shall give account of himself to God. Let us not therefore judge one another any more: but judge this rather, that no man put a stumbling-block or an occasion to fall in his brother's way. I know, and am persuaded by

the Lord Jesus, that there is nothing unclean of itself; but to him that esteemeth any thing to be unclean, to him it is unclean. But if thy brother be grieved with thy meat, now walkest thou not charitably. Destroy not him with thy meat, for whom Christ died. Let not then your good be evil spoken of; for the kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.

Is a man then justified in omitting to do anything to which his *conscience* prompts him? "God forbid," as S. Paul was wont to write in answer to such questions. How did he speak on the same occasion?

One man esteemeth one day above another; another man esteemeth every day alike. *Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind* [that is, make up his own mind for himself and then act accordingly]. Hast thou faith? have it to thyself before God [neither caring for the opinions of others nor yet seeking to impose your own on them]. Happy is he that condemneth not himself in that thing which he alloweth [who does only what his own conscience approves]. And he that doubteth is damned if he eat, because he eateth not of faith; for whatsoever is not of faith is sin (*Romans, xiv*).

Elsewhere he declares: "If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend" (*1 Corinthians, viii. 13*).

The chapter quoted above, and many other portions of S. Paul's Epistles, are instructive as showing how he ruled and directed the early Church. He forced no man's conscience, and strove to bend none to his will: his sole authority was the wisdom and knowledge which gave him the power to teach. His blame fell only in cases where it is clear to all who read that the conscience of his hearers must have echoed it. What he did constantly was to bring them back to 'first principles,' to the essentials, clearing away the mists that so often rise in the mind. This characteristic of keeping hold in an argument of what in it *really matters* runs also all through the Christ's teaching and words, as we have them recorded in the Gospels. But instead of agreeing with Him when they knew He was right, as we may suppose the Church did with S. Paul, the Pharisees showed

bad faith. Over and over again He met their subtle coil of specious words with a simple question, by answering which they judged themselves out of their own mouths; and then "they were filled with madness, and went out and took counsel together how they might destroy him" (*Mat.* vii. 14; *Mark*, iii. 6; *Luke*, vi. 11). Their ingenious tempting of Him was like bringing tawdry scraps of tinsel out of a dusty closet and placing them in the full sunshine; the sorry, tarnished stuff showed worthless in the benignant light, and they slunk off snarling and cursed the sun.

COUNTING THE COST

There is a 'dark saying' of the Christ which has a bearing on the foregoing subject. All truths are true at different levels; and I am considering now the most easily discovered meaning in the saying:

If any man come to me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple. And whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after me, cannot be my disciple. For which of you, intending to build a tower, sitteth not down first, and counteth the cost, whether he have sufficient to finish it? Or what king, going to make war against another king, sitteth not down first, and consulteth not whether he be able to meet him? So likewise, whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple (*Luke*, xiv. 26—33).

The father and mother, etc., may be taken to signify *everything* that has to do with what we may call the *form-side* of our existence: our country, race, outward form of faith, customs, caste—all the things in the world around us to which we are so much attached: while one's own life is the whole life of the personality, all that makes up our separate life, as against the One Life which we share with all; it includes both the life of the physical body, and all *personal* will and desires. It might be well if we gave a little of our time to thinking over this matter, each for himself. The inner way of discipleship, the sacrifices of the Path, the stripping away

of all which the natural man holds dear, are always the same; but there are times when outer sacrifices in the world are required to the utmost from everyone who would fain follow a divine Teacher. It is in this sense that we might take now that warning of the Christ, that He comes to send not peace, but a sword.

If we reflect a little, we see it must be so. Hardest of all to give up, for those who are real lovers of their religion, are its rites and observances and doctrines: for these are entwined with all that is best in them, and with their perception of truth; but Christ chose parents and wife and child to typify the things He meant, and to show how close and how rightly dear they are to us. Our presentation of the eternal truth is *limited*, after all, however beautiful it may be, and however satisfying to us. It is a sacred vessel which was filled by the Masters of the Wisdom: it may not be able to contain a further outpouring from the same inexhaustible source. The Christ said:

Neither do men put new wine into old bottles: else the bottles break, and the wine runneth out, and the bottles perish: but they put new wine into new bottles, and both are preserved (*Mat.* ix. 17).

Next in order of importance to this sacrifice, comes another, which may likewise be required of us, and to which also the Christ referred.

Think not that I am come to send peace on earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword. For I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law. And a man's foes shall be they of his own household. He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me. And he that taketh not his cross, and followeth after me, is not worthy of me. He that findeth his life shall lose it: and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it (*Mat.* x. 34—39). I am come to send fire on the earth, (*Luke*, xii. 49). Suppose ye that I am come to give peace on earth? I tell you, Nay; but rather division; for from henceforth there shall be five in one house divided, three against two, and two against three (*Ibid.* xii. 51—52).

A great Teacher wants only one thing: people whom He can teach. Readiness to learn is therefore the only thing we can bring to Him. The good Martha 'cumbered with much serving' did not give Him this; therefore He told her that her sister Mary, who simply sat at His feet, had chosen the better part (*Luke*, x. 38—42). He said once also: "I have a meat ye wot not of... my meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work" (*John*, iv. 32, 34).

To come and learn sounds very simple: and it is simple, but it implies the possession of several qualities in those who come, three of which appear to me to be the principal ones.

Courage first of all, as we have seen. We read in *S. John* that:

Nevertheless among the chief rulers also many believed on him; but because of the Pharisees they did not confess him, lest they should be put out of the synagogue. For they loved the praise of men more than the praise of God (*John*, xii. 42—43).

But the promise of the Christ stands thus, at the close of an exhortation to courage:

Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul: but rather fear him which is able to destroy both body and soul in hell. Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father. But the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear ye not therefore; ye are of more value than many sparrows. Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven. But whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven (*Mat.* x. 28—33).

So courage is required; courage first of all not to mind the world's opinions: "There shall come in the last day scoffers saying, Where is the promise of his coming?" (*Peter*, iii. 3, 4) and scoffers too when He is come. Courage also to face material sacrifices and possibly dangers, the 'higher carelessness' in very truth. Read the charge He gave to His disciples when He sent them forth:

Freely ye have received, freely give. Behold, I send you forth as sheep in the midst of wolves: be ye therefore wise as serpents, and harmless as doves. But beware of men; for they will deliver you up to the councils, and they will scourge you in their synagogues; and ye shall be brought before governors and kings for my sake. But when they deliver you up, take no thought how or what ye shall speak; for it shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall speak. For it is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of your Father which speaketh in you. And ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake; but he that endureth to the end shall be saved (*Mat.* x. *passim*). They shall put you out of the synagogues; yea, the time cometh, that whosoever killeth you will think that he doeth God service (*John*, xvi. 2).

There are many ways of killing; slander kills, and it is a favorite modern way. "The children of this world are wise in their generation," and know how to select the means which suit their purpose best. At the last Coming of the Lord, they needed the brute strength of the mob on their side: "The chief Priests and Scribes sought how they might kill him; for they feared the people" (*Luke*, xxii. 2). "Not on the feast day, lest there be an uproar among the people" (*Mat.* xxvi. 5). They bided their time and they succeeded. Later on, when a more respectable weapon was needed against the Apostles, we read how they

Stirred up the devout and honorable women, and the chief men of the city, and raised persecution against Paul and Barnabas, and expelled them out of their coasts (*Acts*, xiii. 50).

S. Paul wrote of the Apostles: "I think that God hath set forth us the apostles last, as it were appointed to death: for we are made a spectacle unto the world, and to angels, and to men. We are fools for Christ's sake" (1 *Cor.* iv. 9, 10). And to Timothy he wrote: "Endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ" (2 *Tim.* ii. 3). All cannot be Apostles. His Apostles and disciples the Christ will choose, who 'knows what is in men'. But all who will can be His followers. And it is not enough that the leaders should be faithful; that the officers of an

army do their duty is neither reason nor excuse for the private soldiers to fail in theirs. Our leaders indeed have faith, who are leading into battle a host which is as yet untried. What shall we prove ourselves? Heroes, strong men, weaklings, deserters, traitors? Let us accustom ourselves to the idea of hardness and stress, so that we be prepared for them when they come.

The next thing is a certain degree of *Understanding*. "I am come to give life to the world," said the Christ. One of our superstitions of to-day is to rate much too highly intellectual novelties; the great truths are neither new nor old, but eternal. We are so anxious for new teachings; while the great Ones have the ineffable patience to repeat again and again the same things to stiff-necked and foolish men. If a Christian gets offended when it is pointed out that the Buddha gave the same ethical precepts as the Christ, he merely shows that he is deluded by this modern superstition. It is literally true that only by living the life can we know of the doctrine (*John*, vii. 17). To all the rest of the world religious truths will ever seem stale and commonplace. But to live we must have life; and that is what the great Teachers bring. We should try to grasp firmly this fact. Many well-meaning, devout people preach the truths of religion, but their words do not much affect their hearers because they do not *live*, the speakers being as yet hardly alive. The flower of their soul has not opened: "When the rose is open," said Shri Rāmākṛṣṇa, "the bees come of themselves."¹ When the Supreme Teacher comes, He floods the world with life.

We must understand, too, that more than religious zeal is needed: to say "Lord, Lord," to a former Manifestation of a great Being will not ensure our feeling attracted to Him when He comes again. Zeal may be tainted by bigotry, fanaticism and all uncharitableness, and where

¹ Max Müller, *The Life and Sayings of Rāmākṛṣṇa*,

there is hatred and a desire to persecute, the 'will of the Father' is not being done (*Mat.* vii. 21).

Sincerity is the third thing, the quality which unifies a man's nature, so that he cannot deny in his life what he confesses in his mind or his heart; *singleness*, it is also called in the Scriptures (*Mat.* vi. 22). This means that we must cultivate now the qualities which go to make a disciple, for we must have them, to a small degree at least, if we are to recognise the Lord of Truth and Compassion.

First of all, we must fulfil well the duties of our respective positions, "not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord" (*Romans*, xii. 11). We must practise some self-discipline, for even S. Paul wrote (taking the Greek games as simile):

So run that he may obtain (the prize); and every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things. I therefore so run, not as uncertainly; so fight I, not as one that beateth the air; but I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection; lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway. (*1 Corinthians*, ix. 24—27).

We must try to take things at their real value, not at their surface value; the troubles of life, for example:

We glory in tribulations also; knowing that tribulation worketh patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope; and hope maketh not ashamed; because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us (*Romans*, v. 3—5).

See how closely this agrees with the recent teaching of our own Master:

The Master teaches that it does not matter in the least what happens to a man from the outside; sorrows, troubles, sicknesses, losses—all these must be as nothing to him, and must not be allowed to affect the calmness of his mind. They are the result of past actions, and when they come you must bear them cheerfully, remembering that all evil is transitory, and that your duty is to remain always joyous and serene.¹

We must tread this steep road out of the dark valley of the shadow of death, in order to reach the pure

¹ Alcyone: *At the Feet of the Master*, p. 41.

The proclamation made by the Theosophical Society must come from one of three things: fraud, delusion, or truth.

Fraud is not likely, as anyone who reflects for a few moments will admit. Its only purpose could be to make dupes; and there is plenty of evidence to show that a much less colossal hoax will effect that. Let it be noted too that this would be a double-edged as well as an excessive piece of charlatanry. For it was not Madame Blavatsky who spoke this message, knowing she would die ere the time for the fulfilment of the prophecy came, leaving her followers to be swept down by the torrent of ridicule that the failure of their hopes would bring on them. Her work cannot be rightly judged and appreciated, it is impossible to see how strong and true it is, except by connecting it with all the work that has followed it, seeing how great a superstructure is being raised on those adamantine foundations; but the time was not ripe for the message to proceed from her. The message is spoken now, when the fulness of the time has come. Fraud is an unproven and a gratuitous charge, and it is improbable; and an empty accusation of fraud does very little credit to those who put it forward.

Delusion is more possible. Many mistaken visionaries and zealots have made extraordinary announcements. We may grant that the leaders of the Theosophical Society may be deluded; but it must also be granted that those who think so may themselves mistake. So the latter cannot do better than remember the sage advice of the aged and learned Gamaliel, when Paul and Barnabas were brought before the council of the Jews:

Ye men of Israel, take heed to yourselves what ye intend to do as touching these men. For before these days rose up Theudas, boasting himself to be somebody; to whom a number of men, about four hundred, joined themselves; who was slain; and all, as many as obeyed him, were scattered, and brought to nought. After this man rose up Judas of Galilee in the days of the taxing, and drew away much people after him;

he also perished; and all, even as many as obeyed him, were dispersed. And now I say unto you, Refrain from these men, and let them alone; for if this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to nought. But if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it; lest haply ye be found even to fight against God. (*Acts*, v. 35—39).

Truth. And if it be true? "But why should this Society have been chosen as bearer of the message?" it may be objected. "Why not the Christian Church, or why not some people who are great as the world counts greatness, to whom it might be more inclined to listen?" One can best answer this question by another: Why not the Rabbis last time, of whom many must have been good and learned men? or why not the dignitaries of Imperial Rome?

It may further be said that the Society was founded simply and solely in order to fulfil a special mission. It resembles very closely the early Church, which consisted of little scattered groups of quite obscure and ordinary people, and had a few great Apostles who spent their time travelling, writing, speaking. The Church may be said not to have dated only from the Death or Resurrection of Christ, but to have begun with the precursors, with John the Baptist and his disciples, two of whom at least became the disciples of Jesus (*John*, i. 35—42).

Two things are certain: If in the near future a Teacher arises, the value of His teaching is the only thing by which His greatness can be judged; and all should be ready to listen to Him, even those who cannot believe that He is the Christ, the Bodhisattva. That this much reverence at least should be paid to a Teacher, Christ Himself enjoined, for He said of the men of His time: "The queen of the south shall rise up in the judgment with this generation, and shall condemn it: for she came from the uttermost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon; and, behold, a greater than Solomon is here" (*Mat.* xii. 42).

MARGHERITA RUSPOLI

THE WAY THE WIND BLOWS

IT cannot be otherwise than full of interest and significance to Theosophists to note and feel the life in the air, the expectation in the mind, the general air of attention, and waiting for what is going to happen, astir in the world to-day. For long one has been looking over the valley, seeing the clusters of creeds, formulas, formlessness, vague half-beliefs and no-beliefs, by which the immediate past has been distinguished, and the inevitable question has arisen: "Can these bones live"? Already the shaking has begun; "Come from the four winds, O Breath, and breathe on these slain, that they may live;" already has the fiat gone forth.

Everywhere is this new life apparent. Not only in the minds but in the hearts of men there is an awakening, a re-vitalising, a sense and feeling of spring. It is almost as if the long-buried, yet ever youthful Dionysos, with his thyrsus, were once more threading his wondrous way, unseen, through the cold old world, with the God's glorious mission: "To give life—more life, wherever Thy footsteps tread." With this general awakening, come dangers many and various. Always it must be so; for wherever there is beauty, there is also (here on earth) pain and sorrow, the anguish of rapture, the rapture of anguish. But what of that? Safety, security, immunity from peril? Those states are for sleepy dullards, not for live people. It is "more life and fuller that we want." Let this be our prayer—nay, for long it has already been the prayer of those whose petition has been heard: "Lord, teach us that we may pray aright;" and already the response comes as to what shall be our attitude. Our particular response, as Theosophists, to this new and wonderful outbreathing? Surely an increase of expansiveness of response, of harmony

with the inner happenings in our outward lives. We must learn to be more inclusive, less condemnatory. Not so much tolerance (which is at best a passive virtue; and in all renaissances, the active virtues should flourish; passivity is for "the winter of our discontent") as "beyond-tolerance," which means that our hearts will burn with the Divine fire to all that lives and breathes: no need of tolerance to those who have, even for one fleeting moment, realised "the Beatitude at the Heart of Things." We must love, because we live—we *live* because we love. That is all the difference between life and death; "we know that we have passed from death to life because we love the brethren." We shall find in every-day life what a step has been made, what glorious and invincible ground gained, if we can so much as begin truly to love the apparently unlovable: not to *tolerate*, but to *love*, those who are outwardly dull, uninteresting, slow, ordinary, "deadly" sort of people. The very dust blossoms round our feet, as we turn these first pages in the Book of Love. We begin to see that there is no such thing as an "ordinary" person, and that nobody is dull. It is only that some are born into this world more heavily swathed, more tightly bandaged, in deeper disguise, than others. Ours is to be the privilege of unveiler, discoverer, beholder of the God in man, the free Divinity in the halting cripple. This is one of our functions, in the world to-day, as Theosophists. "Comfort ye my people, saith our God."

S. N.

Love divine, through all things flowing, thou through us
dost ever flow—

Little channels, larger growing as we learn to love and
know,

As we learn the joy of giving, finding as the days go by
Love is life, the only living; when we love no more, we
die.

—ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTOR

SCARLYN

NIGHT, like a reaper, gleaned the last few swathes
 Of Day's gold-glowing cornfields in the west,
 Ere Scarlyn and his love, deep-set in thought,
 Wandered into the elfin autumn woods.
 Summer, so loth to go, had left a day
 Behind, to be remembered by: and noon
 Had drowsy been with heat and insects' hum.
 But now the nightfall also brought to mind
 The leaf-fall, and a tang of winter air
 Moved o'er the earth, and touched his lover's cheek.

She shuddered in herself—not outwardly,
 Because it was a thought that made her sad—
 And walked with head down-dropping, eyes a-blind
 To that they looked on. Neither she nor he
 Had spoken, yet each knew a doubt had lived.
 Through the pulsating stillness of the dark,
 An owl's hoot rang and echoed in the trees;
 The forest's listening ears had waited long
 For the night's messenger to ease the strain
 Of watching. At the call, there was relief,
 And Pamela found words: "At every fall
 There's sadness. Though we say good-bye to friends,
 We have them near us always and are glad.
 But something in the showers of golden leaves
 Envelops me in grief. Are we like leaves,
 The glory of a month? Do we live on
 Only in those who love us? Are our thoughts
 Alone eternal? When our winter comes.
 And then our deeper sleep, is that the end?
 Ah yes! this beating heart, these eyes, that read
 In yours the weather of our love, these arms
 That know you as the olive knows the vine,

These lips, your flower, that you so softly touch
 Lest the caress should immolate the bloom—
 All these must change, do change before our eyes;
 But if our dreams—" As voices by a gust
 Of wind are borne beyond the reach of ears,
 So her full heart's outflowing over-filled
 Her trembling lips, and took away her words.

Scarlyn spoke not, but with his father-arms
 Soothed her, as she herself would soothe her child.
 The midnight deep, the mystic brooding mist,
 The watching eyes of worlds innumerable,
 Small, subtle scents that strayed among the trees
 Swathed them in mystery.

At length he spoke:

"Beloved, how shall I, who am so small,
 Say what the meaning is or what the end,
 Or if there either be? I only know
 What feels, and how. I ask: Who knows the way?
 What leads us to the feet of the sublime?
 The lovelight in a mother's eyes, a moth's
 Glad noiseless passage 'neath the evening trees,
 A moonset in a passing purple night,
 A sleeping child, sea breezes felt inland,
 Red lips that frame themselves to share a kiss,
 The contour of the bosom of the downs,
 A dimpled arm, a rainbow in the pearls
 Of dew-decked gossamer, the scent of woods
 In winter, rippling wind on ripened corn—
 All these and countless more do mystify
 Us, strike some chord within us out of sight
 Of all our senses. At the sound the gates
 Close on the world and world's, and lo!
 We lose ourselves to what we call the real,
 Only to find us in the ecstasy
 Of timeless, spaceless Change. Ah joy!
 To soar above the head of thought; beyond
 The realms of day and night; to float adown

Invisible skies into the far unknown;
 To drift back through this life to childhood's days,
 To times when speech is not, but vision is;
 Through months of antenatal mystery
 Into a mother's heart; and farther still
 Into a dream a girl-child often has
 Of motherhood; back to the race itself;
 Through all its phases as through all our own;
 Back to the earth, through all the earth's existence;
 Through all the seen and unseen depths of sky,
 Into the Infinite, the spirit's spirit,
 The Ever-Ever-Was-And-Ever-Is.

Judgment knows beauty when it is, but souls
 Have prescience of it where it is not yet.
 Reason with heavy feet will find in time
 Still places where souls live, but when it does,
 They will have winged away to other homes,
 Fleeing from scrutiny, like waking dreams
 From dawn. For who can speak to any soul
 Except it be through beauty or through silence?
 Walk circumspectly. Day is wrapped about
 With night, and all we know is still no more
 Than all we say is all of that we feel.
 The past is Now, Now is eternity.
 Our soul-life is in it, and when we live it
 We are in it too. What the past aspired
 To be, we are; and what we yearn towards
 We shall approach, but never, never touch.
 The promise is eternal: else we should
 Attain to our ideals and thereby fail.

Feel with the breadth of spaces of the sky,
 Feel with the calm of love when passion wanes,
 Feel with the fallen leaf, the driven sand,
 The thrush's morning song, the shepherd's star.
 Infinite truth is what the far blue means,
 But every thought or flower or child or world
 Has somewhat of it. We are surely great

By what we are and feel, not know and do;
 The greater we, the more that we have gleaned
 Of the eternal. We have need to watch.
 The mystery is here, is everywhere
 Is now, is always.
 The wind croons through the pines, the stream
 Talks to itself incessantly. Perhaps
 If we close ears, the songs of violets
 Or motions of the worlds will sound in us.
 Is the earth dumb because we do not hear
 Its voice? Do thoughts have neither tone nor form?
 When we lie down among the purple thyme
 And love its perfume, love it for itself,
 Are we not richer for it? And the thyme?
 Is it not gladder for our sympathy?
 The poet sees each blossom's heart and knows
 Which has been loved, as easily as we
 See love in eyes: for every noble thought
 Makes some hillside the brighter by a bloom,
 And every sunset lives in someone's soul.

Be still and listen. Not in what we say
 Will the soul enter, but in what we leave
 Unspoken. Just as children in a crowd
 Feel lonely, so the soul shuns talking tongues
 And dwells on lips that kiss but utter not.
 Children remember. They have still the key
 To the gates of being, and often wander lone
 And fearless where we should not dare to tread.
 So much in sympathy do they become
 With their surroundings that, when they come home,
 We can discern (without a question asked)
 By motions that they make, by looks, by moods,
 Whether they have been romping by the sea,
 Or picking cowslips; watching butterflies,
 Or roaming in the outer infinite.
 Man needs the greater tenderness of woman,
 Woman the greater mind of man, and both

The insight of a little thoughtless child,
 For each should be man, woman, child in one.
 We are not old by moments that we live;
 Rather by those we live not. When we live,
 The universe is ours. Fetters of time,
 Of space, of thought, of earth, fall off from us,
 And we are great. The moments are eternal,
 And we eternal too. But otherwhen
 We are too conscious of ourselves to be
 In harmony with others and with all.
 Moments there are of chords sustained by grief,
 By body-pain, heart-aches for those of kin
 Who have no kinship with our inner thought,
 For those who can forget and not forgive,
 For those who seek and find not, for each child
 That yearns for someone who will understand;
 For women who are mothers in their hearts
 But have no children, and for all the rest
 Whose tears have made the sea so salt and sad.
 'Tis then we do not live. 'Tis then we think
 Of fleeting years, of promise unfulfilled.
 But even so, we are not wholly old,
 Though the world call us old, for are we not
 Children for ever in our mothers' hearts?
 Some blossoms open only to the sun,
 And others to the stars; but let our souls
 Be open day and night to all that is.
 Each field, each blade of grass, each drop of dew
 Is something's world, and worthy of our love:
 Every day is great in great or small;
 Every night is mother of a child
 Whose father is an aspiration, yearned
 In the blue silence of the starry dark—
 A dream that wakes from worlds we have forgotten
 To this we live in: 'tis a pilgrim thing
 That stays but all too short a breath with us,
 (Just while the lantern of the morning star

Melts to the dawn), and then fares on to lives
 We think and long for.

Somewhere in the vast
 Unending march of immemorial sleep
 That we call Time, we wake to be and smile,
 To struggle and be sad, ere we, like flowers,
 Fade 'neath the touch of gentle-handed death,
 And rest again in the deep infinite,
 Watching a farther planet. Somewhere too,
 In this eternal Now—nay more, in these
 Few aches 'twixt sleep and sleep, or e'en
 Perchance 'twixt sleep and waking, we conceive
 Each for himself a land that is, but is not—
 That is, because he sees it; that is not,
 Because no other soul has all his eyes.
 Conceive we beautifully."

Night was still.
 Silence was pregnant with a thought divine.
 She found his hand, and seeking for his soul
 Felt with her eyes for his through all the dark
 Of days and lives and worlds invisible.
 But only silence spoke.

PHILIP OYLER

It is only with renunciation that life, properly speaking,
 can be said to begin. The fraction of life can be increased
 in value not so much by increasing your numerator as by
 lessening your denominator. Unity itself divided by zero will
 give infinity. Make thy claim of wages a zero; then thou
 hast the world under thy feet.

—CARLYLE

GOD AND MAN

THE popular orthodox theory of God is philosophically an impossibility. Let us see how it arose. To do this we must trace its origin, and that leads us to examine the beliefs of that remarkable race, the Hebrews. In the early part of their history we find the Jews as an insignificant but turbulent tribe, not unlike the Bedouin Arabs of to-day, worshipping a special tribal deity of their own, whom they called Yahweh or Jehovah. He was evidently one of the great elementals left over from Atlantis, of whom we read in *The Secret Doctrine*. At this stage they made no secret at all of the fact that he was a tribal deity—one among many other similar deities, of whom he was passionately jealous, over whom he was constantly vaunting a very doubtful superiority. He rejoiced in the victories of his people, and often enjoined upon them the practice of horrible cruelties upon the vanquished. He was very easily offended or made angry, and when this happened he turned upon his own people with astonishing vindictiveness, and treated them with the same barbarity which he habitually meted out to their enemies.

When a large portion of this unquiet race was transplanted to Babylonia, a certain number of them came thus into contact with one of the great civilised nations of antiquity, and had for the first time a glimpse of a rational philosophical religion. This introduced to them the idea of the Absolute, Who pervades all things because He is all things, because there is nothing that is not He. They accepted the doctrine with avidity, but with characteristic conceit appropriated the Absolute to themselves, and claimed that He was their tribal deity—that Jehovah was only another name for Parabrahm!

Thus it came about that they seem to have attributed to him quite irreconcilable qualities. He was omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent, eternal and loving, yet he was also cruel, treacherous, angry and jealous. They were not philosophers; these inconsistencies did not trouble them.

Christianity arose among the Jews, and its Founder took the body of one who was a Jew by birth. He Himself preached the far higher doctrine of the Fatherhood of God, but His apostles, being Jews, could not shake themselves free from ancestral prepossessions, and so most regrettably and unnecessarily they brought on into Christianity the inextricable confusions of their original faith. Thus to this day the Christian Church reads Sunday after Sunday the same old ridiculous statement that God is jealous, even though at the very same service it acclaims Him as God of God, Light of Light, Very God of Very God. But the worshippers never think of the incongruity, and assent quite contentedly to all these bewildering inconsistencies. The Theosophist, trying to understand and use his reason, can never accept such an account of the Deity as this.

The truth is that, if we accept the idea of a God at all, there are three, and only three, possibilities of fundamental belief as to His attitude towards us.

1. *Indifference*. We may suppose that, having created us, or allowed us to evolve (details are unimportant) he has no further interest in us, and thus we are left to the working of blind chance or the law of averages. On this theory, so far as we are concerned, God practically does not exist.

2. *Hostility*. The theory that he is an inherently evil and malicious being, who will do harm to us if not bought off or propitiated. It is to be observed here that the *method* of propitiation is absolutely immaterial; whether it is by self-torture, by the offering of slaughtered animals or men, or (most awful of all) by the

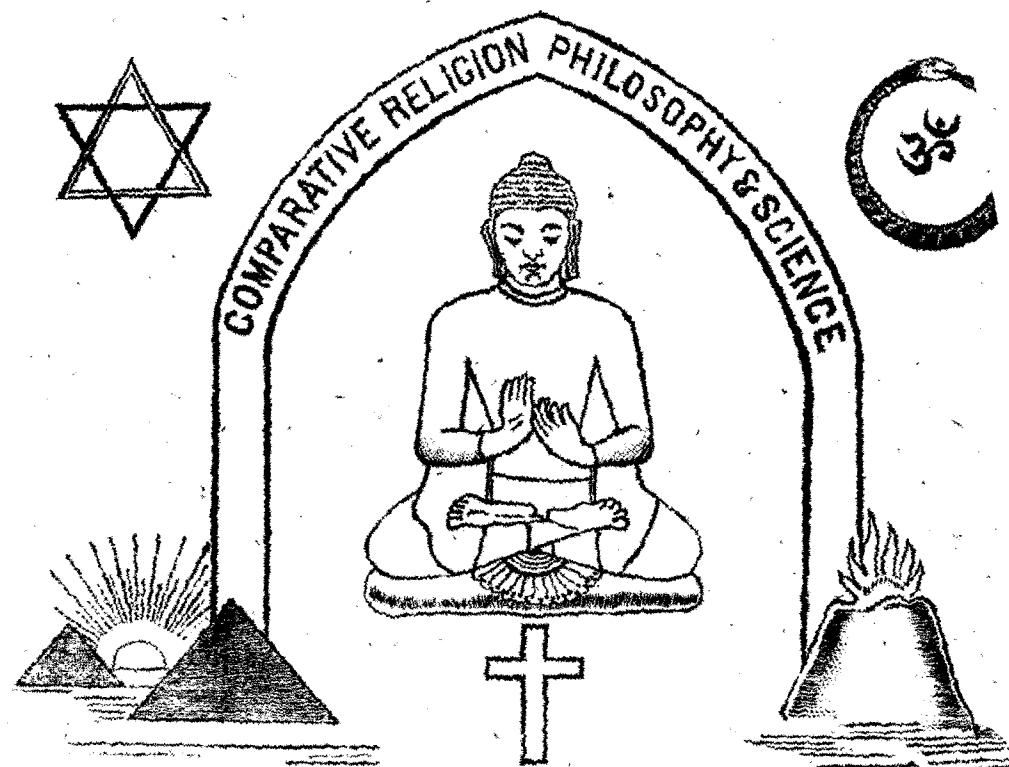
alleged crucifixion of his own son, matters not a jot. The so-called deity from whose action man has to be saved, who requires to be *bought off* from indulging in the slaughter or endless torture in which he delights, is fundamentally a fiend.

3. *Benevolence.* The theory that His desire is for our happiness and advancement—that in some form or other (once more, details are unimportant) He has a universal plan of which our progress is an integral part. This necessarily involves the further conception that all evil is temporary, since it comes only from ignorance of the scheme of things, and will right itself as soon as man's will brings itself into harmony with the divine will.

Under one or other of these heads all religious thought *must* range itself. It is useless to palter with the truth; it is cowardly to fear to face it. It behoves every man then to clear his mind of cant and prejudice, and see whether his fundamental belief is in *no* God, in a fiend, or in an all-wise director.

If he has chosen (as the Theosophist has) this last alternative—if he holds in the very depths of his being the certainty of the Fatherhood of God—there follows inevitably from that the utter certainty of the Brotherhood of Man—not of a chosen people, not of a pious pocketful of predestinated Pharisees, but of every living creature—a brotherhood wide as the sea, all-embracing as the sky, extensive as life itself, because all life is God's life. God is life—life and love. Read it in your scripture, and try to have the grace and the heart to understand what it means: "He that loveth not his brother abideth in death. He that loveth not knoweth not God. We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love our brethren."

HERMANOS



THE IMPORT OF THE SIMPLEST EXPERIENCE

THERE is no assertion that commands a readier acceptance at first sight than that, in order to arrive at truth, we must take nothing for granted. At the same time, it is also plain to every common-sense man that the most reliable teacher—a teacher that inexorably wears down every obstruction to our progress towards the truth—is experience. If, therefore, it is true that the knowledge of truth must imply freedom from every fallacious preconception, and that the ultimate goal of experience is the threshold of truth, experience must demonstrate itself as the most powerful and utterly invincible fighter of every

prejudice that may blind us to the import of any verity put forward by those who already have arrived at the goal of human endeavor, who already voice the truth. The object of my paper is to give an instance that this is indeed so. I shall put forward the simplest verity thinkable, and then show that this verity is indeed also borne in on our consciousness by the very simplest experience that enters into our daily life.

Now, which is the simplest verity thinkable? Clearly, its import must be such that it could not possibly be further simplified. It must have the character of the very first utterance of intelligence; it must be the very alpha of self-knowledge. It cannot deal with sensuous material found ready to hand: in fact, material of every kind must be, so far, conspicuous only by its absence. For so there would be *presupposed* an objectivity of some kind, while the simplest verity cannot yet have the character of a description of, or predication about, what is simply taken for granted. The simplest verity must take nothing for granted; and truth is in no case simply descriptive of given facts, but rather their very In-itself grasped by intelligence. Since, then, the truth cannot be derived from premises taken blindly for granted—for the simple reason that our knowledge has in this case for its background the darkness of the assumed premises and thus must needs amount only to a kind of mirroring of our narrow-mindedness—the simplest verity must have for its premise emphatically only the living fact of intelligence's own self; and that, too, only in that form which this primary fact assumes at the very outset of its self-utterance: of the Word as it is in its very beginning. And so we realise that the simplest verity can be only the import of the very first act of thought, so far as thought is emphatically taken to stand for an immaculate self-conception of intelligence, for a purely spontaneous self-actualisation on the latter's part—a sense which philosophy designates by the term "speculative" or "pure" thought.

I have developed the just-indicated track of thought more circumstantially in a book I have published recently. (*A Holiday with a Hegelian*. See our Reviews of last month. SUB-EDITOR.) Here I must confine myself to the bare statement that the simplest verity amounts to this: that pure Being and nothing are a purely nominal distinction, or rather moments of that living, and hence spontaneously restless; unity, which is primarily the very being of intelligence—that alone is, as said above, legitimately presupposed at the outset of the *Science of Logic*—as Hegel calls that thinking self-realisation which concerns itself solely with the knowledge of absolute Truth, with the nature of God as He is in His very essence. So far as speculative thought—this very nature of God—gives birth only to its simplest actuality in the realm of absolute Truth, the still purely abstract nature of the distinction, without which there cannot possibly be even the very first act of thought (seeing that activity implies distinction) assumes the connotation of *Becoming*. For this is clearly that restless and yet undivided unity of pure Being and nothing which Intelligence—Divine Mind—proves itself to be at the very outset of its self-realising activity.

As said, we must begin true self-knowledge by the very being of intelligence. But since intelligence is thus to begin its very first act, its being stands in the beginning for *pure* Being. We are not yet justified in predicating anything about the nature of this Being, just because the knowledge of what it is exactly is still supposedly to be realised through its own self-revelation in the series of its own acts of speculative thought. In short, every definition of what intelligence (God's Being) is, must be a matter of its own self-defining in the course of speculation and pure thinking, and for that reason all we are justified in saying about the Being of Intelligence in the very beginning of this its self-defining task is—nothing. Pure Being is thus emphatically another word for nothing, but a nothing that has not the sense of annihilated

Being of Intelligence, but rather only that of a prelude to its self-articulation; of that nothing that is the beginning of all Wisdom. We must grasp pure Being and nothing in the light of the first immaculate self-conception of God's own Being as the principle of spontaneous activity in the realm of speculative thought—a realm called Theosophically the *buddhic* plane. And a moment of reflexion shows that the restlessly undivided unity of this very first self-discernment of God's Being is articulated in *Becoming*. That which becomes is *not* yet, for so it would not be a *Becoming*. Yet it *is*, for the very notion *Becoming* implies Being or negates pure nothing—it *is* a Being in *Becoming*, *not* a being having *Becoming* at its back. In short, there is here just *Becoming* pure and simple; the self-arising and self-annulling distinguishment of pure Being and nothing.

Thus there is here yet no question of the *Becoming* applied to a thing, but simply of the simplest verity that the notion of *Becoming* crops up in the very first act of thought, and hence is to be found in the simplest mind. This is precisely why even the most rudimentary intelligence is so inveterately wedded to the conception of a Creator of all that is, that this conception has been declared to distinguish man from beasts. And although this conception does not yet grasp the notion of *Becoming* in its purity, but only in its application to the world, it still bears witness to the nature of intelligence in its simplest self-discernment. The exact *modus operandi* that constitutes the creation of the world from nothing, or the solution of the problems arising in this connexion—whether one has not, perhaps, to assume some primordial stuff and subsequent shaping of this stuff—all this forms the object of the speculative thought in its self-exposition, and has here no business to divert our attention from the import of the simplest verity that pure Being and nothing are not two radically different contents, but truly an undivided unity termed *Becoming*.

Intelligence itself proceeds at once to underline this verity. It is wrong to tear Being and nothing apart from one another, just because they are inseparably united in their very distinguishment. This is only a self-annulling self-discerning—a discerning that no sooner has arisen than it has vanished. Being does not go over into nothing; it is gone over! *Becoming* is not a visible change of a given presupposed state of Being into pure nothing. That Being which enters into the simplest act of thought is just nothing. And similarly as to the sought-for change from nothing into Being. What there is from the very first is in truth the *Becoming* itself: and, if one insists on retaining the distinction implied in the *Becoming*—yet implied in such wise that the distinction is indistinguishably the *Becoming* itself—one must restate it in terms of *Becoming*. Thus we get, firstly, the notion of Being gone over into nothing—*Ceasing-to-be* or *Decease*; secondly, the notion of nothing gone over (*not* going over!) into Being—*Coming-to-be* or *Origin*. And since *Coming-to-be* and *Ceasing-to-be* are express restatements of Being and nothing in their simplest truth, as moments of *Becoming*, they are obviously one and the same eternal *Becoming* analysed into its nominally distinct sides. Hence they, too, remain in undivided unity, neither having any element of its own that would fit its distinction as against the other. Their distinguishedness is precisely just as nominal as that of pure Being and nothing. But so far as it is one and the same *Becoming* that thus discerns itself, it is now the *Becoming* itself that now also directly annuls itself: *Coming-to-be* is directly a *Ceasing-to-be* and *vice-versâ*, and seeing that they are one and the same *Becoming*, their direct equilibrium or the collapse of their vacuous distinguishedness means the collapse of the *Becoming* itself. *Becoming* is also eternally annulled; it only seems at first sight that all that is has a beginning; in truth there is also no beginning. *Becoming* must be viewed and corrected from

the standpoint of a higher verity; from the standpoint of a Being that only seems to be a Becoming, yet truly is become, truly has Becoming at its back, not in time, but in its own eternal *Presence*. This is clearly the name for that Being which, whilst having Becoming at its back and thus being apparently a result, is yet in truth the first time from which beginning is made, and it is in the notion of this Being, as a *Presence*, that Intelligence reaches properly the conclusion of its first act in its self-revealing activity.

It is not surprising that the import of the first act of thought is as a rule misunderstood, if not flatly denied. Speculative thinking is a matter of conscious self-realisation of intelligence, and its first condition is, therefore, that he who wishes to practise it be already intelligently self-conscious. That is to say, the ego must be already capable of viewing everything, and in the first place its own very self, *sub specie aeternitatis*. In Theosophical parlance, the ego must not identify itself wholly still only with the mental body, but rather with the principle functioning through the latter, with that principle of spontaneous activity which actualises itself in pure thought, and through pure thought identifies the ego with God who is Spirit, and must be worshipped in spirit alone. Those in whom self-realisation has not yet reached this, its form in God's own Essence, look for God still outside their own self, and even though this outside has already the character of an inner objectivity—that objectivity which goes by the name of higher planes—they still fail to reach the sense of perfect at-one-ment which can be reached only and solely through speculative thought. The consequence is that they seek the *criterium* of truth in that sphere with which they are most familiar—the sphere of experience, ordinary or occult; and so the import of the simplest verity presents itself to them only too easily in the light of a palpable absurdity. Is it not plain that it is not one and the same thing whether I have a hundred dollars

or not? Is it not plain that to be and not to be are different things? So run the hasty objections of the philosophically unformed consciousness, when confronted with the simplest verity that Being and nothing are only nominally distinguished, that in truth they are an undivided unity. Grant that experience must bear witness to truth, and what becomes of this verity? In such words may we summarise all objections in this respect.

Certainly, let us grant—as grant we must—that experience is corrective in the long run of every fallacy that may creep into our views and keep us in subjection to the long train of blunders it engenders in its inferences: just because experience is a hand-maid of the truth, just because it is through experience that truth forces itself to recognition, the simplest verity, so far from clashing with experience, with this the truth's very own phenomenology, must by anticipation be verifiable by it. But then, as it is the simplest verity that is to be demonstrated phenomenologically, we must equally confine ourselves to the lesson taught by the very simplest experience. If the import of the simplest verity is repudiated in the name of experience, the repudiation can acquire some semblance of plausibility—it can never become utterly cogent—only from the standpoint of an experience involving already more than what can be legitimately included in the simplest experience. And the very endeavor to demonstrate the simplest verity in such an inadequate and indeed self-defeating way can only be due to the fact that the would-be demonstrator—or rather repudiator—is himself incapable of analysing his most familiar experiences and penetrating to their simplest expression. To do this is the second main object of my paper.

Since the ego is to be taken as making its simplest experience, it must be grasped in a state of perfect adaptability to what it finds before itself. It is itself still empty of definite content, or so far as it is credited with content, it can become aware of it only through its

relationship to an object. For the object now is not the first act of intelligence in the realm of pure thought, but in the realm of its phenomenological display. Experience aims at grasping what things, and generally objectivity of every kind, are in truth; and hence the ego has from the very first an object before itself, without, however, having the slightest idea of what this object is, beyond the fact that it is there before it. Its attitude towards the object is first of all sense-consciousness pure and simple. It is not meant to hazard at once a definition of what appeals to its senses, because it is just only on the point of gaining the necessary experience for such defining: it is, so far, only making the simplest experience and so has nothing to fall back upon. Or so far as it is already also familiar with higher stages of experience—as is our own case—it is meant to forget all that it already knows and fancy itself as it were awakening from a fit of mental blankness.

He who had the experience of a fainting fit and recalls the transitory stage of his self-recovery, will know that what consciousness has in such a case before itself is to it nothing in particular—at best only a *This* covering anything and everything. When the fully awakened consciousness—we who are analysing the simplest experience—tries to reduce itself to this its rudimentary stage, it must let go every particular feature that distinguishes a *This* from a *That*, simply because it must drop its right to comparison, which belongs to a richer stage of its experience. But even though it does not yet take consciously notice of the shape and mutual arrangement of objects before it—and much less of their purpose and name—it cannot overlook or drop the two basic elements of all objectivity, space and time. So far as there are objects before it, there is for it also a here and now, and as it is still unable to discern objects in their individual features, the *This* has for it only the meaning of the here and now. Everything is to it here and now; this is the full length of its defining capacity.

Of course, it is not the sense-consciousness that thus estimates its capacity, but we who try to give ourselves a clear account of the simplest experience in the light of our memory of it, or on purely rational grounds. We must, then, take the object apart from any result, or our experience of it, no matter how familiar to us, and thus can speak of it only in terms of the two basic elements, 'phenomenal' objectivity—basic elements which demonstrate themselves so precisely in the law of a falling body, because this law, too, does not as yet concern physical properties of bodies, as is known experimentally and comes to be understood in a detailed philosophy of nature. And in order, therefore, to grasp exactly the nature of the object of pure sense-consciousness, we must deal with the *This* or *That* in terms of the now and here.

The object is now, and now it is, say, noon. Very well, let us follow Hegel's advice and write it down. For the truth, as he rightly says, cannot lose anything by being written down, but must remain true for ever. But behold, when we take up the written statement of that now, it is indisputably false: now it is evening, *not* noon! Nevertheless, whether noon or evening, the now is always. And thus it is obvious that the now is an undivided, restless unity of a temporal Being and non-Being: it *is*, yet it has been, hence also is *not*, and this its *not*, is yet its *is*. In short, the now is an existential *Becoming*.

If we take the *This* as a here, there crops up at once the question: which here? This tree here? or this house here? or this bit of paper here? to sense-consciousness everything is a "*This* here." A distinction between this here and that over yonder, between right and left, before and behind, implies already comparison, and hence is still out of the question. And just because the *This* may be anything and everything, the here stands for *nothing* in particular. In this case, now, the here happens to be a tree; but turn round, or rather be turned

round, or let it be the case of another sense-consciousness (and notice that what applies to one sense-consciousness applies generally to any other) and what there is here now before consciousness is a house. True, you may refrain from being turned round, but sense-consciousness cannot maintain itself in a state of inertia, for then it would be dead. The principle of life, the phenomenological display of intelligent self-activity which already manifests in the Now Becoming, will turn it round and shift its ground, and the tree here will *cease to be* a tree and *come to be* a house, a flower, and indifferently a *being* in general, and *nothing* in particular.

In short, then, sense-consciousness knows yet no distinction between Being and nothing. It is quite indifferent to it; it does not fix itself to this particular here and cannot arrest the flow of time at this particular now. The This that is here and now before it gets altered, becomes something that from the standpoint of the previous here and now was not, or whose being here and now annuls what previously was here and now, yet the here and now persists in spite of and all through its flux. Sense-consciousness finds thus in its simplest experience a demonstration of the import of the simplest verity. *Quod erat demonstrandum.*

FRANCIS SEDLAK

No matter how full a reservoir of maxims one may possess, and no matter how good one's sentiments may be, if one has not taken advantage of every concrete opportunity to act, one's character may remain entirely unaffected for the better. With mere good intentions, hell is proverbially paved. When a resolve or a fine glow of feeling is allowed to evaporate without bearing practical fruit, it is worse than a chance lost; it works so as positively to hinder future resolutions and emotions from taking the normal path of discharge.

—WILLIAM JAMES

VITAL FORCE

WHAT is Vital Force? Western Science is not yet prepared to give an answer. For the most part, Western scientists deny that there is such a thing. They recognise physical and chemical force, and they believe that 'vital force' is but another form of these which science has not yet mastered. Dr. Kleinschrod, however, has given in his *Eigengesetzlichkeit des Lebens* (*Inherent Law of Life*) what he considers proof of the fact that there is such a thing as vital force; and in his *Erhaltung der Lebenskraft* (*Conservation of Vital Force*), he has sought to show how it is conserved, and how it may be strengthened or weakened. He says: "Vital force is the natural principle of animate nature or life, and is synonymous with the *essential* activity of life or of animate nature, while force is the natural principle of inanimate nature or of the so-called lifeless world, and is synonymous with the *essential* activity of lifeless nature or of a lifeless natural structure." He restricts the term 'force' to what is commonly called the inanimate world, and the term 'vital force' to the animate world.

Let us turn to *The Secret Doctrine*. Madame Blavatsky writes: "All the 'Forces' of the Scientists have their origin in the Vital Principle, the One Life collectively of our Solar System—that 'Life' being a portion, or rather one of the *aspects*, of the One Universal Life."¹ "Vaishvanara is, in another sense, the living magnetic fire that pervades the manifested Solar System. It is the most objective (though to us the reverse) and ever present aspect of the One Life, for it is the Vital Principle."² Further, she tells us that this "Spiritual One Life," "this universal Vital Principle" is "independent of *our* matter."

¹ *The Secret Doctrine*, i. 647.

² *Ibid.* ii. 325.

and manifests "as atomic energy only on *our* plane of consciousness," and she adds: "It is that which, individualised in the human cycle, is transmitted from father to son."¹ Thus we learn that what Dr. Kleinschrod calls 'force' and what he calls 'vital force' are both of them to be traced to the Vital Principle as regards their origin, and that the Vital Principle is independent of *our* matter and manifests as atomic energy only on *our* plane of consciousness.

What, then, is the nature of the characteristic differences which are shown by Dr. Kleinschrod to exist between 'force' and 'vital force'? The answer appears to be indicated by Madame Blavatsky in the following passage: "We know and speak of 'life-atoms,' and of 'sleeping-atoms,' because we regard these two forms of energy—the kinetic and the potential—as produced by one and the same force, or the One Life, and regard the latter as the source and mover of all."² In a foot-note, commenting on a passage from 'the Transmigration of Life-atoms,'³ she tells us that the Life-Principle "is omnipresent, though on this plane of manifestation often in a dormant state, as in stone." Further, she, tells us: "The definition which states that when this indestructible force is disconnected with one set of molecules it becomes immediately attracted by others, does not imply that it abandons entirely the first set (because the atoms themselves would then disappear), but only that it transfers its *vis viva*, or living power—the energy of motion, to another set. But because it manifests itself in the next set as what is called kinetic energy, it does not follow that the first set is deprived of it altogether; for it is still in it, as potential energy or life latent."

Thus we learn that the atomic energy has two forms, the kinetic and the potential, and that a set of molecules (or a

¹ *Ibid.* ii. 710.

² *Ibid.* ii. 710.

³ Quoted from *Five Years of Theosophy*, p. 535.

structure) may be considered as possessed of potential energy which serves to hold it together (or serves to prevent the atoms themselves from disappearing) and of kinetic energy (or living power or energy of motion) which can be disconnected from the set of molecules, without destroying the actual form itself. This is one of the facts which has to be borne in mind if we would understand the distinction which Dr. Kleinschrod has shown to exist between animate and inanimate nature, or between so-called "living" structures and so-called "dead or lifeless" structures.

Let us turn again to the statement about 'life-atoms' and 'sleeping-atoms' and carefully consider what H. P. B. says. Life-atoms and sleeping-atoms, or kinetic energy and potential energy, are "produced by one and the same force, or the one Life," and "the latter" (the one force or the one Life) is "the source and mover of all," she tells us. The same idea is found in Dr. Kleinschrod's books, but under a different name, for he speaks of this one force or of this one Life as "spatially un-ordered living force," and he conceives the evolution of matter and of life (as we find them to-day) to have proceeded in such a way that, *first*, by the *active* natural principle of force some of the "spatially un-ordered living force" was transformed into "spatially ordered potential force," and *secondly* by the *active* natural principle of vital force some of the "spatially ordered potential force" was transformed into "spatially ordered living force." The result of the first of these *activities* is the lifeless world and lifeless matter, and the result of the second is the living world or life, and living matter or protoplasm. The *essential* activity of the lifeless world is the *active* conversion of kinetic energy into potential energy; the *essential* activity of life is the *active* conversion of potential energy into kinetic energy.

Why, one may ask, cannot living un-ordered force manifest as living ordered force directly, without the

intermediate potential stage or so-called lifeless world? The answer is given by H. P. B., who, telling us that *prāṇa* (*Jīva*) pervades the whole living body of man, adds "but alone, without having an atom to act upon, it would be quiescent—dead; it would be in *Laya*, or, as Mr. Crookes has it, 'locked in protyle.' It is the action of *Fohat* upon a compound or even upon a simple body that produces life."¹

A few examples, culled from Dr. Kleinschrod's works, will make clear what is meant by 'force' or the 'essential activity of a lifeless natural structure,' and by 'vital force' or 'the essential activity of a living natural structure'. Take the case of a billiard-ball. It lies on the table motionless. This means that the *mechanical principle* is active as a force of conservation, in the sense that its activity maintains the state of equilibrium of the ball on the table. If now I hit the ball, I impart a force to it and thereby disturb its equilibrium. It moves, and the *mechanical principle* is now active as formative force and in this condition living force or kinetic energy appears. When equilibrium is again reached, and the ball lies motionless and inert, the kinetic energy has disappeared, because the constructive activity has now become a preservative activity. The ball cannot move itself, and we call this the dead centre of mechanical movement.

Take another case—that of the chemical reaction between an acid and an alkali. The acid attacks the alkali, disturbing its equilibrium, and at once there is internal movement; it splits up into its chemical constituents, and there is kinetic energy, which at once becomes transformed into potential energy, and thus new substances or new states of equilibrium appear. The important point is that the equilibrium must first be disturbed. These examples show what is meant by the essential activity of a lifeless structure. The essential activity of living organisms differs

¹ *The Secret Doctrine*, i. 573.

from this. An amœba can alter its form of itself, and so can living muscle, or a plant, without energy being supplied to it from without. Living organisms, by their principle of vital force, can actively set free kinetic energy from their own substance without any direct supply of energy from without; a lifeless structure cannot do this, because its formation and conservation are in accordance with the *mechanical or passive principle*, whereas the formation and conservation of living structures or of protoplasm are in accordance with the *anti-mechanical or active or vital principle*. "When a body dies, it passes into the same polarity as its male energy, and repels therefore the active agent, which, losing hold of the whole, fastens on the parts or molecules, this action being called chemical. *Vishṇu*, the Preserver, transforms himself into *Rudra-Shiva*, the Destroyer—a correlation seemingly unknown to Science."¹ "It has only changed its state from activity to passivity, and has become latent, owing to the too morbid state of the tissues, on which it has hold no longer. Once the *rigor mortis* is absolute, the *Liquor Vitæ* will re-awaken into action, and will begin its work on the atoms *chemically*. *Brahmā-Vishṇu*, the Creator and Preserver of Life, will have transformed himself into *Shiva* the Destroyer."² Or in Dr. Kleinschrod's phraseology, the vital or active principle of nature has given place to the mechanical or passive principle of nature; the important point to remember is that in both cases there is *activity*, but in the living it is that of the active principle, and in the lifeless it is that of the passive principle. "Gross ponderable matter is the body, the shell, of matter or substance, the female passive principle; and this *Fohatic* force is the second principle, *prāṇa*—the male and the active."³ "It is the action of *Fohat* upon a compound or even upon a simple body that produces life,"⁴; or in Dr. Kleinschrod's

¹ *The Secret Doctrine*, i. 573.

² *Ibid.* i. 587.

³ *Ibid.* i. 572.

⁴ *Ibid.* i. 578.

phraseology, it is the vital principle which, overcoming the mechanical principle, is characteristic of life. "Electro-positive and electro-negative forces"¹ is another form of phraseology.

In *The Book of the Dead* we read: "I cross the heavens; I am the two Lions. I am Ra, I am Aam, I eat my heir." H. P. B. explains in a foot-note that this is "an image expressing the succession of divine functions, the transmutation of one form into another, or the correlation of forces. Aam is the electro-positive force, devouring all others, as Saturn devoured his progeny."²

Vital activity proceeds always in accordance with the electro-positive force or active principle of nature; *chemical* activity proceeds always in accordance with the electro-negative force or *passive* principle of nature. An instructive example of this chemical activity is the so-called radio-activity of nature. In radium and other radio-active substances, kinetic energy is being actively transformed into potential energy, in accordance with the passive principle of nature, which seeks to form states of equilibrium; and the products of this radio-activity are therefore states of equilibrium. The whole process is in accordance with the law of equilibrium or of inertia in the lifeless world, which seeks ever to form states of equilibrium and to maintain these. It is the very reverse of the essential activity met with in living plants and animals and in man. In the living as in the lifeless we meet with kinetic and potential energy; but in the living, the potential energy is being converted into ordered living force or kinetic energy. Every activity in life has, as its object, the overcoming of states of equilibrium, in accordance with the principle of vital activity; every activity in lifeless nature has, as its object, the formation and preservation of states of equilibrium, in accordance with the principle of chemical or mechanical activity.

¹ *Ibid.* i. 736.

² *Ibid.* i. 737.

"There is a Vital Principle" writes H. P. B. "without which no molecular combinations could ever have resulted in a living organism, least of all in the so-called 'inorganic' matter of our plane of consciousness."¹ It is of *dual* nature—positive and negative—hence the positive and negative principles in the world of forms, the positive principle resulting in living, and the negative in lifeless or inorganic organisms or forms.

We might define vital force as the activity of the *positive* aspect of the *dual* principle of Life, in contradistinction to physical or mechanical or chemical force, which is the activity of the *negative* aspect; the one is that which is proper to the evolution of living organisms and protoplasm, the other to that of lifeless organisms and the inorganic world.

The practical side of this knowledge is far-reaching and important, because this *dual* life-principle is forced to act either in its *positive* aspect or else in its *negative* aspect, according to the conditions in which it finds itself. Man cannot alter the eternal, unchangeable Law of Evolution which the Logos has impressed on His universe; but, by knowledge, he can co-operate consciously in the mighty work of the Logos, he can seek to provide the conditions needed for the activity of the positive aspect of the dual principle in the organic world, and can seek to avoid the conditions which would obstruct this activity. To do this, is to work with the evolutionary forces in life.

The general belief held by Western physiologists that there is only chemical force in animate as well as in inanimate nature has led to many erroneous conclusions and much mistaken practice, some of which has been pointed out and explained by Dr. Kleinschrod. His work is a step in the right direction, and calls to mind H. P. B.'s words: "Chemistry and Physiology are the two great magicians of the future, which are destined

¹ *The Secret Doctrine*, i. 661.

to open the eyes of mankind to great physical truths."¹ He has but touched the fringe of the subject, but even this little of physiological truth, which he has been privileged to give to the world, throws new light on most of the controversial social questions which are exercising the minds of nations and of individuals, and to some of these we may now turn our attention.

There is the food-reform question; what is a food? what is a poison? what is nutrition? is alcohol a food or a poison? and so on. In the answer to all these physiological questions, there are according to Dr. Kleinschrod always *two* factors to be considered—the protoplasm or living matter, and the individual's vitality or vital force. Does the force in the substance taken as a food, or as a drug, act on the body according to the mechanical or chemical law of the lifeless world, or does the vital force in the body act on these substances according to the law of life? If the former occurs, the substance has physiologically a poisonous effect, is a poison to that body, because protoplasm is broken down or degenerates or loses life by activities which proceed in accordance with the passive principle. If the latter occurs, then the substance is not a poison to that body, because the vital force of the body has vivified that substance by activities which proceed in accordance with the active principle, and has thus transformed their potential energy into ordered living force within its own protoplasm. Working along these lines, Dr. Kleinschrod finds that the views of the food-reformers who recommend the avoidance of meat, eggs, alcohol, tea and coffee are physiologically correct, but that the vegetarian dietary should not be too rich in nitrogenous substances and spices or condiments.

Passing on to experiments on animals, it is obvious that all vivisectional and inoculation experiments proceed in accordance with the passive principle, for they all involve the cutting into or pricking the living body,

¹ *The Secret Doctrine*, i. 281.

and therefore the exposure of the living substance to the laws of the lifeless world. The vaccines and serums which are inoculated all work in accordance with the passive principle, and thus cause degenerative changes in the protoplasm. Many drugs used in medicine, and all hypnotics and narcotics, act upon the living body in accordance with the passive principle; so too do the forces which are set in motion by hypnotism. All such activity weakens the vital force, and such weakened vital force is inherited by the offspring, and sooner or later brings about the physical degeneration of man and of the race. On the other hand, activities in accordance with the active principle bring about the improvement and strengthening of the vital force, and this strengthened vital force is inherited by the offspring. By improvement is meant the higher development of life.

What, according to Dr. Kleinschrod's work, are the laws of development? He finds that all of them belong to what is known generally as hygiene. The conditions necessary for the healthy activity and growth of body and mind must be supplied. But this subject is beyond the scope of this paper, the object of which is only to show what is vital force, and how "Viṣṇu, the Preserver, transforms himself into Rudra-Shiva, the Destroyer—a correlation seemingly unknown to Science."¹ Through Dr. Kleinschrod's work, this correlation is now becoming known to Western Science and the knowledge thus gained will gradually permeate it and, acting like the unseen leaven, will slowly but steadily lighten the mass of materialism in which physiology still finds itself engulfed. Medicine will largely profit by it, and gradually a naturalistic system for the prevention and the treatment of disease will replace the drug system now practised. In Germany this system is already growing up.

But let it never be forgotten that though the essential activity of lifeless nature is the conversion of kinetic

¹ *The Secret Doctrine*, i. 573.

into potential energy, and the essential activity of living nature is the conversion of potential into kinetic energy, yet these forms of kinetic and potential energy differ from one another. Evolution begins and ends with kinetic energy, but at every stage in the mighty unfoldment of consciousness this energy is enriched in capacities, in qualities.

This has been beautifully expressed in a letter from a Master which is published in Mr. Sinnett's first book *The Occult World*, (pp. 108-11), and it shows the great possibilities open to the man who works with the inherent law of life or of energy impressed by the Logos on His Universe.

The illustrations there given by the Master are most suggestive, and running through them we seem to trace two threads of the mystery of life and its evolution—one which seems to show that all destruction, whether by mind or by body, is contrary to the law of life, and a second thread which seems to show that the accumulation of potential energy and its transformation from the lowest (the least evolved form) into the highest (the spiritual form) is the law of life. In the Master's words "nature consciously prefers that matter should be indestructible under organic rather than inorganic forms." "She works slowly but incessantly towards the realisation of this object—the evolution of conscious life out of inert material."¹ The eastern science of Rāja Yoga is designed to bring about this result consciously, and it would almost seem as if the knowledge of the law of life, (the fringe of which has now become the common property of Western Science through the work of Dr. Kleinschrod) may serve to form the bridge over which the eastern system of Rāja Yoga may find its way into Western Science and into general Western practice. Then, indeed, will the feet of many be turned towards the Path and the eyes of many to the true Goal of life.

LOUISE APPEL, B. Sc.

¹ *The Occult World*, p. 110.

BACTRIA

THE ROMANCE OF A FORGOTTEN EMPIRE

FAR away on the Eastern borderland of the Persian Empire lay the great province of Bakhtri, a fair and fertile country, watered by the mighty Oxus, and set like an emerald in the bare wastes of the sand-deserts of Central Asia. At some remote period, beyond the ken of mortal memory, the Iranian tribes, breaking off from the Aryans who were streaming into the Punjab, descended, seizing the great natural hill-forts and turning them into citadels, and subjugating the Scythian nomads who had held the country before them. In the centre of their land they founded the great city of Balkh, "Bāhadhi the beautiful, the city of streaming banners," as it is called in the old Zend books; and here in due time came Zarathushtra Spitama, to preach the gospel of Ahura Mazda at the court of King Gushtasp.

The proud knights of Bactria were the flower of the Persian army. Inured to fighting by incessant campaigns against the Turki nomads from beyond the Jaxartes, they did not share in the fatal degeneracy which seems to have paralysed the Empire when Alexander descended upon it. At the call of Bessus, the Iranians took the field against the hated intruder, and only after a stern struggle did the land of Zoroaster submit to the conqueror. Alexander, after settling at Balkh and other towns colonies of veterans, passed, never to return, on his way to India. After Alexander's death the old love of liberty revived in Bactria. The Greeks, who had intermarried freely with their Iranian fellow-citizens, refused to acknowledge Seleucid rule. In 250 B. C. Diodotus of Bactria raised the standard of revolt, and Bactria became an independent Græco-Iranian state; and when, a

quarter of a century later, Antiochus III invaded the land the Bactrian cavalry rode confidently out to contest with the picked horsemen of Syria the ford of the Arius.

Antiochus fought his way, indeed, to the walls of Balkh, but after a siege unparalleled in the history of the ancient world he was glad to retire, claiming the alliance of Euthydemus of Bactria, and giving his daughter Laodice in marriage to the young Demetrius, heir to the Bactrian throne, whose gallantry and ability had won the Seleucid's heart. And so Bactria had won her right to freedom, and the splendid coins, struck at the mint at Balkh during these years, testify to the national pride in her hour of triumph. Encouraged by his success, Euthydemus crossed the Hindu-Kush and entered India, where the anarchy following the death of Asoka rendered the Punjab an easy prey. Very soon a great southern Kingdom, with a capital at Sagala (Sialkot), arose in the north-west of India, rivalling the glories of the elder capital on the Oxus. But the end was nearer than was expected: the incessant fighting had drained the life-blood of the gallant little Empire, and about 160 B.C. the Turki hordes, who had gradually been gathering on the Jaxartes, swooped down upon the fertile plains they had coveted so long. The Græco-Iranian population fell back before their advance, till the barbarians held all the country north of the Hindu-Kush.

This concentration of the scattered Bactrian population seems to have had, if anything, a good rather than a damping effect. One result was momentous. The Greeks came into contact with the missionaries of Buddhism, and very largely adopted it as their religion. One of the most beautiful of philosophic romances, the "Questions of Milinda" represents Nāgasena with his band of bhikkhus, "their yellow robes shining like lamps in the evening, among the marble pillars of the palaces," going to expound "the Doctrine of Nirvāṇa and the Law" before the great Yavana Monarch. And certainly we should be grateful for the meeting which produced one of the clearest,

simplest, and most delightful expositions of the Dhamma. We feel, in the keen sword-play of question and answer, and the grace and rhythm of the Pāli dialogue, something of the attic wit of Plato himself.

Menander—Milinda, the soldier-saint of Bactrian history—is unfortunately only too little known to us. We get glimpses here and there, as the veil is rent aside for a brief moment, only to close again at once. Pushing into the heart of the sacred Middle Land itself, his cavalry scouts attacked the Indian detachment of one hundred strong, guarding the sacred horse of Puṣhyamitra Suṅga Rajah, who was performing the *Ashva Medha*. The Ionian was worsted by the Rajput in this brief encounter; but the great conqueror pushed on, till at last he appeared at the gates of Pataliputra itself.

But the end was near. Menander, gallant Greek as he was, had treated personal considerations as a little thing compared to fame. Feeling the hand of death approaching, he assumed the yellow robe, and leaving the soldiers who had loved him and fought for him so often and so well, he betook himself to meditation. Tradition says he died an Arhat, but this may be an affectionate exaggeration of his followers. However, he passed away in camp, as he had lived, and so great was the army's love for their leader that they divided his ashes, and buried them under great *stupas* in their native lands, even as the followers of the Lord Buddha had done before.

After the death of Menander, Greek rule flickers to extinction like a dying light. The Saka monarchs quietly succeeded to the throne vacated by the gallant little race, and the Bactrian Greeks disappear from the page of history for ever.

Did the Greek occupation leave no effect upon India? This is a disputed point. While it is undeniable that the Brahmanical reaction of the third century A. D., with its splendid poets and dramatists and builders, was purely national, we cannot but think that Greek influence may have contributed

something towards that great renaissance. We see in the Gandhāra sculptures the touch of the Hellenic chisel, and it was "Agesilaos, a Yavana" who made for King Kanishka the great gold casket for the ashes of the Lord Buddha, discovered lately near Peshawar. For one who likes to leave the beaten tracks of history, and to investigate its half-forgotten by-ways, this little fragment of the story of Greater Greece is not without appeal.

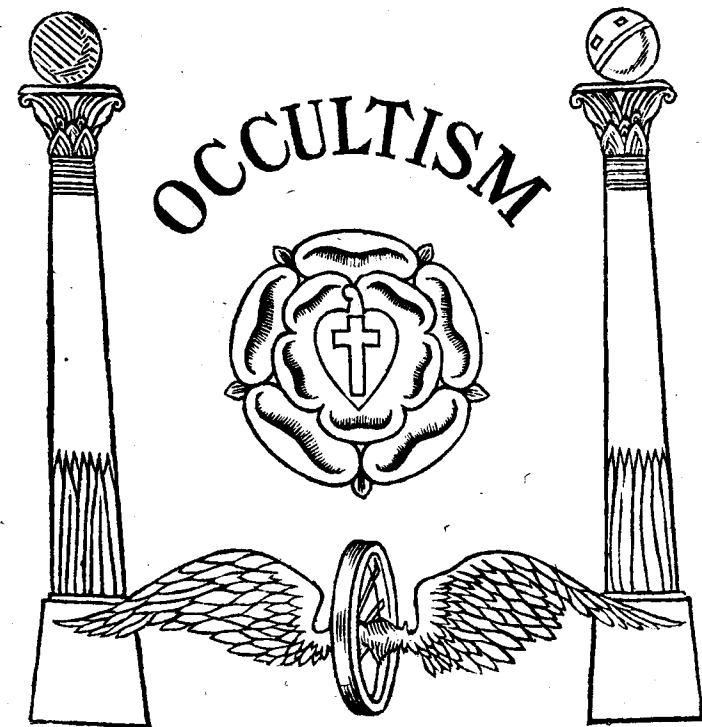
H. G. R.

[The writer of this article, Mr. H. G. Rawlinson, is an expert in Bactrian lore, and won the Hare Prize at the University of Cambridge in 1909. The prize essay has since been published by *The Times of India*, Bombay, and can be obtained at our Office. We hope that this short article will arouse an interest in the fascinating subject with which the prize essay so ably deals.—SUB-EDITOR.]

Hand in hand with angels through the world we go;
Brighter eyes are on us than we blind ones know.
Tenderer voices cheer us than we deaf will own;
Never, walking heavenward, can we walk alone.

Hand in hand with angels; some are out of sight,
Leading us, unknowing, into paths of light;
Some soft hands are covered from our mortal grasp
Soul to soul to hold us with a firmer clasp.

Hand in hand with angels ever let us go,
Clinging to the strong ones, drawing up the slow;
One electric love-chord, thrilling all with fire,
Soar we through the ages, higher, ever higher.



SOUND, COLOR AND FORM

THERE are many people who realise that sound always generates color—that every note which is played or sung has overtones which produce the effect of light when seen by an eye even slightly clairvoyant. Not every one, however, knows that sounds also build form just as thoughts do. Yet this is nevertheless the case. It was long ago shown that sound gives rise to form on the physical plane by singing a certain note into a tube across the end of which was stretched a membrane upon which fine sand or lycopodium powder had been cast.

In this way it was proved that each sound threw the sand into a certain definite shape, and that the same note

always produced the same shape. It is not, however, with forms caused in this way that we are dealing just now, but with those built up in etheric, astral and mental matter, which persist and continue in vigorous action long after the sound itself has died away, so far as physical ears are concerned.

Let us take, for example, the hidden side of the performance of a piece of music—say the playing of a voluntary upon a church organ. This has its effect upon the physical plane upon those of the worshippers who have an ear for music—who have educated themselves to understand and to appreciate it. But many people who do not understand it and have no technical knowledge of the subject are yet conscious of a very decided effect which it produces upon them. The clairvoyant student is in no way surprised at this, for he sees that each piece of music as it is performed upon the organ builds up gradually an enormous edifice in etheric, astral and mental matter, extending away above the organ and far through the roof of the church like a kind of castellated mountain-range, all composed of glorious flashing colors coruscating and blazing in a most marvellous manner, like the aurora borealis in the arctic regions. The nature of this differs very much in the case of different composers. An overture by Wagner makes always a magnificent whole with splendid splashes of vivid color, as though he built with mountains of flame for stones; one of Bach's fugues builds up a mighty ordered form, bold yet precise, rugged but symmetrical, with parallel rivulets of silver or gold or ruby running through it, marking the successive appearances of the *motif*; one of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte* makes a lovely airy erection—a sort of castle of filigree work in frosted silver.

In the book called *Thought-Forms* will be found three illustrations in color, in which we have endeavored to depict the forms built by pieces of music by Mendelssohn,

Gounod and Wagner respectively, and I would refer the reader to these, for this is one of the cases in which it is quite impossible to imagine the appearance of the form without actually seeing it or some representation of it. It may some day be possible to issue a book containing studies of a number of such forms, for the purpose of careful examination and comparison. It is evident that the study of such sound-forms would be a science in itself, and one of surpassing interest.

These forms, created by the performers of the music, must not be confounded with the magnificent thought-form which the composer himself made as the expression of his own music on the higher planes. This is a production worthy of the great mind from which it emanated, and often persists for many years, even over centuries if the composer is so far understood and appreciated that his original conception is strengthened by the thoughts of his admirers. In the same manner, though with wide difference of type, magnificent erections are constructed on higher planes by a great poet's idea of his epic, or a great writer's idea of the subject which he means to put before his readers—such for example, as Wagner's immortal trilogy of *The Ring*, Dante's grand representation of purgatory and paradise, and Ruskin's conception of what art ought to be and of what he desired to make it.

The forms made by the performance of the music persist for a considerable space of time, varying from one hour to three or four, and all the time they are sending out radiations of vibrations which assuredly influence for good every soul within a radius of from a quarter to half a mile. Not that the soul necessarily knows it, nor that the influence is at all equal in all cases. The sensitive person is greatly uplifted, while the dull and pre-occupied man is but little affected. Still, however unconsciously, each person must be a little the better for coming under such an influence. Naturally the undulations

extend much farther than the distance named, but beyond that they grow rapidly weaker, and in a great city they are soon drowned in the rush of swirling currents which fills the astral world in such places. In the quiet country amidst the fields and the trees the edifice lasts proportionately much longer, and its influence has a wider area. Sometimes in such a case those who can may see crowds of beautiful nature-spirits admiring the splendid forms built by the music, and bathing with delight in the waves of influence which they send forth. It is surely a beautiful thought that every organist who does his work well and throws his whole soul into what he plays, is thus doing far more good than he knows, and helping many whom perhaps he never saw and never will know in this life.

Another point which is interesting in this connexion is the difference in the edifices built by the same music when rendered upon different instruments—as, for example, the difference in appearance of the form built by a certain piece when played upon a church organ and the same piece executed by an orchestra or by a violin quartette, or played on a piano. In these cases the form is identical if the music be equally well rendered, but the whole texture is different, and naturally in the case of the violin quartette the size of the form is far less, because the volume of sound is so much less. The form built by the piano is often somewhat larger than that of the violins, but is not so accurate in detail, and its proportions are less perfect. Again, a very decided difference in texture is visible between the effect of a violin solo and the same solo played upon the flute.

Surrounding and blending with these forms, although perfectly distinct from them, are the forms of thought and feeling produced by human beings under the influence of the music. The size and vividness of these depend upon the appreciativeness of the audience and the extent to which they are affected. Sometimes the form built by the

sublime conception of the master of harmony stands alone in its beauty, unattended and unnoticed, because such mental faculties as the congregation may possess are entirely absorbed in millinery or the calculations of the money-market; while on the other hand the chain of simple forms built by the force of some well-known hymn may in some cases be almost hidden by great blue clouds of devotional feeling evoked from the hearts of the singers.

Another factor which determines the appearance of the edifice constructed by a piece of music is the quality of the performance. The thought-form left hanging over a church after the performance of the Hallelujah Chorus infallibly and distinctly shows, for example, if the bass solo has been flat, or if any of the parts have been noticeably weaker than the others, as in either case there is an obvious failure in the symmetry and clearness of the form. Naturally there are types of music whose forms are anything but lovely, though even these have their interest as objects of study. The curious broken shapes which surround an academy for young ladies at the pupils' practising hour are at least remarkable and instructive, if not beautiful; and the chains thrown out in lasso-like loops and curves by the child who is industriously playing scales or arpeggios are by no means without their charm, when there are no broken or missing links.

A song with a chorus constructs a form in which a number of beads are strung at equal distances upon a silver thread of melody, the size of the beads of course depending upon the strength of the chorus, just as the luminosity and beauty of the connecting thread depend upon the voice and expression of the solo singer, while the form into which the thread is plaited depends upon the character of the melody. Of great interest also are the variations in metallic texture produced by the different qualities of the voice—the difference between the soprano and the tenor,

the alto and the bass, and again the difference between a boy's voice and a woman's. Very beautiful also is the intertwining of these four threads (differing in color and in texture) in the singing of a glee or a part-song, or their ordered and yet constantly varied march side by side in the singing of a hymn.

A processional hymn builds a series of rectangular forms drawn with mathematical precision, following one another in definite order like the links of some mighty chain—or still more (unpoetical though it sounds) like the carriages of some huge train belonging to the astral world. Very striking also is the difference in ecclesiastical music between the broken though glittering fragments of the Anglican chant, and the splendid glowing uniformity of the Gregorian tone. Not unlike the latter is the effect produced by the monotonous chanting of Samskr̥t verses by paṇḍits in India.

It may be asked here how far the feeling of the musician himself affects the form which is built by his efforts. His feelings do not strictly speaking affect the musical structure at all. If the delicacy and brilliancy of his execution remain the same, it makes no difference to that musical form whether he himself feels happy or miserable, whether his musings are grave or gay. His emotions naturally produce vibrant forms in astral matter, just as do those of his audience, but these merely surround the great shape built by the music, and in no way interfere with it. His comprehension of the music, and the skill of his rendering of it, show themselves in the edifice which he constructs. A poor and merely mechanical performance erects a structure which, though it may be accurate in form, is deficient in color and luminosity—a form which, as compared with the work of a real musician, gives a curious impression of being constructed of cheap materials. To obtain really grand results the performer must forget all about himself, must lose himself utterly in the music as only a genius may dare to do.

The powerful and inspiring effect produced by military music is readily comprehensible to the clairvoyant who is able to see the long stream of rhythmically vibrating forms which is left behind by the band as it marches along at the head of the column. Not only does the regular beat of these vibrations tend to strengthen those of the astral bodies of the soldiers, thus training them to move more strongly and in unison, but the very forms which are created themselves radiate strength and courage and martial ardour, so that a body of men which before seemed to be hopelessly disorganised by fatigue may in this way be pulled together again and endowed with a very considerable accession of strength.

It is instructive to watch the mechanism of this change. A man who is utterly exhausted has to a great extent lost the power of co-ordination; the central will can no longer hold together and govern as it should the different parts of the body; every physical cell is complaining—raising its own separate cry of pain and remonstrance; and the effect upon all the vehicles, etheric, astral and mental, is that a vast number of small separate vortices are set up, each vibrating at its own rate, so that all the bodies are losing their cohesion and their power to do their work, to bear their part in the life of the man. Carried to its ultimate extreme this would mean death, but short of that it means utter disorganisation and the loss of the power to make the muscles obey the will. When upon the astral body in this condition there comes the impact of a succession of steady and powerful vibrations, that impact supplies for the time the place of the will-force which has so sorely slackened. The bodies are once more brought into synchronous vibration and are held so by the sweep of the music, thus giving the will-power an opportunity to recover itself and take again the command which it had so nearly abandoned.

So marked and powerful are the vibrations of good military music that a sensation of positive pleasure is

produced in those who move in obedience to them, just as effective dance music arouses the desire for synchronous movement in all who hear it. The type of the instruments employed in military bands is also of a nature which adds greatly to this effect, the strength and sharpness of the vibration being obviously of far greater importance for those purposes than its delicacy or its power to express the finer emotions.

It is not only the ordered arrangement of sound which we call music which produces definite form. Every sound in nature has its effect, and in some cases these effects are of the most remarkable character. The majestic roll of a thunder-storm creates usually a vast flowing band of color, while the deafening crash often calls into temporary existence an arrangement of irregular radiations from a centre, suggestive of an exploded bomb; or sometimes a huge irregular sphere with great spikes projecting from it in all directions. The never-ceasing beating of the sea upon the land fringes all earth's coasts with an eternal canopy of wavy yet parallel lines of lovely changing color, rising into tremendous mountain ranges when the sea is lashed by a storm. The rustling of the wind among the leaves of the forest covers it with a beautiful iridescent network, ever rising and falling with gentle wave-like movement, like the passing of the wind across a field of wheat.

Sometimes this hovering cloud is pierced by curving lines and loops of light, representing the song of the birds, like fragments of a silver chain cast forth and ringing melodiously in the air. Of these there is an almost infinite variety, from the beautiful golden globes produced by the notes of the campanero to the amorphous and coarsely-colored mass which is the result of the scream of a parrot or of a macaw. The roar of the lion may be seen as well as heard by those whose eyes are opened; indeed, it is by no means impossible that some of the wild creatures possess this much of clairvoyance, and that the terrifying effect which is alleged to be produced by this

sound may be largely owing to the radiations poured forth from the form to which it gives birth.

In more domestic life similar effects are observed; the purring cat surrounds himself with concentric rosy cloud-films which expand constantly outward until they dissipate, shedding an influence of drowsy contentment and well-being which tends to reproduce itself in the human beings about him. The barking dog, on the other hand, shoots forth well defined sharp-pointed projectiles which strike with a severe shock upon the astral bodies of those in his neighborhood; and this is the reason of the extreme nervous irritation which this constantly repeated sound often produces in sensitive persons. The sharp spiteful yap of the terrier discharges a series of forms not unlike the modern rifle bullet, which pierce the astral body in various directions, and seriously disturb its economy; while the deep bay of a bloodhound throws off beads like ostrich-eggs or footballs which are slower in motion and far less calculated to injure. Some of these vibrations pierce like sword-thrusts, while some are duller and heavier, like the blows of a club, and they vary greatly in strength, but all are evil in their action upon the mental and astral bodies.

The color of these projectiles is usually some shade of red or brown, varying with the emotion of the animal and the key in which his voice is pitched. It is instructive to contrast with these the blunt-ended clumsy projectiles produced by the lowing of a cow—forms which have often somewhat the appearance of logs of wood or fragments of a tree-trunk. A flock of sheep frequently surrounds itself with a many-pointed yet amorphous cloud of sound which is by no means unlike the physical dust-cloud which it raises as it moves along. The cooing of a pair of doves throws off a constant succession of graceful curved forms like the letter S reversed.

The tones of the human voice also produce their results—results which often endure long after the sounds

have died away. An angry ejaculation throws itself forth like a scarlet spear, and many a woman surrounds herself with an intricate network of hard brown-grey metallic lines by the stream of silly meaningless chatter which she ceaselessly babbles forth. Such a network permits the passage of vibration only at its own low level; it is an almost perfect barrier against the impact of any of the higher and more beautiful thoughts and feelings. A glimpse of the astral body of a garrulous person is thus a striking object-lesson to the student of occultism, and it teaches him the virtue of speaking only when it is necessary, or when he has something pleasant and useful to say.

Another instructive comparison is that between the forms produced by different kinds of laughter. The happy laughter of a child bubbles forth in rosy curves, making a kind of scalloped balloon shape—an epicycloid of mirth. The ceaseless guffaw of the empty-minded causes an explosive effect in an irregular mass, usually brown or dirty green in color—according to the predominant tint of the aura from which it emanates. The sneering laugh throws out a shapeless projectile of a dull red color, usually flecked with brownish green and bristling with thorny looking points. The constantly repeated cachinnations of the self-conscious create a very unpleasant result, surrounding them with what in appearance and color resembles the surface of a pool of boiling mud. The nervous giggles of a school-girl often involve her in an unpleasant seaweed-like tangle of lines of brown and dull yellow, while the jolly-hearted kindly laugh of genuine amusement usually billows out in rounded forms of gold and green. The consequences flowing from the bad habit of whistling are usually decidedly unpleasant. If it be soft and really musical it produces an effect not unlike that of a small flute, but sharper and more metallic; but the ordinary tuneless horror of the London street-boy sends out a series of small and piercing projectiles of dirty brown.

An enormous number of artificial noises (most of them transcendently hideous) are constantly being produced all about us, for our so-called civilisation is surely the noisiest one with which earth has ever yet been cursed. These also have their unseen side, though it is rarely one which is pleasant to contemplate. The strident screech of a railway engine makes a far more penetrating and far more powerful projectile than even the barking of a dog; indeed, it is surpassed in horror only by the scream of the steam siren which is sometimes employed to call together the hands at a factory, or by the report of heavy artillery at close quarters. The railway whistle blows forth a veritable sword, with the added disintegrating power of a serious electrical shock, and its effect upon the astral body which is unfortunate enough to be within its reach is quite comparable to that of a sword-thrust upon the physical body. Fortunately for us astral matter possesses many of the properties of a fluid, so that the wound heals after a few minutes have passed; but the effect of the shock upon the astral organism disappears by no means so readily.

The flight through the landscape of a train which is not screaming is not wholly unbeautiful, for the heavy parallel lines which are drawn by the sound of its onward rush are as it were embroidered by the intermittent spheres or ovals caused by the puffing of the engine: so that a train seen in the distance crossing the landscape leaves behind it a temporary appearance of a strip of Brobdingnagian ribbon with a scalloped edging.

The discharge of one of the great modern cannons is an explosion of sound just as surely as of gunpowder, and the tremendous radiation of impacts which it throws out to the radius of half-a-mile or so is calculated to have a very serious effect upon astral currents and astral bodies. The rattle of rifle or pistol fire throws out a sheaf of smaller needles; and it is abundantly clear that all loud, sharp or sudden sounds should, as far as possible, be avoided by anyone who wishes to keep his astral and

mental vehicles in good order. This is one among the many reasons which make the life of the busy city one to be avoided by the occult student, for its perpetual roar means the ceaseless beating of disintegrating vibrations upon each of his vehicles, and this is, of course, quite apart from the even more serious play of sordid passions and emotions which make dwelling in a main street like living beside an open sewer.

No one who watches the effect of these repeated sound-forms upon the sensitive astral body can doubt that there must follow from them a serious permanent result which cannot fail to be to some extent communicated to the physical nerves. So serious and so certain is this, that I believe that if it were possible to obtain accurate statistics on such a point, we should find the length of life much shorter and the percentage of nervous breakdown and insanity appreciably higher among the inhabitants of a street paved with granite, than among those who have the advantage of asphalt. The value and even the necessity of quiet is by no means sufficiently appreciated in our modern life. Specially do we ignore the disastrous effect upon the plastic astral and mental bodies of children of all this ceaseless unnecessary noise; yet that is largely responsible for evils of many kinds and for weaknesses which show themselves with fatal effect in later life.

There is a yet higher point of view from which all the sounds of nature blend themselves into one mighty tone—that which the Chinese authors have called the KUNG: and this also has its form—an inexpressible compound or synthesis of all forms, vast and changeful as the sea, and yet through it all upholding an average level, just as the sea does, all-penetrating yet all-embracing, the note which represents our earth in the music of the spheres—the form which is our petal when the solar system is regarded from that plane where it is seen all spread out like a lotus.

C. W. LEADBEATER

RENTS IN THE VEIL OF TIME

THE LIVES OF ORION

XII

AGAIN Orion returns to Poseidonis in the year 13671 B. C., as the daughter of Alastor, who was then the King of one of the Tlavatli races. She was an exceedingly beautiful child, and captivated all who saw her. The parentage, however, was not a favorable one, for Alastor was stern, severe and stupid, and did not understand his children; and her mother, Eta, though soft and yielding, was unwise and frequently untruthful.

As has already been said in the thirteenth life of Aleyone, Orion was much influenced by Ursa, a brother a year older than herself, who tyrannised over her and made her "fetch and carry" for him all through their childhood; but she admired and loved him, and therefore she rather liked it. She was herself a wild and impetuous little creature, rebelling against all authority, but he was much more so; and though she would not listen to anyone else, she obeyed him with touching fidelity. As they grew older his relations with her were not purely fraternal, and when she was sixteen this was discovered, and there was a great scandal. The pig-headed old King seemed entirely without tact and sympathy, and had not even the sense to arrange the matter quietly within the bosom of the family, as he might easily have done; he wanted to make a great show of impartiality, so he made the whole affair public, and ordered the execution of his daughter and the banishment of his son. The son, though a selfish person, did not intend to allow his sister to be put to death, or his own will to be crossed; he bribed

the jailers, contrived his sister's escape from the prison, and they fled together, hiding themselves in the forests on the borders of the country. Of course there was a great hue and cry after them, but they managed to elude pursuit, and diverted it into another direction by leading people to suppose that they had absconded by sea.

Ursa built a log cabin, and they lived quite an idyllic life all alone in the woods, very happy on the whole, though with occasional quarrels. Orion sometimes missed the adulation to which she had been accustomed at the court of her father, but love and the delights of freedom satisfied her fairly well, at any rate in the first intoxication of them. Soon her first child Sirius was born, a fine strong boy, and at once this new sensation of motherhood dominated her life to the exclusion of all other thoughts. The father was also interested in the child, though less keenly so. There was a custom in the country that the eldest son of the King should always have the symbol of a snake tattooed in red around his waist, but this was reserved for those who were in the direct line of succession to the throne. Orion's husband naturally had this symbol, and he himself impressed the same mark upon his infant son, as a sign that he was the heir to the kingdom, even though born unnoticed in the depths of the forest, far away from the pomp of the court.

A year later a little girl, Vega, was born, and the mother was happier than ever. She and her two babies made a very pretty picture as she played with them and bathed them in the stream which flowed past their hut. She was so absorbed in them that she but rarely regretted the excitement of the court life which she had abandoned; but she often made plans for the future as to the way in which her boy was to come into his birthright and be recognised as the heir to the throne. Her brother, now that the novelty of the forest life was passing, began

to tire of her, and to think that he had bought her love at too great a cost. Quarrels grew more frequent, and he often revolved in his mind plans for resuming his position as prince. At length he deserted his wife and made his way round to a port, at which he pretended to have arrived by sea. He thus returned to the capital and announced himself to his father, the King, who welcomed and forgave him. He denied all knowledge of the whereabouts of his sister, and she was commonly supposed to have perished in attempting to escape from prison. The King soon arranged a marriage for his son, and the latter consented, although he did not entirely forget the lovely sister whom he had deserted in the forest, and whom he would have very much preferred to his new common-place wife, if he could have had her without sacrificing his position.

Meantime Orion was naturally in a condition of great indignation and misery. As to the merely material side of life she had little difficulty, for she could gather wild fruits, dig for roots and manage the traps in which her brother had been accustomed to snare the smaller creatures of the forest. She had no clothing for herself or her children except such as she could make of plaited palm-leaves and from the dried skins of the small animals and birds; but as the climate was warm this did well enough. Knowing the obstinacy of her father, she was well aware that during his lifetime she could never show herself at court, and was afraid that even if she should try to live among the peasants in a remote part of the kingdom, she might be detected and sent back to execution. At the same time she was fully determined that somehow or other her boy should have his rights and eventually inherit the kingdom. She spent many days in thinking over the matter in all its aspects, and finally decided that at any rate until the children were much older she could do no better than stay where she was. She hoped also that her brother might either relent and return to her, or make some arrangement

by which she could be received and acknowledged, at least after the old King's death.

Here in the forest she remained for years, the children growing up healthy and happy, looking like little Greek statues in their beauty and gracefulness. It presently occurred to her that if her plans that her children should one day take their rightful place in the world were to come to anything, it was absolutely necessary that they should be to some extent accustomed to intercourse with their fellow-men. So she put on what remained of the garments in which she had originally left home, and made her way to a village at a considerable distance. She stayed there a few days, playing the part of a poor woman on a journey, and then returned to her sylvan hut. She repeated this experiment at intervals during the next few years, always avoiding suspicion as far as possible, and never going twice to the same village. In this way she procured, by the sale of furs, some old cloth out of which she made garments for the children, although they assumed them only when they visited the outer world. A very strong affection existed between mother and son, and also between the brother and sister. The mother dearly loved Vega also, but the son seemed to occupy the very centre of her heart, and he in turn idolised her. Living so much alone together amid such favorable surroundings, they all became keenly sympathetic, and were often able to understand one another without speaking, and to send telepathic messages to one another at a distance.

As the young man grew up his mother told him the story of his royal birth, and they planned together that they would reappear in the capital and claim recognition when the old King died. Before that happened, however, Orion fell ill and died. When on her death-bed she made her son solemnly promise that he would go to his father and announce himself as the heir to the

throne. The young people mourned deeply the departure of their mother. They buried her body under the floor of the hut and then abandoned it forever, as they could not bear to live where every tree and stone reminded them perpetually of their loss. They made their way gradually to the capital, the young man taking the most affectionate care of his sister. He found some employment there, and intended to bide his time until the old King had died, but the tattooed snake round his waist betrayed him. After various dramatic scenes he obtained recognition as the heir, and in due course succeeded to the throne. His sister Vega married Capella, one of the great lords of the country, and life on the whole went well with her. For Orion this incarnation showed marked improvement; great power of love was manifested, and a heavy trial was well borne, the love triumphing over ambition and desire for ease and display.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ALASTOR: ... *King*. *Wife*: Eta. *Son*: Ursa. *Daughter*: Orion.
 ORION: ... *Husband*: Ursa. *Son*: Sirius. *Daughter*: Vega.
 SIRIUS: ... *Wife*: Alcyone.
 VEGA: ... *Husband*: Capella.

NOTE.—The list of the remaining *Dramatis Personæ* will be found in the thirteenth life of Alcyone, Vol. XXXI, page 1590.

XIII

Orion took part this time in a famous gathering of our group of egos, being born in 12090 B. C. in a family belonging to the governing class in Peru. She was red-bronze in color, with fine dark eyes, and grew up to be very beautiful and a picture of graceful health. Her father, Vesta, was a capable man, full of enthusiasm for his work and of keen intuition as to what should be

done and, in broad outline, the best way of doing it. The mother, Mira, who co-operated in such work, as was usual among the governing classes, had more head for detail. She had less of the grand sweeping intuition, but more of practical sense. Though always busily occupied, they looked after their children thoroughly well, and made them very happy. All children were regarded in ancient Peru as the children of the State, and their education was in the hands, not of the parents, but of the priests of the sun. That system of education was far more practical than ours of the present day, the first object being to turn out good, useful and capable citizens who thoroughly understood everything that they would be likely to have to do in ordinary every-day life.

Orion had an elder brother, Bellatrix, who was a capable and practical boy; he seemed to do a good deal of the work of looking after his two younger sisters, Orion and Achilles, inventing games for them and working them very hard in those games. They moved quite in the highest society, for Siwa, the son of the Inca Mars, was often to be seen among their playmates. The family had many ramifications, and the children were well supplied with cousins whom they constantly met—Sirius, Hector, Demeter, Aldebaran and Helios being among them. Boys and girls studied and worked and played together, much more than at the present day. Little Orion seemed to know the value of her beauty, and put on airs among the crowd of her juvenile suitors. Sirius, five years older than she was, was greatly devoted to the small flirt, who sometimes seemed to love him dearly and was sometimes distinctly coquettish and took queer fits of contrariness. Sirius was painfully shy, and was at his best only when alone with her.

Once when she was about ten years old he had an opportunity of doing her a service which even when she grew up she never forgot. When they were rambling together

along the margin of a river, an alligator suddenly rose from the water and made a rush for the child. She sprang back with a shriek, but lost her footing, and could not possibly have escaped the alligator but for the sudden leap of Sirius. Fortunately he had in his hand a heavy hedge-stake which he had sharpened laboriously at both ends, in order to make holes in the sand for her, and just as the great jaws were about to close upon the girl, he reached there in time to thrust his arm between them, so that the tremendous force of the bite drove the points of the stake (which he was holding perpendicularly) firmly into the beast's jaws, and held the mouth open. Sirius was able to withdraw his arm, without any injury beyond a few gashes, and to drag the frightened girl up the bank into safety. Orion was very brave about it, and tore strips from her frock to bind up the boy's wounds. The children were unable to recover the stake, which they much regretted, as wood was rare in that country.

A curious point was that under certain conditions these two were able to have visions in common. When Orion was a little girl of seven or eight years, and Sirius was twelve, they were one day sitting hand in hand near the river, when suddenly a sort of dream came over them in which they both lost sight of their surroundings and found themselves on the banks of a much smaller river amid magnificent forest-scenery, such as they had not seen in Peru and could therefore hardly have imagined. Here they were living quite a different life—in fact, the life of the last incarnation, though of course they did not know that. This vision seemed to them to last a long time, though in reality it occupied only a few minutes. They compared notes on awakening, and discovered that even to the minutest detail they had both seen the same thing. Experimenting another day, they found that at almost any time when they could sit quiet, alone and hand in hand, they could pass into this dream-state and live through day after day of

that strange sylvan life. They took great delight in this and practised it at frequent intervals. When the boy grew older he saw more dimly, and gradually the power faded away from them both, though she retained it much longer than he. The possession of this curious secret made a very strong bond between them.

Aldebaran was nearer her own age and was also a great favorite. She was clever at music, and at times very fond of it, and was taught to play some of the curious musical instruments of the period—a kind of harmonium of great power, in which the notes were pillars or cylinders of shining metal, the ends of which were pressed like the keys of a type-writer, thus setting in vibration tongues of metal. She played two kinds of lyre (one of seven and one of fourteen wires), which were held in the lap, and also a large hanging harp of wide range. She could likewise play the three-stringed lyre which was carried in processions and was used very effectively along with the golden trumpets of the Sun. She was taught to paint a little, but did not seem to be specially interested in that work. Life was always gay and happy; the climate was splendid and the children lived, learned, played and even slept practically always in the open air.

The parents were on most friendly terms with Mercury, Uranus and Selene, and there was constant intercourse between the families. Mercury, in particular, often noticed Orion, took her on his knee and told her stories and taught her maxims connected with the worship of Ynty, the Spirit of the Sun. There was also a kind aunt, Rigel, whom Orion loved deeply.

The marriage customs were rather peculiar, for all weddings took place once a year only, on one stated day. Then the Governor summoned before him all those who during the past twelve months had reached a marriageable age, and those who wished chose their partners, or had them arranged for them by their parents. When this

was all settled, one big ceremony united them and there were no more weddings until the same day next year. One curious result of this remarkable arrangement was that astrologically quite a large proportion of the births in the country took place under the same sign.

Sirius and Orion certainly loved one another. Sirius felt protectively towards Orion, yet had also a reverential awe of her, as the channel through which, as he thought, their wonderful double dreams came, and he was too shy and self-distrustful to venture to suggest marriage. Still, if he had been at hand when Orion reached the proper age, there is little doubt that somehow they would have arrived at an understanding; but Sirius was sent away at the age of twenty-one to take charge of a distant district; and though, in his case, absence made the heart grow fonder, the same effect does not appear to have been produced upon the young lady. When she reached the required age, Aldebaran pressed his suit very strongly and, as the parents on both sides favored the match, Orion accepted him. She was undoubtedly just as happy in every way as she could have been with Sirius, but he never quite recovered from the disappointment, though he strove loyally to acquiesce in her decision.

A marriage was arranged for him some years later with Spica, and he did his best to fulfil his duties faithfully, but his first love always maintained a supreme place in his heart. Of course the families were entirely friendly, and Sirius kept his feelings locked up in his own breast. Orion's husband was not engaged directly in carrying on the machinery of government, but assisted in a kind of scientific investigation department. The enquiries did not seem to be pursued with an abstract idea of acquiring knowledge of nature, but always for some immediate practical end—the discovery of some new and superior fertilizer for the land, some better method of hardening or annealing metals, some novel and beautiful dye or some specially efficient medicine or ointment. The husband had a close

friendship with two clever fellow-students, one of whom was Aries, and they devoted a great deal of time to experiments of all sorts. Aldebaran invented a method of making some particularly concentrated type of artificial fuel which was a great success, and also discovered that a brilliant light could be obtained by burning a gas which was given off in the process—the earliest instance we have seen of the use of a gas as an illuminant.

In the course of these researches he contrived to blow himself up rather badly, and was confined to his bed for a long time, but Aries was something of a doctor and Orion was a patient and careful nurse. Between them they managed to bring him through, so that he pluckily resumed his studies and eventually mastered the difficulties. Later on he had as assistant a particularly keen and daring young student, Taurus, to whom he became much attached. Castor and Pollux were also young students much interested in these matters, though neither of them seemed definitely to take up science as his line of life. Vega when young was the bosom friend of one of Orion's sons, and was therefore much at the house.

Orion had a long and useful life—very fully occupied, as were all those of the higher classes in Peru—not exempt from the usual joys and sorrows, but on the whole quite fairly happy. One or two prominent incidents may be mentioned. Orion was solemnly presented to Mars, the Inca, by Siwa his son, and the ceremony produced a lasting impression upon her, for the Inca was regarded with great awe as well as great affection, as the living representative of the power of the Sun-Spirit. He was a man of dignified presence and great force of character, indomitable in will and irresistible in strength, yet full of benignity. The young *débutante* was most powerfully affected, and fell on her face before the majesty of his mien, which was *not* part of the programme of the ceremony; but the Inca himself raised her from the ground and spoke kindly and reassuringly to her.

Once she undertook a long journey to the outlying districts of the empire with her husband, who was sent to examine and report upon some new discoveries of mineral wealth there. They were absent more than a year, during which time she left her children in the care of her younger sister, Achilles, who in the meantime had married Demeter, a most charming and able young man. Orion suffered much over the loss of her eldest son Theseus, who became a soldier and was killed when in command of an expedition against some of the barbarian tribes. Herakles was a close friend of one of her daughters, and was much admired and loved by the family, and also by that of Sirius, who himself was specially charmed by her.

Most people under Peruvian conditions lived to old age, and Orion was already seventy-seven when she was called to the death-bed of Sirius. There was a touching farewell between these two who for so long had loved one another so dearly, and once more, in that final hour, as she sat beside his bed and clasped his hand, the mystic vision of their childhood came back to them. They saw once more that strange yet familiar forest with its lonely, yet delightful life, and after that something that had never come to them before—a glimpse of a much earlier scene when they two had stood together before a venerated teacher and vowed to devote their lives to helping one another in the reparation of a great wrong. She herself passed away peacefully eight years later, and just as she was leaving the body she saw Sirius waiting for her—not as the old man of whom she had recently taken leave, but in the form of the boy whom long ago she had loved so well.

Considerable progress was made in this life, as there was a great advance in patience, gentleness and the capability of affection.

NOTE.—The full list of *Dramatis Personæ* will be found in the fifteenth life of Alcyone, Vol. XXXII, page 92.

XIV

Orion appeared this time in 9686 B. C. as a podgy little brown baby in Middle China. Her father was some sort of mandarin or governor of a town; he was much respected and indeed rather feared by his fellow-townsmen. The mother was somewhat subdued—an anxious, earnest soul—but looked well and even fussily after the child. They seem at this period to have made a great point of education in this country; it began in babyhood, and there appeared to be no limit but that of physical endurance to the amount that was crammed into the unfortunate infants. They taught the poor little Orion to recite verbose and wearisome poems which were absolutely meaningless to her, but she gained compensation by reading the most impossible fairy tales, in which she took great delight. The work imposed would have crushed a European child of that tender age, but this moon-faced atom survived and even thrived upon it.

There seemed to be very little play, but certain physical exercises were prescribed. The father was carelessly affectionate, the mother rather anxiously so, and the child returned the feeling in rather a tepid sort of way, which was apparently all that propriety permitted. The solemn-looking mite was really capable of a much more vivid love and, for want of an outlet for it, had always a hollow unsatisfied feeling that her life was somehow incomplete. Soon the outlet was found. She made friends with a neighbor's child, Theseus, who was two years older than herself. Her love and admiration for this little friend soon blossomed out into positive adoration, so that she stole across secretly in the night, to sleep at the door of the girl she loved. This friendship seems the most important factor in that short life, for at the early age of thirteen Orion fell into the river and was drowned—nothing so practical as swimming having been included among her manifold accomplishments.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ORION: ... *Girl Friend: Theseus.*



THE HIGH PRIEST SUMANGALA.
 a manifold

THEOSOPHICAL WORTHIES

THE HIGH PRIEST SUMANGALA

THE High Priest Sumangala was beyond all doubt one of the most distinguished men who ever joined the Theosophical Society, and yet I suppose a large number of its members in Europe, America and Australia, have never even heard or thought of him. So widely apart even now, after thirty-five years of Theosophical Brotherhood, are the actual interests of members in different parts of the world! The main reason for this lack of knowledge was that the great Buddhist Abbot was a Theosophist rather in the wider sense of that term than in the somewhat narrower connotation which it ordinarily bears. He was a man of vast erudition, but he had made no study of Theosophical literature; he was first and foremost a great Buddhist leader, practically the Head of the Southern Church of Buddhism, and his connexion with our Society was most of all through our President-Founder, and by virtue of a special regulation which then existed, permitting branches of the Society whose members were all of the same religion to work under the name of the Society for that special religion.

The High Priest was never a Theosophist in the sense of reading Theosophical books, of delivering Theosophical lectures or of studying the mechanism of rings and rounds and planetary chains; yet he was for many years one of the Honorary Vice-Presidents of our Society, and Chairman of the Buddhist Monks' Theosophical Association. Assuredly, therefore, he has earned the right to a place in our list of Theosophical Worthies, although the whole great organisation which our President-Founder set up in the Island of Ceylon was devoted to work for Buddhism, and not for

Theosophy in the sense in which we understand it to-day. Yet no one could be more Theosophical in life than was this religious Potentate of the East—a man at once shrewd and simple, saintly yet statesmanlike, and never failing in gentleness and kindness.

The date of his birth carries us back in thought to a period which it is difficult for us in modern days to realise. He was born in the reign of King George IV, and he has passed away under a Monarch of the same name; yet how utterly different are the conditions of life! Sumaṅgala was born on January 20th 1827, at the village of Hikkaduwa. He was the fourth son of Don Johannes de Silva Abeyewera-Gunawardana—a name which perhaps requires a little explanation. When the Portuguese subdued the Island of Ceylon, one of the methods which they adopted to soothe the feelings of the people was to sell them patents of Portuguese nobility, entitling them to use a Portuguese family name, and the coveted prefix "Don." I believe that they sold the privilege at a fairly high rate; but when the Dutch conquered the island, they made the title very much cheaper, since it was one which meant nothing to them. Thus it happens that in Ceylon we find quite a number of Portuguese names and titles among the inhabitants, though of late years this absurdity has been given up by many, largely in deference to the remonstrances made by Colonel Olcott.

Sumaṅgala seems to have been a precocious child, and his parents saw at a very early age what the trend of his life was likely to be. When he was only five years old he was already dedicated to the monastery, and at the age of twelve he was admitted to the Order as a *Samanera*, or novice, and it is recorded that in his studies he already surpassed even those who were far older than he. He placed himself under the tuition of a Samskr̥t Paṇḍit̥, a Brahman from India, and made astonishingly rapid progress. At the age of twenty-two he went up

to Kandy, the ancient capital of the island, and there received the full ordination of a monk at the hands of the Chief High Priest. It is said that he astonished his examiners by the profundity of his scholarship, the wide range of his reading, and the ease with which he handled both Samskr̥t and Pāli.

After his ordination he returned to his native village of Hikkaduwa, where he was at once appointed as tutor to the monks. There he spent twelve years, at the end of which he was transferred to a higher appointment at Galle, where he passed the next six years as priest in charge of the temple, but always continuing his work as tutor. He seems to have had a special genius for languages, and furthermore to have had the faculty of teaching himself from books with remarkably little external assistance. In this way he learned Elu, the classical language of Ceylon; in this way also he acquired a working knowledge of English and French which enabled him to read them without difficulty, though his conversation in them was never fluent.

After he had been six years at Galle, he was elected High Priest of the Sripada—the temple of the Holy Foot-Print on the mountain of Adam's Peak. A few years later he was also made High Priest of the District of Galle, and was at the same time appointed as Examiner-in-Chief of the candidates for ordination in Ceylon. In 1873 he moved to Kotahena in Colombo, and shortly afterwards to Maligakanda, where he founded the Viḍyodaya College for monks, of which he was Principal during the rest of his life.

He was a voluminous writer, although his works are for the most part unknown in the West, except to those who are themselves scholars in the languages which he used so well. He was especially a friend of Professor Max Müller, Professor Rhys Davids, Professor Lanman of Harvard, Sir Edwin Arnold and Sir Monier Williams, as

well as of all those who held the Governorship of Ceylon during his tenure of office.

His first touch with Theosophy was in the year 1880, when Madame Blavatsky and Colonel Olcott first visited the island. From that time onward there existed always a strong friendship between him and our President-Founder; and although once or twice it was clouded by the incessant intrigues of those who were hostile to Buddhism, the clouds were invariably cleared away as soon as the friends were able to meet again upon the physical plane. It was the High Priest who speeded the Colonel on his way on his great mission to Japan in 1889, and he was the first to welcome him on his return. It was at that time that the Colonel obtained the assent of the leaders, both of the Southern and the Northern Church of Buddhism, to the platform of fourteen great principles which he drew up as containing the fundamentals of the Buddhist religion; and in this way he brought together the followers of the Greater and the Lesser Vehicles—a piece of work whose importance and far-reaching effect has, I think, been but little understood by our Western brothers. It was the High Priest Sumaṅgala who received me into the Buddhist communion in the year 1884, and I always found him wise, friendly and helpful during the years when I was working for Buddhism in Ceylon.

Gentle and courteous as he always was, he was by no means without the saving grace of humor. Presiding as he did over the principal Buddhist temple in Colombo, it continually fell to his lot to be visited by casual passengers who were spending a few hours on shore at that Clapham Junction of the East. Some of these people were no doubt really interested in the great Oriental religion, and glad to have an opportunity of seeing its most learned living exponent; but there were many others whose knowledge of religious matters was very slight, and therefore their attitude was often captious and fault-finding. I have even known

of worthy men who tried to convert the High Priest, and asked him whether it was really true that he did not believe in Jesus! It is recorded that one passenger arrived who remonstrated with him for accepting teachings so foolish as those given in the Buddhist books, and instanced a passage which he had unearthed from somewhere in which it was stated that the Lord Buddha, when asked how the earth was supported, explained that it rested upon water, that the water in turn rested upon air, and the air upon empty space.

"See what a ridiculous thing that is to say," said the passenger, "and how much better even a school-boy is instructed now, in these days of modern science!"

"It is certainly a pity that the Lord Buddha had not the advantage of the knowledge of modern science," Sumaṅgala replied; "but we who are His followers wish to learn all that your wonderful modern science can teach us. Tell me, therefore, according to your present knowledge, if you could bore a hole straight down from here clear through the earth, what would you find when you came out at the other side?"

The passenger considered for a while and answered: "You would come out in the Pacific Ocean."

"Then," said Sumaṅgala, "suppose you passed on through the ocean, to what would you come next?"

"You would come out into the air," replied the passenger.

"And if you still carried on your straight line through the air?" queried the High Priest.

"Then," said the passenger, "you would come out into space beyond the earth's atmosphere."

"Then, after all," remarked Sumaṅgala, "it would seem that the teachings of your modern science do not differ very greatly in this respect from those of the Lord Buddha two thousand five hundred years ago!"

When last I saw the High Priest, some six years ago, he was already showing the signs of advancing age, but was quite active, and as keen in mind as ever. Indeed, there seems no reason why he might not have become a centenarian, but for an unfortunate accident. Rising one morning in the dark (as he always did) he somehow missed a step while coming down a short staircase and fell, fracturing his hip-bone. Doctors were immediately summoned, and all that was possible was done for him, but the shock was too much for the aged body, and he passed away from it nine days afterwards, on April 30th in the present year.

The ceremony of his cremation seems to have been a remarkable one, the crowds which appeared to do him honor being said to be the largest ever seen in the streets of Colombo. The leaders of all three sects of Buddhist monks were present on the occasion, and all spoke in high praise of the deceased prelate, agreeing that Buddhism had suffered no such loss as his departure for many centuries. The ceremony was enormously prolonged, for almost everyone in that mighty crowd had some little offering to throw upon the funeral pyre—bundles of joss-sticks, pieces of sandal-wood, cubes of camphor or little bottles of perfumery and essential oils. Showers of coins were also cast upon the pyre, and even the poorest of his people were anxious to do something to testify their respect and love for the great leader who had passed away.

The portrait that we give of the late High Priest is the last one taken, and the best available; but it by no means does justice to his appearance when in his prime. His great age shows itself in the sunken cheeks and the cavernous appearance of the eye-sockets; but the shape of the head still remains to testify to the power of the brain which directed the activities of the Southern Church so long and so wisely.

His pupil Nanissera succeeds him as Principal of the Vidyodaya College, but it is not yet known into whose

hands will be committed his other offices; it is probable that they will be divided, since it seems that there is no one so decidedly pre-eminent as to be likely to inherit them all. The loss to Buddhism is serious on the physical plane, but for his sake and in his memory his pupils will make every effort to carry on his work, and it may well be that his deep love for the great Order which he adorned will bring him back at no distant date to labor for it again.

C. W. L.

Ananda, suppressing his tears, said to the Blessed One: "Who shall teach us when thou art gone?"

And the Blessed One replied: "I am not the first Buddha who came upon earth, nor shall I be the last. In due time another Buddha will arise in the world, a Holy One, a supremely enlightened One, endowed with wisdom in conduct, auspicious, knowing the universe, an incomparable Leader of men, a Master of angels and mortals. He will reveal to you the same eternal truths which I have taught you. He will preach His religion, glorious at its origin, glorious at the climax, and glorious at the goal, in the spirit and in the letter. He will proclaim a religious life, wholly perfect and pure, such as I now proclaim. His disciples will number many thousand, while mine number many hundred."

Ananda said: "How shall we know Him?"

The Blessed One replied: "He will be known as Maitreya, which means 'he whose name is kindness'."

SOME THOUGHTS CONCERNING THE CRITICISM OF THEOSOPHY

EVERY civilisation possesses a stock of common quotations, freely bandied about and universally understood. The strange thing about them is, that while they are usually more or less correctly ascribed to their authors, cases in which the quoter has really read them in the original are very rare indeed. There is a quotation, generally ascribed to Schopenhauer, describing the three stages through which any new thought has to pass upon its presentment to the world. First, it is said, the new truth is simply but absolutely ignored. In the second stage, the world shouts in unison: "It is a lie." But in the third stage the new truth has forced its way so far to the front, that a kind and hospitable public exclaims: "That's what we have always said." The process described is one which has real existence, but it should never be forgotten that it repeats itself in smaller and larger circles, and that its working is one of wheels within wheels, or rather, in its onward march, of wheels around wheels.

Without claiming that Theosophy has as yet touched any really vast proportion of humanity, we may yet say that it has long since shifted its position with regard to the relatively numerous body of people whom it has contacted. Among those there is a growing number who have changed silence into attack, or to use a more neutral and agreeable term, into criticism; and as a result we meet an ever-increasing literature about and against Theosophy, proceeding from critics outside our own immediate ranks. These productions constitute an excellent dynamograph, measuring our influence on the outside world. The authority and position of their writers,

the greater or lesser superficiality of their contents and, lastly, their neutrality or enmity, the invective contained in them or the serenity of their tone, reveal in their totality with great exactitude the place we hold in the contemporary world of life and letters. When all is said and done, we have frankly to admit that we have not as yet what our French friends call *une bonne presse*. On the other hand, it must be admitted that nowadays it is far less rare than it used to be to meet with discussions on Theosophy by men of intelligence and learning, often even specialists in some branch of study and famed authorities in the domain of their respective researches.

But on the whole we are still in the second stage of progress, and the general verdict of the outer public is very often: not true. If we say that the quality of the criticism levelled against Theosophy is on the whole rising, it should not be understood to mean that no more silly and misleading attacks appear from time to time; only that the number of fair, square and reasonable criticisms is increasing.

Our critics are drawn from the most various ranks. Some are Catholic or Protestant priests and missionaries, some are votaries of the great faiths, many are Orientalists; there are spiritualists, materialists and psychical researchers, and some are politicians. Mostly the discussions containing such criticisms are serious in tone, but at other times they are funny in the extreme; and sometimes they are so entirely based on the most glaring misconceptions and lack of knowledge on the subject as to create a sense of bewildered amazement in the Theosophically expert reader.

Several years ago I read a pompous little book on '*Sinful Spiritualism tested by God's Word*.' Theosophy, too, came in for a fair share of reproof, on the basis of the testimony of a Catholic missionary. To my astonishment I read that the Theosophical Society had been founded by 'a certain Colonel Olkoff' and that it propagated the

doctrine of the seven principles, of which the fourth was—the coccyx! These days are past, however, and will not, in all probability, return.¹ But a higher kind of misunderstanding has taken the place of the lower one. The facts are often enough correctly quoted—though also often hopelessly jumbled—but, alas! intentions, meanings, and above all the actual guiding and pervading spirit is still sadly mistaken and not assimilated at all.

Nowadays we are often judged by people of repute, and sometimes we are half glad to hear that so-and-so, an honest and learned man, has spoken about us. We fear not for Theosophy, for we know too much of its sublimity in what is essential in its make-up. But oh, what a disillusion, as often as not, when we read the actual remarks! what paucity of knowledge, what poverty of insight they betray, and above all what lack of sympathy in treatment!

A few years ago, when living in my own country, the tidings went round that a much respected M. P. and Professor at the Leyden University had referred to Theosophy in one of the debates of the Second Chamber. That was interesting; he was a broad-minded, common-sense man. Here something might be expected. I looked up the speech. The debate turned round the problem whether denominational Universities, kept up by religious bodies, should be allowed side by side with the neutral and undenominational State Universities. To my disgust I found that the whole reference to Theosophy was to this effect: 'But what if the followers of Blavatsky and her gang were to apply, what would you do?' And a similar crude point of view has not yet been transcended by others in a like position. Is not, for instance, Maurice Barrès, Member of the French Academy and Member for

¹ This statement has proved too optimistic. Since writing these lines it has come to my knowledge that a recent issue of a Christian paper contained a statement to the effect that Theosophy teaches the possibility of the reincarnation of human beings in the bodies of eagles, etc. Evidently, then, we may still expect similar absurdities for some time to come from Christian or theological critics.

Paris of the *Chambre des Députés*, responsible for the following tirade, launched against Theosophy in the French Parliament in mid-January of this present year, during the course of a debate on anti-clerical policy?

"Listen to what the priest, parson and doctor of the country say to you about this campaign; they are all at one in affirming, in stating, that the ground lost to Christianity is not gained for a civilisation of rationalism, but for paganism in its lowest forms: that is, for magic, sorcery, the *Theosophical aberrations*, the quackery of the spiritualists and the superstitions of hypnotism. I know teachers who practise table-turning!"

How much does this distinguished author really know of these Theosophical 'aberrations'? one is moved to exclaim.

Happily we find also numerous critics who show at least that they have made some endeavor to study the subject they condemn, and who try to strengthen their condemnations with suitable arguments. From the former manner of criticism nothing can be learned, from the latter many things.

The first great lesson which a careful perusal of the better class of discussions imparts is that of the absolute futility of controversial matter as testimony concerning the real nature of any spiritual, religious or philosophic movement. The second is that of the very relative value of historical research, based on written documents, concerning those religions which have disappeared from the world and cannot any longer be studied in the live minds of existing people.

If we analyse current Theosophical controversies we find that they present an extraordinary medley of elements. There is nearly always a strong bias at the outset; not a desire to understand, but a desire to refute. Nearly always the writer is an outsider, who possesses mere book-knowledge of Theosophy (and even that mostly

to a scanty extent), who has never shared the Theosophical spirit, who has never breathed the Theosophical atmosphere. Renan has once spoken a word touching a great truth. He said that in order to be able to judge a religion rightly, it is necessary to have believed in it, but no longer to believe in it. So it is for those who want to judge Theosophy. If one has not been at one with the spirit of the movement, if one has never realised in oneself the whole gamut of hopes, expectations, beliefs and moods which a complete 'faith' in Theosophy entails, one has remained ignorant of the practical and living side of the movement, which is the only clue towards a true interpretation of the theoretical and doctrinal side. Furthermore, one remains similarly a stranger to the deeper and most essential problems of the system. Therefore, no doubt, we have found the most profound and most valuable criticisms as yet encountered of some aspects of Theosophy in one of Mr. Fawcett's works, the writer having 'passed through' Theosophy in his earlier days; while Eduard von Hartmann, for example, who at the time may have possessed a wider knowledge on general philosophy, could only produce a very feeble and superficial contribution to the problem.

For in some way a living spiritual movement presents two interdependent and seemingly contradictory aspects or poles: teaching and practice. They are related somewhat as body and soul. To study the one without the other leads to confusion and failure. Now the doctrinal part only finds its way into print very readily, while the practical part is greatly neglected as an object of study by the adherents, and seen under false perspective by outsiders. It is for this reason that I have a grudge against the early Christians, who did not realise the need of statistics, archives and domestic history. Perhaps largely owing to this lack of historical sense, we now have our hundreds of sects; we have had hair-splitting councils, and (produced by the same cause) even a large percentage of the religious

persecutions throughout the ages. It may be added that, with the grand exception of Colonel Olcott and his *Old Diary Leaves*, modern Theosophy is also a sinner in this respect.

Coming back now to the value of controversial literature as a source of knowledge concerning a spiritual or religious movement, the first point then is that the aim of controversy is persuasion and not truth—as Coleridge said of eloquence. Together with this aim, in causal or dependent relation to it, go attack and defence, with their host of isolated instances, hasty generalisations, personal remarks, lime-lighted or obscured incidents, friendship and hate, preconceptions of all sorts, making the whole discussion the contrary of a lofty, serene and deep meditation: turgid, feverish, rhetorical instead of clear, dispassionate, dignified and rigorously correct in statement. I have read many such Theosophical controversies, and one and all brought me into an atmosphere which has nothing whatever to do with the atmosphere I breathe when I calmly ponder over Theosophy by and in itself, when I try to realise however small a fragment of divine wisdom—when, in short, I try to realise Theosophy. How then could controversy do anything else than lead me on to a false track, than enmesh me in innumerable side-issues instead of directing me towards the heart of the thing for which I look?

Another curious point has to be noted. I have read many attacks on and criticisms of Theosophy written in the last twenty years in different languages. But I have not yet read a single one which did not make me think: "Is that all? I could write a much stronger one myself." Having seen Theosophy in various countries, having studied the literature and the growth of the Society, having mixed with a great number of Theosophical leaders and students, I found that my Theosophical knowledge was after all greater than that of the critics, and that I could admit to myself that

on the whole *their* problems had been mine in the past, and had been satisfactorily transcended, but that my *present-day* problems are of greater intensity and much greater difficulty than these of our friends the critics. Nay, they seemed not even to *suspect* the existence of the more important and vital difficulties, simply because their knowledge of Theosophy was not great enough to enable them to descend to any great depth in their criticism. To take a plain example. How easy and simple to say: "Masters do not exist." But how infinitely more difficult to find an answer to the question: "If the Masters exist, who and what are They? How to measure Them? How to reconcile or to understand all that is said about Them? How to give Them intelligently a place in the world-scheme? How to find values for Them in the midst of our other mental values of life?"

So, for instance, the London *Star* published quite recently a fairly amusing skit on Alcyone, 'the human serial,' calling him 'the recurring decimal of humanity' and making fun of the whole idea of reincarnation as revealed by the story of his previous lives. The article, about a column long, was no worse than a clever skit or cartoon in *Punch*. It stands to reason that its philosophical value was about equal to that of a *Punch* article: *nihil*. Besides, there was no indication that the parody given *might* be that of a serious fact or law of nature, and its flippant levity was clearly based on the preconception that Theosophists, Alcyone included, are but a band of clowns and fools. Carlyle has spoken of the "forty million Englishmen, mostly fools," yet I suppose that, if he had written a history of England, he would have discussed quite seriously those who on individual examination would prove to be detachable from the foolish mass. This differentiation between mass-appearance and individual appearance is above all necessary in fair and profound treatment of religious movements, for the followers are the mass who are unessential. The leaders are

the few, but they strike the essential note. So would any study of Theosophy be ridiculous without an adequate study of H. P. B.'s writings, yet in comparing the foot-notes of numerous critics we find they scarcely get beyond Mrs. Besant's *Ancient Wisdom*, if they do not stop short still earlier at some 'short introduction' or other. A Professor in Comparative Religion, Dr. Chantepie de la Saussaye, even quoted at length from Pierre Loti's *Les Indes sous les Anglais* and seemed to regard him as quite an authority!

A very pertinent observation on this point is excellently put by Alfred Meebold in his *Indien*.

As early as 1895 L. Austine Waddell had written in his *Buddhism of Tibet* (p. 129).

"Nor do the Lamas know anything about those spiritual mediums—the Mahātmas (*Koot Hoomi*)—which the Theosophists place in Tibet, and give an important place in Lamāist mysticism."

In his later volume on *Lhasa and its Mysteries*, first published in 1905, he adds (third edition, p. 409).

"Regarding the so-called 'Mahātmas' it was important to elicit the fact that this Cardinal, one of the most learned and profound scholars in Tibet, was, like the other learned Lamas I have interrogated on the subject, entirely ignorant of any such beings."

We hope that Waddell has not forgotten in his enquiries to translate the Samskr̥t term Mahātma into its Tibetan equivalent bdag-nyid-chen-po, for Samskr̥t is of course not understood in Tibet. The Tibetan term, however, is perfectly well known and occurs frequently in literature. But, as Meebold remarks correctly (p. 54):

"This kind of conclusion shows such a complete misunderstanding of the whole question that a thick volume would be necessary to explain it at length. For Europeans to whom all this is foreign, I would only say that they will only be able to understand what an Indian calls a

Mahātma, when they have familiarised themselves with the theory of evolution of the Hindūs. Then they will also see why it seems so curious to the Indian that one can doubt the existence of these beings, and why even the smallest self-exhibition or the making himself 'conspicuous' already excludes the genuineness of a Mahātma. And also why one can neither enquire after Him nor visit Him, but finds Him quite spontaneously if one only follows the right way. That is the path of inner evolution, of purely ethical striving."

And so all controversial literature about Theosophy bristles with misunderstandings at the outset, misunderstandings, it must be added, which are only natural in view of (and have been much encouraged by) the happily decreasing looseness of statement and 'methodless method'—as Mr. Kingsland has it—in Theosophical literature; specially in the writings of the Blavatskyan period, and still often repeated in the propagandic literature of the *dei minores* of our movement.¹

If we apply the above phenomenon to the study of religions in general we shall readily see that it is not from controversy that we can expect to winnow trustworthy testimony concerning old faiths. If I find that from controversial matter Theosophical doctrine in our own times cannot really be learned, nor Theosophical personages known, then I shall certainly be right if I do not trust what early Christianity has to say about Simon Magus and Helen. In his valuable work on the Gnosis Mr. Mead divides his sources according to those proceeding from foes and friends, but precisely the fact that such a division is possible makes these sources tainted. We may even go a step further. I defy any student to get a true and full conception of what modern Theosophy is as a reality if he only reads Theosophical books. Close and

¹ I remember the case of a young enthusiast who felt called upon to write propagandic articles on Theosophy in a socialist daily paper. Dealing with the Masters in a fairly correct traditional way he enumerated as instances: Buddha, Jesus, Muhammad, Kant and Schopenhauer!

long association with simple and more brilliant adherents of the system is indispensable for a full understanding. Half the Theosophic doctrine is unwritten, and will remain unwritten; nay, *must* remain so. And exactly the same holds good for any religion. In the evolution of history as a science these considerations are beginning to be acutely felt, and to depend solely upon texts and documents is universally felt to be a method at once insufficient and haphazard. Dr. Steiner once wittily said to me that he regarded this kind of religious history as poetry, not as science. In short a living contact with the atmosphere and, in older movements, also with tradition is absolutely necessary and vital. The outside critic ignores that inner side—not now in the narrower technical sense of 'esoteric teaching'!—and therefore his contributions to the subject are incomplete, distorted and misleading.

The whole of the foregoing argument covers also the second of the two conclusions I have stated above—that extinct religions can never be known in their essence by the mere study of their documentary relics. The results of such a study must always remain partial, external. The soul of a religion, once it has died, can be as little found in its corpse as the soul of a man can be known from his dead body.

It is interesting to watch our religious historians, our theologians and Orientalists at work. Research, learning, patience they show to a fabulous degree. Their ingenuity knows no bounds, but to what avail? Their work becomes more and more a most wonderful acrobatic *bravura*. Theory is piled on theory, and dazzling combinations of the most slender structures are erected into seemingly imposing systems. Our Christian theologians do not know how to twist brains and learning any further, and Buddhist scholars follow suit. The inextricable confusion arrived at by Christian modernists is colossal, and I think sometimes that it is a great pity that some of these acute brains and

learned intellects do not study a religion in the making and present in our very midst, instead of turning to the hoary past, just twenty or twenty-five centuries too late.

For let us not mistake. It seems that Theosophy is *almost* turning into a religion, has become already an embryo capable of life. Personally I regret it, holding as I do (contrary to the opinion of many of the most representative workers and leaders in our movement) that religion is something to be escaped from, a social opium-draught, the enemy of understanding and the friend of happiness. And I conceive that wisdom is the quest for the strong and manly soul, even though happiness may perish in the search for it. But as it is no use to blink at facts, I am strongly convinced that, unless a Great One comes, as has been predicted, and creates a movement which will produce the next great World-Faith for the future, then Theosophy will become that World-Faith.

If the latter be true, then there is a great value to Theosophy in persistent criticism from outside and inside. According to a sane old theological rule, the function of heresy in the scheme of things is to furnish the incentive to better definition of dogma, and Theosophy has as yet much to learn in the direction of method, terminology, definition and general statement. So we see that all external criticism is rather to be welcomed than to be spurned, and it is even to be hoped that it will become more and more direct, terse, and expert. Also it should become more and more neutral and, above all, friendly—an adjective which surely does not demand further explanation. It should become rather judgment than condemnation, and should aim rather at the solution of problems than the fight for convictions. But who could perform such tasks better than those who belong to our own ranks? Every great spiritual movement must have its theologians as well as its revealers; apologists, exegetists, critics, dogmatists and so forth. Happy the religion which in its inception possesses wise, tolerant,

broadminded, learned, able and far-seeing theologians! The inspirers may have many more faults and imperfections, whims, peculiarities, conceits, fancies and abnormalities than the scribes, for they are the geniuses who partake of a higher world, mediators between life and form.

But if the 'hearers,' who are wholly of the world, forget that world and, losing themselves in egotistic rapture or endeavor, ignore the business side of life's working in matter, then they forget their shorthand, and centuries of research leave scholars wrangling over irreconcilable texts; they forget to note down an *iota*, and Christendom splits in twain. Present-day civilisation has progressed so far that, instrumentally, a new religion or revelation can at its birth be fixed better than ever before. Let our criticism evolve to a point worthy of the opportunity, and lift its level from its present lowly place to high perfection. Abu Bakr gave us in his way an example of the same sentiment many hundreds of years ago, in fixing the text of the Koran. For other points and in most religions the work has up till now only been laboriously achieved, mostly in turmoil and strife, through centuries and centuries. Only, we want many Abu Bakrs who sift, arrange and collect, but leave things intact as they are. What we do not want is Othmans who collect something only to destroy the rest.

Therefore there is a grand side to criticism if well understood, a grand service to be rendered by it in consciously working for the better definition of doctrine, the chiselling, filing, polishing of teaching and tradition, the recording of suggestion and implication, the solution of contradiction, the correction of faulty expression, the improvement of method, the correction of mistake, the elimination of the unessential or untrue. What is demanded for such work is knowledge, understanding, love, loyalty, courage, honesty and above all frankness from below, and also understanding and tolerance, sympathetic co-operation and loving encouragement from above. But let not that

sort of work be monopolised by or pass into the hands of the enemy, of the outsider, of the partisan, of the shallow-minded. That would result in the creation of another māyāvic veil hanging between revelation and ourselves, of a heavy tradition to be pierced through between us and the truth we seek.

If such be our immediate future, then certainly there will be no ill in passing to that most dangerous third stage of our position in the world. 'Only strong legs can bear wealth' runs the proverb; and for truth-seekers it is a terribly perilous position to be hailed on all sides by glad voices exclaiming: Ye have the truth. Crystallisation sets in immediately, and the weight of a fixed and unyielding tradition settles round them like a paralyzing armor. May sound, strong, profound self-criticism have acted before then with surging, potent, chaotic power—the expression of sheer vitality itself. May life travail and boil and seethe on all sides and ferment our Theosophical plethora through and through so as to shape and re-shape, perfect and purify, render it serene and limpid, dignified, complete, consistent, strong, straight and true—and then let the world come and recognise in the Theosophical inspiration and wisdom, as well as in its vestures—the world-scheme, the doctrine and the Society—nothing but truth, lofty and noble truth. Then there will be no danger.

JOHAN VAN MANEN

For lo! the days are hastening on
By prophet bards foretold
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the Age of Gold;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendor fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the Angels sing.

—E. H. SEARS

WHITE LOTUS DAY ADDRESS¹

TWO years have passed, friends, since you and I met on this same anniversary, and much has come and gone since then, and much our strength has grown. On these festivals we look backwards to the past and forwards to the future, as well as around us in the present.

First of all, our love must spring backwards for twenty years to greet in homage the great Founder of the Theosophical Society. It was she who asked that this day might be kept in memory, and all the world over, from furthest East to furthest West that memory is kept in the Society to which she gave her life. Very early this morning, ere yet, perchance, some of your eyes were opened to the day, in the India that she loved, the Motherland of her Master, in that land hearts rose in glad memory of the Russian woman who brought the light of the East back to the East that had forgotten. All over that land during the hours of to-day thousands of the poor have blessed her, as in her name they have been fed, men, women and children, in the many, many cities where our Branches live. As the sun has travelled his ancient path, the same memory has sprung up over the earth, and it has reached her own land, and here, in the land of her passing away, we are gathered again; and from here across the Atlantic the memory will spring, and in the far West, in America, after we have gone once more to sleep, grateful tongues will be speaking of her labor, loving hearts will be recalling her work—so great that work and splendid, growing more splendid as year after year passes; each year we realise more and

¹ Delivered by the President at the Headquarters of the Theosophical Society in London, on May 8th, 1911.

more the greatness of the message and also the aptness of the time in which the message was spoken.

Although in the early days she was as a voice crying in the wilderness, now the ideas that then she voiced in solitude come ringing back from country after country, from land after land. Many a truth that when she spoke it seemed strange and new, has now become familiar all over the civilised world. Doctrines that then were met with laughter are now accepted almost as commonplaces. And these great teachings, silent in the West so long, are now being spoken, and their truth is being voiced by many entirely outside the borders of the Theosophical Society, who scarcely realise that they are speaking Theosophical truth. And more and more in the future that will be true, more and more Theosophy will spread beyond the pale of the Society. The mission of the Theosophical Society is less to gather members within its circle than to spread abroad the ideas which bring light and peace to a sorrowful world. And so first of all in our memory and reverence and gratitude, let us acclaim the name of Helena Petrovna Blavatsky; homage, love and honor to her, messenger of the Masters, and bringer of light to men.

Next in order, as is fitting, we call to mind the brave and gallant heart that stood beside her for so many years, and carried on the work when she had passed away. For we cannot think of her without thinking also of Henry Steele Olcott, her first colleague in the arduous work, disciple of the same great Master; old friends, ancient colleagues, working in our modern world once more. But while she is again in physical body amongst us, having taken the sex which ever seems the most suitable for her—for "the brother that we know as H. P. B." was ill-fitted with the woman's body, and it seems more natural that again that great soul should be clad in the warrior-form of the man, more suitable to his life and to his work—H. S. Olcott is not yet back amongst us, though eager, more than eager to come. Sometimes it almost seems as though his patience

were giving out, but a body has not yet been found ready for his indwelling. He hopes, and we hope, that it will not be long before that gallant worker is again amongst us in the flesh. But even now he is with us in the higher bodies, especially at the Adyar that he loves so well, where he is continually found, eagerly trying to suggest ideas to members on the work ever so close to his heart. In the old days we would good-humoredly laugh at him and tell him that his heart was in bricks and mortar; but he is a little inclined, I think, in these latter days, to laugh at his successor, and to say that if he built much the successor is building more, and that there is no right on her side to make fun of the predecessor who did so much of architect's and builder's work; for that work has been taken up with such increased vigor since he went away that his own building is being overshadowed by that which is now being done—perhaps in preparation for his return.

When we think of these two, our Founders, we must join in our backward thinking all those good workers and loyal souls who have built upon the foundation which the two Founders laid—so many in every land who have passed onwards, so many who lived and wrought, and who are hoping to come back again to work once more. Some have already come; others we still await. And to those who have passed to the other side (some going onwards into the heaven-world, and there building up new faculties and new strength for work in the future, and others who remain upon the threshold eager to cross it again for life and work on this our earth) to all of those—whether in the intermediate or the further world, or whether they have returned to earth already—to every one of them to-day we send loving greeting, cordial good-will and joyful congratulations; for we know that whether they are on the other side or here, their hearts are always in the same work, their thoughts are always strengthening this Society—one body truly, in whatever world they may be dwelling; to them all—great, as the world counts

greatness, or small, as the world may count smallness; to us all are of one body, to us all are laborers in one Cause.

Having glanced backwards, let us now come onwards to the present, and see how fair the work of these, our predecessors, has made the way for us. When I was speaking to you on this same anniversary in 1909, you may remember that I said to you then that in the year that was to follow, in 1910, the Society would go forward more rapidly than it had gone before, that the work would spread more rapidly than before it had spread, that new life would come pouring into the veins of this great body, and new strength would mark the work. And in 1911 you are able to judge, sooner than I thought you could, how true were these words—which were no prophecy of mine, but only what elsewhere I had been told.

Scarcely, as you know, had that marked year begun, when a great step forward was taken for all of us, when one of our number passed through the high portal of Initiation. And when a new Initiate passes over that threshold, it is never for himself alone that he crosses it, for all are helped by the passage. For in this work all the world is one. No one can rise, can step forward, without the whole of the race being lifted a little towards the light; and it is the joy and the privilege of our work that we know what many do not realise, that this bond of brotherhood is so close, so real, that when one member of the body rises, the whole body rises with him one step nearer to the goal. To us, members of the Society, it must ever be matter of special joy when, out of the heart of the Society, any are found worthy to tread that Path which leads ultimately to the life of the Saviors of men. Because for this was the Society founded and the ancient Path reopened; for this the Masters made the way plain that all who would might tread. Not since the Mysteries of the elder days were withdrawn from public sight (because there were no pupils willing to be taught, and

none who were ready to go forward) never since that day—sadder for the world than the world knew—never since then has the ancient Path been open in the face of the world.

I do not mean that the Path was closed. That Path is never closed; but only one here and one there by strong endeavor, by long seeking, by wearisome perseverance and patience could find that open Path. Think how it was for H. P. B. when the Russian girl set her face to the Path that in many lives had been trodden, to find the Master whom for ages that great soul had known. See how the body had to wander from land to land, from continent to continent, seeking, searching, striving everywhere to find where the Feet of the Master might be reached. But now the way is open, open at least to knowledge. It is for each to gain for himself the power to tread that open Way; for only when the Society was founded, again was publicly made known to the West the existence of that ancient narrow Path, and only now again, since the Society was builded, is it possible to say, as was said in the older days: "Seek out the Teachers and attend, for the Path is narrow, even as the edge of a razor."

Nothing can be gladder for us, who are members of the Society, than when one finds that Path, goes through the Portal, and begins to tread the Path of Holiness which closes in Masterhood, though afterwards the Master passes into superhuman regions, stretching onwards and upwards to the mighty Hierarchy in whose hands lie the training and the governing and the teaching of the world. Some such Initiates the Society has within it. Some of its members have again found that ancient narrow way; and it is good for all that so it should be. For while in all the great Faiths of the world the theory is held that such a Path exists, and that certain qualifications are needed for its entering and its treading, the belief has gradually weakened, and become

a mere belief, and not a realisation; and sometimes it seems as if nothing made these people more angry with us than when we proclaim that the Path may be trodden now as much as in the older days, that all the same great possibilities are ours as were realised by others far back in ancient times. That constant witness is part of the value of the Society to the world, that men are doing now what in the past they did, and that there is nothing which in the past was possible for men that is not possible to-day, inasmuch as the same Divine Life is at the heart of each, and the same opportunities therefore are open before every individual.

So 1910 was a joyful year, for then we were allowed to say that another had entered the Stream, the Stream which is crossed only when Masterhood is gained. Others in the Society had done it, but the time had not then come to let the fact be known. Since the beginning of last year each can judge for himself whether in the Society there has not been new light and new strength, new heart and new hope. It is not only that the increase in numbers has been so great, though that is so; it is far more that men and women have grown more devoted, have realised more the greatness of their calling, have thrown themselves more heart and soul into the work for the future, have seen more clearly what is to be done, and something of the way to do it.

Our General Secretary spoke of the younger ones who had come since last I was among you, and said that truly they were not really young. In the days that lie before us that is a point that each one should try to realise, especially those amongst you who have been for many years laboring for the Society. In the Society length of service in one particular incarnation is of the smallest possible account. They are not young amongst us, although perchance they only entered the Society yesterday, if behind them they have a past of service.

To those who come amongst us and show by earnestness and devotion, and by whole-hearted self-surrender, that they are old in the Masters' service, to those apparently young ones should go out warm welcome from the elders, and none should ever feel that so-and-so is a "new-comer," for age is measured by life and power of service, and not by the date that may be written on the diploma. More than ever now is it necessary that all should realise that, for you must remember that those who are young to-day, boys and girls, youths and maidens, young men and women, it is on them that the greatest burden of the coming work will fall, and because it is so, because none is born by chance but all by law, because karma decides when one or another shall take again a physical body, it is well for you all to realise and understand that in the coming days, when more workers will be wanted, many will come amongst us, apparently new, who are really old in the Masters' service. For those amongst us who are now quite old will scarcely in this body see the coming of the Lord; and if they come swiftly back through the gateway of birth, even then they will be so young that they will be but boys and girls when His Feet again tread the earth in blessing. On them will fall much of the burden of the later work, to take up the powers that He will send forth, to cultivate the seed that He will sow; and many an earnest worker will be wanted, passing out of the body now, swiftly to return in order to take up the burden of the labor which will come when that great Life has done Its work, and leaves it to be carried on by those brave enough and strong enough to serve.

But during these comparatively few years that lie before us ere He whom Easterns call the Lord Maitreya and whom here in the West they call the Christ, again comes amongst us in His manifest form, there will be many coming into the Society who have known Him in the older days, who have loved and served Him, and who come in to prepare the path for His treading, to make

the way straight for His Feet. So at all the younger amongst us we should look with hope, giving them all opportunity to show what they may have in them, giving them all opportunity for fresh initiative and new departures, realising that things are so guided from behind the veil that those who have done the work in the past are brought forward to take it up again in the near future; and that we are in the right to look round and see whether those who are to be His workers will be coming amongst us, to welcome every sort of capacity, to rejoice at every manifestation of power, and, above all things, to encourage and never to discourage those who may be young in body, but old in wisdom and in service.

There are many departments that have to be filled in the great work that now lies before us, and all cannot work in the same way. I often notice that people are apt to pick out some definite kind of work and say: "That is what I want to be in," and if they see another person who is doing some useful work on a special line, then nothing will content them but that they should also go and do that work on that line; not realising that it is the *gaps* that need filling and not the places already filled which need to be doubly filled. I would suggest to you who really desire to work in the Masters' way, that you should rather seek to find the vacant places than try to duplicate those which are already filled. If you find a number of people chosen for some particular kind of work, and you are not one, do not say: "Why was not I chosen for that?" but rather, recognising that *they* are chosen for that, look out for something else needing to be done, in order that the whole work may be made complete.

There is a tendency amongst all, if, for instance, I myself perhaps might choose thirty or forty people for some distinctive work, for every one around those people to say: "Why was not I chosen?" Now obviously those who are thus chosen have the peculiar faculties for that specific

work. There are dozens of other pieces of useful work for which others in turn will be chosen, but the tendency is to rush into a particular thing and grumble if you do not find yourself in it, which is very hampering for the general work. If you look back to those whose memories we recalled to-day you will find that their value has generally been that they were ready to take up the work exactly where they found an empty space, and did not choose the thing they wanted to do, but the thing that needed to be done. That is the spirit we want in our Society now. Soon we shall find ourselves in the very midst of the great work which comes only once in some few thousand years. The preparation for that work should always be clear to every one of you, as it is clear to the Masters above us, and to some of Their disciples whom They choose for the work of organisation. Hence the importance, if you really want to serve the Lord Maitreya, of being willing to take up any work pointed out to you as necessary in this great preparation—willing to take it up whole-heartedly, whether it seems to you large or small, prominent or obscure; for sometimes the work that seems obscure, like the inner part of some machine, is vital to the working of that machine, and it is not always the great fly-wheel which is most important, but perhaps some little hidden spring, without which the great wheel would not be able to perform its revolution.

The truth is that, for us, that work is great which is the Masters' work. It does not matter what it is; if it is Theirs, it is good to do. To realise that and feel it and make all life consist in the doing of Their Will, to understand that we have to seek for that Will and find it, and not expect to have it peal out to us from heaven—that is the important thing. Half your training lies in hearing a signal when given, and answering a call which other ears do not hear. To be always ready, always on the alert, that is the quality which makes people useful in days like these; but never try to force a thing before the strength

is sent into it that is to be utilised in carrying out that work. Life is your training-ground, not books, not spoken words, not visible teachers, but the teachings of life that you have to learn to understand; for life is like a great hieroglyphic and you have to learn to read it. Until you can do so you are of small use in the particular work to be done. And so circumstances are often very useful things, and your special capacities are indications of what you ought to do when an opportunity comes in your way; and the whole-heartedly and thoroughly grasped opportunity shows capacity for further employment.

Thus on this day we look to the future, we study the present, whilst commemorating the past, and I who am standing in the centre, as must needs be as President of this great Society, seeing what goes on in all parts of our world, I am able to say to you that all is very well with the movement, and that the forward progress in every direction is becoming more and more irresistible. But remember that we have to pay the price for that. If we are going swiftly there must be the wind generated by the swiftness of the advance. If you are in a motor-car, according to the speed of your going is the contrary wind. That wind is caused by the rapidity of your movement, and you cannot have the one without the other. So, when you see opposition outside, when you see attack, when you are assailed, when evil is spoken instead of good, then those ancient words of the Christ should ring in your ears: "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." Notice, when opposition comes, and you will see that the Society does not suffer. Look at the result of attack, and you will see the Society is not hindered. Only our own weak hearts take alarm sometimes, and only through our own weakness can any evil come to this great work.

Prepare yourselves, then, not for peaceful times but for times of movement more and more rapid, with more and more opposition. Is it not well that the

opposition should come now, so that it may break itself against us, and shall be the less, perhaps, to break against Him when He is manifesting in the world? So I often think, when I see difficulties arise, that perhaps every difficulty that we meet bravely, every obstacle that we overcome with courage and with strength, means one difficulty less and one obstacle less in the path that those blessed Feet shall tread. Looking back two thousand years, and seeing how brief was then His stay, seeing how the opposition broke upon Him, and how that fair Life was driven from the body when only three brief years had passed since He manifested among the Jews—when I think of that, I wonder whether, with a Society like ours, we cannot make a rampart round Him which shall make it possible for Him to remain longer with us when next He comes to bless the world.

How light the burden, how small the sacrifice, if on us can fall some of the blows that otherwise would have fallen on Him, and if on this Society which is His herald to the world, and His messenger to the nations, if on it some of the opposition may exhaust itself, and leave Him somewhat more of peace around Him in which He may do His work and speak His message! So to us the world is full of gladness, full of joy at the knowledge which is ours, and the certainty of His coming. It is a good time to be born in, a good karma which has placed us in the world just now. As many of us have many times been in similar positions—for none of you would have come into the Society at all unless in the past you had some touch with Those whom now we reverence as the Masters of Wisdom—you should make your hearts joyful as well as strong, knowing that what has been done in the past will be better done to-day, and that all the experience which in the past we have gathered may be used in the guidance of our work in the present.

It matters little that most of you will not remember how in the past you have labored and worked in

this same great and high cause. Your brains may not remember, but your ego knows. In the waking consciousness you may not be aware of it, but in the super-consciousness that knowledge resides. The proof that the memory is there, the proof that the consciousness is awake on higher planes, is that you have come into the movement before you knew, and once again are gathering for the coming of Him whom in the past you have served and loved. You could not be here if it were not so. For law is law, and none comes into such a movement at such a time in the world's history, unless in the past he has won the right to come into it, and by past well-doing has merited present privilege. So again I repeat the words: "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." Rather take those other words He spoke: "Lift up your heads, for your salvation draweth nigh." If you look, everywhere you will see that the world is becoming expectant. If you will listen to the preachers of the Faiths, you will find the same thing is beginning to ring through their words as well. We may see a little more clearly, a little more surely understand, have a little more consciousness of the greatness of the time; but all over the world the note is ringing of the coming of the King, and already in the East His star has arisen, which the wise men see, and by which they guide their steps.

ANNIE BESANT

Waiting the word of the Master, watching the Hidden Light;
Listening to catch His orders in the very midst of the fight;
Seeing His slightest signal across the heads of the throng;
Hearing His faintest whisper above earth's loudest song.



QUARTERLY LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

REVIEWS

Christ and Buddha, by [C. Jinarājadāsa. (pp. 91. The Rajput Press, Chicago. Price: cloth 50c.; leather 75c.)

This tiny little volume is a gem. Its only fault is that there is not more of it. Though the author is well known to the Theosophical Society both in Italy and America as a lecturer, this seems to be the first book that he has put forth, and it certainly awakes within us that gratitude which is said to be principally a lively sense of favors to come, for one who can write like this unquestionably ought to go on writing. The booklet consists of eight separate stories, originally written for the Children's Department of *The Theosophic Messenger*; stories, yes, but they are all true stories—all except one, which is a legend of times so old that none may now say what of it is truth, and what is symbol. Stories for children, yet told so gracefully, so delicately that adults have much to learn from them.

First comes the narration which gives its title to the book—which tells of the two Mighty Brothers of long ago, and of the work which each undertook to do for the helping of the world. Then the tale of the school-boy Chatta, and the encounter with the Lord Buddha which shaped his future. In this account and in the next one called "Agadé" we cross the series of lives which are appearing in our pages, for Alcyone's twenty-ninth life was with the Lord Buddha, and Orion's twenty-second was at Agadé. Next comes the well-known story of "Good King Wenceslas," which we would suggest might well be lengthened in a second edition, as his life contains many picturesque incidents besides that related in the carol. Then we have "The Baby White Elephant," which is a translation culled from the vast storehouse of the Jataka tales, which tell of the

previous lives of the Lord Buddha. The sixth tale is unique, for it is the story of the individualisation of a soul, told by the man who individualised it. The seventh is a beautiful relation of an episode in the work of a young member of the band of invisible helpers, and the eighth is a recital of wonderful pathos and power, explaining the innermost feelings of one who in boyhood was called upon to leave all for the Master's sake.

A dainty, marvellous little booklet; so much in so small a compass. The cover gives us the symbols of the two Great Ones whose names appear upon it; on the side the cross and the wheel of the Law; on the back the cross and the svastika. Assuredly every member should possess this; rarely in so tiny a parcel are such strangely lovely fabrics to be found.

C. W. L.

The Other-World, by Harold B. Shephard, M.A. (A. C. Fifield, London. Price 1s. net.)

A very useful little book, provocative of thought; its thesis is that the 'other-world'—a world unknowable to the senses but known to direct consciousness, or by reasoning—is necessary to the existence of 'this-world,' the world knowable by senses.

This is worked out by an appeal to natural phenomena, a cell, a tree, a spider. There are many things said with which the reader may not agree, but the central idea is true, and the way of putting it suggestive.

A. B.

An Adventure, by Elizabeth Morison and Frances Lamont. (Macmillan & Co., London. Price 3s. 6d.)

The record of the experience of the writers, while visiting the Petit Trianon, Versailles. The experiences are related exactly as they occurred, by each of the ladies, one account mentioning people not mentioned in the other, and there is nothing to suggest illusion. The ladies walked from the Versailles Palace, and entered a secluded path, saw some deserted farm-buildings, spoke to some men they met, were stopped by a man running, who told them they must not go along a particular path, and so on, all in exact and minute detail. One saw and described a lady, whom it turned out later that the other did not see. There was a feeling of depression and dreariness. The day was August 10th, 1901. Miss Lamont

visited the place again six months later, January, 1902, and found it much as before. On the two ladies going again on July 4th and 9th, 1904, everything was entirely different, no trace existing of the paths along which they had walked in 1901, and no one whom they questioned recognising their descriptions.

All this seemed so extremely odd that they entered on a careful research, and accumulated a mass of evidence proving that they had seen the place as it was in the time of Louis XVI. and not as it is to-day. Having recounted the evidence, the ladies answer a number of questions which had reached them from people interested in their remarkable adventure, and finally Miss Morison, under the title 'A Reverie,' gives an explanatory theory. She suggests that they may have come into touch with the mind of Queen Marie Antoinette, on the sad 10th of August, 1792, as she sat in the miserable hole of refuge in the chamber of the Legislative Assembly, during the long hot day and dreary evening, from perhaps 9 A.M. to 10 P.M. She may well have dreamily recalled the Trianon she loved, and the experiences of the last few days there, and Miss Morison thinks that she and her friend may have contacted that vivid picture. It seems more likely that the pictures left by the events themselves in the astral atmosphere may have impressed these admittedly sensitive ladies, and thus have imposed upon them the actual surroundings of the past, blotting out the present.

A. B.

The Dweller on the Threshold, by Robert Hichens. (Methuen & Co., London. Colonial Library. Paper, price Re. 1-12.)

The number of occult stories published nowadays is amazing. Most of them are based on some elementary fact of modern psychical research—hypnotism, premonition, telepathy, dreams, even clairvoyance. Now and then emerges a story out-of-the-way in its features, and founded on some obscure fact of an unexplored region. Such an obscure fact is the transfer of personality in the yet unclassified region of duplex and multiplex personality; and on such a theme Robert Hichens in this book tries to shed some light. In the rather dogmatic explanations circling round the subliminal self some great occult truths are being lost sight of by the modern psychic researcher; for example, conscious or unconscious possession, forcible or otherwise, resulting in a kind of obsession,

as in the Chichester of the story, or at quite a higher level in the sublimer inspiration of H. P. Blavatsky's type. The story before us will be to a modern psychologist somewhat of a poser, and perhaps in the usual fashion it will be put aside as a splendid feat of imaginative speculation on the part of a clever novel-writer.

We need not go into the details of the plot, as our notice can be but brief. Two Anglican clergymen, the one a Rector, the other his curate, are the heroes; the former, a big man of strong will and great force of character, domineering but not religiously self-controlled; the other a small youth of pure and noble nature, but a weakling in character, full of child-like faith and innocence, believing in his superior, the Rector, who was to him a man among men. The Rector's love of the marvellous, and his earnest wish to gain some knowledge of the world beyond, prompt him to hold nightly séances with the weak-willed curate, with the secret desire of putting him into a trance. The curate is afraid of touching the hidden and in consequence has to be tempted by the pretence that the séances are for his benefit, for the strengthening of his will-power. Thus they began tapping the invisible and hidden—the bold Rector with a lie on his lips and false in his motive, the curate pure in heart, believing in his superior and in himself. The eventual result of many a nocturnal sitting was a transfer of personality—the graphic and splendid description whereof we must leave the reader to peruse for himself. The story reminds us of two other friends “Tautriadelta” and “Karl Huffman,” who consciously and voluntarily transferred personality, as described by the former in *Borderland*, Vol. III, pp. 143—144. The problem has its scientific interest, and we wish for some more light upon it.

As to the story itself, it is well-conceived, well-planned and well-written. Its characters are genuinely real, and great artistic insight is shown in their portrayal; those of Evelyn Malling and Dr. Stepton, two cool-headed scientific researchers, are as good as the Rector's and the curate's. It is so naturally and graphically told that but little imagination is required to produce about us the atmosphere that surrounds Dr. Stepton when he sits in the dark listening to the great confession of Chichester, the curate. The title adds one more to our list of *Dwellers on the Threshold*, on which interesting subject we would

refer our readers to pp. 127—132 of Mrs. Besant's excellent book *An Introduction to Yoga*. Our last word on the novel is one of thanks to the gifted writer for providing an hour's most interesting reading.

B. P. W.

The Unexplored Self; an Introduction to Christian Doctrine for Teachers and Students, by G. R. Montgomery. (pp. 249. Putnam, New York and London. Price 5s.)

This book is distinctly disappointing. The name suggests something interesting and scientific, and the announcement on the back is quite hopeful:

“Christian faith, to be effective, must be a matter of immediate apprehension, not a series of metaphysical theories, nor a collection of proof-texts. The certainty of such a faith is found in personal experience.”

But unfortunately the book does not live up to this brilliant beginning. The author's style is fresh and breezy, but he is often painfully crude; and he constantly exhibits the most extraordinary ignorance. For example, he states (quite rightly) that man is capable of infinite improvement; but then he goes on to say that this view is the distinct contribution of Christianity, and that no system of philosophy has ever brought forward a contribution to compare with it—evidently entirely unaware that such progress is the fundamental doctrine of all the great religions. He states (and we cannot but suppose that he really believes it, incredible though it seems) that the idea of the descent of divinity into matter is a great factor in which Christianity is different from other systems (p. 48). He says that “Modern Paganism” (whatever that may be) finds happiness in forgetting suffering (p. 24). It is at least clear that he cannot be including in his definition Buddhism, which gives sorrow the first place in the Four Noble Truths. He quotes Christ's answer with regard to the man who was born blind, yet he does not see that it implies reincarnation. He puts before us the incredible concept of a God who suffers, who feels grieved and frustrated when men will not enter into his purpose.

Crude and unsatisfactory as all this is, the author's position is nevertheless in many ways far in advance of old-fashioned orthodoxy. He evidently holds to the certainty of final good, for he insists that “the lost sheep could never cease

to belong to the shepherd, the wayward son could never cease to be a son of his father." He gives up entirely the theory of ransom or atonement—the repulsive idea of being "washed in the blood of the Lamb." He maintains (without any obvious warrant) that "the personality of Christ is unique in history"; but at least he recognises that "Christ taught men to find God in themselves," and that "the highest thing in experience is the love and service which made the character of the Christ." He knows that the central idea of his religion is self-sacrifice, and that "sin is the dominance of selfishness;" and he sounds a true note when he says: "So far as the action of men is concerned, conduct which forwards the purpose of existence is good, is righteous, and conduct which thwarts it is evil, is unrighteous" (p. 209). He makes a good point, too, when he distinguishes between a *doubting* and a *questioning* frame of mind, saying that doubt is built on unfaith, whereas an insistent desire to understand more fully is quite consistent with strong faith.

C. W. L.

Abnormal Psychology, by Dr. Isador H. Coriat. (pp. xii, 329; William Rider & Son, London. Price 5s.)

This is not a book for the general reader, and because of its value one cannot but wish that it had been so written as to be adapted for a wider circulation. In its present form it is both useful and interesting to the psychologist, the physiologist, and above all the medical man, but it is so full of obscure and newly-invented technical terms as to be distinctly unattractive to the layman. And that is a pity, because it touches upon subjects about which it would be advantageous for the average layman to know more than he does. It is an attempt to set forth the latest discoveries of medical science on hysteria, neurasthenia and multiple personalities, and it brings together a mass of information which is otherwise practically inaccessible to most people, as it is hidden in medical publications in various languages and in psychological journals of a highly specialised character, issued in different parts of the world.

One emerges from its perusal with the conviction that medical science has recently made considerable advances, and is on the threshold of making others even greater—might make them almost at once if it would only cast aside its

materialism. Dr. Coriat has evidently made a deep study of his subject—is probably making it his life-work; and it would be difficult to find one more useful to present-day humanity. But he has apparently started with a prejudice against all theories which involve the non-material, and this seems to have prevented him from reading the evidence on that side of his subject. Otherwise he could hardly make such obviously inaccurate statements as that crystal-gazing is a sign of mental disintegration, and that nothing can be reproduced as a crystal vision which has not been already a part of personal experience (p. 36); that there can be no mental process without previous brain process (p. 69); or that dreams are merely waking experiences which appear during sleep (p. 120). Nor would he speak of Frederick Myers' theory of the subliminal self as "poetical, though most unpractical" (p. 9). The failure of telepathic experiments in a particular case to influence automatic writing is supposed to prove that there never can be a supernormal interpretation for such writing—that it is always the reproduction of past experiences. What then of the hundreds of cases of automatic writing in languages unknown to the scribe? Expressions such as these are regrettable, for they tend to disgust the well-informed student. The author also several times refers without reprobation to the most horrible vivisection experiments, as for example on pp. 97 and 180.

Having mentioned the points upon which we feel compelled to differ from our author, let us turn to the pleasanter task of noting those upon which we can heartily congratulate him. Of these by far the most important is his theory of mental dissociation, or "splitting of the mind," as he calls it. By this he means that the memory of certain experiences and their results may become entirely detached from the normal waking consciousness of a man, and that *when so detached it can act automatically*—surely a significant and noteworthy discovery from the scientific standpoint, though we have been writing about these things in Theosophy for many a year under the name of reacting thought-forms or artificial elementals. Dr. Coriat shows that these entities play a part in many kinds of abnormal mental phenomena, from ordinary absent-mindedness up to hysteria, obsession and multiple personality. He is quite right in saying that many cases of these three last-named affections need no further explanation than the reaction of the patient's

own thought-forms (he calls them "dissociated emotional and mental complexes," but names, even the most formidable, matter little), but he is going too far when he supposes that *all* cases can thus be accounted for. There are still "more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of" even in this extended scheme of philosophy.

Not only has medical science discovered the powerful reaction of certain classes of thought-forms, but it has also learnt how to deal with them. The doctors have realised that if these thought and emotion-forms can be brought back into the general current of the man's thought and emotion—if (as we should put it) the fragments torn away from the astral and mental bodies can be restored to them—they will cease to be sources of evil, and will take their place among ordinary memories. We should add to this that any entity which had seized upon them would in this way be forced to withdraw, but Dr. Coriat does not of course go as far as that. To cure diseases in which these "dissociated complexes" are involved, one must first discover their nature, and as the patient himself is usually ignorant of them, this presents difficulties, which the doctors overcome in various ingenious ways. Our author suggests eight methods: (1) Hypnotism, under which the lost memory may be recovered. (2) The production of a state of abstraction, in which illuminative ideas sometimes flash into the mind. (3) Crystal-gazing, in which the forgotten scenes sometimes reappear. (4) Automatic writing, by which revelations are sometimes made. (5) Testing the patient as to the length of time, occupied in certain mental reactions, on a plan which is highly interesting, but too long to explain here. (6) Tests as to galvanic reaction in connexion with various ideas. (7) Tests as to the change in the rate of the beating of the heart when certain words are mentioned. (8) The analysis of the patient's dreams.

Roundabout methods all of them; that is admitted; but when the doctor is not clairvoyant, what else is he to do? Surely the ingenuity and perseverance displayed in the evolving of all these ideas merit high praise. Surely also it is a step in advance to find hypnotism, crystal-gazing and automatic writing recognised as methods of obtaining information, even though it be only information as to the condition of the patient.

Another interesting point is that sometimes the patient is aware of the original cause of his trouble, but does not like to tell it or to think of it, because it involved him in some ridiculous or disgraceful position. In this case the thought of secrecy segregates the thought or feeling, and many of the undesirable phenomena of the dissociated complex may take place; but it is found that instant relief can be obtained by a *full confession*—by talking out all the details and learning to look upon the event in a reasonable way, and to take it in as part of life's experience instead of shutting it off, and so creating a danger. This is interesting as explaining the longing which often seizes upon one who has committed a crime to confess it, even when it is manifestly to his interest not to do so.

I should distinctly recommend this as a book for the libraries of all our larger Lodges, and I should commend it to the perusal of the many medical men in our ranks. For the general reader (unless he remembers his Greek fairly well) it is frankly much too learned.

C. W. L.

The World of Dreams, by Havelock Ellis. (pp. xii, 288. Constable, London. Price 7s. 6d.)

All books written from the materialistic standpoint upon subjects such as this are necessarily utterly unsatisfactory to the Theosophical reader. They are so pathetically incomplete, they struggle so strenuously to find a labored, complicated and impossible explanation for the simplest and most obvious facts, that one would be sorry for the writers if they were not always so thoroughly satisfied with their theories. This book, however, is better than most, because from the beginning it recognises its own limitations. The author tells us in his preface: "This book is not the outcome of experiment, or of any deliberate concentration of thought on dreaming. I have simply noted down dream-experiences—most often in myself, less often in immediate friends... Such a method certainly tends towards the exclusion of peculiar and exceptional dreams... I do not wish it to be understood that I question the existence of telepathic and other abnormal dream-experiences. That is not the case... Thus my contribution to the psychology of dreaming is simple and unpretentious; it deals only with the fundamental elements of the subject."

Limiting himself thus rigorously to the ordinary chaotic brain-dream, he proceeds to explain it along the usual lines as compounded always from elements which have passed before the dreamer in waking life, even though that dreamer may often have entirely forgotten those elements in his every-day consciousness. He writes well and clearly, and now and then he makes a shrewd deduction which comes very near the truth, in spite of the insufficiency of his premises. He remarks: "The psychic frontier of the sleeping state is more extended than that of the normal waking state, but the focus of sleeping consciousness is more contracted than that of waking consciousness" (p. 67). We might express the same idea by saying that the astral world holds wider possibilities than the physical, but that the astral body of the average man is as yet less developed than the physical. Again, he tells us that: "Reasoning is only the crudest and most elementary form of intellectual operation, and the finer forms of thinking involve much more than logic" (p. 70), with which any one who has had experience of the higher planes will heartily agree.

On the other hand, he naturally propounds many theories with which our own researches do not permit us to agree; as, for example, that prophetic dreams are based upon a failure of memory, the dreamer having really seen the person or the scene before, but forgotten it; or else that the subsequent recognition is a delusion due to the emotional preparation (p. 93); though even here he adds, with characteristic fairness: "That there are other prophetic dreams, less easy to account for, I am ready to admit." He recognises "the magnified emotional impulses" of dream-life, which we explain by the fact that the astral plane is the very home of emotion. He is probably right in his opinion that "There is no profounder emotional excitement than that which arises from a disturbed stomach" (p. 108); indeed, he seems to attribute all dreams of murder (which are rather common in his experience) due to "visceral disturbance" or "coenæsthetic disturbance"—which does appear to be the modern representative of the stomach-ache (sing of our school-days! He recognises that dreams of flying are numerous, and especially vivid and convincing; and he naïvely remarks: "People who dabble in the occult have been so impressed by such dreams that they have sometimes believed that these flights represented a real excursion of the astral body" (p. 131)).

He seems to think also that from these dreams of flying are derived many religious ideas, such as those of angels, of rising upwards to heaven, and of the ascension of the Christ. He evidently imagines that Mary Magdalene was dreaming when "she supposed Him to be the gardener", and S. Peter when he thought he saw his Master walking on the water. In the same way he feels that dreams about dead people have originated the belief in survival after death. "The repercussion of this kind of dream through unmeasured ages cannot fail to have told at last on the traditions of the race" (p. 211). Yet I cannot but think that deep down in his heart our author feels more than he puts in his book; for on his last page he says: "Dreams are true while they last. Can we, at the best, say more of life? I have cultivated, so far as I care to, my garden of dreams, and it scarcely seems to me that it is a large garden. Yet every path of it, I sometimes think, might lead at last to the heart of the universe."

C. W. L.

Death, its Causes and Phenomena, by Hereward Carrington and John R. Meader. (pp. xi, 552. William Rider & Son, London. Price 8s. 6d.)

A curious book, bound in funereal black, yet with a little gold butterfly on the cover, as a significant hint of relief. One wonders, after reading it carefully, exactly why the authors wrote it, and to what sort of public they expect it to appeal. It may be described as a sort of encyclopædia of information about death, and yet from the Theosophical point of view its account of the process is singularly unsatisfactory. There seems little in the work either to praise or to blame; one can only describe it as a compendium of curious knowledge. It begins by discussing the signs which are supposed to make it certain that death has taken place, and decides that none of them are reliable except putrefaction. It devotes chapters to trance and catalepsy, to premature burial, the discussion of burial, cremation and embalming, to the real cause of death (which nobody seems to know), and to old age. Then it diverges into a historical section which recounts some of the various theories about immortality, and then it plunges into happenings at the moment of death, visions of the dying, apparitions of the dying, clairvoyant or spirit descriptions of death, and a subsection rather strangely called "The Testimony of Science," which includes a little of the evidence for spiritualism, apparitions

and haunted houses. It quotes some of Baraduc's accounts of his attempts to photograph the etheric double, and devotes nine pages (to us the most interesting of the book) to the description of Dr. Duncan MacDougall's experiment of weighing patients at the moment of death. The result of six experiments goes to show that at the moment of dissolution there is a distinct, though very small, loss of substance, which cannot be accounted for by the known channels of loss. It appears to have amounted to an ounce and a half in several cases, but in one to have been less than this. Dr. MacDougall regards this as experimental demonstration that some ethereal substance undoubtedly leaves the physical body at death; so we seem here to be approaching definite proof of the existence of the etheric double, just at the very time when Dr. Kilner has invented an apparatus of chemical screens by means of which he claims to be able to make both it and the health-aurea visible to ordinary physical sight. Surely it would be of interest to try many more such experiments.

With some of the remarks made by our authors we cordially agree, as for example, that "current materialistic theories cannot explain trance" (p. 47); the suggestion that mediumistic trance may be hypnotism by the dead (p. 48); and the statement that "burial is an extremely unhygienic and unwholesome custom" (p. 77). Noteworthy also are the two theories as to what death really is which are propounded by our two authors. Mr. Carrington says: "Death is the inability of the life-force to raise to the requisite rate of vibration the nervous tissue upon which it acts—its manifestation being thus rendered impossible;" while Mr. Meader's opinion is that death is nothing more than an unfortunate habit to which the human race has become addicted, though he admits that the habit is now so universal and well-established that it is difficult to overcome it! The whole book leaves one suspended, as it were; it gives the impression of never "getting anywhere." But it is perhaps a sign of the times that such a book on such a subject should be put before the public. It may do good by awakening the curiosity of the general reader, and by showing him how unsatisfactory and inconclusive are the generally-accepted theories.

C. W. L.

Natural Christianity, by the Dean of Ripon. (pp. xiv, 195. Harper & Brothers, London and New York. Price 2s. 6d.)

This little book is of great value to the student of contemporary religious thought, because it shows with a certain degree of authority the advancement which has been made by the conservative official section of the Church. The Theosophist is sometimes surprised and delighted to read in a newspaper a report of a sermon by some Christian preacher in which brilliantly liberal thought is expressed, or a quite Theosophical attitude adopted; but on closer examination it usually emerges that the preacher who has taken so advanced a view belongs to one of the numerous dissenting sects, and more often than not the news comes from America, the home of freedom of thought; and so we feel he speaks for himself as an individual rather than for official Christianity. Here we have a book which cannot be put aside on any such grounds as that, for it is contributed to an important series of books—*Harper's Library of Living Thought*—by one who holds a high position in the English Church, and it may therefore safely be taken as expressing views which are not unacceptable to its highest authorities, moderate and conservative as those must always necessarily be. This being so, then—taking this neat little volume as representative of the official attitude of the great Church of England—let us see exactly how far we have really come upon the road to the Eternal Verities which underlie all religions.

We shall find that we have come quite a long way. The Dean is still hampered by the quaint delusion that Christianity is, if no longer the only belief worth calling a religion, at any rate the crown and jewel of all religions; and also he sometimes permits himself to use expressions which are unworthy of him—expressions the curious narrowness of which is not upon the same level of thought as the rest of his book. For example, he remarks: "There can be ultimately but one moral standard—that which is furnished to us by the Cross of Christ" (p. 15). Sometimes he displays an ignorance which in such a man can only be characterised as amazing; as when he actually writes: "The Mosaic law is distinguished from all other laws by the stress it lays upon brotherly kindness, and the care for the poor, the widow, the slave, the stranger" (p. 53). He means to be good and condescending towards us, but oh, dear me! he knows so little about us. Note the following passage:

The present writer is by no means disposed to undervalue the germs of moral or spiritual truth to be found in non-Christian systems; he would treat them as the product of the divine Word or Spirit which is the light of every man, and would think of those who believe in them as being, in some rudimentary degree, in the condition of the Old Testament characters, varying from that of Micah in the Book of Judges to that of the noblest of the Psalmists; but he would ask with confidence whether the same amount of spiritual truth could be found in any short passage of the Koran or the Vedas, or the books of the Buddhists or the Chinese, as is to be found in the first chapter of Genesis. (pp. 42-43).

Evidently he cannot have read the Bhagavad-Gītā, the Upanishads, the Dhammapada!

But these are only a few small blots in a good book, so let us turn from them to the pleasanter part of the critic's task—the appreciation of that with which we can whole-heartedly agree.

The whole contention of his book is that Christianity has got out of touch with every-day life, that it has become far too much a matter of forms and ceremonies, of attendance at public worship and obedience to the clergy, whereas it should be the living of a life in the spirit of its Master. He opposes strongly the idea of the salvation of a few elect souls, and insists that "Christ is the light that lighteth every man" and that "every one who longs for righteousness ought to be welcomed into the band of those who are building up the Kingdom" (p. 7). "The whole human race," he says, "is one great brotherhood with a common purpose, of which it becomes more and more conscious" (p. 95). And what he means by Christ's lighting every man we may see from the following sentence:

In speaking of Christ we are speaking of the central power of human life, the inspirer of good in all men everywhere, of the ruler's justice, of the lawyer's precision, of the scientist's zeal for the truth of fact, of the artist's love of beauty, of the tradesman's or the inventor's services to his fellows, as well as of the philanthropist's or the preacher's love for the well-being of those around him (p. 172).

That distinctly recalls to us a passage we all know well:

Of rulers I am the sceptre; of those that seek victory I am statesmanship; the knowledge of knowers am I. Whatsoever is glorious, good, beautiful and mighty, understand thou that to go forth from a fragment of My splendor.—*Bhagavad-Gītā*, x. 38-41.

In yet another place, on page 152, the Dean identifies God with all that is good in mankind, and he explains that salvation is *not* for the future, but is a present condition of being safe and sound (p. 155), for "the coming of Christ is a continuous coming" (p. 61).

His attitude towards the bible is distinctly refreshing, when we remember the nonsense that used to be talked in our youth. For example:

We must not limit our views by a literal adherence to the reports of men and times which knew nothing of the uniformity of nature and the constancy of law (p. 39). Such statements could only be made by one writing in an age when the truer astronomical facts were unknown (p. 178).

He explains that the story of the Fall is of the character of a myth (p. 162), and speaks of "the hyperbolic language which Christ uses for the purposes of emphasis" (p. 157). He disposes of the question of alleged miracles without difficulty:

The witnesses were predisposed to expect wonders in their religious leaders; Oriental hyperbole must be allowed its part; and the reports must have passed through several hands before they reached their present form (p. 74).

Also he remarks that in Asia the mental constitution of men was far less scientific than in Europe, and significantly adds that practically no miracles happened in the latter continent! He reminds us that the laws of nature were less fully understood in those days, and even asks whether it is irreverent to suppose that Christ Himself did not know the difference between death and a swoon (p. 72). "Nothing," he says emphatically, "can withdraw itself from criticism. But criticism does not imply denial, nor need inquiry lead to negation" (*preface*).

We are quite with him when he complains:

When men speak of beginning with facts, they are apt to speak of external facts only. But we must take in *all* the facts. The inner life of man is as much a fact as are the facts of optics or of some great battle" (p. 7).

In several cases it seems as though Theosophical knowledge would be of great help to him. For example, he altogether undervalues the Creeds because he does not understand them. He quotes with apparent approval a sentence from Harnack complaining that the Creeds contain no reference to the preaching of Christ, nor to the idea that He saves the poor, the sick and the sinner. Such criticism shows entire ignorance of the real meaning of these magnificent formulae, and it will be a great pity if, because of such miscomprehension, the Church should ever allow these splendid statements of eternal truth to lapse into desuetude. In the same way the Dean (on p. 142) shows a lamentable misconception of the reasons for the existence of the priesthood. No sensible

man would assert that no blessing can attend any sacraments administered by others, but it is nevertheless true that a particular *kind* of blessing *does* belong exclusively to the ministrations of those who have been duly ordained.

He explains away the old ideas of atonement, the blood of Christ and eternal punishment in the way with which we are now familiar. On the last-mentioned dogma he remarks ingeniously that it is the fire which is eternal, not the continuance of the person in it; but I think there I prefer the more scientific explanation given thirty years ago by Samuel Cox in *Salvator Mundi*. This is another point in connexion with which the study of Theosophy would help our very reverend author.

But putting aside all minor objections, this little book is a good book, and we welcome it as a sign of the times. All Lodges which have Christian members should possess a copy.

C. W. L.

Hints to Young Students of Occultism, by L. W. Rogers. (pp. 162. The Theosophical Book Co., Ridgewood, New Jersey, U. S. A. Third Edition. Price 50c.)

This is a very valuable little manual for beginners in Theosophical study. If every member of our Society would live according to its directions, we should indeed have a united and powerful body. It calls our attention to the importance of attention, of persistent and regular effort, of self-reliance, of thinking for oneself, of being positive and not negative, of immediate action, of giving out what is received, of tolerance, purity, truthfulness, fearlessness, of conquering common delusions.

It warns us also to guard against various faults, and by no means to develop psychic powers unless we can get them in the right way. It will be seen that the author touches upon a wide range of subjects; he treats them all clearly, practically, sympathetically, and the book is one which we can unhesitatingly recommend to our members.

C. W. L.

The Unfolding of Personality as the chief aim in Education, by H. Thiselton Mark. (pp. 224. T. Fisher Unwin, London. Price 2s.)

The object of this book is said by its author to be: "To study in the light of modern psychology the characteristic endowments of human nature, the native tendencies and powers which, as they are called into activity by the challenge of

outward conditions, determine to a large extent the course of the unfolding of personality: and to present incidentally a view of education which has the unfolding of personality as its central aim" (p. 218).

The reviewer had hoped great things of this book; but he has to confess to a feeling of disappointment, for it is dry, involved and verbose. Perhaps it was unreasonable to expect it to contain practical hints on education. But once or twice, when for the moment he forgets his psychology, the author makes a remark which inspires the thought that he could give such hints if he would; as for example, when he says: "It is no case of teacher's way *versus* scholar's way. It must be a case of the boy's new way *versus* the boy's old way" (p. 107). And again, when he explains that the teacher ought "to have the confidence of the fellows, because he was once a fellow himself" (p. 109). But unfortunately such gems are rare.

C. W. L.

Lessons in Living, by Elizabeth Towne. (pp. 185. Published by the Authoress. Price \$1.)

This is one of the ordinary books of what is called *The New-Thought School*. The principles which it tries to inculcate are on the whole good, but unfortunately their effect is often neutralised by excessive vulgarity of expression. There must be a public for books of this sort, but they are assuredly not addressed to people of refinement or culture. An attempt is made to state what the authoress calls the "Seven Principles of Creation," with their respective colors, but this does not correspond to any real facts in nature. She gives us "Twelve planks of the New-Thought platform," which seem good, though some are confused; at any rate they are a great improvement on the ten commandments of orthodoxy. The price of one dollar seems ridiculously high, for so small a book. I notice an attack on Theosophy in the final chapter, but the authoress so obviously knows nothing of our teaching that her opinion merits no serious consideration.

C. W. L.

The Domain of Belief, by Henry John Coke. (pp. 311. Macmillan & Co., London. Price 7s. 6d.)

The object of this book is stated by the author to be "to confront the assumptions of materialism" (p. 77) and "to

promote and strengthen religious faith" (p. 153). Mr. Coke is a man of wide reading and a close reasoner; and one cannot but sympathise with him in his indignation against what he calls "the palpable sophistry, the flagrant speciousness of materialism" (p. 281). One feels that he is too good a man to be wasting his time amidst all this cloud of verbiage, and one wishes earnestly that he could find it possible to accept the light which Theosophy pours upon all these problems which to him seem so insoluble.

One hesitates to attempt to epitomise such a book, lest one should do the author injustice. He takes up the consideration of three great questions: (1) Is man a responsible being, with any freedom of will? (2) Is man immortal? (3) Is there a Supreme Being? His conclusion is that all these problems lie absolutely beyond the pale of Realism, and in "the domain of belief." He says: "Self-evident proof of God we have none" (p. 297). "The existence of God cannot be proved by reason. In order to justify belief we must take leave of our senses" (p. 153). "The question of personal continuance is a purely speculative one. We know nothing, and to judge by the past and present, we never shall know anything, to guide us one way or the other" (p. 127). But he proceeds to point out (what seems to be often forgotten) that if none of these things can be proved, neither can they be disproved; they are in "the domain of belief," and therefore no one has a right to dogmatise about them, or to ridicule another for accepting them. Sometimes he puts his agnosticism in a form with which we can heartily agree, even though we go so much farther than he does: "If unbelief be mistrust of arrogant positivism, if it be impartial doubt, open-minded receptivity and tolerance of all sincere opinions—save intolerance—let us too adopt it" (p. 280).

It is evident that he *wishes* to believe—that in spite of all the arguments he *does* believe in the existence of God, though apparently he holds that He is not omnipotent, but that His power is limited by conditions the nature and extent of which are wholly unknown to us (p. 161). He is not far from the discovery of the law of karma, for he says: "It is the very constancy of the law of causation, it is the very fact of its certainty, which the fatalist brands with the name of necessity, that guarantees the reward of our efforts. If evil inevitably causes evil, so will proportional efforts to mitigate it necessarily meet with proportional success" (p. 29). He has little sympathy

with pessimism, for he remarks that Schopenhauer "churned his ontological explanation of existence out of his own cantankerous liver" (p. 184). He asks, "What if dead matter be a misnomer?" (p. 87); but he is of opinion that "we can never know what the atom is, or indeed whether there is any such thing" (p. 79). How long will it be before those, of whose position Mr. Coke is so polished an exponent, are able to realise that all these problems which seem to them insoluble have long ago been solved; that all these things which they regard as unknowable can be known, observed and studied precisely as are the phenomena of the physical plane, by any one who will take the trouble to acquire the higher clairvoyant faculties?

C. W. L.

The Two Religions of Israel, by Dr. T. K. Cheyne. (pp. xii, 428. A. & C. Black, London. Price 7s. 6d.)

This is emphatically a book for the specialist, and not in the least for the general reader. Its connexion with Theosophy is of the slightest, though we may contrive to include it under the head of the study of comparative religion. It can be read with profit only by those who are interested in Old Testament history, and have a thorough knowledge of the Hebrew language. The writer displays deep erudition, and in most cases he seems to prove, or at any rate to show as highly probable, the contentions which he brings forward. He occupies himself much with the relation of Israel and Judah to various North Arabian powers, evidently taking as referring to these latter many texts which have hitherto been interpreted in connexion with Assyria and Egypt. He holds that the Israelites (and other tribes in the neighborhood) worshipped originally a kind of compound deity or heavenly company, of which Yahveh and Yerahmeel were the principal members. Some attached themselves chiefly to one of these deities, and others to the other, and presently there came to be much opposition between the two factions. The Old Testament was compiled almost entirely in the interests of the Yahvists, and Yerahmeel is only occasionally mentioned under the name of Baal.

Discussions such as these must be left to those who have made a special study of them; but two points of some interest to the outsider emerge from the reading of this book. First, how far even a weighty and recognised authority like Dr. Cheyne has departed from the old position of Christianity. He admits at once that Moses is in no sense a historical

character, that the plagues of Egypt are entirely mythical, and that the land of Canaan promised to the early Israelites is a supernatural Paradise, and not an earthly country. He doubts much whether Elijah can have any historical basis; he does not say that the story of Saul is wholly imaginative, but if he *did* exist, his realm was not in Canaan, but in northern Arabia (p. 118); he "for the moment assumes the historicity of Samuel" (p. 110), and he compares the early prophets with the medicine-men of Greenland and Labrador (p. 111).

The second point that astonishes the reader is the extraordinarily wide variations between different translations of the same text. It really almost seems as though, when properly manipulated, any passage can be made to mean anything. I will give a few examples, taken at hazard, of the way in which the old texts are altered. In the speech of Obadiah "by fifty in a cave" is corrected into "men of Ramsheh in Raamah." "Because they have ripped up the women with child," becomes "because they took by force the cities of Gilead." Instead of "because they sold the righteous for silver and the poor for a pair of shoes" we have "because they seek priests in Kashram and prophets in Arabia." "Which are named chief of the nations" is transformed into "that have conquered Ashtar of the Gileadites." In place of "that invent to themselves instruments of music, like David" we have "they have subdued to themselves all Asshur." In some cases the traditions of our childhood receive a severe shock. It is discovered, for example, that Elijah was fed not by ravens but by *Arabians*, which sounds somehow like a bad pun, though one must admit that it is much more probable; and the quite proverbial and picturesque "that he may run that readeth it" turns out to bear the utterly prosaic signification "that Arabia may be broken."

Quite possibly all these emendations may be improvements; but what has become of the old theory of verbal inspiration? I have long held a heretical theory that the people who were really inspired were King James's translators, for they have at least given us a magnificent volume of stately and poetical English, which has moulded our language for centuries, even though it becomes more and more apparent that the original Hebrew very often does not justify the sublimity of meaning which they read into it.

C. W. L.

The Healing Christ, by the Rev. E. F. E. Wigram. With a foreword by the Bishop of Lahore. (pp. xiv, 154. James Nesbit & Co., London. Price 2s. 6d.)

Many times have Christian missionaries been confronted with the well-known quotation from their own scripture in which it is stated that if they believe they shall possess the power of healing the sick and of casting out devils; many times also have they feebly attempted to explain it away. Mr. Wigram is of opinion that it ought not to be necessary to explain it away—that if Christians were united, if they possessed the faith and earnest enthusiasm of the apostles, they could still perform these marvels. Not as a regular, everyday occurrence; he quite rightly holds that what a man can do to cure himself he ought to do. "We are not to expect to be kept well by a miracle if we neglect to put in practice the very best hygienic laws we can discover" (p. 58). But he thinks that in some cases, where God wills it (as we should say, where karma permits it) the miraculous cures of the first century might be repeated in the twentieth. We agree; the laws of nature have not been changed, and there are at the present day many instances of abnormal cures; so we wish our Christian friends all success in their effort to follow in this as in all other respects in the footsteps of their great Master.

C. W. L.

The Ever-coming Kingdom of God, by Bernhard Duhm. (pp. 86. Adam & Charles Black, London. Price 2s. 6d.)

This is the translation into English, by Dr. Archibald Duff of Bradford, of an address delivered by the Professor of Old Testament Theology at the University of Basle, and it is said to be practically a summary of the conclusions reached in his larger work *The Theology of the Prophets*.

The author takes boldly in hand the writings of the Hebrew prophets, and putting aside all attempts to force them to mean various things which they obviously could not have meant, tries to deduce their real attitude of mind, to find out what they actually expected. He easily shows that they had no thought of a life after death, but that all their prophecies were concerned with the near future and with the material present. The book of Daniel, he says, announced that the rule of God would begin in four years! The general tenor of the prophecies

was the destruction of all the enemies of the Jews, and the establishment in Jerusalem of a kingdom which should rule over the whole earth. The idea of individual immortality was introduced at a late period by the Pharisees, and was opposed by the official party.

Jesus, according to our author, took up this hope, but stripped it of its apocalyptic form, though He also probably believed that the end of the world would be seen by the generation actually living around Him. He transferred the centre of religion out from the historical people of Israel into the inner soul of every man. Dr. Duhm thinks that Jesus would not have held to the form of expectation which included a Last Judgment and a physical Kingdom, if He could have seen the earth as we see it. He still held the geography of His time, which thought of a material heaven beyond the sky, and a world of the dead beneath our feet. But the author holds that we must translate those ideas into the terminology of modern thought. He compares the Christian ideas with Indian philosophy, of course to the disadvantage of the latter; but with all this, his booklet is on the whole a hopeful one, and here and there we find passages which we can heartily endorse. For example:

Religion is not, as it once was, the great river of life carrying all the mighty waters, united in one, down to the mighty ocean. Every man now is thinking of himself, and the highest aim of each is to win for himself a sure little corner in the other world (p. 7).

The desire for one's own salvation is not the first and weightiest concern; the demand for a transformation of the world is the first thing—Thy Kingdom come (p. 11).

C. W. L.

Divine Transcendence, by the Rev. J. R. Illingworth, D.D. (pp. xvi, 255. Macmillan & Co., London. Price 4s. 6d.)

This book is written to present proofs of the great fact announced thousands of years ago in the *Bhagavad-Gītā*: "Having pervaded this whole universe with one fragment of Myself, I remain" (x. 42). Twelve years ago, it seems, Dr. Illingworth wrote a book on "Divine Immanence" (the omnipresence of God), and now he thinks it well to emphasise Divine Transcendence (or the supremacy of God), not as in opposition to immanence, but in addition to it. So far we are thoroughly and heartily with him, for this is precisely the difference between Theosophy and Pantheism. But then unfortunately he spoils the whole thing by a definition which shows him to be infinitely far from a true grasp of the splendor of the Divine Plan; for he says:

The Christian conception of the divine immanence in man is the extreme opposite of the Vedāntic identification of the inmost self with God (p. 17).

The creed of the Church is utterly and wholly incompatible with any approach to the notion that Jesus Christ revealed the latent divinity of man, in the sense that He exhibited in Himself what men potentially are, and may therefore in actuality become (p. 74).

Perhaps after that we need hardly feel surprised at the ignorance which allows him to remark that "the doctrines of the Trinity and of Incarnation differentiate the Christian from all other religions" (p. 115)!

This book is largely a defence of the authority of the Church and the reality of its episcopate and its sacraments—all points upon which what he says is substantially true. As usual, he does not understand the Creeds, and so rather apologises for them. He speaks of various scriptural terms as obviously symbolical; such as 'descended into hell,' 'ascended into heaven,' 'eternal fire' and others. Though the coloring of his book is strongly Christian, he sees so much of the truth in certain ways that one cannot but hope that some day he will come to comprehend the infinite glory of the stupendous Divine Reality.

C. W. L.

Truth in Religion, by Dugald Macfadyen. (pp. xiii, 303. Macmillan & Co., London. Price 4s. 6d.)

This book professes to be written to set in relation to one another two movements which threaten to divide Christian thought in England; but we may as well say frankly at once that it is of no value to the Theosophical student. When a man writes:

It is impossible to show what is meant by the Love of a Father-God, or to deal adequately with the consciousness of sin in man, except through the historical redemption wrought in Jesus Christ (p. 20). The claim for Jesus Christ is that all the categories of religion reach their final and perfect fulfilment in Him (p. 30).

we see exactly where he stands, and we waste no further time over him. In one place he remarks: "When the Buddhist comes to know Jesus Christ he finds his ideal fulfilled in Christianity" (p. 31). To make a statement like that, and then to call one's book *Truth*, is distinctly comical.

Yet he is not entirely without signs of grace. He speaks of Buddhism and Hindūism not altogether unsympathetically, though he utterly fails to understand either. He admits: "There is no form of faith or practice of religion in any part

of the world from which English Christianity has not something to learn" (p. 33). He mentions New Thought, too, with a kind of modified approval. The best passage in the book is on page 143, where the author says that

Jesus Christ saw that it was possible for man to enter into relations like His own—to be son-like towards the Father, brother-like towards all mankind, God-like in his voluntary acceptance and use of the order of the universe; and He knew that, as man entered into such relations, there would grow out of them a type of consciousness which would reproduce in other circumstances, times and relations, His own.

If he had devoted his book to elaborating those ideas, how much more interesting and useful it would have been!

C. W. L.

Non-Church-Going, Its Reasons and Remedies. A symposium, edited with introduction, by W. Forbes Gray. (pp. 223. Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier, Edinburgh. Price 3s. 6d.)

The book which labors under this curious and clumsy name is by no less than fourteen authors, and its object is to gather opinions from representative men of diverse schools of thought as to the reason for the failure of the various Christian denominations to draw to their public services a larger proportion of the population. Their outlook deals exclusively with England and Scotland, and they all agree as to the fact that fully four-fifths of the inhabitants of a land which is alleged to be Christian never enter the doors of any place of public worship. In fact, one contributor quotes a remark from Mr. Chesterton, that the great mistake is to regard Great Britain as a Christian country, instead of as a heathen country where there happen to be some few Christians. There is a general agreement also that the remedy for this state of affairs, which seems to them so terrible, is to be found in the infusion of fresh life into the Church and its services, though there is naturally some difference of opinion as to exactly how this should be done. The majority feel that the Church has lost touch with the daily life of the people, and is talking unpractically and up in the air about matters which are not of immediate interest. A very pertinent example is given, when it is said that the working man found parsons preaching with frantic earnestness as to how much or how little of certain abstruse dogmas should be taught to the children in the public elementary schools. At that very time he knew that there were thousands of children forced into these schools in a state of positive starvation; yet he heard

no sermon demanding that they should be fed, or insisting on the plain human justice of not forcing on unnourished brains tasks beyond their power. So naturally it all seemed unreal to him—such tremendous earnestness about subtle and shadowy doctrines, such stony-hearted indifference to plain human needs (p. 90).

When the doctrines are not shadowy, they are sometimes revolting, as when a preacher said: "There is no more damnable doctrine than the universal Fatherhood of God" (p. 141). All these factors may have their part in keeping people away from church, but probably Mr. Herbert Stead has hit the mark when he writes:

Probably no Englishman now believes that if he does not go to church in this life he will certainly go to hell in the next. So the men who a generation ago went to church to avoid going later to a destination still more disagreeable now consider themselves excused from putting in an appearance at either place. They spend Sunday as they please.

But after all, when the Christ explained the grounds upon which at the final Judgment men would be admitted to the Kingdom or excluded from it, He said not a single word about attendance at church, nor even about faith in Himself; the questions which He asks are much simpler than all that: "Did you feed the hungry, did you give drink to the thirsty, did you clothe the naked, did you help the stranger, did you visit those who were sick and in prison? If you did, you are blessed of My Father."

C. W. L.

The Graces of Interior Prayer. A Treatise on Mystical Theology. By R. P. Aug. Poulain, S. J., translated by Leonora L. Yorke Smith. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., London.)

Mysticism is of no one religion, for the experiences of mystics are fundamentally the same in all religions, so the non-Catholic reader should not be repelled by the formidable list of approvals, from H. H. the Pope downwards. The book is an admirable one—a thoroughly scientific treatise, based on observation and study, and full of the most valuable analyses and descriptions of the various stages through which the mystic passes as he climbs the steep ascent which is crowned by union with God. It is a book for the student and the observer more than for the devotee; it is the devotee who is studied, and study chills the ardour of feeling on which the mystic must rely for his upward soaring; but even the devotee,

in quiet hours of thought, may find many a useful hint and warning in these pages, for his path conceals many a pitfall, and he should add knowledge to emotion, if he would walk in safety.

Our author opens with a definition—a praiseworthy beginning, where most are vague and misty. Mystic states are those “supernatural acts or states which our own industry is powerless to produce, *even in a low degree, even momentarily.*” Prayer and other religious acts are not mystical, for they depend on the human will; mystic states are the direct gift of God. The mystic region resembles the space above the atmosphere; in the atmosphere birds can move at will according to their strength, but into the regions beyond they cannot penetrate, their wings are useless. “This upper region, where the wing no longer has any power, is a figure of the mystic state.” In that state the soul lies in the hand of God, as a bird with folded wings. Moreover such states contain “a knowledge of a kind that our own effort and our own exertions could never succeed in producing.” After describing very carefully the third and fourth degrees of ordinary prayer, the author passes on to “General Ideas about the Mystic Union,” and describes the “various kinds of mystical graces,” the four stages of union, culminating in the “spiritual marriage,” or the deifying union, the highest state attainable on earth. These are then taken up one by one, after the twelve characteristics of the mystic union have been described. The signs of each state, its difficulties, its dangers, the illusions which mimic it, are all carefully detailed, and quotations from the experiences of saints illustrate each. This forms Part III of the work, and is profoundly interesting and useful. The non-Catholic reader can readily profit by it by separating the clothing from the ideas.

Part IV deals with Revelations and Visions, and in this the value of the scientific method comes out with special clearness. The errors into which the seer may fall are pointed out, and the dangers are contrasted with “the security of the mystic union.”

Part V relates the trials to which contemplatives are subjected, and Part VI takes up and discusses various supplementary questions.

To sum up: a most valuable book, worthy of close study.

A. B.

Mystics and Saints of Islām, by Claud Field. (Francis Griffiths, London).

It is well for Theosophists, who claim that the basis of all religions is one, to read books like this. It will help to show how spiritual experiences are the same, though exoteric rites and ceremonies differ. We know too little of the mystical aspects of Islām, and should welcome any aid to understanding a religion which has such a strong hold on its adherents even in these days, when materialism has led so many astray.

The writer claims (and supports his claim by good proofs) that Sufism started from the days of Muhammad himself, and that Muhammad, like Cromwell, was “a practical mystic.” We learn that two centuries after Muhammad, Babek in Persia taught the transmigration of souls, and we are all familiar with the famous saying of Jalaluddin which is so often quoted to show that the Sufis understood both evolution and transmigration, but too often we do not realise that the doctrines of union with God and the immanence of God in his Universe are the common heritage of Islām as well as of other religions. Persian Theosophy has proclaimed that “the human soul is a spark of the Divine Essence gone astray in this transitory world, but destined to return finally to God” (p. 166) though Arabian Sufis will not go so far. No wonder the orthodox Ulema stamped such opinions as heretical; but they have worked like leaven to raise the mystical element in Muhammadanism, and to loosen the bonds of dogma. In his introductory chapter on pantheistic Sufism Mr. Field has dealt at some length with the dangers as well as the fruits of mysticism. A few sentences will illustrate his attitude.

And yet it is precisely this ceaseless striving, this irresistible impulse after something higher, this unquenchable thirst for the fountain head of knowledge, which constitutes the highest and noblest side of humanity, and is the most indubitable pledge of its spiritual future. The net results of these strivings has been an endless series of self-delusions, and yet humanity takes on a grander aspect in them than in all its other manifold efforts and successes. The history of this spiritual wrestling, this hopeless and yet never relaxed struggle against the impossible, forms the noblest aspect of the history of mankind.

The story of fifteen of these noble souls is told in this book. The chapters are strangely unequal; some deal merely with anecdotes illustrating the attitude of the saints to God and the world, others are essays expounding the teachings of the Mystics at some length. It may be that the material has

differed so much in character that the treatment necessarily had to be varied. The lives of Alghazzali, Fariduddin and Jalaluddin are especially interesting as showing the doctrines they taught. Christians will be glad to note the reverence with which Jesus is treated by the last-named writer.

When the fresh breath of Jesus shall touch the heart's core,
It will live, it will breathe, it will blossom once more.
From Him (Jesus) comes healing; never let Him go.
In each human spirit is a Christ concealed.

The doctrine that the soul is freed from the body while asleep is to be found in his writings. Students of Professor James' valuable book *Varieties of Religious Experience* will find much in this small volume to supplement his statements as to the reality of conversion and the state of ecstasy which can be attained by meditation.

We cannot expect everything to be expounded in a book of two hundred pages, but we are justified in expressing a hope that the writer will continue his researches in this, to English readers, almost unexplored country, and will let us know more at length the teachings of mystical Islām.

K. B.

Antiquities of Central and South-eastern Missouri, by Gerald Fowke. (Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C.)

This Bulletin, issued by the Smithsonian Institute, is a valuable one for the ethnologist, though for the general reader it is too precise in detail to be very interesting. It records the work of excavating the burial mounds found in the Missouri District. The graves apparently belonged to the Siouian Indians, though there is some doubt as to this. At any rate the people had not reached any high degree of culture; their pottery was coarse in quality, their weapons belonged to the stone age, and their skulls are of a low type. One point of interest is that there were apparently various modes of disposing of the dead, before the final interment took place. In some cases the bones are charred, in others it is evident that the flesh had been removed before the bones were buried, while in others the body was apparently buried intact. The difficulty of excavating hard ground with such primitive tools as antlers and flints may have had some influence in determining the method employed. In a scientific treatise, I suppose, we ought not to expect too many theories which cannot be well supported, but one would like to know how a skull with a gold

plug in its tooth came to be buried in an old Indian fort. One would also like to know more about some curious copper plates which were discovered while ploughing. These are fully illustrated, and are apparently of Mexican workmanship, yet nothing has been indicated of their probable date or why they were found so far from their place of origin, in a part of the country inhabited by people so backward in civilisation.

K. B.

Christ's Social Remedies, by H. E. Montgomery. (pp. 433. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London. Price 6s.)

This is an endeavor to solve some of the present-day social and industrial problems by going directly back to the teachings attributed to Christ, and seeing how far they apply to them. The book is divided into twelve chapters, the headings of which will give a good idea of its scope:

- (1) Responsibility of Citizenship, (2) Was Christ an Anarchist? (3) Was Christ a Socialist? (4) The Kingdom of God, (5) Non-Resistance, (6) Marriage and Divorce, (7) Crime and the Criminal, (8) Wealth, (9) Labor, (10) Sunday Observance, (11) International Controversies, (12) Social Reconstruction.

On the whole, the author's suggestions on these various topics are usually quite in harmony with Theosophical ideas. He shows sound common-sense in dealing with his subjects, though his Christianity naturally leads him to get some of them a little out of focus, as is shown by his inclusion in such a list as this of so trifling a matter as Sunday observance. One bad slip he makes, when he exhibits the usual astounding ignorance of the Christian by observing that: "Since the days of Constantine, Christianity has been the professed religion of all civilised nations" (p. 13)! He is quite uncompromising as to the indissolubility of marriage, and he brings a tremendous indictment against socialism in the shape of a most damning series of extracts from socialist writers and speakers. After reading those, one is not surprised to hear that "Christianity and socialism are to each other as fire and water" (p. 112). "Anarchy and Christianity are inherently incompatible, irreconcilable and antagonistic" (p. 28). He tells us that the four corner-stones of the Kingdom of Heaven are (1) The Fatherhood of God, (2) The Brotherhood of Man, (3) Childlikeness of Spirit, and (4) Serviceableness. There again I think that Theosophists will agree with him.

C. W. L.

The Book of Ceremonial Magic, by Arthur Edward Waite. (William Rider & Son, London. Price 15s.)

The Pictorial Key to the Tarot, by Arthur Edward Waite. (William Rider & Son, London. Price 5s.)

A Pack of 78 Tarot Cards with Key, by Arthur Edward Waite. (William Rider & Son, London. Price 8s.)

The Tarot of the Bohemians, by Papus. Second edition, with a preface by Arthur Edward Waite. (William Rider & Son, London. Price 6s.)

Lumen de Lumine, or a new Magical Light, by Thomas Vaughan. Edited, with an introduction and notes, by Arthur Edward Waite. (John M. Watkins, London. Price 5s.)

Never having had occasion before to study any of this author's previous works, we commenced the perusal of these books with a certain amount of expectation. Frankly, we have been seriously disappointed. At the outset the language is really not English, or, if we take it as English, is so twisted, labored, pedantic, unnatural and obscure that even if divine wisdom were conveyed through it, mere weariness of the spirit would be provoked.

The Book of Ceremonial Magic is a reprint of a privately printed book which appeared in 1898 under the title: *The Book of Black Magic and of Pacts*. An additional preface and conclusion have been added. We are impressed by the utter futility and ineptitude of the whole subject. Any sane student has only to read this book in order at once to lose all respect for the whole block of imbecile lore, contained though it be in a costly *édition de luxe*. We are also impressed by the curiously vacillating attitude of the writer. In the preface he describes the subject-matter as containing 'nauseating follies' which are 'impossible to follow,' yet in other places he calls these practices dangerous, diabolical, blasphemous and iniquitous—thus apparently conceding their reality. The verbose and lengthy declamations against all this *occultisterie* seem to indicate that the author does not believe that this nonsense is real, but the imperturbable seriousness of treatment and the constant cries of woe and condemnation belie such an assumption. It is strange that the writer does not enter at all into the essential problem, and discuss whether evocation is possible, and whether these spirits (be they higher or lower, good or bad) exist and can be communicated with, for it is here that the whole crux lies. On

page x he says that he approaches the subject from the bibliographical and critical standpoint; we have found strangely little bibliography, and about as much criticism. We also notice that the numerous illustrations are not explained, and that the book is without an index. Had the author left out all his semi-learning and heavy lucubrations, and simply produced a slender volume recording rites, invocations and signs; had he made a careful bibliographical list of editions and a good index of names, titles and processes; had he worked out a concordance of subjects and printed it all in a simple way, then he would have rendered some real service to real students. Though we regard this book as a failure, nevertheless it may serve one useful purpose: it is a sure antidote against all foolish attraction for empty quasi-sorcery.

The Pictorial Key to the Tarot is a weary one. The part dealing with the "Tarot in History" is interesting, however, and is calculated to bring home to us the conviction that before Mr. Waite there was no clear notion, right appreciation or correct understanding of the Tarot. We also note in the part on "Bibliography" the interesting fact that most of the thirty previous writers on the Tarot—before the appearance of Mr. Waite—were either knaves or fools, and did not know their subject!

The cards accompanying the *Key* are new ones and have some merit; they were designed, under Mr. Waite's instructions, by Miss Pamela Coleman Smith.

The Tarot of the Bohemians is a reprint, and its only distinctive feature is an introduction by Mr. Waite.

Lumen de Lumine, or a New Magical Light, is a reprint of one of Thomas Vaughan's alchemical works. The editor states that the booklet had existed thus far only in its first edition, which is rare and costly. This new edition is not text-critical, as the editor had only the interests of mystical students in view. The Latin quotations have been translated, and as a result an interesting little document for the study of post-mediæval alchemical mysticism has been made available for students of such matters. We welcome the volume heartily, as it puts in our hands a rare document from the pen of a representative and renowned alchemical philosopher.

J. v. M.

The Life of Friedrich Nietzsche, by Daniel Halévy. Translated by J. M. Hone. With an introduction by T. M. Kettle, M.P. (Fisher Unwin, London. Price 8s. 6d.)

We might call this an emotional or sentimental biography of the remarkable man whose life it tells, in contradistinction to a really psychological one. A clear insight into the nature of the moods, so different at times and so passionate always, the subtle and constant play of which we see so perpetually manifested in ever-varying coruscations or gloomy shades, is of necessity a prerequisite to an understanding of the perhaps really simple but seemingly complex character with which we deal. But this is a task of such difficulty that the author has evidently not attempted it. This would have given us a psychological key to Nietzsche's character; instead of it, we find the mere recording of these moods, not their explanation, still less their analysis. Oscar Wilde once said that all crimes take place in the brain, and later on he amplified the statement by saying that all conduct does so. This being true, we have always to return to a man's brain in order to understand him fully. The outer conduct and history are the pictures on the screen. The mechanism and the working of these projections can be found only in the magic-lantern itself. Thus there is still room for other biographies in which daring authors will venture a step further *sub limine*. For instance, we feel there are lacunæ in the story of Nietzsche's conversion from Wagnerism to anti-Wagnerism. First we have an enthusiastic Wagnerian, then a trivial incident (p. 117) and after that the ever-growing anti-Wagnerian fury. It is somewhat similar, though of course on a higher plane, to Marie Corelli's tale in *Wormwood*: an extraordinarily noble and lofty young man, then an equally extraordinarily debased and depraved one, and both causally connected by one single glass of absinthe.

Nevertheless the whole book is the outcome of careful, painstaking and serious labor. It is interesting from beginning to end, well written (on the whole), well translated and attractive. The picture of Nietzsche painted in it is, though not explicitly based on a thesis to that effect, that of a pathological case, and consequently the story is a deeply pathetic one. On the whole we find Nietzsche as a lonely, suffering, super-sensitive invalid, who foremost of all evokes pity. On the other hand his aspect as a strong, unflinching, adamant character is more implied than indicated, and the

whole narrative is pervaded by a restless sense of neurotics, feverishness, and intense self-consciousness, all of which should surely enter into the composition of the picture, yet, in our opinion, in modified proportions. For the rest, the book is faithful to its title; it is a biography only, and not a discourse on Nietzsche's philosophy. We regard the volume as deserving a hearty welcome, but as one which by no means renders superfluous other biographies of the great man, either extant or yet to be written.

Some expressions and words may be noted which might have been translated otherwise (*durchfliegen*=traverse, p. 287; *mufisme*=snout-ism, p. 148; aspect, p. 142; city, p. 104) but they are few. There are also some misprints in the German quotations. As to the introduction, we do not like it. It is non-genius speaking too loudly and in too presumptuous a manner about genius, even though in this case the complementary insanity might be argued to be present.

J. v. M.

Catalogus van de Boekerij. Afdeeling: Theosofie. (Nederlandse Afdeeling der Theosofische Vereeniging, Amsterdam. 1911.)

This is a valuable contribution to the bibliography of Theosophy, the best production of the kind thus far existing to our knowledge. It is the catalogue of the Library of the Dutch Section of our Society, containing only the division Theosophy, yet including a thousand different volumes. Dr. Denier van der Gon, the zealous Librarian, is the Editor, but he states that 'most of the work for this catalogue was performed by some one who thinks it unnecessary that his name should be mentioned.' A systematic syllabus of subjects opens the little work. From the bibliographical point of view this forms almost the most valuable part of the booklet. The subject is divided into eight principal divisions, and these in turn into some thirty-three secondary ones. Some of these are again subdivided. This division is not abstractly theoretical, but arranged from a practical and workable point of view. Several miscellaneous collections and periodicals are analysed in their most important contents. A very interesting division is No. VII, Opinions on Theosophy and the Society by non-members, together with answers to them. This section alone contains forty-five titles. A complete alphabetical register of all authors' names and titles of anonymous books is added. We recommend

this catalogue strongly to all lovers of Theosophical bibliography. It may be ordered from the Dutch Headquarters, Amsteldijk, 76, Amsterdam, Holland.

J. v. M.

A Dictionary of Oriental Quotations (Arabic and Persian), by Claud Field, M.A. (Swan Sonnenschein & Co., Ltd., London, 1911. Price 7s. 6d.)

In 'Sonnenschein's Reference Series,' eleven useful volumes of quotations (English, Classical, French, Italian, etc.,) have already been included, and now a new volume has been added under the above title. The book has some good qualities, and some real defects. The compiler is quite right in saying in his preface that he presents 'specimens from the still hitherto largely unworked mines of the Orient.' The lack of predecessors in, and the enormous extent of, the field to be exploited necessitate that a first attempt to gather a representative collection should be a merely preliminary one. But conceding all this, the collection as it is presented to the public is too fragmentary and too disproportionate. We calculate that the book must contain some 1,650 quotations, reckoning five per page on 330 pages. If we turn to the index of authors, which gives only one page number, even if the same author has been mentioned more than once on it, we find some 1,250 quotations indicated. Of these; ten writers alone are responsible for no less than 1,030 entries, or over two-thirds of the whole book. This lacks proportion. Of these ten writers again eight are Persians, with 880 entries, and only two are Arabs, with 150 entries. The Persian quotations cover 140 entries from the *Amrār-i-Suheimi*, which is the translation of a Samskr̥t work, the *Panchatantra*, and ought not to have been allotted such a big place, not being original. Omar Khayyam, now spread amongst the English public in hundreds of different editions, furnishes eighty entries, five per cent of the whole work; too much again for a work so exceedingly well known. Sadi furnishes the record number of 300 quotations; again disproportionate, as it would mean that Sadi alone represents one third of quotable Persian literature. Hafiz furnishes 85; Jalaluddin Rumi 150; Jami 40 and the *Diwan-i-Shams-i-Tabriz* 90 entries. The classification of the 'Index of Authors' is curious, for the quotations from the *Diwan-i-Shams-i-Tabriz*, being written by Jalaluddin Rumi, should have been entered under his name and not under the title of the book. It is just as odd that Sadi's *Gulistan*

should figure under a separate head in this index, instead of being subjoined under its author's name, whereas the quotations from the *Bostan* and the *Pandnama* are given under the name. So we find the *Koran* mentioned in the index instead of its author's name Muhammad. In how far Persian (2) and Arabic Proverbs (18) can be reckoned as quotations is a debatable question, but anyhow we welcome their inclusion. The compiler might have quoted more from Abū Ubaida and al Hatim, who made special collections of them, but their names do not figure in the index. The two Arabic authors who furnish the 150 entries mentioned above are the *Koran* (100) and Hariri (50). We seek in vain for such famous names as those of the Persian Enweri, and of the Arabic al Fārābī and al Halady amongst many others. Some stars of the first magnitude are inadequately represented: Firdausi (2), Nizami (8) and the great Ghazzali (only 2). The remainder of the quotations are distributed over some 75 names with from one to ten quotations each, totalling some 170 in all.

With reference to the choice made, it is fairly good, but we would have preferred a greater number of small and pregnant sayings (if they are to be found at all) in preference to the many six to twelve-lined verses and prose paragraphs included in the book.

We prefer the Arabic proverb "Whoever says 'I' falls into trouble," or "Love is the water of life; receive it in thy heart and soul" to many a quotation from even Omar Khayyam or many a section from Jalaluddin. The dictionary of classical quotations in the same series offers in this respect a favorable contrast to the present work. It must, however, be understood, as indeed we said before, that we fully realise the difficulties of a first attempt, and so are quite prepared to give a warm welcome to the volume, whose success, we hope, will be such as to enable the editor to improve it substantially on all the above counts in many a subsequent issue. As usual in the series, the original is given together with the translation of each quotation, in a romanised transcription printed in very clear and legible type. The translations are all taken from the works of well-known translators, and not specially made by the editor. We should think it an improvement if the title dropped the word Oriental and only retained the words Persian and Arabic. It should be mentioned that an excellent and topical index of some fifteen pages closes the book and enhances its practical value.

J. v. M.

La Fraternité enseignée par Marc-Aurèle. Choix de maximes recueillies par E. D. (uboc). (Paris. Librairie de l'Art Indépendant, 1911. Price fr. 1.50.)

A dainty little book with charming contents is a correct description of the above opusculé. It is written by a Theosophist in a Theosophical spirit, and published by him in pursuance of the first object of our Society: to form a nucleus of the Brotherhood of humanity. It consists of a well chosen series of extracts from the writings of Marcus Aurelius on the subject of fraternity and gathers together a beautiful collection of over sixty quotations, arranged under the headings: (1) All men are brothers; (2) On abuse suffered; (3) On tolerance towards others; (4) On the forgiving and loving of enemies; (5) Towards unity. A sixth chapter is specially devoted to 'Theosophical Thoughts' and gives some twenty-five appropriate quotations in which Marcus Aurelius shows himself akin to modern Theosophical conceptions. A well-written introduction opens the work and gains for it a sympathetic hearing at the outset. Our literature specially devoted to the first object of the Society is as yet very scanty, and we welcome this little book as a valuable addition to it. There is still room for much more of this kind of work. Enough has been said to show that we wish it success and many readers.

J. v. M.

Geïllustreerd Handboek van Insulinde, by D. van Hinloopen Labberton. Amsterdam. (Uitgevers-Maatschappij "Vivat." 1910. Price fl. 1.90.)

This "Illustrated Handbook of Insulinia" (the Dutch East Indies) is from the pen of our energetic Batavian member, Mr. van Hinloopen Labberton. The sub-title of the work runs: 'A synthetic catalogue of the economic state of the Dutch East-Indian archipelago, compiled and edited from data furnished by experts and the government departments.' A list of collaborators mentions some seventy names of first-class specialists in various branches of knowledge and of holders of high government or private positions. It should not be concluded from the title that the book is one on a merely economical subject in the narrower sense. On the contrary, it is a encyclopædic handbook on all possible subjects connected with this part of the Far East. The chapters are well written, replete with information and nearly all of them intensely interesting. The chapters on 'Geological structure' (by Dr. R. D. M. Verbeek), and on 'The native races

and languages' (by Prof. Dr. J. H. C. Kern) are models of compact, clear and instructive presentations of difficult subjects, both brimful of facts. The section on 'Western scientific and humanitarian work for the East' too, is specially interesting. The author's standpoint throughout the work is thoroughly sympathetic and individual and refreshingly humane. One has before one the mature conclusions of one who is thoroughly familiar with his subject, who has seen with his own eyes and thought for himself. From the standpoint of our readers it is a pity that the book is in Dutch; therefore also we can devote only a short notice to it. The book is profusely and well illustrated, two excellent maps accompany it, and a peculiarly well arranged index enhances its practical use. We should like to see this work—the most comprehensive and up-to-date on its subject existing at present—at no distant date in English dress also. Both subject and treatment would gain it a large public.

J. v. M.

Christianity and the New Idealism, by Professor Rudolf Eucken. pp. 163. (Harper & Brothers, London. Price 2s. 6d.)

The fact that the volume under review was awarded the Nobel prize for literature in 1908, lifts it at once above the general level of books. It contains the deep thoughts of a great thinker on some of the most important problems of the day, and is full of suggestive hints and ideas.

The first three essays contain the substance of lectures delivered in Jena in 1906, while a fourth was added in the third edition to define more clearly the attitude of the writer towards ecclesiastical Christianity. In a short review it is impossible to do more than indicate the line of thought followed. Professor Eucken bases religion on the facts of spiritual life, and argues that these facts can clearly be distinguished from the natural life of man, and are independent of the accessories which often hide their real value. No religion is valid unless founded on these facts. He maintains that the inner life is based on facts of a superhuman order, and that the most violent attacks fail to shake her, and only tend to show where her true strength lies. 'It is essential to religion that the higher power in our midst should be not merely an influence, but a living Presence, and that our relationship to this Presence should be . . . one in which our whole nature is involved.' Such is his basis of thought, and then he shows that in the

past religions have altered the nature of man, have drawn into close relationship the human and the divine, and that while the outer presentation of the eternal has varied according to different epochs, the underlying life-process is the same in essence.

He acknowledges that the impulse which founds a new religion comes but rarely, but also shows how, without religion, there is a most distinct loss of the unifying spirit which relates man to the cosmic forces around him. His analysis of the relation of history to religion shows the value of the historical method, while at the same time it does not ignore the fact that by the historical method a certain immediacy in religious presentation is lost. He looks on the spiritual life as a primal fundamental fact, "a unifying power unique in kind, capable of refashioning in its own way the whole circle of existence." One other suggestive thought we may quote in this connexion "Even the past is still in the making." We cannot always agree with his estimate of the value of other religions, but we can fully recognise the great mission of Christianity in accentuating the fusion between the divine and the human. In spite of appearances, he is not hopeless that real Christianity will emerge triumphant from the struggles it is now experiencing owing to the expansion in the human consciousness of its power over nature, and its comprehension of her laws, but he recognises that if she is to become a living force, it must be because from the "unfathomable depths of Christianity" a new freshness of life must well to suit the changing conditions of the age. Very suggestive is his analysis of the causes which may shake men out of spiritual laziness. (i) The intolerable ineptitude of the philistine's life; (ii) Some violent social catastrophe; (iii) The advent of forceful magnetic personalities—or perhaps all three at once.

This is a book which every student of western religious questions should read—especially those who still labor under the impression that the whole of European thought is working along materialistic lines. It is a most valuable contribution to the study of religious problems, and the student of Theosophy will find much that is useful to him in meeting the objections of those who have drifted away from the influence of any religion.

K. B.

THEOSOPHICAL MAGAZINES

The Adyar Bulletin, Adyar, June, 1911, contains an article by Mr. C. W. Leadbeater on the practical question of "Food," in which he once more forcibly condemns flesh-eating. There is a capital little story by Mademoiselle Aimée Blech illustrating the nature of true brotherhood, and an interesting note by Mr. Ransom on "Some Electrical Analogies."

Theosophy in India, Benares, May, 1911, offers as its principal dish a capital article by Mr. W. H. Kirby, based upon a pamphlet recently issued for the use of the new members of the Italian Section. Professor Adhikari's lecture on the "Ethics of Theosophy" is continued.

The C. H. C. Magazine, Benares, June, 1911, contains a kindly farewell message to Principal Arundale on his departure for Europe, and a praiseworthy appeal to young Brahmans to give some of their spare time to teaching boys of lower caste. There are also two admirable notes of advice, one to Indian students in England, another on education by E. Gilbert, in which attention is drawn to the scandalous overtaking of Indian boys by irrationally long hours of study.

The Vahan, London, May, 1911, gives a preliminary list of the President's engagements during her visit to England. Its principal feature is the second part of Mrs. Ruspoli's admirable paper upon "The Lessons to be learnt at Adyar." Among the "Correspondence" are some criticisms of it which, by their lack of comprehension of elementary Theosophical ideas, show how great was the necessity for such an article.

The Lotus Journal, London, May, 1911, commences with a description of the Shwé Dagôn—the great Golden Pagoda of Rangoon—written by Alecyone. It is accompanied by a colored illustration, in which the difficulty of getting an artistic photograph of that wonderful fane seems to have been successfully solved. The colors, however, are not sufficiently brilliant, and the dome is by no means golden enough. Indeed it is probably impossible to reproduce the splendid glitter of the

original, unless one adopted the mediæval plan of actually introducing gold leaf.

Bulletin Théosophique, Paris, May, 1911, has for its principal feature a most interesting letter from the French General Secretary giving his experiences and impressions in India.

Theosophia, Amsterdam, May, 1911, contains instalments of "Old Diary Leaves" and "The Science of Peace," a translation of "The Magic of the Christian Church," and an article on the ever-new subject of Karma from the editor.

Bollettino della Società Teosofica Italiana, Genova, May, 1911. The principal feature is the report of the tenth Convention of the Italian Section. Then follows a translation from Mr. Long's article on "Man and Food." The most interesting papers are a note upon a waking vision by Mr. Kirby, and another for the White Lotus Day by Signorina Guerrier, in which she throws quite a new light upon the marriage of our respected Founder to General Nicéphore Blavatsky, and also gives an interesting account of Madame Blavatsky's meeting with Prince Golitzyn, a Mason of high degree, which seems to have been not without its influence in introducing her to the life that lay before her. Along with this issue are bound a very fine portrait of Mrs. Besant, taken from Alcyone's *Adyar Album*, and also a colored illustration of the Shwé Dagôn Pagoda, which was intended to accompany an article written by him in the *Bollettino* for April.

The Theosophic Messenger, Chicago, April, 1911, offers us the first instalment of "The Legend of the Holy Grail," which should prove of interest. Its principal features are an article on "The Mighty Æther" by Mr. C. Jinarājadāsa, and a reprint of Mrs. Ruspoli's "Lessons to be learnt at Adyar."

Theosophy in Australasia, Sydney, May, 1911, also gives the second instalment of Mrs. Ruspoli's article on Adyar, and an excellent essay upon "The Present Stupendous Position."

Theosophy in New Zealand, Auckland, May, 1911, concludes three important articles: Donna Margherita Ruspoli's on "The Lessons to be learnt at Adyar," Mr. Newton's "Limitations and Defects of the Intellect" and "A Scripture of Yoga."

[NOTE.—In consequence of the arrival at the last moment of our President's "White Lotus Day Address" we have been compelled to curtail greatly our notices of Theosophical Magazines, and to omit altogether "Academical Magazines" and "Theosophy in Many Lands."—ACTING EDITOR.]



Vol. XXXII

No. 11

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

May 28th, London

THE large Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, was well filled on May 26th for the meeting of the Fabian Society, which I addressed on the Subject: 'England and India.' Mrs. Sidney Webb presided. A good many questions followed the lecture, and a pleasant evening was spent.

The *Christian Herald* publishes a curious paragraph which is too good to lose:

THE SECOND COMING OF CHRIST.—So many things are happening to-day which appear to indicate the approach of another age-crisis, that it is not surprising to find many biblical students studying the prophetic scriptures afresh in the light of passing events. While there is clearly an element of difficulty and serious danger in seeking to postpone the coming of the Lord for His saints to a future period, near or distant, there is an increasing belief amongst the more earnest and spiritual of God's people that many things around us are preparing the way for the coming of the personal Antichrist, who will play a leading part in the events surrounding the times of tribulation foretold by the apostle Paul. One striking instance of this is provided by Mrs. Besant, the well-known Theosophist leader, who tells us of the speedy coming into the world of a great personage, whom she describes as "the coming prophet." In this teaching, she says, the note will sound out clear and strong: "All faiths are one; all world faiths lead to a single goal. As the reflexion of the unity

of religions must come the brotherhood of nations." Current thought in some Christian quarters leans in the same direction, and is helping to prepare the way for the "Man of Sin," who may be expected to seek to amalgamate all religions upon a common basis, and thus obliterate for the time being the authority of King Jesus. But at the height of the usurper's triumph the true King will stand upon Mount Olivet and destroy him "with the brightness of His coming."

If Antichrist teaches the unity of religions, he will do a good work, but this task is not the one assigned to him in "the prophetic scriptures."

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The beautiful Adyar Album should find very many purchasers, for friends all over the world will be glad to bring the Headquarters into their own homes. Alcyone has produced an admirable series of photographs, and as I was in Headquarters when he was working at them, I know how much pains he took to make good pictures, often photographing a place in various aspects several times, in order to obtain the best conditions of light and tone. The result repays the trouble, and though reproductions cannot equal originals, the book is very satisfactory. Mr. Leadbeater's accompanying descriptions will also be very welcome, and members will feel, when they possess the album, that they have a worthy presentment of the Society's central home.

**

We attended this afternoon a meeting of the Round Table, held at the Society's rooms in Bond Street. It was a delightful gathering of young people, and we all enjoyed it. The singing was good, both Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Whyte being musicians. Alcyone spoke a few words, to the great pleasure of the assembled Knights and Companions, and I followed him with an address. The Senior Council for England has decided to affiliate with the Order of the Star in the East, which many of the Round Table are joining. The Round Table has issued a charming booklet, containing an admirable statement of its aims, the conditions of membership, its discipline, pledge, and two very useful

lists of books classified for readers of different ages. We leave for Scotland to-morrow, and the next paragraphs will be written from North Britain. Before taking train at nearly midnight for Aberdeen, I have to attend the opening of the International Club for Psychical Research, and also the Annual Dinner of the Women Writers' Club.

**

June 3rd, Durie, Fife

British Columbia seems to wish to emulate South Africa in ill-treatment of Indian British subjects, and behaves to them worse than it does to Japanese, Chinese, and Negroes. A Japanese has to possess \$50, but an Indian must have \$200, to gain admission. An Indian must come direct from India in order to be admitted into the country, so that an Indian living in the United States cannot enter British Columbia. Oriental merchants and professional men, other than Indians, are given free access and travel unmolested, while Indians are rejected. Lately, Mr. Jinarājādāsa, the well-known Theosophical lecturer and author, had great difficulty in entering British Columbia, whither he went to visit our Vancouver Lodge; he was only admitted finally on pledging his word of honor that he would leave again after a brief stay. An indignant Englishman writes to me:

An Indian can travel in the Sahara, China, Japan or Germany without being insulted, but the case is different when he enters Colonies under the British flag.

The Colonies, just now, are talking big about the Empire, and an Imperial Conference is sitting in London, but they are undermining the Empire by their treatment of their colored fellow-citizens. Happily the statesmanlike instinct of the King-Emperor is throwing the protection of the crown over India by his gracious visit, but, unhappily, his power to weld together his Empire is limited by the ill-doing of the self-governing Colonies. Democracies can shatter Empires, but cannot rule them.

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The Opening of the Psychical Research Club on May 29th was a very successful function, and the rooms were crowded to excess. In a five minutes' speech I declared the Club open, and then conversation became general. Among those present were Mr. A. P. Sinnett, Mr. W. T. Stead, Lady Churchill, Lady Emily Lutyens, Mr. and Mrs. Hugo Ames, Mrs. Talbot Clifton, Miss Bright, and many other well-known Theosophists and Spiritualists, and Psychical Researchers of all types. The Club has already 400 members with Mr. G. G. Knowles as an admirable Secretary. Later in the evening came the Women Writers' dinner, where gathered a great crowd of distinguished women, most of them very fashionably dressed and not at all recalling the "blue-stock-ing" of one's girlhood, though many were of the most cerulean hue in reality. It was interesting to meet again Mrs. Flora Annie Steel and the wife of noble William Sharpe, and to see in the flesh many who were only names before. But a dinner, as dinner, is a wearisome function, though in this case it was brightened for me by the interesting reminiscences of the veteran Mrs. Belloc on one side, and a pleasant discussion on re-incarnation and clairvoyance with Mrs. Walter Forbes on the other. The two gatherings were not exactly a desirable prelude to the all-night journey to Scotland, but the train rocked me to sleep quite comfortably.

* *

Right on to Aberdeen we travelled on May 30th, speeded on our way northwards at Edinburgh by friendly greetings from members living in that fairest city, and we arrived promptly to time at the granite town of the grey north. If the houses were of grey granite, the hearts that welcomed us were of rosy hue, and we had first a members' meeting and then a public one which grew into warm enthusiasm. The chair was taken by the Rev. A. Stuart Martin, B.D., who made a very interesting speech, showing the value to Christianity of the Gnostic element, now represented by Theosophy. From Aberdeen we went to Dundee, arriving at noon, and there in like

fashion we had an afternoon members' meeting and an evening public lecture. Mr. Graham Pole, the General Secretary—who had flown up to Aberdeen for the afternoon, flown back to Edinburgh for business, and once more back to Dundee—presided, and we had a very full meeting. On the following day, June 1st, we went to Leven, staying in the beautiful house of Mr. Christie of Durie, about a mile from Leven itself. Mr. Christie and his wife and family are the centre of Theosophical activity in Fife, for they are all members of the Society. We spent some time in wandering through the beautiful park and round the lake, and after luncheon there was a garden party, whereat some sixty Theosophists gathered. In the evening came a lecture in a crowded school-house in Leven, and then we drove back to Durie. On the following afternoon we motored to Perth, thirty miles away, after a game of croquet, in which I revived memories of more than forty years ago. It was a delightful drive through a country less rich but more picturesque than that through which we drove from Hale to Bidston. The distant hills lent dignity to the horizon, and the varied tints of fir and pine and larch, clothing the nearer slopes, reminded us that we were in a northern clime. We passed through a thickly wooded ravine with a tumbling brook, a Kashmir gorge in miniature, and along a winding undulating road full of charm. At Perth we held the usual two meetings, and then home again through the slowly deepening dusk; even at ten o'clock the daylight had not quite faded.

* *

June 5th, Edinburgh

On June 3rd we regretfully bade goodbye to our kindly hosts, and started for Edinburgh, arriving before noon. There we scattered, Mrs. Hay kindly taking charge of Alcyone, Mizar, Mr. Arundale and myself; Mrs. Stead, who had accompanied us throughout, bearing off Miss Bright; Miss Arundale, who joined us at Edinburgh, mothered Shri

Prakasha, and Mrs. Sharpe, who came up for the first Annual Convention of the Society in Scotland, found her home in the Theosophical family of the Pagans. Saturday afternoon was busy: at 2 P.M. I had the pleasure of opening the new Headquarters, a very fine and spacious house in Great King Street, secured at an extraordinarily low price by the rapid action of the able General Secretary, who picked it up with Adyar-like activity when it was offered for sale. "It is an ill-wind that blows no one any good," and the confiscatory policy of the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, while following with touching confidence the injunction "to take no thought for the morrow," has driven down the value of property, and has thus indirectly benefited our Society, which bought a property which the trustees were anxious to sell for what they could get, and for which there were no offers. The Convention followed the opening, and the business went through without a ruffle, the officers being unanimously re-elected with much enthusiasm, which their good work had fully earned. The inevitable photograph succeeded the Convention, and then we were comforted with tea. The day closed with a lecture to a crowded audience. On the 4th we had an E. S. meeting in the morning and a lecture to members in the afternoon, while the evening was given to Masonry. To-day we are on our way to Forfar, where a good Scotch clergyman has been bitterly attacking Theosophy, and has thus awakened much interest in it, responded to by the National Society by sending lecturers to his parish.

June 7th, London

At Forfar we were the guests of hospitable Mr. and Mrs. Buchanan, and the Lodge meeting was held in their pleasant garden. Later in the evening there was a good-sized gathering, which listened with intense interest to 'The Value of Theosophy to Christianity.' On the following day, June 6th, we took train to Glasgow, and I addressed a large members' meeting in the Lodge room, and at 8 P.M. there was an immense crowd to listen to a lecture on 'A World

Religion.' The Rev. Canon Erskine Hill took the chair, and made a very charming speech of introduction. No speaker could wish for a more enthusiastic and intelligent audience than Glasgow gave me that evening. It was a splendid close to a successful tour. And the whole time spent in Scotland was a very happy one. Every one was so friendly and kind, the arrangements made by the General Secretary were so thoughtfully planned and so comfortable, and he himself was the pleasantest and most helpful of companions.

* * *

The remainder of this week is very full, and to fill up any stray corner of time comes a request from Paris for a front-page article of a column, or a column and a half, to appear in *Le Matin*, the well-known Paris daily. Some interesting events lie ahead: a meeting with the Bishop of London; a drawing-room address at Mrs. Kerr's, whom our Adyar residents will remember; a drawing-room meeting at Lady Emily Lutyens to meet Mr. Arthur Balfour, where I am to give an address; a lecture at the literary Lyceum Club and one to the Islāmic Society; a Garden-party and address at Mrs. Russell's, Haslemere, and a drawing-room address at Dover Castle, on the invitation of the Constable's wife.

* * *

Some researches in Turkestan, made by an expedition sent out by the Carnegie Institute, New York, have uncovered fragments of settlements existing 20,000 years B.C. The general tendency of the evidence, says the *Daily Chronicle*,

is to point to the highlands of Central Asia, and especially Eastern Turkestan, as the region from which many migrations drifted over the Europe-Asian continent in the earliest geological ages.

May the explorers persevere! They are unconsciously establishing the veracity of Theosophical records.

* * *

June 16th, Paris

We had a wonderful meeting at Queen's Hall on June 11th, the first of the course of lectures to be delivered there. The great hall was packed from floor to ceiling, and it was a most inspiring sight, a most inspiring audience. Some hundreds were turned away, unable to find room, so that our fears that the hall would prove too large were entirely dissipated. It is a joyous thing to find that Theosophy has aroused so much interest in London, and that the love and energy thrown into the work of spreading Theosophical ideas throughout England by the General Secretary and her splendid band of workers are bearing such fruit in the metropolis of the Empire.

* * *

We left London by the 9 A.M. train for Paris on Monday the 12th, and had a smooth passage from Dover to Calais. The General Secretary met us at Amiens, and a large crowd of members had gathered at the Paris terminus to give us welcome. The work began with an E.S. meeting that evening, and two lectures to members only followed on the 13th and 14th. Some six hundred members had gathered in Paris for the meetings, and it was therefore impossible to hold them, as usual, in the Headquarters of the Society. So the hall in which I had given a public lecture in 1909 was hired for the members, and we had two very pleasant meetings. The Parisian press has been very friendly, a long and appreciative article having appeared in the *Figaro*, and another, friendly, but lighter in strain, in the *Paris-Journal*. The writer in the *Figaro* says:

The Theosophical doctrine, old as the world, once the glory of the Alexandrian school, and which in the period of the Renaissance inspired a group of mystic or rationalist thinkers, finds itself to-day in accord with the movement of thought. . . Theosophy above all meets the needs of the modern spirit because it does not fossilise, for it lays down no dogma. The liberty of research is its first law, and one may be a Theosophist while following a line of study other than that of Annie Besant.

It is surely a sign of the times that such an article should appear in the best known of Parisian journals. *Le Matin*, the leading French journal, asked for an article from me, which appeared on the 15th June, and *Excelsior* of the same date—a paper with an immense circulation—had a very kindly notice. So the press has treated us well. *Le Theosophe* in one number had photographs of the Founders, Mr. Leadbeater and myself, and in the following one portraits of Alecyone and Giordano Bruno. The portrait of the Nolan, taken from the admirable book of M. Bartholemiso, is unsatisfactory, and gives no sign of the fiery energy of the original.

* * *

We are all astonished by the wonderful success of the Sorbonne lecture: the vast amphitheatre was packed in every corner, and standing crowds filled the passages—some 4,000 in all; we came through hundreds who, it seems, could not succeed in gaining admission. It was a wonderful sight, for the hall is magnificent; it is semi-circular, the roof a single immense arch, so that the auditors are packed, tier after tier, and present one sea of faces to the speaker. Two huge galleries carry the crowd up to the very roof. The lecture, 'The Message of Giordano Bruno to the Modern World,' roused the enthusiasm of the audience. The Paris journals estimate the crowd variously at from 3,000 to "10,000 at least." This last estimate is absurd, as the hall has only 3,500 seats, exclusive of the large platform, and not more than another 500, perhaps, could have been packed in. The street outside is said to have been blocked. It was a remarkable audience—Ministers of state, men of science, professors, priests—men predominating over women. That such a gathering was possible shows how successful has been the work of the General Secretary and his co-adjutors through the long years of chill and darkness; they have now their reward, in the wide interest aroused, and in "le vif succès," as a Paris journal says, of the great Sorbonne meeting.

* * *

June 24, 1911

A Paris magistrate, who is often there, estimated the large meeting in the Sorbonne at five thousand, and some seven hundred persons were turned away. The Roman Catholic and Anarchist parties are equally angry over the Sorbonne being opened to me and the immense success of the meeting. One of Krishnavarma's inflammatory diatribes against me was freely distributed outside the University, and caused the Paris police—who do not approve of foreign instigators of violence—to be very watchful. Most of the reports have been friendly and very complimentary.

The Paris visit closed on Friday with a crowded reception at the Headquarters, and an E.S. meeting in the new rooms taken for such gatherings. Then we betook ourselves to the train, and were in London soon after 6 A.M. on June 17th. This was the day chosen for the Women's Demonstration, and between sixty and seventy thousand women of all ranks, professions and opinions—united on the one point of opposition to the infliction of political disabilities on women—walked in procession through the London streets from Blackfriars Bridge to the Albert Hall.

The papers, London and provincial, are unanimous in their testimony to the beauty, order, and perfect organisation of the huge array, and speak respectfully of the quiet earnestness, wedded to strenuous determination, shown by the leaders and followers alike. Mrs. Pankhurst and her daughter Christabel, Mrs. Petherick Lawrence, Mrs. Fawcett, Mrs. Despard, all came in for their due recognition. The historical pageants, showing the political position of women in the past in England, and the grouping of over seven hundred women who had suffered imprisonment for claiming a similar position to-day, appealed to the popular

imagination and made a deep impression. The band of Masons, led by myself, showing women's place in an organisation long exclusively masculine, was much admired. Albert Hall, huge as it is, was crowded to excess, and the speaking was distinctly far above the average. Fortunately, a woman does not, as a rule, speak unless she can speak well, so the distressing spectacle of incapable would-be orators is not seen at women's meetings.

On Sunday, the Queen's Hall was packed for the second lecture of the course, and many were again turned away, so it is evident that the Hall is not too large to accommodate all who are interested in Theosophy in London. On Monday, Mrs. Kerr had a drawing-room meeting, at which I spoke on reincarnation, and on Tuesday the first lecture of the course for members only was delivered in the Town Hall, Kensington.

Very wonderful was the Coronation Day, June 22nd, 1911. We were fortunate enough to receive invitations to the Admiralty Stand, so we saw the great procession both on its way to the Abbey and on its return. The prettiest thing was the carriage full of the Royal children, smiling and happy, tumultuously cheered, the Prince of Wales alone looking grave, with a gracious boyish dignity; the most interesting thing was the change wrought by the sacring and crowning on the persons of the King and Queen, from whom radiated a light not present before the ceremony, imparted by the consecration which made him King "by the Grace of God," not only by Act of Parliament. One could not but wonder whether he was conscious of the splendor of the gift he had received.

We saw also the Royal Progress on the following day, from Dane's Inn House, where our hosts were Mr. and Mrs. Faulding. It was truly a splendid pageant, giving a

wondrous picture of the widespread dominions which own King George as Lord. The Indian contingent, both in the Coronation procession and in this, were the most warmly applauded, and deservedly so as regarded their manly beauty, their brilliant attire, and the perfection of their horsemanship: but I liked to think that the applause was partly due to a recognition of India as a dearly-prized part of the Empire.

* * *

To-day we were at another drawing-room meeting, held, this time, by Mrs. Talbot Clifton. A welcome guest there was Mrs. Frederick Myers, the widow of the late well-known writer on psychical research. Life after death was the subject selected, and some interesting questions were asked.

* * *

June 27, 1911

Sunday was very wet, but the rain had no effect on the crowds who thronged to Queen's Hall for the third lecture of the course, on June 25th, on 'The Coming of a World Teacher.' In my long experience of public meetings, I have never known a great audience so wrapt in intensity of interest as that of Sunday last. It was not, however, to be marvelled at, as the forces poured into the hall were so mighty that both the speaker and the listeners were lifted to a plane of thought above the normal.

* * *

An honor paid to any of our members is paid to the whole body, so we chronicle with pleasure the election of our General Secretary in Scotland to the high Office of the Master's Chair in the famous Lodge Canongate Kilwinning, Edinburgh. It is, perhaps, the most famous Masonic Lodge in the world, and to fill its chair is a sign of the high esteem in which the worthy Brother is held in the Craft. Robert Burns was a member of this Lodge in his day, and it is crowded with noble memories. It is pleasant to think of our Scottish Secretary wielding its gavel of authority.



A STUDY IN KARMA

AMONG the many illuminating gifts to the western world, conveyed to it by the medium of the Theosophical Society, that of the knowledge of karma comes, perhaps, next in importance to that of reincarnation. It removes human thought and desire from the region of arbitrary happenings to the realm of law, and thus places man's future under his own control in proportion to the amount of his knowledge.

The main conception of karma: "As a man soweth, so shall he also reap," is easy to grasp. But the application of this to daily life in detail, the method of its working and its far-reaching consequences—these are the difficulties which become more bewildering to the student as his knowledge increases. The principles on which any natural science is based are, for the most part, readily intelligible to people of fair intelligence and ordinary

education; but as the student passes from principles to practice, from outline to details, he discovers that difficulties press upon him, and if he would wholly master his subject he finds himself compelled to become a specialist, and to devote long periods to the unravelling of the tangles which confront him. So is it also with this science of karma; the student cannot remain always in the domain of generalities; he must study the subdivisions of the primary law, must seek to apply it in all the circumstances of life, must learn how far it binds and how freedom becomes possible. He must learn to see in karma a universal law of nature, and learn also, as in face of nature as a whole, that conquest of and rule over her can only be gained by obedience.¹

In order to understand karma, the student must begin with a clear view of certain fundamental principles, from the lack of which many remain constantly bewildered, asking endless questions which cannot find full solution without the solid laying of this basis. Therefore, in this study, I begin with these, though many of my readers will be already familiar with them, through previous statements of others and of myself.

The fundamental conception, on which all later right thinking on karma rests, is that it is law—law eternal, changeless, invariable, inviolable, law which can never be broken, existing in the nature of things. It is the want of this conception which makes the uninformed Theosophist say: "You must not interfere with his karma." But whenever a natural law is working, you may interfere with it just so far as you can. You do not hear a person say solemnly: "You must not interfere with the law of gravitation." It is understood that gravitation is one of the conditions with which one has to reckon, and that one is perfectly at liberty to counteract any inconvenience it may cause by setting another force against it, by building a buttress to support that which otherwise

¹ "Nature is conquered by obedience."

would fall to the ground under the action of gravitation, or in any other way.

When a condition in nature incommodes us, we use our intelligence to circumvent it, and no one ever dreams of telling us that we must not "interfere with" or change any condition which we dislike. We can only interfere when we have knowledge, for we cannot annihilate any natural force, nor prevent it from acting. But we can neutralise, we can turn aside, its action if we have at command another sufficient force, and while it will never abate for us one jot of its activity, it can be held up, opposed, circumvented, exactly according to our knowledge of its nature and working, and the forces at our disposal. Karma is no more 'sacred' than any other natural law; all laws of nature are expressions of the divine nature, and we live and move within them; but they are not mandatory; they are forces which set up conditions amid which we live, and which work in us as well as outside of us; we can manipulate them as we understand them, and as our intelligence unfolds we become more and more their masters, until the man becomes super-man, and material nature becomes his servant.

Much confusion has arisen in this matter, because, in the West, 'natural' laws have been regarded as apart from mental and moral laws, whereas mental and moral laws are as much part of natural law as the laws of electricity, and all laws are part of the order of nature. Natural law has been, in many minds, confused with human law, and the arbitrariness of human legislation has been imported into the realm of natural law. Laws affecting physical phenomena have been rescued from this arbitrariness by science, but the mental and moral worlds are still in the chaos of lawlessness. Not a divine command, but the immanence of the divine nature, conditions our existence, and where prophets have laid down moral laws, these have been declarations of inevitable sequences in the moral world, known to the prophet, unknown to his

ignorant hearers; because of their ignorance, his hearers have regarded his declarations as arbitrary commands of a divine lawgiver, sent through him, instead of as mere statements of fact concerning the succession of moral phenomena in a region as orderly as the physical.

Law, in the secondary social sense, is an enactment laid down by an authority regarded as legitimate. It may be the edict of an autocrat, or the act of a legislative assembly; in either case the force of the law depends on the recognition of the authority which makes it. Among the Hindūs we find the ideas both of man-made and natural law. The King, in the conception of the Manu, is an autocrat, and the subject must obey; but above the King is a Law to which he in his turn must be obedient, a Law which acts automatically and is in the nature of things. In spite of his autocracy, he is bound by the supreme Law, which will crush him if he disregards it. Weakness oppressed is said to be the most fatal enemy of Kings; the tears of the weak sap the foundation of thrones, and the suffering of the nation destroys the ruler. The physical and the super-physical worlds interpenetrate each other, and causes set going in the one bring about results in the other. The King and his Council in ancient India made the laws of the State, but these were artificial, not natural, laws; they were binding on the subjects, and were enforced by penalties, but such laws differ wholly from natural law. It seems a pity that one word should be used for two things so different as natural and artificial laws, yet they are clearly distinguishable by their characteristics.

Artificial laws are changeable; those who make them can alter them or repeal them. Natural laws are unchanging; they cannot be altered nor repealed, but lie in the nature of things. Artificial laws are local, while natural are universal. The law in any country against robbery may be enforced by any penalty chosen by the legislator; sometimes the hand is cut off, sometimes the thief is

sent to gaol, sometimes he is hanged. Moreover, the infliction of the penalty is dependent on the discovery of the crime. A penalty which is variable and artificial, and which may be escaped, is obviously not causally related to the crime it punishes. A natural law has no penalty, but one condition follows invariably on another; if a man steals, his nature becomes more thievish, the tendency to dishonesty is increased, and the difficulty of being honest becomes greater; this consequence works in every case, in all countries, and the knowledge or ignorance of others as to the theft makes no difference in the consequence. A penalty which is local, variable and escapable is a sign that the law is artificial, and not natural.

A natural law is a sequence of conditions; such a condition being present, such another condition will invariably follow. If you want to bring about condition No. 2, you must find or make condition No. 1, and then condition No. 2 will follow as an invariable consequence. These sequences never vary when left to themselves, but if a new condition is introduced the succeeding condition will be altered. Thus water runs down a slanting channel in accordance with the force of gravitation, and if you pour water in at the top, it will invariably run down the slope; but you can obstruct the flow by putting an obstacle in the way, and then the resistance which the obstacle opposes to the force of gravitation balances it, but the force of gravitation remains active and is found in the pressure on the obstacle. The first condition is called the cause, the resulting condition the effect, and the same cause always brings about the same effect, provided no other cause is introduced; in the latter case, the effect is the resultant of both.

Karma is natural law in the full sense of the term; it is Universal Causation, the Law of Cause and Effect. It may be said to underlie all special laws, all causes and effects. It is natural law in all its aspects and in all its subdivisions; it is not a special law, but a universal

condition, the one law whereon all other laws depend, of which all other laws are partial expressions. The *Bhagavad-Gītā* says that none who are embodied can escape it—Shining Ones, human beings, animals, vegetables, minerals, are all evolving within this universal law; even the Logos Himself, embodied in a universe, comes within a larger sweep of this law of all manifestation. So long as any one is related to matter, embodied in matter, so long is he within karmic law. A being may escape from or transcend one or other of its aspects, but he cannot, while remaining in manifestation, go outside this law.

This universal Law of Causation binds together into one all that happens within a manifestation, for it is universal inter-relation. Inter-relation between all that exists—that is karma. It is therefore co-existent, simultaneous, with the coming into existence of any special universe. Therefore karma is eternal as the Universal Self. The inter-relation of everything always is. It never begins; it never ceases to be. "The unreal has no being; the real never ceases to be." Nothing exists isolated, alone, out of relation, and karma is the inter-relation of all that exists. It is manifest during the manifestation of a universe; as regards that universe, it becomes latent in its dissolution.

In the All everything is always; all that has been, all that now is manifest, all that will be, all that can be, all possibilities as well as all actualities, are ever in being in the All. That which is outwards, the forth-going, existence, the unfolded, is the manifested universe. That which is as really, although inwards, the infolded, is the unmanifested universe. But the Within, the Unmanifested, is as real as the Without, the Manifested. The inter-relation between beings, in or out of manifestation, is the eternal karma. As Being never ceases, so karma never ceases, but always is. When part of that which is simultaneous in the All becomes manifested as a universe, the eternal inter-relation becomes successive, and is seen as cause and effect.

In the one Being, the All, everything is linked to everything else, everything is related to everything else, and in the phenomenal, the manifested universe these links and relations are drawn out into successive happenings, causally connected in the order of their succession in time, i.e. in appearance.

Some students shrink from a metaphysical view such as this, but unless this idea of eternal Being, within which all beings ever are, is grasped, the centre cannot be reached. So long as we think from the circumference, there is always a question behind every answer, endless beginnings and endings with a "Why?" behind each beginning. If the student would escape this, he must patiently seek the centre, and let the concept of the All sink into his mind, until it becomes an ever-present part of his mental equipment, and then the universes on the circumference become intelligible, and the universal inter-relation between all things seen from the simultaneity of the centre naturally becomes cause and effect in the successions on the circumference. It has been said that the Eternal¹ is as an ocean, which throws up universes as waves. The ocean symbolises being without form, ever the same. The wave, by virtue of being a part, has form and attributes. The waves rise and fall; they break into foam, and the spray of the waves is as worlds in a universe.

Or we may think of a huge waterfall, like Niagara, where the mass of its torrent is one ere it falls, and then it divides into innumerable drops, which separately reflect the light; and the drops are as worlds, and the rainbow they make is the many-colored life. But the water is one while the drops are many, and life is one though beings are many. God manifest or unmanifest is one and the same, though different, though showing attributes in manifestation, and attributeless in unmanifestation; the Logos and His universe are one, though He is the unity

¹The Hindū name is Brahman, or, more strictly, Nirguṇa Brahman, the Brahman without attributes.

and the universe the diversity, He is the life and the universe the forms. Out of manifestation karma is latent, for the beings of the manifested are but concepts in the unmanifested; in manifestation karma is active, for all the parts of a world, of a system, of a universe, are inter-related. Science declares that no movement of a part can take place without affecting the whole, and scientifically all are agreed. The inter-relations are universal, and none can be broken, for the breaking of one would break the unity of the whole. The inviolability of natural law rests on its universality, and a breach of law in any part would mean universal chaos.

We have seen that as the manifestation of a universe implies succession of phenomena, so the universal inter-relation becomes the sequence of cause and effect. But each effect becomes in turn a cause, and so on endlessly, the difference between cause and effect not being one of nature but of relation. The inter-relations which exist in the thought of the Eternal become the inter-relations between phenomena in the manifested universe—the portion of the thought put forth as a universe. Before the manifestation of any special universe, there will be, in the Eternal, the thought of the universe which is to be, and its inter-relations. That which exists simultaneously out of time and space in the Eternal now, gradually appears in time and space as successive phenomena. The moment you conceive a universe as made up of phenomena, you are obliged to think of these phenomena successively, one after another; but in the thought of the Eternal they always are, and the limitation of succession has there no existence.

Even in the lower worlds where the measures of time are so different from each other, we catch a glimpse of the increasing limitations of denser matter. Mozart tells us of a state of consciousness in which he received a musical composition as a single impression, although in his waking consciousness he could only reproduce that single

impression in a succession of notes. Or again, we may look at a picture, and receive a single mental impression—a landscape, a battle; but an ant, crawling over that picture, would see no whole, only successive impressions from the parts travelled over.

By simile, by analogy, we may gain some idea of the difference of a universe as it appears to the Logos and as it appears to us. To Him, a single impression, a perfect whole; to us an immense sequence, slowly unfolding. So what is to Him inter-relation becomes to us succession. Instead of seeing childhood, youth, old age as a whole, we see them successively, day by day, year by year. That which is simultaneous and universal becomes successive and particular to our small minds, crawling over the world as the ant over the picture.

Go up a mountain and look down on a town, and you can see how the houses are related to each other in blocks, streets, and so on. You realise them as a whole. But when you go down into the town you must pass from street to street, seeing each separately, successively. So in karma, we see the relations only one by one, and one after another, not even realising the successive relations, so limited is our view.

Such similes may often help us to grasp the invisible things, and may act as crutches to our halting imagination. And out of all this we lay our foundation-stone for our study of karma.

Karma is universal inter-relation, and is seen in any universe as the Law of Causation, in consequence of the successive appearance of phenomena in the becoming, or coming forth, of the universe.

ANNIE BESANT

(To be continued)

THE TYRANNY OF PUBLIC OPINION

WHEN anything occurs to prevent us from doing or saying exactly what we should like to do, we are in the habit of congratulating ourselves that thought at least is free. But this is only another of the many popular delusions. For the average man thought is by no means free; on the contrary it is conditioned by a large number of very powerful limitations. It is bound by the prejudices of the nation, the religion, the class to which he happens to belong, and it is only by a determined and long-continued effort that he can shake himself free from all these influences, and really think for himself.

These restrictions operate on him in two ways; they modify his opinion about facts and about actions. Taking the former first, he sees nothing as it really is, but only as his fellow-countrymen, his co-religionists, or the members of his caste think it to be. When we come to know more of other races we shake off our preconceptions concerning them. But we have only to look back a century to the time of Napoleon, and we shall at once perceive that no Englishman then could possibly have formed an impartial opinion as to the character of that remarkable man. Public opinion in England had erected him into a kind of bogey; nothing was too terrible or too wicked to be believed of him, and indeed it is doubtful whether the common people really considered him as a human being at all.

The prepossession against everything French was then so strong that to say that a man was a Frenchman was to believe him capable of any villainy; and one cannot but admit that those who had fresh in their minds the unspeakable crimes of the French Revolution had some

justification for such an attitude. They were too near to the events to be able to see them in proportion; and because the offscourings of the streets of Paris had contrived to seize upon the government and to steep themselves in orgies of blood and crime, they thought that these represented the people of France. It is easy to see how far from the truth must have been the conception of the Frenchman in the mind of the average English peasant of that period.

Among our higher classes the century which has passed since then has produced an entire revolution of feeling, and now we cordially admire our neighbors across the Channel, because now we know so much more of them. Yet even now it is not impossible that there may be remote country places in which something of that old and strongly established prejudice still survives. For the leading countries of the world are in reality as yet only partially civilised, and while everywhere the more cultured classes are prepared to receive foreigners politely, the same can hardly be said of the mill-hands or the colliers. And there are still parts of Europe where the Jew is hardly regarded as a human being.

It needs little argument to show that everywhere among the less cultured people prejudgments are still strong and utterly unreasonable; but we who think ourselves above them—even we need to be careful lest unconsciously we allow them to influence us. To stand against a strong popular bias is no easy matter, and the student of occultism will at once see why this is so. The whole atmosphere is full of thought-forms and currents of thought, and these are ceaselessly acting and reacting upon every one of us. The tendency of any thought-form is to reproduce itself. It is charged with a certain rate of vibration, and its nature is to influence every mental and astral body with which it comes into contact in the direction of the same vibration.

There are many matters about which opinion is reasonably equally divided, as (for example) the angle at which one should wear one's hat, or whether one should be a Liberal or a Conservative. Consequently the general average of thought on these matters is no stronger in one direction than in another; and about them and other such matters it may be said that thought is comparatively free. But there are other subjects upon which there is an overwhelming consensus of public opinion in one direction, and that amounts to so strong a pressure of a certain set of undulations connected with that subject upon the mental body, that unless a man is unusually strong and determined he will be swept into the general current. Even if he is strong enough to resist it, and is upon his guard against it, the pressure is still there, and its action is still continued, and if at any time he relaxes his vigilance for a moment, he may find himself unconsciously warped by it.

I have explained in the second volume of *The Inner Life* that a man who allows himself to contract a prejudice of this kind on any subject causes a hardening of the matter of the mental body in the part of it through which the oscillations relating to that subject would naturally pass. This acts upon him in two ways; he is unable to see that subject as it really is, for the vibrations which would otherwise convey an impression of it come against this callosity of the mental body, and either they cannot penetrate it at all, or they are so distorted in their passage through it that they convey no real information. Frequently a man cannot think truly with regard to that subject, because the very part of his mental body which he would use in such an effort is already so hardened as to be entirely inefficient, so that the only way to overcome the unfairness is to perform a surgical operation upon that wart in the mental body, and excise it altogether, and to keep for a long time a close watch upon it to see that it is not growing again. If that watch be not kept, the

steady pressure of the thought-waves of thousands of other people will reproduce it, and it will be necessary to perform the operation all over again.

In many parts of the country there is a vast amount of bitter political bias. The majority of the people in a district hold one view or the other (it matters little which) and they find it difficult to imagine that the members of the opposite party are ordinary human beings at all. They are so sure of their own point of view that they appear to think that everyone else must really hold it also, and that it is only out of malice prepense that their opponents are pretending to hold an entirely different view. Yet their own ideas are usually not arrived at by any process of thought or of weighing two lines of policy, but are hereditary, precisely as are most men's religious opinions. There is so much excitement and unpleasant feeling connected with politics in almost every country that the wisest course for the student of occultism is to have as little as possible to do with the whole matter. Not that, if he happens to reside in a country where he has a vote, he should refuse to use it, as many good people have done, because of the mass of corruption which sometimes surrounds political activity of the lower kind. If there is much that is evil in connexion with such affairs, that is all the more reason why every good citizen should use the power that the system has vested in him (however foolish in itself that system may be) in favor of what seems to him the right and noble course.

The occult theory of government, of the politics of the state, is pre-eminently the common-sense view. The management of a country is as much a matter of business as the management of a factory or a school. The country has many points of similarity to a great public school. It exists primarily for the benefit of its people, and the people are put there in order to learn. The head of the country makes whatever regulations he considers necessary to secure its efficiency, and there must be discipline and order

and prompt obedience to those regulations, or there can be no progress. The King is the headmaster. His work is to exercise sleepless vigilance over the welfare of the school, to employ all methods in his power to make it the best of schools. Our business is not to criticise him, but to obey him, and loyally to give our heartiest co-operation in carrying out whatever he thinks best for the good of the country as a whole. The business of a government is to govern; the business of its people is to be good, loyal, law-abiding citizens, so as to make that task of government easy.

A King who thinks of or works for fancied private interests of his own, instead of acting only for his country, is obviously failing to do his work; but remember that any subject who in politics thinks of or works for supposed private interests of his own, and not for the good of the country as a whole, is also equally failing to do *his* duty as a good citizen. As to the outer form of a government, almost any form can be made to work satisfactorily if the people co-operate loyally and unselfishly, forgetting themselves as units and regarding the country as their unit; but no form of government, however excellent, can be successful and satisfactory if its people are selfish and refractory.

All that I have said of race prejudice is also true of religious prejudice, which is indeed in many ways even worse than the other. Very few men choose their religion; most people are born into a religion exactly as they are born into a race, and they have no valid reason for preferring it to any other form of faith; but because it happens to be theirs they arrogantly assume that it must be better than any other, and despise other people whose karma has led them into a slightly different environment. Precisely because this partiality is thus in the air, and because the ordinary man cannot see the pressure of public opinion, the unfairness steals in upon him unobserved and seems to him quite natural, and indistinguishable from an opinion which he has formed for himself on some reasonable grounds.



It is necessary that we should constantly pull ourselves up, and examine our reasons for the opinions we hold. It is so fatally easy to go with the current and to accept other men's ready-made thoughts, instead of thinking for ourselves. "Almost every one does this, so why should not I?" That is the feeling of the average man, and yet if we would be just to all, as a student of occultism must be—if we seek to know the truth on all subjects, as a student of occultism should know it—then we must at all costs root out these prejudices, and keep a lynx-like watch against their return. We shall find ourselves in many ways differing from the majority, because the opinions of the majority are often unjust, ill-conceived, unreliable; but that after all we must expect, for we are setting before us a high ideal, which as yet does not appeal to that majority. If we think on all points as it thinks, and act in all ways as it acts, in what way have we raised ourselves above it, and how can we be drawing nearer to our goal?

More insidious still perhaps is the class or caste bias. It is so comforting to feel that we are somehow inherently and generically superior to everybody else—that no good feeling or good action can be expected from the other man, *because* he is a bloated aristocrat or a member of the proletariat, as the case may be. Here again, as with all the other misconceptions, the study of the hidden side of the matter shows us that what is needed is more knowledge and more charity. The occultist sees a prejudice to be a congestion of thought; what is necessary therefore is to stir up the thought, to get to know the people and try to comprehend them, and we shall soon find that fundamentally there is little difference between us and them.

That there are classes of egos, that some are older and some are younger, and that some are consequently more ignorant than others, it is impossible to deny, for that is a fact in nature, as has been shown by our study

of the order in which different divisions of mankind arrived from the moon-chain upon the earth-chain. But there is a common humanity which underlies all the classes, and to this we may always appeal with the certainty of obtaining some response.

Those who feel sure that they belong to the higher classes of egos must prove their nobility by great tolerance and charity towards the less fortunate younger members of the human race; *noblesse oblige*, and if they are the nobility they must act accordingly. A prejudice is usually so transparently foolish that when a man has freed himself from it he cannot believe that he ever really felt it, and cannot understand how any of his fellow-creatures who have any pretence to reasoning powers can be subject to it. So there is a certain danger that he himself may become intolerant in turn—intolerant of intolerance. The occultist, however, who sees the mighty combined thought-form and understands the almost irresistible power, and yet the curious insidiousness of its action, understands very well the difficulty of resisting it—the difficulty even of escaping sufficiently from its thralldom to realise that there is anything to resist.

Fortunately this almost irresistible pressure of public opinion is not always wrong. In certain directions it is founded not upon the cumulative ignorance of the race but on its cumulative knowledge—on the experience of the generations that have gone before us. Public opinion is undoubtedly in the right when it condemns murder or robbery; and countries in which public opinion has not yet advanced so far as to express itself clearly on these points are universally admitted to be in the rearguard of civilisation. There are still in the world communities in which law and order are only beginning to exist, and violence is still the deciding factor in all disputes; but those countries are universally recognised as undesirable places of habitation and as lagging behind the progress of the world.

There are other crimes besides robbery and murder which are universally condemned in all civilised countries, and in all these directions the pressure exerted by public opinion is a pressure in the right direction, tending to restrain those erratic spirits who might otherwise think only of their desires and not at all of the welfare of the community.

The occultist, seeing so much more of what is really happening, establishes for himself a far more exacting code of morals than does the ordinary man. Many things which the ordinary man would do, and constantly does do, without thinking twice about them, the occultist would not permit himself to do under any consideration, because he sees their effects upon other planes, which are hidden from the less developed man. This is a general rule, though here and there we meet with exceptions in which the occultist, who understands the case, will take steps which the ordinary man would fear to take. This is because his action is based upon knowledge, because he sees what he is doing, while the other man is acting only according to custom.

The great laws of morality are universal, but temporary and local customs are often only ridiculous. There are still many people to whom it is a heinous crime to go for a walk on a Sunday or to play a game of cards. At such restrictions the occultist smiles, though he is careful not to hurt the feelings of those to whom such quaint and unnatural regulations seem matters of primary importance. In many cases, too, the superior knowledge gained by occult study enables him to see the real meaning of regulations which are misunderstood by others.

A good example of this is to be seen in regard to the caste regulations of India. These were established some ten thousand years ago by the Manu in charge of the fifth root-race, when he had moved down the main stock of that race from Central Asia to the plains of

India. This was after the sub-races had been sent out to do their colonising work, and the remnant of the main stock of his race was but small as compared to the teeming millions of Hindustān. Wave after wave of immigration had swept into the country, and mingled freely with the ruling race among its previous inhabitants, and he saw that unless some definite command was given, the Āryan type which had been established with so much trouble would run great risk of being entirely lost. He therefore issued instructions that a certain division of his people should be made, and that the members of the three great types which he thus set apart should remain as they were; that they should not intermarry with one another or with the subject races.

This was the only restriction that was laid upon them. Yet this very simple and harmless regulation has been expanded into a system of iron rigidity which at the present time interferes at every step and in every direction with the progress of India as a nation. The command not to intermarry has been distorted into an order to hold no fellowship with the members of another caste, not to eat with them, not to accept food from them; and not only that, but the great race divisions made by the Manu have been again divided and subdivided, until we are now in the presence of not three castes but a great multitude of sub-castes, all looking down upon one another, all foreign to one another, all restricted from intermarrying or from eating together. And all this in spite of the fact, well-known to all, that within the written laws of Manu (though they contain much which the Manu himself certainly did not say) it is stated quite definitely that the man of higher caste may eat with one of the lowest caste whom he knows to be living in a rational and cleanly manner; and that in the *Mahābhārata* caste is declared to depend not upon birth but upon character.

One's own ploughman, an old friend of the family, one's own cow-herd, one's own servant, one's own barber, and

whosoever else may come for refuge and offer service—from the hands of all such shūdras may food be taken.

(*Manu Smṛiti*, iv. 253).

After doubt and debate, the Gods decided that the food-gift of the money-lending shūdra who was generous of heart was equal in quality to the food-gift of the Shrotriya brāhmaṇa who knew all the Vedas but was small of heart. But the Lord of all creatures came to them and said: Make ye not that equal which is unequal. The food-gift of that shūdra is purified by the generous heart, while that of the Shrotriya brāhmaṇa is befouled wholly by the lack of good-will.

(*Manu Smṛiti*, iv. 224, 225).

Not birth, nor sacraments, nor study, nor ancestry, can decide whether a person is twice-born (and to which of the three types of the twice-born he belongs). Character and conduct only can decide. (*Mahābhārata*, Vanaparvan, cccxiii. 108).

Yet obvious as all this is, and well-known as are the texts to which I have referred, there are yet thousands of otherwise intelligent people to whom the regulations made (*not* by religion but by custom only) are rules as strict as that of any savage with his taboo. All readily agree as to the absurdity of the taboo imposed in a savage tribe, whose members believe that to touch a certain body or to mention a certain name will bring down upon them the wrath of their deity. Yet all do not realise that the extraordinary taboo which many otherwise sensible Christians erect round one of the days of the week is in every respect as utterly irrational. Nor do our Indian friends realise that they have erected a taboo exactly similar and quite as unreasonable about a whole race of their fellow-men, whom they actually label as untouchable, and treat as though they were scarcely human beings at all. Each race or religion is ready enough to ridicule the superstitions of others, and yet fails to comprehend the fact that it has equally foolish superstitions itself.

These very superstitions have done irreparable harm to the cause of religion, for naturally enough those who oppose the religious idea fasten upon these weak points and emphasise and exaggerate them out of all proportion, averring that religion is superstition; whereas the truth

is that there is a great body of truth which is common to all the religions, which is entirely unmarred by superstition, and of the greatest value to the world, as is clearly proved by Mrs. Besant's *Universal Text-Book of Religion and Morals*. This body of teaching is the important part of every religion, and if the professors of all these faiths could be induced to recognise that and—we will not say to abandon their private superstitions—but at least to recognise them as not binding upon any but themselves, there would be no difficulty whatever in arriving at a perfect agreement. Each person has an inalienable right to believe what he chooses, however foolish it may appear to others; but he can under no circumstances have any possible right to endeavor to force his particular delusion upon those others, or to persecute them in any way for declining to accept it.

It therefore becomes the duty of every student of occultism to examine carefully the religious belief of his country and his period, in order that he may decide for himself what of it is based upon reason and what is merely a superstitious accretion. Most men never make any such effort at discrimination, for they cannot shake themselves free from the influence of the great crowd of thought-forms which constitute public opinion; and because of those they never really see the truth at all, nor even know of its existence, being satisfied to accept instead of it this gigantic thought-form. For the occultist the first necessity is to attain a clear and unprejudiced view of everything—to see it as it is, and not as a number of other people suppose it to be.

In order to secure this clearness of vision, unceasing vigilance is necessary, for the pressure of the great hovering thought-cloud upon us is by no means relaxed because we have once detected and defied its influence. Its pressure is ever present, and quite unconsciously we shall find ourselves yielding to it in all sorts of minor matters, even though we keep ourselves clear from it with regard to the greater points. We were born under

its pressure, just as we were born under the pressure of the atmosphere, and we are just as unconscious of one as of the other. As we have never seen anything except through its distorted medium we find a great difficulty in learning to see clearly, and even in recognising the truth when we finally come face to face with it; but at least it will greatly help us in our search for truth to know of this hidden side of public opinion, so that we may be on our guard against its constant and insidious pressure.

All our virtues need widening out so that they will cover a greater area. At first man is frankly selfish, and takes care only of himself. Then he widens his circle of affection, and loves his family in addition to himself. Later on he extends a modified form of affection to his neighbors and his tribe, so that he will no longer rob them, though he is quite willing to join with them in robbing some other tribe or nation. Even thousands of years ago, if a dispute arose within a family the head of the family would act as arbitrator and settle it. We have now extended this as far as our neighbors or our fellow-citizens in the same State. If we have a dispute with any of them, a magistrate acts as an arbitrator, in the name of the law of the land. But we have not yet reached a sufficient state of civilisation to apply the same idea to national quarrels, though we are just beginning to talk about doing so, and one or two of the most advanced nations have already settled some difficulties in this way.

In the same way the brothers of a family stand together; in dealing with one another they will not take advantage, or state what is untrue; but we have not yet reached the level in which they will be equally honest and open with those outside of the family, in what they call business. Perhaps if a man meets another in private life or at a friend's house, and enters into conversation with him, he would scorn to tell him a falsehood; yet let the same man enter his shop or place of

business, and his ideas of what is honorable or lawful for him at once undergo a sad deterioration.

It is clear that a student of the occult who has to engage in business needs to watch what are called business methods very closely, lest the pressure of public opinion on this matter should lead him to perform or to condone actions not perfectly straightforward or consistent with true brotherhood.

This applies also in the case of the public opinion about a particular person. There is an old proverb which says: "Give a dog a bad name and you may as well hang him at once." The truth which it expresses in so homely a manner is a real one, for if the community has a bad opinion of any given person, however utterly unfounded that opinion may be, the thought-form of it exists in the atmosphere of the place, and any stranger who comes will be likely to be influenced by it. The new-comer, knowing nothing of the victim of evil report, is unlikely to begin his acquaintance with him by charging him with specific crimes; but he may find himself predisposed to think ill of him, without being able to account for it, and may have a tendency to place a sinister interpretation upon the simplest of his actions. If we are trying to follow the truth we must be on our guard against these influences also; we must learn to judge for ourselves in such cases and not to accept a ready-made public judgment, which is just as truly a superstition as though it were connected with religious subjects.

An influence which often bears a very large part in a man's life is that of his friends. This is recognised in a popular proverb which says that a man may be known by his friends. I take that to mean that the man usually chooses his friends from men of a certain type or a certain class, and that that in turn means that he finds himself in sympathy with the ideas of that type or that class, and so is likely to reproduce them himself; but it also means much more than this. When a man is with a

friend whom he loves, he is in the most receptive attitude. He throws himself open to the influence of his friend, and whatever characteristics are strongly developed in that friend will tend to reproduce themselves in him also.

Even on the physical plane the belief of a friend commends itself to us merely because it is his belief. It comes to us with a recommendation, which assures for it our most favorable consideration. And the hidden side of this is in truth merely an extension of the idea to the higher plane. We open ourselves out towards our friends, and in doing so put ourselves in a condition of sympathetic vibration with them. We receive and enfold their thought-waves; whatever is definite in them cannot but impress itself upon our higher bodies, and these undulations come to us enwrapped in those of affection; an appeal is made to our feelings and therefore to a certain extent our judgment is for the time less alert. On the one side this may imply a certain danger that an influence may be accepted without sufficient consideration; on the other hand, it has its advantage in securing for that opinion a thoroughly sympathetic reception and examination. The path of wisdom will be to receive every new opinion as sympathetically as though it came from our best friend and yet to scrutinise it as carefully as though it had reached us from a hostile source.

For it must be remembered that superstition is by no means confined to religious matters. Most travelled Englishmen are aware that in certain parts of the Continent there exists a very decided superstition against the admission of fresh air into a room or a railway carriage, even though science teaches us that fresh air is a necessity of life. We know without a shadow of doubt, from scientific teaching, that sunlight destroys many disease germs, and vitalises the atmosphere, so that it is impossible to question that it ought to be admitted to our houses as freely as possible, more especially in those unfortunate countries where we see so little of it. Yet instead of accepting

this blessing and exulting in it, many a housewife makes determined efforts to shut it out when it appears, because of a superstition connected with the colors of curtains and carpets. It is not to be denied that sunlight causes certain colors to fade, but the curious lack of proportion of the ignorant mind is shown in the fact that faded colors are regarded as of greater importance than the physical health and cleanliness which the admission of the sunlight brings. Civilisation is gradually spreading, but there are still many towns and villages in which the superstitious following of the customs of our unscientific forefathers prevents the adoption of modern methods of sanitation.

Even among people who think themselves advanced, curious little fragments of primeval superstition still survive. There are still many among us who will not commence a new undertaking upon a Friday, nor form one of a party of thirteen. There are many who regard certain days of the week or of the month as fortunate for them and others as unfortunate, and allow their lives to be governed accordingly. I am not prepared to deny that a larger number of instances than can reasonably be accounted for by coincidence can be adduced to show that certain numbers are always connected in some way with the destiny of certain persons or families. I do not yet fully understand all that is involved in this, but it would be silly to deny the fact because we have not immediately at hand an adequate explanation of it. Those who are interested in pursuing this question further will find some of the instances to which I am referring in the appendix to Baring-Gould's *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages*.

I do not doubt the existence of what are commonly called planetary influences, for I have long ago explained the hidden side of them; but I say that, while these influences may make it easier or more difficult to do a certain thing on a certain day, there is nothing whatever in any of them or all of them combined that can prevent

a man of determined will from ordering his life precisely as he thinks best. As has been said, the wise man rules his stars, the fool obeys them. To let oneself become a slave to such influences is to make a superstition of them.

Perhaps the greatest and most disastrous of all the taboos that we erect for ourselves is the fear of what our neighbors will say. There are many men and women who appear to live only in order that they may be talked about; at least that is what one must infer from the way in which they bring everything to this as to a touchstone. The one and only criterion which they apply with regard to any course of action is the impression which it will make upon their neighbors. They never ask themselves: "Is it right or wrong for me to do this?" but "What will Mrs. Jones say if I do this?"

This is perhaps the most terrible form of slavery under which a human being can suffer, and yet to obtain freedom from it it is only necessary to assert it. What other people say can make to us only such difference as we ourselves choose to allow it to make. We have but to realise within ourselves that it does not in the least matter what anybody says, and at once we are perfectly free. This is a lesson which the occultist must learn at an early stage of his progress. He lives upon a higher plane, and he can allow himself to be influenced only by higher considerations. He takes into account the hidden side of things of which most people know nothing; and, basing his judgment upon that, he decides for himself what is right and what is wrong, and (having decided) he troubles himself no more as to what other people say of him than we trouble ourselves as to the flies that circle round our heads. It never matters in the least to us what any one else says, but it matters much to us what we ourselves say.

Happily this mighty power of thought can be used for good as well as for evil, and in some ways the

pressure of public opinion is occasionally on the side of truth and righteousness. Public opinion after all represents the judgment of the majority, and therefore the pressure which it exercises is all to the good when it is applied to those who are below the level of the majority. It is indeed only the existence of this mass of sentiment which renders social and civilised life possible; otherwise we should be at the mercy of the strongest and the most unscrupulous among us. But the student of occultism is trying to raise himself to a level much *above* the majority, and for that purpose it is necessary that he should learn to think for himself, and not to accept ready-made notions without examining them. This much at least may be said—that, if public opinion does not yet exact a very high level of conduct, at least the public ideal is a high one, and it never fails to respond to the noble and the heroic when that is put before it. Class feeling and *esprit de corps* do harm when they lead men to despise others; but they do good when they establish a standard below which the man feels that he cannot fall.

In England we have a way of attributing our morals to our religion, whereas the truth seems to be that there is little real connexion between them. It must be admitted that large numbers of the cultured classes in almost any European country have no real effective belief in religion at all. Perhaps to a certain extent they take a few general dogmas for granted, because they have never really thought about them or weighed them in their minds, but it would be an error to suppose that religious considerations direct their actions or bear any large part in their life.

They are, however, greatly influenced, and influenced always for good, by another body of ideas which is equally intangible—the sense of honor. The gentleman in every race has a code of honor of his own: there are certain things which he must not do, which he cannot do because he is a gentleman. To do any of those

things would lower him in his own estimation, would destroy his feeling of self-respect; but in fact he has never even the temptation to do them, because he regards them as impossible for him. To tell an untruth, to do a mean or dishonorable action, to be disrespectful to a lady; these and such as these, he will tell you, are things which are *not done* in his rank of life. The pressure of such class feeling as this is all to the good, and is by all means to be encouraged. The same thing is to be found in a minor degree in the tradition of our great schools or colleges, and many a boy who has been strongly tempted to escape from some difficulty by an act of dishonor has said to himself: "I cannot do that, for the sake of the old school; it shall never be said that one of its members descended to such an action." So there is a good side as well as a bad one to this matter of public opinion, and our business is to use always the great virtue of discrimination, so that we may separate the desirable from the undesirable.

Another point worth remembering is that this great clumsy stupid force of public opinion can itself be slowly and gradually moulded and influenced. We ourselves are members of the public, and under the universal law our views must to some extent affect others. The wonderful change which during the last thirty years has come over modern thought in connexion with the subjects which we study is largely due to the persistent work of our Society. Through all those years we have steadily continued to speak, to write, and above all to think sanely and rationally about these questions. In doing so we have been pouring out vibrations, and their effect is plainly visible in a great modification of the thought of our day. Only those men who are fully ready can be brought as far as Theosophy, but thousands more may be brought half-way—into New Thought, into Spiritualism, into liberal Christianity. In this case, as in every other, to know the law is to be able to wield its forces.

C. W. LEADBEATER

JOHANNESBURG

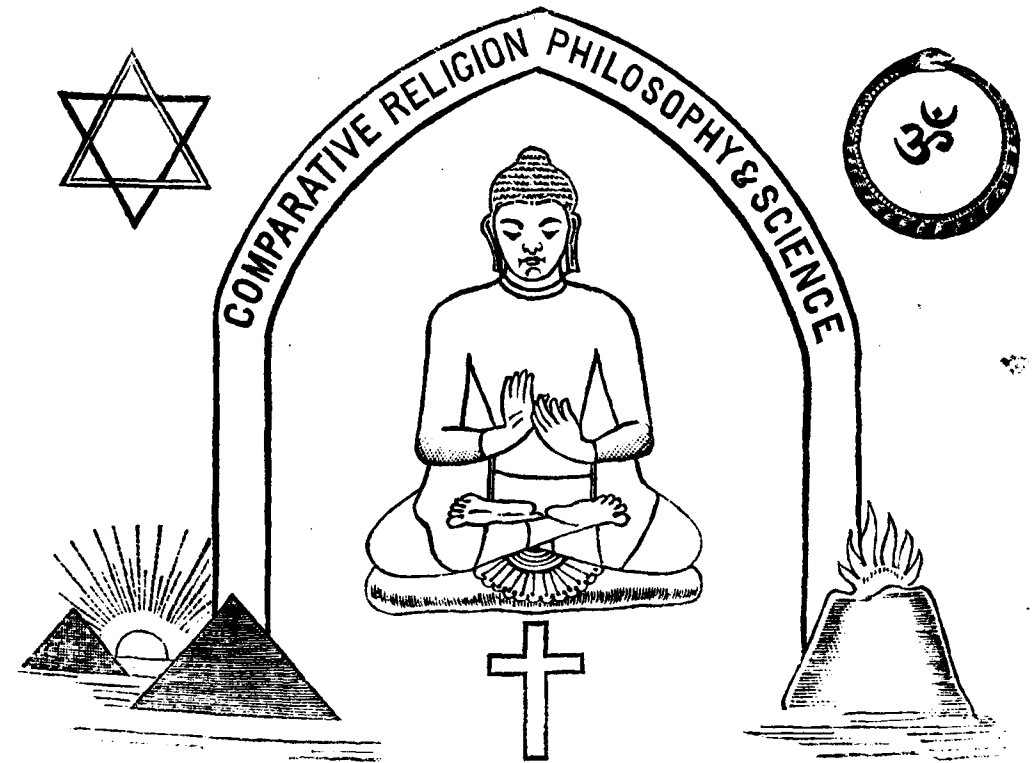
1905

Above the tide of the traffic, above the sound of the street,
In anxious eyes reflected, on every face that you meet,
Out-dazzling even the sunlight, and making the town
look cold,
With his shining, icy glamour, there hovers the Spirit of
Gold.

His eyes have a covetous longing, that covers an aching
greed;
For food, and for thought and for being, red gold is his
bitterest need.
His claw-like hands he outstretcheth as he gathers the
red gold in,
For his golden presence absorbeth this city of golden sin.
Long ago were Art and Music, long ago there were
Beauty and Fame,
But now, 'tis but coins make music, and beauty is only
a name,
And souls are lost in the clamour, as ideals are bought
and sold,
For, obscuring the guileless heavens, soars the greed of
the Spirit of Gold.

His influence awful and subtle increaseth by leaps and
bounds,
And the echo of rapturous praises of his golden name
resounds,
But only his slaves know the tortures that their own
desires compel,
And the end of their greed and their madness, is a golden
and ghastly hell!

ISABEL FOULKES



CATHOLICISM

CHRISTIANITY is the religion born in Galilee nearly
nineteen hundred years ago from the teaching given
forth by Jesus Christ, in opposition to the Jewish priest-
hood. In spite of the persecutions of the Cæsars and
the bitter railings and attacks of rhetoricians and
philosophers, it spread throughout the Roman Empire within
the short space of two centuries, meeting with such a
degree of success that Constantine, the conqueror of
Licinius, considered he was doing a wise and politic act
by declaring himself a Christian, and from that time
forth constituting himself the protector of the religion

which had been persecuted by previous emperors. From the word 'Christ,' by which they designated their divine Teacher, the Christians derived their name, as also that of their doctrine. This latter, said the early teachers of the Church, had a claim alike to the title of 'Catholic,' to that of 'Christian,' as taught by Christ, and to that of 'Apostolic,' as preached by the apostles of Christ; because, according to Clement of Alexandria, Origen, Athenagoras, Minucius Felix and Lactantius, whereas Judaism was a particularism, Christianity is Catholicism, *i.e.*, Universalism, receiving into the same brotherhood all men and nations, and collecting into one body all those truths that had hitherto been scattered amongst different philosophic systems. S. Augustine, in the *City of God* (x. 14), also upholds this interpretation of the word Catholicism in the sense of Universalism, when he writes:

What is nowadays called the 'Christian Religion' was in existence amongst the ancients, and has never ceased to exist from the very origin of the human race, until, Christ himself having appeared, they began to designate as 'Christian' the true religion which had hitherto been in existence.

This was the reverberating echo of the early Christian teachers; of Justin Martyr, for instance, who says in his first *Apology* § 46:

Christ, the First-Born of God, is Reason, the Logos, in whom the whole of mankind participates. All who have lived in conformity with Reason are Christians, even though they may have been looked upon as atheists. Such, among the Greeks, are Socrates, Heraclitus, etc.

Had he been acquainted with them, he would have given the same name to all the great philosophers, Initiates and teachers of China, Persia, India, and of all nations, East and West alike.

Christianity, regarded in this light from the intellectual point of view, was identical with what the Alexandrian School, before the time of Jesus Christ, called Theosophy; the sole intellectual authority for Christians and Pre-Christians alike; it was the 'Divine Wisdom,' the Light

of God irradiating human reason. The *First Epistle of S. Paul to the Corinthians*, more particularly the 14th chapter, bears witness to this mental attitude, for it acknowledges that the Spirit of God is free to reveal Himself. Indeed, there is no doubt, from the theoretical point of view, that the revelations of God are not under the control of men. For instance, we find S. Paul ordering the Corinthians to allow the prophets entire freedom to speak even in unknown tongues, whilst the teaching of the *Didachē*,¹ xi. 7, is that one must neither condemn nor even judge a prophet under penalty of committing the unpardonable sin. Nevertheless, continues the *Didachē*, since every man who speaks in the name of the Spirit is not necessarily inspired by God, there is forced upon us the practical necessity of judging those who lay claim to divine inspiration (*Didachē*, xi. 8), and S. Paul had also said that prophets must be judged (I *Corinthians*, xii. 10, and xiv. 29) that a true believer must "prove all things, hold fast that which is good" (I *Thessalonians*, v. 21). Herein lay the intellectual freedom of the early Christians; but herein also lay their peril. According to the oldest and most authentic documents dealing with the life of the primitive Church, the prophets (the inspired ones) are the "high priests of the Christian communities" (*Didachē*, xiii. 3). They need no administrative right for the performance of the liturgical functions of worship; they celebrate the Eucharist and improvise the prayers accompanying "the breaking of bread" (*Didachē*, x. 7).

The Spirit of God, directly inspiring all believers of every race and class, was indeed the performance of the promise, the realisation attributed to Jesus (*S. John*, xvi. 13; *Acts of the Apostles*, i. 8; ii. 4; x. 44; xi. 15; etc.). In this early constitution of the Christian Society, the settled and local hierarchy by no means held the place it has

¹ The Teaching of the Twelve Apostles: the title of the oldest Church manual, a post-Apostolic production, which, after having been lost for 800 years, was discovered in 1873 by Bryennios, Bishop of Nicomedia.—(TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.)

won for itself since that far-off time. It is the Holy Spirit which chooses, at will, apostles, prophets and teachers, and gives them authority over the faithful in every country and tongue throughout the universal Church. In contradistinction to these itinerant ministers, the local dignitaries of the communities are chosen for and by the community to which they belong; they are chosen by election, in which all the faithful participate, (II *Corinthians*, viii. 19; *Acts of the Apostles*, xiv. 23; *Epistle of Ignatius of Antioch to the Philadelphians*, x. 1; *To the Smyrniots*, xi. 2; *To Polycarp*, vii. 2); they are subordinate to the inspired ministers of the word, whose delegates they may be in the celebration of the Eucharist and the presidency of the assemblies on the first day of the week. "It is for this," says the *Didachē*, xv. 1 "that bishops and deacons are needed to perform the different ministries, in the absence of the ministers of the word." The true speciality of the bishops and deacons—the *Didachē* does not mention the priests, nor does it state anything regarding the respective rights of bishops and deacons—consisted of a moral magistracy and charitable aid as regards the faithful in their own group: it was not yet an administrative authority, but rather a post of devotion and edification; the entire community alone could judge, excommunicate, or inflict penance upon any member thereof.

Nor was theology any more official or tyrannical than the administrative organisation in the early years of the Catholic Church. When Noëtus, the heretic, at the end of the second century, is cited to appear before the priests of Smyrna to give a reason for his innovations, the priests merely confront him with their traditional formulary, consisting of five or six short articles, and simply add: "We teach what we have learnt." No scientific speculation, but only the affirmation of the Fatherhood of God, the Messiahship of Jesus, baptism by water and the Spirit, Christian brotherhood, forgiveness of sins by repentance, and life eternal free to all.

In this early Christianity, it is universally admitted that the gnosis, or theological science, is something quite different from Christian faith: just as there is no necessity for a babe to become acquainted with the physiology of woman, in order to know and love his mother, so there is no necessity to dissect the Infinite and to become acquainted with cosmology and scholastic theology, in order to believe that there is a God, the Father of Life, Fount of all beauty and virtue, to love this God and acknowledge that He became manifest in that ideal man, Christ Jesus, "that man approved of God, that man with whom God was," as we find simply stated in the *Acts of the Apostles*, ii. 22; x. 38. It was not the Apostles or preachers, nor even the primitive teachers who wished to turn the Christian Church into a purely religious and social work, a School of Philosophy. It was the laity, philosophers by profession, who, defending Christianity as a society in the name of human right, also wished to glorify it as a religious philosophy, and embarked first upon dialectic and then upon exegesis. It was certainly not the ecclesiastical hierarchy that took this initiative in human science; only at a later period, when the subtleties of the Greek mind began to unsettle the faith of the simple-hearted, were the hierarchs (upon whom the entire burden of the Christian communities fell, on the disappearance of the inspired prophets) induced to deal with these scientific discussions, and afterwards, hoping to put an end to all discord, they took upon themselves to substitute authority for science, and to explain administratively questions that were anything but administrative in their nature.

The conversion of the Emperor Constantine was destined to bring about—as it actually did—this perversion of the original simplicity. In the year A.D. 325, in order to put a stop to the discussions of the Christians regarding the divinity of Christ, he gathered together at Nicæa, in Bithynia, a number of bishops, two hundred at first, though they finally numbered three hundred and eighteen,

out of a total of about fifteen hundred in the Christian society of that period. It was the decrees of this Council, sanctioned by the Emperor, that began the official theology which was absolutely added on to primitive Christianity, and henceforth, instead of attributing the title of Catholic to the universalistic doctrine, which summed up in a perfectly simple form of instruction the truths contained in every religion, this same Council decreed—after the likeness of the universal Empire, that of Constantine—a Universal Church (in Greek, the word for Universal is Catholic) constituted by the bishops, whose functions during the past ten years, and doctrines from that day henceforward, were officially recognised by the Universal, or Catholic, Emperor. The three hundred and eighteen bishops who, at Nicæa, assumed the title of the Catholic Church, had not yet imputed to themselves infallibility; that was a step to be taken at a later date; they contented themselves with uttering anathemas against all who did not recognise their theology. As a large number of Councils, subsequent to the one held at Nicæa, gave forth contradictory doctrines, including the so-called “œcumenical” Councils—another Greek word meaning Catholic, or Universal—the last of these, held in Rome in the year 1870, restricted the claim of infallibility to the Bishop of Rome, the Pope, speaking *ex cathedra*—that is, as the Council explains, addressing himself, as Sovereign Pontiff, to all the faithful throughout the world, and commanding them, under penalty of anathema, to believe any doctrine which he distinctly defines in express terms as part of the Catholic faith. The present Pope, Pius the Tenth, by the authority of the same Council, looks upon all the bishops of the Catholic world as his delegates, and they all acknowledge themselves to be simply his vicars, without any right or authority beyond what he in his sovereign authority is pleased to grant them. The priests, too, are absolutely dependent on the bishops, whereas the faithful have no rights whatever; they have only the duty of blind faith and obedience.

And this, in the twentieth century, is the characteristic note of the Christians who attribute to themselves the somewhat contradictory title of Roman Catholic—Catholic meaning Universalist, and Roman being a particularism—and who, by acknowledged custom, are called simply Catholics. A real comparison of the present state of Catholicism with its starting-point, even with the Imperial Council of Nicæa, and still more so with the Apostolic Council referred to in the New Testament, (*Acts of the Apostles*, xv.) makes the divergence as serious as it is undeniable. Only in the Middle Ages began the evolution culminating at the present time in papal autocracy.

The word ‘pope’ is a Latin word, meaning simply ‘father;’ at first every bishop, even every priest, assumed this title. In the eighth century, the Bishop of Rome had no particular title; it was John the Eighth who, at the Councils of Pavia and Rome—A.D. 876 and 877—was the first to be called ‘Papa universalis’ by his Italian suffragans; replying to John the Faster, the Byzantine patriarch, who called himself the Universal Bishop, S. Gregory the Great—A.D. 590 to 604—declined that title, which he regarded, he said, as opposed to the rights of all bishops.

Still, it was the force of circumstances, quite as much as human ambition, which gradually brought about the supremacy of the Pope of Rome. First, there was the struggle of the Europeans against the claims of Constantinople, which had become the residence of the Emperor; then, the necessity of establishing in Europe an ecclesiastical organisation capable of overawing the barbarians, and substituting itself for the political hierarchy it had overthrown; then again, tradition, which regarded Rome, many years even before the time of Jesus Christ, as the capital of the world; shortly afterwards the recognition of Christendom, founded over all Europe by Latin missionaries; later on, the support, nay, even the opposition of the European Emperors, established along with Charlemagne by the Bishop of Rome; and lastly, most

important of all, the preaching, theological teaching and disciplinary power of the religious congregations, mainly Jesuits, who, with greater skill and efficacy than the Inquisition, brought all who upheld social and political order as well as religious tradition under the absolute authority of the Pope, their pretext being that they were defending Catholicism against Protestantism or Free-Masonry.

Consequently, through the action of the men who represent it, Catholicism has come to be regarded in the public mind as the personification of Religious Absolutism, just as Tsarism is political absolutism; whereas the law of the primitive Christianity of S. Paul and S. John was the law of universal freedom and brotherhood: "God, the Father of all men, who are brethren as being sons of the same Universal (in Greek, Catholic) Father."

As at present constituted, the Catholic Church is a Theological School, an administrative hierarchy of rather too absolute a type; it has almost or entirely suppressed that variety of biblical interpretation and scholastic opinion which gave interest and life to religious study up to the time of Thomas Aquinas and Bonaventura; it has degraded the Mysteries, imparting them even to little children; and it imposes on the intellectual the erroneous understanding of the vulgar, and even their utter lack of comprehension. To minds, however, that are able and willing to perceive the secret meaning hidden away beneath forms and formulas, the Catholic tradition, even at the present time, has preserved the revelations of Divine Wisdom, and the liturgy of the various rites has handed down, along with psychic asceticism, the sacraments or sacred instruments of Union and Communion with God.

THE SACRAMENTS

"A Sacrament," says the Catholic *Catechism*, "is a sensible sign appointed by Our Lord Jesus Christ for the imparting of grace to our souls." The Christian Initiate will understand by "Our Lord Jesus Christ" not only the man, Christ Jesus of Nazareth, who appeared in

Judæa nineteen hundred years ago in order to restore the primitive religion, but also that eternal Christ who ~~was~~ yesterday, is now and shall be eternally the same for ever, as says the *Epistle to the Hebrews*, xiii. 8. Besides, however ignorant he be regarding divine secrets, the humblest Catholic, if he worthily prepares himself and comes with pious heart, will receive, through the mystic formula and the sacramental substance, an inflowing of psychic, spiritual and divine life—of supra-terrestrial might, in a word; and this life in order to enter the physical plane and these earthly conditions of ours, must adapt itself—as does the ether in giving life to the blood and the sunbeam in bringing light to the eye—to our physical plane and environment, the normal or abnormal conditions of our human nature.

Annie Besant, in her *Esoteric Christianity*—Chapters xii and xiii—gives a perfectly true explanation of the *rationale* of Sacraments and of their religious efficacy. Consequently it is not necessary to insist on this now. She also demonstrates the existence of Sacraments in pre-Christian religions, so we need not demonstrate it over again. I will give Catholicism the credit of having retained all the Sacraments of the Early Religion; on account of the abuses to which they gave rise, the Protestants suppressed four of the whole seven; still, were it a wise thing to do away with everything that men misuse, the entire seven would have had to be suppressed, and the human race along with them!

The testimony of the Christian Fathers enables us to establish the existence of seven rites of a sacramental nature from the first organisation of Christianity: Baptism, Confirmation, the Eucharist, Penance, Extreme Unction, Orders and Marriage.

1. Baptism, says Origen, regarded as "the principle and origin of the divine charismata"¹ for the soul that

¹ Charismata are gifts or powers bestowed by the Holy Spirit for use in the propagation of the truth or the edification of the church, as in working miracles, healing, prophecy, or speaking with tongues, as in the Early Church.—TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.

is buried in matter, is preceded by exorcisms, the purpose of which is to denounce and drive out the principles of corruption which man has brought with him into this world, or which have been implanted within him by the evil beings that dwell on the astral plane, the one next to the earth. In former times, Baptism was effected by the immersion of the whole body in the baptismal font, when there was only one postulant or just a few; when the catechumens came in large numbers, on Easter Eve and at Whitsuntide, water was simply poured upon the head, as is done now-a-days, or they were sprinkled with it; but it was the custom to use holy water that had been expressly blessed for that special purpose. In order to offer greater security to the pledge, which, by their Baptism, the neophytes contracted towards the Christian Society or Church, godfathers and godmothers became sureties for the promises entered into by the newly-made Catholics. There was a significant custom, peculiar to Italy, whereby the neophyte, after being baptized, received a piece of money; a symbol of the spiritual capital entrusted to him, which it was his duty to fructify, in accordance with the Gospel injunction: "Lord, thou deliveredst unto me five talents; behold, I have gained beside them five talents more." From the fourth century onwards the catechumen, before receiving the baptismal water, turned to the West and said: "Satan, I renounce thee and thy bondage;" then, looking to the East, he added: "O Christ, I give myself to thee."

Whether from hesitation before the pledges to be entered upon, or from superstition regarding absolute purification and the immediate certainty of heavenly bliss which catechumens attributed to the sole act of Baptism, the fact remains that many of them, from the time of Constantine to the invasion of the barbarians, postponed the taking of this sacrament until they lay on their death-bed. The present-day Catholic *Catechism* orders that it be administered to babes at as early an age as possible in order to

cleanse them from the sin of Adam; it is even the general teaching of theologians that the child who dies unbaptised is eternally excluded from heavenly bliss, by reason of this so-called original sin, which not one of them has committed, though all have inherited it from the first human couple.

And so we find, in a Catholicism whose native grandeur has become dimmed, a number of mediocre theologians who have done away with the inspired prophets and have themselves taken the places of the Initiates; for indeed nothing but mediocrity of mind and coldness of heart could be so absurd and blasphemous as to represent God as a tyrant who creates human beings in order to damn them by regarding them as born, without any other personal responsibility, of parents who at the beginning of the human race ate fruit in a garden at the instigation of a serpent. So, too, we find in the first theological dogma of so-called original sin, the rational motive that causes intelligent men to break away from this degraded Catholicism, which converts the God of Jesus into a judge and torturer even more unjust than those who judged and tortured Jesus himself.

According to primitive Catholicism, sin could only be personal, and not atoned for by proxy; and innate vices and defects, as well as natural virtues and good qualities, in human souls were the result of their former lives. That the child, even on becoming a man, no more remembers his former lives than he does his nine months' existence in his mother's womb, is certainly a feebleness of objection than the one of injustice brought by all reasonable beings against the scholastic dogma of hereditary sin and everlasting fire. Theological Dogmatism is to Catholicism what leprosy is to the physical body. Pure Catholicism was the tradition of universal Revelation, handed down by Jesus; and (as is shown by the diversity of particular natures in that general unity, the human species) universal tradition distinguishes four different categories in mankind: at the

lowest stage, human beings just evolved from animals—those who were animals in their last incarnation; secondly, reincarnated human beings, who bring into their present incarnation the good or evil results of their former existences; thirdly, beings that have fallen, through their own fault, from a higher world into our earth; fourthly, beings from higher worlds sent on to our planet for a special purpose.

2. Confirmation. "Until the fifth century, infant baptism was exceptional" (Kraus, *Histoire de l'Eglise*, i. 190), and the preparation and teaching given to the catechumens generally lasted three years, and it was entrusted to teachers remarkable for intelligence and knowledge; Origen, for example, was engaged upon this work for many years in Alexandria. Baptism by the Spirit in the case of disciples thus prepared immediately followed upon Baptism by water; after the gift of psychic purity, this constituted the gift of spiritual light: "Sacramentum spiritus." At the dawn of Christianity, the Spirit visibly came down from Heaven in the form of flashes of light, tongues of fire (*Acts of the Apostles*, ii. 3; and x. 44). The apostles, however, "chosen vessels" (*Acts of the Apostles*, ix. 15), and dispensers of the divine Spirit dwelling within them, after purification by Baptism, communicated this Divine Spirit, which is the true life, and this they did by the laying on of hands (*Acts of the Apostles*, viii. 17). Instead of the divine, the human sign has continued until now; and bishops lay their hands on children of about twelve years of age, in the Sacrament called by Catholic theologians 'Confirmation,' which, *ex opere operato* as they say—that is, by the act in itself—confers the seven gifts of the Spirit.

Unfortunately, the efficacy of the episcopal sign is no longer manifested as it was in the days of the Apostles; consequently, certain theologians, more positive than scholastic, more spiritual than administrative, are now of opinion that children being baptised as a token of

their entrance into Christian Society, at the request of parents, and without any participation on the part of the children themselves, who had not then attained to the age of discretion—the second Sacrament, if it is to deserve its title of 'Sacrament of the Spirit,' and its name of 'Confirmation,' ought indeed to be—after a long and serious catechesis like the one that formerly preceded Baptism—the voluntary and well-considered adhesion, given knowingly by men of mature age to Catholic teaching and discipline. It might be that under these more serious conditions the layings on of hands by the bishops would be fewer in number. Certainly the 'perfect Christians' now-a-days produced by confirmation are mostly, whatever the *Catechism* may say, in so slight a degree either perfect or Christian, that under a less administrative régime quality might advantageously be made to take the place of quantity.

3. The Eucharist. Baptism and Confirmation gave the right of entrance into Christian Society; to obtain this admission, one had to be proved worthy and elected by the members of the Society. From that time forward he ceased to be called either a catechumen or a received candidate; he was one of the elect, and, *de facto*, belonged to the Church, to the Society of the Elect—for this is the meaning of the Greek word *Ecclesia*. Hitherto he had not been allowed within the meetings for the purpose of worship, the object of which was a secret never disclosed to the profane. This law of secrecy gave rise to the most ridiculous accusations on the part of the heathen. Origen himself, in his *Homilies on the Bible*, maintains the prescribed degree of discretion in the simple formula: "The Initiates know what I mean" (*Homily*, viii. §4, On the Exodus). What, then, was the mystery in these meetings of Initiates, in this official prohibition of the profane?

S. Paul writes to the Corinthians (I. xi. 23—27):

For I have received of the Lord that which also I delivered unto you, that the Lord Jesus, the same night in which he was betrayed, took bread: and when he had given

thanks, he brake it, and said, Take, eat; this is my body which is broken for you: this do in remembrance of me. After the same manner also he took the cup, when he had supped, saying, This cup is the new testament in my blood; this do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me. For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death till he come. Wherefore whosoever shall eat this bread and drink this cup of the Lord unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord. But let a man examine himself, and so let him eat of that bread and drink of that cup. For he that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to himself, not discerning the Lord's body.

After this mention of the mysterious secret, the Apostle is compelled to confess that many of the recently converted Christians are incapable of rising to these sublime heights, and that most of them have no desire to do so. From the very first there was seen the disadvantage of not following the example of the Master, who had invited all His listeners to sit down and in brotherly fashion partake of food for the nourishment of the body (*S. Matthew*, xiv., xv; *S. Mark*, vi; *S. Luke*, ix; *S. John* vi.); but had summoned to partake of the Lord's Supper none but the twelve apostles—not even the seventy disciples (*S. Matthew*, xxvi; *S. Mark*, xiv; *S. Luke*, xxii).

In most of the meetings at Corinth, as S. Paul informs us (*I Corinthians*, chap. xi. 16—22), and probably elsewhere, the Lord's Supper was omitted, and the brotherly repast itself consisted of nothing more than discussions between the brethren and the humiliation of the poor by the rich. The intellectualists of Hellenism converted to Christianity themselves quickly understood, and also brought the 'episcopate' or directors of the brotherhoods to understand that the Lord's Supper must be kept distinct from the love-feasts or *agapæ*, and that the celebration of the Sacrament must be made a true cult, strictly reserved for those worthy to partake thereof and invested with the liturgies which, in all great religions, accompanied and symbolically explained the offering of bread and wine to the Supreme God, the Father of life (*Genesis*, xiv. 18; *Epistle to the Hebrews*, vii).

This was the origin of the liturgies which then began to develop, bringing into being both in East and West such different rites regarding the three identical acts of offertory, consecration and communion.

The contentions of which S. Paul complained did not cease on that account. "If any man seem to be contentious," wrote the Apostle (*I Corinthians*, xi. 16), "we have no such custom, neither the churches of God." But as the Spirit of God was silent, the human mind took utterance in words, and dissertations took the place of inspiration. The new adepts, drawn to the Christian Society by its organisation, which would now-a-days be called 'socialistic,' mostly belonged to the people; there were even slaves amongst them. "Simplices ne dixerim imprudentes et idiotæ, quæ major semper credentium pars est," writes Tertullian shortly afterwards (*Contra Præeam*, iii). It was indeed difficult for such ordinary minds to grasp the secrets of divine Science; pagan converts were convinced that in "the breaking of bread," it was really Jesus' body of flesh that was broken anew as it had been on 'the cross, and that when partaking of the Lord's Supper they received this material body and blood, just as in pagan sacrifices the priests handed round to all present the flesh and blood of the sacrificed victims.

The Gospel according to John, as well as all the great Teachers down the ages, teach that the Logos *Prosphoricos*, the divine Logos, capable of being externalised, is present in the Eucharist as He was in the Man-Christ Jesus; no longer in a body of flesh for the manifestation of the divine Word and the teaching of divine Science, but in the mystery of the bread and wine for the communion of divine Love; no longer in a single superhuman man, chosen above all others in this world, but in the material food common to all men, for the purpose of inspiring, feeding and developing in them the hunger and thirst after everlasting life.

Just as infinite light spread throughout the infinitude of space finds its embodiment in the sun, so the manifested God, the Logos capable of being externalised, is embodied in the Man-Christ Jesus; and just as the sun, shedding his glory throughout the boundless ether, makes each particle of air a vehicle, a body luminous with his own living light, and pours it upon us (by way of our eyes for the most part, but also through every pore of the body) making it one with us and giving us life; so the Heavenly Logos, the Exterior Word of God, interpenetrating the bread and wine, effects their transubstantiation, and animates them with His own divine life. Consequently, He converts them into His own body and blood, for they are united to His own divine life more closely than the flesh and blood of a man are united with his life, and the soul, tortured by desire for the Beyond, and the Spirit, prepared by the thirst after the divine, enter into communion, through the semblance and rite of the Sacrament, with the hidden God, the dreamed-of Infinite, boundless life and stainless love, all-purity, all-beauty and all-goodness.

There can be said of this divine communion especially what S. Paul says of the union of man and wife: "This is a great mystery; but I speak concerning Christ and the Church." Accordingly it far surpasses the understanding, the ideas and feelings of the vulgar; and the falling away of the Spirit, as nominal Christians grew in numbers, compelled those of the Christian Church, who were inspired by God, to raise up again for the reception of the Eucharist the very barriers which had been thrown down for the reception of Baptism. The sanctity of the Lord's Supper gave rise to two other Sacraments: Penance and Orders.

4. Penance. S. Paul had said: "Probet autem seipsum homo, et sic de pane illa edat et de calice bibat."—"But let a man examine himself, and so let him eat of that bread, and drink of that cup." According to a less

authenticated text in the Gospel later attributed to S. John, Jesus, after his resurrection, says to his disciples: "Receive ye the Holy Ghost; whosoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whosoever sins ye retain, they are retained" (*S. John*, xx. 22, 23). Not one of the three synoptics relates this saying of Jesus, but if it be authentic it is evident that the interpretation that has become general amongst Catholics cannot be accepted. The ritual absolution pronounced by the priest—as all theologians agree—is of no effect unless the sinner is repentant; it is useless, for the sin is already pardoned in the case of the sinner who is fully contrite. The Gospel of the Spirit, then, simply means that the true Apostle, filled to overflowing with the breath of God, purifies souls by casting out, with the aid of this divine breath, the ideas, desires and interior results of the sin or psychic evil. Unfortunately, very few saints throughout the centuries have been in possession of this gift of the Spirit; and the facts of every-day life abundantly prove that the liturgical formula does not alter the psychic reality.

The early Church, nearer than we are to the authentic sources of information, did not think it had the right to remit interior sins; this right is attributed to God alone. When a Christian had committed an exterior wrong, capable of doing harm to any of his brethren, or above all, of dishonoring the name of Christian, he had to make:

Solemn confession thereof in the assembly of the brethren, and public penance was exacted, of a very humiliating, even very rigid nature, often lasting twenty-five years, sometimes throughout life; nine years for simple fornication (*Kraus, Histoire de l'Eglise*, 9th French edition, i. 1927).

When Popes Calixtus and Cornelius thought they could pardon, under very painful conditions, the libellers and even the renegades in the persecutions of Severus and Decius, it was more especially to the martyrs and the whole assembly of the faithful, not merely to the bishop and priests, that these two pontiffs attributed this power of pardon, and it was in the name of all the brethren

that the deacon was empowered to grant pardon to the dying (Batiffol, *Études d'Histoire et de Théologie Positive*, 2nd edition, i. 43 and 143).

When persecution and martyrdom were replaced by the protection of the Cæsars, and the covenant with the imperial administration gave administrative form to the Church—now become an official power—the rights of the people gradually died away, and ecclesiastical functions became an aristocratic, hierarchical organisation, a delegation of superiors to their vicars; no longer a democratic organisation and charge conferred by the votes of 'all the members of the Community' or 'Catholic Church.' Formerly the whole assembly of the brethren together imposed their hands on the heads of priests or deacons elected for some sacred function; henceforth, the bishops alone reserved to themselves the right of ordaining priests and deacons; later on, only the patriarchs could ordain the bishops, and so what theology calls Ordination or the Sacrament of Orders took precise form. The true minister is always the Holy Spirit, but since the manifestations of the Holy Spirit are no longer general, as at the origin of Christianity, over the whole of the assembled community, the hierarchs centralised the right that had lapsed, reserving to themselves alone the power to confer the Spirit of God.

Henceforward, Penance, like the Eucharist, also assumed another form. S. Paul reproached the Christians of Corinth for not thinking of celebrating the Lord's Supper at their meetings; this celebration was henceforth reserved for the bishop surrounded by his priests, and there were strictly defined conditions, non-accordance with which involved the exclusion of the 'laity'. The confession of secret sins to a 'penitentiary priest' was one of these conditions; and here began an evolution which became more and more complicated, a degree of administrative interference which has caused the rights of Christian reason and liberty in the government of conscience to mean very little to Roman Catholics at the present time.

Amongst the Orientals, even those subject to the Pope of Rome, it is the custom to confess sins (not aloud, doubtless, though in public) kneeling on the step of the sanctuary before the priest who is seated, listening to them. The brevity of this preparation is in striking contrast with the intolerable length of the eucharistic celebration. For the purpose of confession in the Latin Church, the small cabinet called the 'confessional' has been introduced by the Jesuits, and here those who go to confession stay a considerable length of time, for confession is complicated by the questionings of the priest, the result being that the confessor has become a spiritual adviser more than anything else.

5. Orders. This rôle of confessor and spiritual adviser has now-a-days become, amongst Catholics, the main occupation and influence of the priest. S. Paul had not anticipated this result when he wrote to his disciple Timothy:

Neglect not the gift that is in thee which was given thee by prophecy, with the laying on of the hands of the presbytery. Meditate upon these things; give thyself wholly to them; that thy profiting may appear to all. Take heed unto thyself and unto the doctrine; continue in them; for in doing this thou shalt both save thyself and them that hear thee. (1 Timothy, iv. 14, 15, 16).

S. Paul, however, was afraid that the youthfulness of his disciple might not command the degree of respect demanded by his post. Indeed, the very word, presbyter, means in Greek, older (comparative of presbys=old); and though in the Latin Church the present custom has prevailed of conferring priesthood on young men of twenty-three years of age, by imposing the vow of celibacy from the time of their subdeaconship at the age of twenty-one, still, the Roman breviary itself condemns the practice, reminding us that Pope Leo the Great insisted on a forty years' test before granting the vestal veil to a cloistered nun. The Orientals, too, even those subject to the Pope of Rome, required that the candidate should either be married or have reached the age of forty years,

before conferring subdeaconship on him. And so we find the condition of celibacy to be peculiar to the Latin rite. What constitutes priesthood is the uninterrupted transmission of the psychic virtue or spiritual charisma, conferring the divine influx on the words, rites and substance of the liturgy, and effecting sacramental transubstantiation in the consecrated bread and wine. Annie Besant and Mr. Leadbeater, who are at the head of Theosophy in Europe at the present time, have proved the survival of the original efficacy of this sacrament by experiments which confirm the existence of the efflux of light which, in Catholic Churches, radiates from the host and the chalice after the consecration. Says Annie Besant:

If a clairvoyant examines what takes place when a Sacrament is administered, he sees that when the words of consecration are uttered and the sign of authority is given, a visible change takes place in the consecrated object; this is specially noticeable in the Mass or the Holy Communion. (*Mélanges Théosophiques*, édition française de 1910, p. 101).

6. Marriage. The letter of Ignatius of Antioch to Polycarp (ii. 5), proves that from the second century onwards the Christian man and wife asked the episcopate for a special blessing. "Nevertheless," says the theologian Henri Klée (*Histoire des Dogmes*, ii. 404) "it was not until the sixteenth century that the doctrine of marriage received its definite, dogmatic form, at the Council of Trent." Unfortunately, marriage in Church, amongst nominal Catholics, has to all intents and purposes become a purely mundane formality. To be truly religious, marriage must not be a matter of propriety, vanity or interest, but rather a union of love. The words 'amour' (love) and 'âme' (soul) spring from the same root. In order that love may be really true, it is the souls of the lovers that ought to love each other; it is really to souls that religion applies; the union of the two souls alone sanctifies the union of the two bodies. The exterior benediction is not sufficient, and the frequency of divorce, even amongst Catholics, is a present witness to the small

number of marriages, even of those blessed by the priest, that are true Sacraments.

7. Extreme Unction. The theologians of scholastic Catholicism have no real sense of proportion; they have regretfully abandoned the dogma they held before the time of Galileo, that the earth is the centre of the world, and that not only our sun but all the stars move round the earth; and yet they still teach that a single life on earth is, for every soul, both the beginning and the definitive decision of eternal destiny. Reason may regard as excessive and somewhat unjust this adjustment in a few hours of an endless future; but the Catholic liturgists, if not the dogmatists, are overcome with emotion in spite of themselves, and the sacramental prayers are really touching, when, as death is about to separate the soul from its body, the priest kneels by the dying man's side, and then, as though to mitigate the pain of separation, pours holy oil over all the limbs wherein the soul is still dimly living the physical life.

The Christian School of Alexandria, in the second and third centuries, believed in pre-existence and reincarnation; in the time of Origen neither the bishops nor the faithful forbade the teaching of this doctrine in their catechises, nor has any *ex-cathedra* definition condemned it since that time. The Council held at Alexandria against Origen, with his enemy Theophilus at its head, consisted only of provincial bishops, and, whatever its decrees may have been, they have not come down to us. At Constantinople, in the year 545, it was a provincial council, directed by the patriarch Mennas, which, by order of the Emperor Justinian, also condemned certain doctrines attributed to Origen. The fifth so-called œcumenical Council, which met at Constantinople in the year 553, was therefore the only one summoned by the enemies of Origen and of reincarnation. Now, we are in possession not only of the transactions of this Council, but also of the minutes of each of its eight sessions, and in not a single one of

these do we find either the name of Origen or even the most superficial examination of any article of his doctrine. A complaisant copyist, however, in the final designation of authors examined and condemned, after the names of Arius, Eunomius, Macedonius, Apollinaris, Nestorius and Eutyches, adds that of Origen at the end. The proof that this is a purely arbitrary addition lies in the fact that all the persons after whom Origen is mentioned lived subsequently to himself, so that his name ought to have come before them, not after.

From sheer credulity the Roman theologians, copying one another without taking the trouble to make a critical investigation, condemned Origen; whilst the Roman Catholics, either from indifference regarding the dogma of Purgatory, or incapacity to understand it, believe themselves under the obligation of rejecting the truly Catholic—that is, universal—teaching of the plurality of lives.

THE MYSTERIES

The Religion of Jesus, which by its rapid propagation was brought into contact with Greek philosophy, could not be restricted to that social morality the Early Christians called 'charity,' 'brotherhood,' or even to the mystic psychology represented by the Sacraments. From the second century onwards, theologians were called upon to present dissertations on God and the metaphysical relations they conceived to exist between God and Christ, the Founder of their religion. This is the origin, both human and divine, as is everything of a transcendental nature that appears in this world—of the three mysteries: the Trinity, the Incarnation and the Redemption. The *Acts of the Apostles*, when quoting the earliest apostolic preaching, simply call Jesus: "A man approved of God," "with whom God was," ii. 22, and x. 38. In the case of converted Jews, Baptism was administered simply in the name of Jesus Christ, the Son of God (viii. 37) when an apostle uttered the formula that has now become liturgical: "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Breath"—

for Spiritus, in Latin, and Pneuma, in Greek, mean Breath. The Father meant the invisible God, the Son meant Jesus, and the Holy Spirit meant the Breath of God then manifested by "tongues of fire" in the heavens, and by the inspiration given to baptised believers.

To carry the Gospel to the Greeks, however, it was necessary to philosophise after the fashion of their own philosophers; the *Epistles of S. Paul*, especially the one to the Ephesians, and later on the *Gospel of S. John*, show us the beginnings of this Christian metaphysic or Theosophy. The persecutions and practical organisations of the second and third centuries drew away the thoughts of the bishops from these abstractions; no sooner, however, had Constantine declared himself the protector of the Christians, than the Greek mind began to practise its subtlety on the absolutely simple doctrine which the traditional teaching had hitherto been, and not only bishops and teachers but even the mass of the people with their vague notions of Neo-Platonism, began so ardently to dispute regarding the Begotten and the Unbegotten that, in order to put an end to these disputings, the Emperor summoned and presided over the first Episcopal—so-called œcumenical—Council. From this Council and the four that followed it, all held in the East, sprang the theology of the three mysteries: the Trinity, the Incarnation, and Redemption.

1. The Trinity. Philosophically, reason reveals to us God as the source of Being, in the triple form of Being (Life), Thought, and Love in the unity of a single substance or essence. The first œcumenical Council at Nicæa formulated this unity in express terms, commanding it to be taught that in God there is "one single hypostasis"; 'hypostasis' is the Greek equivalent of the Latin word Substantia, 'Substance'. The following œcumenical Councils, for fear of confounding "Father, Son and Holy Spirit," commanded it to be believed and taught that in God there are "three hypostases," thus denying

the infallibility of the first Council; and the Catholic *Catechism* of the present day, translating the Latin word 'persona' by the word 'person,' which has quite a different meaning, teaches that there are "three persons in God." Pope Pius the Tenth orders that children of seven years of age, before partaking of the Lord's Supper, should be made to recite this metaphysic, which is altogether unintelligible not merely to children, but to the vast majority of mankind. Unfortunately, this popular teaching has degraded the transcendental meaning of the divine mysteries, interpreting them in a way absolutely indefensible not only by Initiates but by any really intelligent man. The Catholic priest answers even the most respectful questions with the dilatory plea: "Believe, but do not try to understand;" thus giving the intelligence anything but an intelligent part to play in the Church of the present time.

2. The Incarnation. All religions teach that God is manifested in creation; our spirit feels him present in each of us; the history of mankind shows him as incarnate, in a special manner, in the transcendental men called Messiahs in Hebrew, and Christs in Greek; the early believers were convinced that the Man-Christ Jesus was a more perfect incarnation of God than all other incarnations. This was a theology within the reach of all. The spirit of strife descended into Christians when the Spirit of God withdrew; first the Councils, then the theologians, and finally elementary catechisms, engage in dissertations on the unity of person and the duality of nature in Jesus Christ in so intelligent and enlightened a fashion that Jesus and God are altogether synonymous in the minds of most Catholics.

3. The Redemption. The great philosophies of the East, and the Neo-Platonic philosophy, the *résumé* of them all, taught that the creation of worlds and beings by the Exteriorisable God, the Logos Prosthypicos, was a true crucifixion of His divinity, a burial and death inflicted

by Him on His eternal life, by His voluntary descent to the lowest stage of unconscious if not inert being, afterwards to rise again by evolution and mount step by step, in progressive ascent, to the Bosom of the Father, and eternal union with the transcendent God.

Christianity, a religion as well as a philosophy, which consequently is positivist and not only idealistic, sets forth this metaphysic as physically realised, first by the incarnation and crucifixion, then by the resurrection and ascension of the Logos in the man Jesus, the Word of God. S. Paul says distinctly to the Neo-Platonist philosophers he meets throughout Asia and Greece:

We not only preach Christ, but Christ crucified in the Man-Christ Jesus for the redemption of all throughout the world, and on earth for the destruction of social slavery in Christian brotherhood, for the uplifting of souls by the abounding grace of the sacrifice of the crucified Jesus.

This theology of the great Apostle was bound to lose something of its sublimity when spread broadcast amongst the ignorant and simple-minded: the mystery, however, endures in all its beauty beneath the popular interpretation and realisation. The mystery of the cross is still the mystery of spiritual and social redemption for all, on to the end of time, as an atonement made to God the Father by the willing immolation of Jesus, as well as by the idea and the virtue of sacrifice which the preaching of the Cross will eternally spread amongst the nations.

The idea of the atonement of Jesus Christ to God his Father for the sins of men, and of his substitution as victim in the place of guilty humanity, is set forth in every possible form by the early Christian teachers. The Reformers carry to such extremes their ideas on the atonement of Christ for man, that they even look upon Him as enduring the pains of hell; they by no means ascribe eternal salvation to good works or human virtues, but solely to faith in the merits of Christ. Catholic theology

teaches that through the merits of Jesus Christ, God accords to all men the grace of justification, and that no one is either excluded from salvation or predestined to evil (Council of Trent; Session vi, canon 17).

From this logic might perhaps deduce plurality of lives, since the majority of men are so little worthy of, or qualified for, heavenly bliss, if we are to judge by the virtues they now possess. Were theologians to regard this logical conclusion as heresy, perhaps Catholics might have the right to say in reply that the Inquisition—an institution of far greater official importance than all the teachings of theologians—condemned Galileo's opinion "that the earth was not the centre of the world and was not immovable" as an absurd and false proposition from the philosophical point of view and destructive to faith from the theological standpoint (*La question de Galilée* par Henri de l'Espinois, pp. 156—161). A Catholic, even when confronted with a formula of faith, and not merely an affirmation by theologians, should ever bear in mind that unity of formula does not do away with diversity of interpretation. A treatise on classic theology teaches this *ex professo*, and affords an example of it by maintaining an opinion held by the Jesuits and seemingly opposed to a decree of faith given by the Council of Florence (*Elementa theologiæ dogmaticæ*, auctore Francisco Xaverio Schouppé, Societatis Jesu, 4th edition, ii. 120).

In Catholicism it is the ignorance of the faithful that constitutes the authority of theologians, and the clergy show great lack of intelligence when they degrade and even ridicule the noblest dogmas of Esoteric Christianity: the Eternal Masculine incarnate in the Man-God, Jesus; and the Eternal Feminine, personified in the Immaculate Virgin, Mary.

DR. ALTA

165109

"GROUND OF APPEARANCES"

THE philosophy of Mr. E. D. Fawcett should be particularly interesting to modern Theosophists because of its taking into account nearly all of their more important problems. This is, indeed, the only philosophical system so far existing in the genesis of which Theosophy has played an important, though often negative, part. One might point to Dr. Steiner as the philosopher of Theosophy. But a recent academical critic (Prof. Lutoslawsky) seems to be right in stating that the only unobjectionable way of treating Dr. Steiner is by regarding him not as a philosopher, but as a sort of prophet or religious instructor. Mr. Fawcett, on the other hand, is a born philosopher who repudiates everything smelling like a dogmatic statement with an energy which, in our opinion, has carried him just a little too far.

Mr. Fawcett's former standpoint, as explained in his book *The Riddle of the Universe*, may be shortly characterised by his words on palingenesis as "the expression of the progress of the Universal subject, or Metaconscious, to self-realisation through Monads." In the place of the Monads we find now the centres, and in the place of the Metaconscious the ground, and we hear no longer of a Universal subject nor of its 'self-realisation,' palingenesis being however, maintained with even greater emphasis than before.

Why has Monadism been abandoned? Because our philosopher has made the discovery that the "discrete self-contained centres" called Monads do not exist; that "the statement that I appear in a self-contained Monad

See *Mind*, edited by Prof. G. F. Stout, April 1911, pages 197—211, and E. D. Fawcett, *The Individual and Reality*.

does not express an empirical fact," it being, on the contrary, just as well imaginable that my centre is *not closed* except in that "the conscious processes of alien centres, *as they are for themselves,*¹ do not appear in it." My centre is spatial, and it is literally invaded by the contents of contiguous centres, just as it penetrates these.

The Metaconscious, on the other hand, has changed in a less perceptible way. It is still the Subconscious transforming itself into the universe, but it has become more problematical and accordingly received the less definite name 'ground'. It is no longer (if it ever really was) the one entity, the one subject of idealistic philosophy, but a chaos of genetic possibilities, a mere "mind-stuff" which in itself, as a whole, has no pursuit or tendency whatever except that to change. If, then, the system was before called "a synthesis of Leibnitz and Hegel,"² not only Leibnitz but also Hegel must now be said to have abdicated.

In an article which has recently appeared in the philosophical journal *Mind* Mr. Fawcett makes a further step forward with regard to the ground, his main contention being, so he informs us, "that Nature and conscious individuals are evolved in time out of what can be best likened—not to a Cosmic Reason or Will, but—to *Imagination*. "For note that from *Imagination* it seems practicable to derive all appearances, while if you try to 'deduce' anything (*e.g.*, Krug's pen) effectively from Reason or Will or a unity of a Logical Idea and Will or what not, you fail utterly." The ground, then, is a giant Cosmic Imagination whose creative work we individuals "are continuing within our small territories."

This is doubtless a grand hypothesis, but it is not 'revolutionary,' as Mr. Fawcett proudly calls it (p. 203). It was proclaimed as early as 1877 by the German philosopher Jakob Frohschammer in a work entitled *Imagination*

¹ Italics ours.

² *The Riddle of the Universe*, p. 305.

as the *Fundamental Principle of the Cosmic Process* and this was followed by *Monads and Cosmic Imagination* and similar works, and finally the *System of Philosophy in Outline* which appeared in 1892, one year before Frohschammer died. It is extraordinary that Mr. Fawcett evidently knows nothing of the works of this Bavarian thinker, but this of course makes his attempt the more interesting. However, it is, after all, not surprising that a philosopher who wants for his Cosmic Principle some name from psychology, after rejecting Reason, Will, and Will+Reason (Hegel, Schopenhauer, and Ed. v. Hartmann) hits at last upon Imagination. For, what else was left? And if we ask what has been gained by the new hypothesis, it is in reality not much more than the name. Neither Ed. v. Hartmann nor any other remarkable philosophical critic has accepted Frohschammer's hypothesis. It suits Fawcett, because it enables him to characterise the ground with one word as both 'mind-stuff' and creative, but in speaking of 'the giant Cosmic Imagination' he relapses into Absolutism, forgetting that his pluralistic ground is nothing like a Subject, in relation to which alone the word imagination has any meaning for us.

The ground, whether we call it Imagination or otherwise, has hardly any right to existence. This has been occasionally felt by Mr. Fawcett himself, as on p. 250 of *Individual and Reality* where he says that the ground "may be myth." As a consequent thinker he should have dropped it altogether. The Metaconscious was necessary, because the relations of the Monads could not be explained otherwise. But from the moment you have no longer Monads "without windows" but centres "open to all the winds that blow," the reason for which the Metaconscious has been postulated falls away, and a sworn enemy of all Absolutism, as Mr. Fawcett has more than once declared himself to be, should have been glad to get rid once for all of all grounds and similar metaphysical concepts.

For let us not deceive ourselves by supposing the ground to be anything else but a last remnant of a standpoint with which Mr. Fawcett has broken, a shadowy Absolute. We do not see that any necessary use of it is made in the system. It becomes, on the contrary, obvious everywhere that it can be dispensed with, as in the chapter on Penetration (*The Individual*, etc., p. 141) where the author informs us in a foot-note that the ground has been left out of the question "for the sake of simplicity." In another place (*Ibid.* p. 253) we learn that "the ground serves to explain how conscious centres are kept apart." But may these not be kept apart by subconscious centres or eventually by space? Is not ground a mere collective designation for the totality of subconscious centres and germs of such? If so, why not become Pluralists openly and frankly and cease altogether to speak of a ground? Is it because then we cannot tell whence the centres arise? But must they arise from somewhere? And are we omniscient? May not, as both Vedānta and Buddhism teach, the palingenetic chains be without beginning, or without a recognisable beginning? Or may not centres arise from centres, through the destruction of centres, as new solar systems are said to arise out of the cosmic mist into which their predecessors had been dissolved?

There is another grave difficulty besetting the ground, and it is this. "An 'Harmonious System of Selves,'" says Mr. Fawcett (*The Individual*, etc., p. 260) "is not the basic fact of the universe." The primeval ground appears, on the contrary, to be or have been "almost a chaos anteceding cosmos; an arena of warring differences rather than a harmony" (*Ibid.*). And the relation of manifest Nature to this primeval ground is not that of the actual to the potential. The ground does not contain what it is to become, *except to a certain extent*. It does not contain "late forms of reality," "but it was such that it passed inevitably in the time-process into

these;" it was not a "mere chaos," but ever contained, as primeval as itself, "a germinal system which is to change into a Nature and individuals in most respects differing from itself." "The nature of things shows itself to have been no original chaos" (*loc. cit.*, p. 408). Now this means giving with the one hand what has been taken away with the other. Consequent thinking cannot accept such mid-courses. If the ground changes itself into Nature according to a "system" and "inevitably," well, then Nature is contained in it potentially, then Determinism is a fact, then we are driven back to the very Absolute which the author has dismissed so emphatically.

And there is a further consideration which should lower considerably our estimation of the ground. The latter is said to transform itself into Nature, to "abdicate its throne" by slowly passing into experience, and we hear even of a "history of the universe" and of a "far-off divine event" when the goal will be reached and all individuals will have amalgamated, so to speak, into one conscious "Absolute." And then? Well, then the ground as well as "time-succession" will have disappeared and all will be, well, just as it seems to have been before *mundus cum tempore* arose. But this is a conclusion in which we cannot possibly acquiesce, though Mr. Fawcett may be right in telling us that "the matter is seemingly not one of practical concern" (*loc. cit.*, p. 261). Being no Pragmatists we have to continue our path by inquiring now after the *beginning* of the ground. Mr. Fawcett leaves it *in dubio* whether or not there was such a beginning, and he discusses instead the beginning of what in his system corresponds to the Indian 'Day of Brahman.' This cannot help us. But there is, of course, no possibility of denying that a ground like the one described by him, even setting aside the "divine event," must have had a beginning. The question then arises: "Whence did it come?" and, it being meaningless to answer "From nothing," we have to state that there must be a still deeper and more lasting ground than the

one taught by the author. It is the Mūlaprakṛti of Indian Philosophy, the First Logos of Theosophy, at which we have arrived here.

It is, besides, a misleading statement that "appearances, if they reveal anything, support this history" of the universe. We know of a history of mankind, of our planet, and perhaps of our solar system; but to jump from here to a totality of all celestial systems and bodies, is a step to which experience surely does not compel us and which is the more surprising and questionable in an essentially pluralistic metaphysics like Mr. Fawcett's, which in this point we might expect to agree with Buddhism, with its plurality of unconnected cosmic systems (Cakkavālas). It does not help us at all to speak of a 'history' of that which is infinite in either space or time or both of them. We may, on the other hand, imagine an island in infinite space arising out of the void, having a "history" and disappearing again, but it is clear that we are able to do so only on the conscious or silent presupposition that the 'void' is not merely space, not merely a condition, but the infinite source of existence. And there is no good in objecting that the source may not be infinite. For then we should anyhow be compelled to go further back from it, immediately or mediately, to an infinite source, and so it becomes obvious once more that the ground is not what it claims to be.

Pluralism is unsatisfactory, and it is remarkable how energetically philosophy has ever since endeavored to get beyond it, though this is exactly the standpoint of 'common-sense.' Mr. Fawcett's ground too, appears to owe its existence before all to this "monistic trend in the human thinking of the world" (Windelband). But at the same time there was the idea that from the One the Many must be derivable (unless the idea of the One would not "work"!), and this was unduly insisted upon. The ground, says the author is "a variety-in-unity, a Many-in-the-One—(with the emphasis on the Many)—rather

than a unity-in-variety, or One-in-the-Many." But the "emphasis on the Many" has succeeded in practically abolishing the One. We fail to discover how the ground is a unity at all except in a purely materialistic sense as a heap of "mind-stuff." We need not wonder, indeed, at the statement that the ground is "not a fit object of worship"!

Mr. Fawcett does not want "an Absolute," and surely his ground cannot well be mistaken for one, but it is an error to believe that the ground *excludes* the idea of the Absolute. It leaves, on the contrary, plenty of room, not, indeed, for 'an Absolute' but for *the* Absolute. It is the *prōton pseûdos* of Mr. Fawcett that from the Absolute, as from his ground, the differences of the world must be derivable. This must, on the contrary, *not* be the case, because an Absolute used for empirical explanation shows by this very fact that it is *not* absolute. We agree with him though for quite a different reason, in rejecting the "Absolutes" of European philosophy. And we hold fast to the Absolute of strict Advaita and of *The Secret Doctrine*¹ principally because the foremost problem of philosophy, the problem of the substance, defies solution without this hypothesis.² We say this, of course from a standpoint which Mr. Fawcett does not approve, because he believes that he has done with the doctrine of the "categories." But we cannot admit that his treatment of this subject is adequate, and we trust that he will change his opinion after having studied some more modern works on it, such as Ed. v. Hartmann's admirable *Kategorienlehre*.³ Indian Absolutism, it may be added here, owes its origin not, as do

¹ Was perhaps the seeming superfluity of the Absolute in this system the first cause of Mr. Fawcett's treating it as a *quantité négligeable*? I confess I do not know what the "modern theosophical Absolutes" are of which he speaks in the note on p. 293 *loc. cit.*

² F. Otto Schröder *Mâyā-Lehre und Kantianismus*, p. 22 ff.

³ The *Philosophy of the Unconscious* so often quoted by the author has in Germany long since been classed with philosophical romances. It represents the first period of a philosopher who was becoming constantly more scientific and less popular. The *Kategorienlehre* (1896) was his last great work. (We do not agree with his metaphysics, but only, to a certain extent, with his epistemology).

some (not all) Western "Absolutes" (*The Individual, etc.*, p. 292), to a *metabasis* from logics into metaphysics, nor to any philosophical construction at all, but to the natural conviction or feeling characteristic of deep religious natures that plurality and change cannot be real in the highest sense, but point to something else altogether different on which they ultimately rest. That *this* Ground has nothing whatever to do with the "frozen reality" by which Mr. Fawcett designates the Absolute (*loc. cit.*, p. 294), need hardly be explained. We cannot say what the Absolute *is*, but only what *contradicts* our idea of it. Nor is the Absolute in the "fix" (*loc. cit.*, p. 293) of having either to contain "all sorts of content just as they are" or to hold these "transformed." Such alternatives do not exist for it, because there is logically no possibility of any relation at all between the Absolute and the world (as the totality of Nature manifest and unmanifest). The moment you think of any, you dethrone the Absolute by imagining the world as somehow existing *beside* it. And the moment you identify it with the world, it is likewise dethroned. How it is different from the world and yet not different—this is the great enigma which no philosophy will ever be able to explain. One must be badly caught in the net of empiricism to deny that the problem of the One and the Many points to an eternal mystery.

Mr. Fawcett's hypothesis of the ground, then, appears to us not very fortunate. But we are not blind, therefore, to the many good sides of his philosophy, though we must here renounce the discussion of them. We gladly confess that *The Individual and Reality* is one of the most attractive and instructive philosophical works we have ever read, and one of the few with regard to which one might repeat what Schopenhauer said of his system, namely, that it has such a broad basis that it will keep its value irrespective of all shortcomings which might be discovered in it.

DR. F. O. SCHRÄDER



RENTS IN THE VEIL OF TIME

THE LIVES OF ORION

XV

THE island of Poseidonis was again chosen as the birth-place for Orion, who was born in 9603 in the hill country in the north, among the white race from which the Aryans had been segregated. Sirius had been born fifteen years earlier in another valley not a hundred miles away, but they knew nothing of one another until many years later. Orion's father Betelguense had a large estate, and lived upon it in the old patriarchal style, with many retainers and vast herds of cattle and flocks of sheep. She was

a handsome child, very active and healthy, and learned, when very young, to be a daring rider. The father idolised the child, and the mother Sagittarius gave way more than was wise to the imperious little will. All the servants vied with one another in trying to find pleasures for her, gratifying all her whims and fancies.

Naturally she became vain and wilful, resisting any sort of control and insisting upon having her own way, even in the most unimportant details. If anyone told her to do anything, she at once wanted to do exactly the opposite, even though her reason showed her that the request was reasonable. Her little schemes rarely failed, so she was generally good-tempered and kindly disposed, but when crossed she was sulky and even passionate at times. Altogether she was certainly self-centred and inconsiderate, though capable of strong affection. Various young men fell in love with her, and it is to be feared that she distinctly enjoyed playing them off one against the other. Before she was sixteen, her coquetries had already led to a fight between two aspirants for her favor, Hebe and Stella, in which the latter was killed. Many blamed her in the matter, and she was indignant that it should be so. However, about this time she herself began to fall in love with Atalanta, who was an eligible young man, and probably her character would have been greatly improved thereby. But just at this crisis the valleys were invaded by the Toltec armies.

These white races of the north always maintained a good deal of independence, even though nominally subject to the Toltec emperor. But perpetual quarrels arose as to the amount of tribute to be paid and the manner of its collection, and occasional Toltec expeditions were the result. The country was so irregular and difficult to traverse that it was never permanently occupied by the armies, but descents were made at intervals upon individual estates, the people were killed and cattle were seized. Such a descent was made upon the ranch of Orion's

father; he, the lover and many others were killed, and all the younger women were captured and carried down to the city as slaves. A month previously the same expedition had raided the valley where Sirius lived, and she had been carried off in exactly the same way. She had been assigned to the harem of Eta, a rich Toltec, and plunged into a life of servitude of the most intolerable character. She suffered much, but tried to bear it philosophically, hoping always for some amelioration of her condition.

It happened that Orion was given over to the same man, or bought by him, so she and Sirius met for the first time in this life. Orion was filled with indignation, and was in a condition of passionate protest against all the outrages offered her. The brutal passions of the master and his boon companions, and the venomous spite of the elder and more neglected wives (among whom were Daphne and Gamma), made the life a very real hell; and the petted and idolised girl, whose every wish had been law, seemed almost unable to endure the change. Her pride and caprice were quickly crushed out of her, and she was compelled to instant obedience to the most abominable demands, but the passionate sense of outrage never left her for a moment, and by the end of a week she was half-insane with the horror of it all—in fact, had already made two attempts at suicide.

Then she met Sirius, and the fact that they were country-women at once drew them together. Sirius had suffered in the same way, but being older and less delicate, and seeing that escape seemed utterly impossible, was trying to make the best of a very bad situation, though watching with unceasing vigilance for any opportunity that might present itself. She was filled with pity for poor Orion, so young and beautiful, and so unused to hardships of any kind. She tried hard to protect her and make her lot more bearable, often contriving to offer herself as a substitute for her, so as to save her some

at least of the unnecessary horrors of their life. Orion clung to her country-woman in return with an eager gratitude and devotion that was beautiful to see—a welling up of unselfish affection such as her pampered life on the estate had never evoked. Sirius spared no efforts to shield her, but even with all that she could do, it became increasingly evident as the weeks rolled on that Orion could not bear the strain, and would presently sink under it. The free and joyous child of the mountains was becoming a shrinking and terrified creature who started at a shadow and burst into tears at a sudden sound.

The penalty of an unsuccessful attempt to escape would be death by unspeakable tortures, and the effort seemed so hopeless that Sirius had never seriously contemplated the idea; but compassion and love for Orion made her willing now to risk even these awful consequences in the hope of saving her from the insanity or death which seemed imminent. They spent much time in consultation over the problem as to how escape could be attempted, and Sirius at last conceived a plan which, though desperate enough, seemed not quite absolutely impossible. To get out of the house at all was their first great difficulty, but even if that could be achieved, their white skins would betray them as slaves, and they could not walk a hundred yards without the certainty of exposure and capture. Also it was equally certain that young and unprotected women could not pass unscathed through a single street of that city at that time. Obviously, therefore, disguise was necessary, and there seemed no means of procuring it.

However, Sirius constrained herself now to take part in conversation with the other women (which hitherto she had never done), and thus was sometimes in their rooms. In this way she was able to obtain possession of some complexion paint which, being intended for a Toltec woman, gave the darker tint

which would make the fugitives resemble the conquering race. Then came the question of clothes, and this baffled them for some time, till one day Sirius saw an opportunity to purloin a suit which belonged to one of the male visitors. Hurriedly she applied the paint to her face, hands and arms, and also carefully painted Orion. She put on the male garments, dressed Orion in the clothes of a Toltec woman, and made her veil herself thoroughly. Then she took her boldly by the hand and made her way into the more public part of the house, contriving skilfully to elude the servants and the older women. In the public apartment they mingled with the guests, and then quite naturally walked out of the house by the front entrance amidst bowing servants. This happy audacity carried them safely into the street, and, as they wore the appearance of a Toltec husband and wife, no one interfered with them. Orion had been so broken down by her sufferings that she trembled violently, and was so nervous that she walked with difficulty. Sirius was equally frightened, but tried not to show it.

Of course, their first object was to put a considerable distance between them and the house in which they had so long been confined. As they knew nothing of the city, they just pushed on in the direction which they had taken by hazard when they turned out of the gate. They were entirely without money, but Sirius had some trifling jewels. She had been wearing these when captured near her northern home; they had been taken from her by one of the older women, but she thought it no harm to steal them back again before she started. When she saw a jeweller's shop, she swaggered in as nearly in the lordly Toltec manner as she could, and tried to assume a deep and reasonably manly voice. She offered a necklace for sale, and after a little bargaining for appearance's sake she accepted the jeweller's valuation, though she knew that the necklace was really worth far more than he offered. Small as the amount was, it gave them a little ready cash, and they accordingly felt safer.

After a few miles, Orion seemed ready to fall with fatigue; but Sirius, though sympathetic, felt that they *must* get away from the city before they stopped to rest, at the spectacle of people, dressed as they were, sitting down to rest in the street would be sure to attract undesirable attention. Somehow or other they managed to reach the suburbs, and then turned into a tavern, where Sirius ordered food, and in this way they were able to rest for a couple of hours. It was night before they were entirely free from the city, and Orion was quite worn out. They consulted as to the advisability of going to an hotel, but decided that it was hardly safe, so they spent the night in a convenient barn. When further away from the capital they tried an inn for one night, but resolved not to risk it again. The people were quite polite and did not appear suspicious, but were greatly surprised to see persons of rank travelling on foot, without servants or luggage.

As the days went on, their money began to run short; and they were in the difficulty that Sirius did not know how to do any ordinary work which could earn more, nor could she apply for any work while wearing the dress of a city gentleman. At last, seeing an inferior kind of clothing-shop in the town through which they were passing, it occurred to Sirius to barter their somewhat fashionable garments for the ordinary dress of the respectable working-people of the country, representing that these clothes were required for a frolic in which they were engaged. This saved them trouble in certain ways, but on the other hand there was the objection that they did not look or walk like working people. Another source of trouble was that they were no longer surrounded with the awed respect accorded to the higher classes, and so were sometimes liable to rough words, and even to insult.

On one occasion a person dressed like a gentleman caught a glimpse of Orion's pretty face, and offered some impertinence. Sirius repulsed him vigorously, and for the

time he seemed to abandon them; but he secretly followed them and, during the following night, reappeared and offered violence to Orion. Sirius, though strong for a woman, could not struggle with him as a man could have done, and was at last compelled to snatch his dagger from its sheath and stab him with it. Fearing arrest for this, they started on at once and walked all night. When day came they concealed themselves; indeed, they did not travel openly again until they were quite away from that district.

Their progress was necessarily slow, and they were several months upon their journey. They were often put to serious shifts to obtain food, the difficulty being that so few lines of casual work were open to them. Orion grew rapidly stronger with the regular exercise and open-air life, and became more like her old self. She was in reality but a girl of seventeen, though those few weeks of hell in the city had for the time made her look twice that age. Though she recovered to some extent her youth and elasticity, she never entirely lost the nervousness and timidity which those weeks had developed in her. They were very thankful when at last they gained the hills, and were able to wash off the horrible paint which it had cost them such ceaseless trouble to renew. Even though they were once more among their own race, that part of the country was directly under the Toltec government, and therefore the law would unquestionably have handed them back to their 'master' in the capital.

To live in safety they must adopt one of two alternatives; either they must make their way to that part of the mountains which was still independent, or they must seek refuge in a nunnery. This latter was possible because in the treaty which established the Toltec power in this country there had been a special clause guaranteeing perfect religious liberty and non-interference with any of the existing religious establishments. Orion

was so overpowered by horror at the mere thought of being carried back, and so haunted night and day by a nervous dread of recognition, even where it seemed most improbable, that when they reached one of the great conventual establishments of their own race, Sirius decided that the long strain of their flight should end there for the present, so she demanded an interview with the lady abbess, Helios, revealed to her her sex and told the whole story. The abbess was full of sympathy, and assured the two fugitives that they were heartily welcome either to temporary asylum or permanent residence, and that even if by some improbable chance their identity should ever become known, they would still be perfectly safe. Sirius, hearing that, broke down at last and had a long illness, during which Orion attended upon her most devotedly. The two comrades in danger had become fast friends, and were not happy unless together.

It took them some years of peaceful life within the convent walls to recover from the effects of that long nightmare of danger and hardship; but during this time they became deeply interested in the religious life which surrounded them. The abbess had wisely recommended them to try the healing influence of prayer and meditation, but for fully two years they could do little in this way, for whenever they allowed themselves to think quietly for a few minutes the memory of the horrors of the city rushed upon them and overpowered their minds like an obsession, so that they were compelled to turn to active work for a distraction. This condition of nervous prostration persisted much longer with Orion than with Sirius, and when the thought of fear came upon the former with overwhelming force, the only thing that would soothe her was to rush at once in search of Sirius and cling to her half hysterically. These fits of terror became rarer as time passed, and after five years Orion was entirely free from them, though general nervousness and extreme sensitiveness still remained.

The two friends at first had the idea of moving on, when fully recovered, into some of the states which still retained complete independence, but they finally resolved to stay where they were. They both knew that their ancestral homes had been destroyed and all their friends and relations killed, and there was therefore no sufficient inducement to resign the peace and security of the convent for the dangers and uncertainties of life outside. This convent was a vast establishment—quite a town in itself—and many branches of activity were carried on within it. There were nuns who spent their lives almost entirely in spiritual exercises of various kinds, but there were also many who gave their time to study, others who made garments or prepared food for the poor, and others who devoted themselves to the service of the large and excellently managed hospital which was attached to the establishment.

A monastery of equal size existed side by side with this convent, and the two together made a kind of religious town, which stood at some little distance from the town devoted to business and ordinary residence. This religious town was within a huge rambling old wall of its own, which no one ever passed uninvited, as great respect was paid to the monks and nuns. Quite a large tract of country was included within this wall, and there were many beautiful gardens of which the monks took the most loving care. There were, of course, some black sheep in this flock, but on the whole, the life was very happy and useful—quite the brightest spot that we have yet seen in these last days of the decadent Atlantean Race. Some of our *dramatis personæ* have been recognised, both in the abbey and among the townspeople. Their names will be found in the usual list at the end of this life.

Among the Toltecs generally magic was at this time very extensively practised, and almost always for the most selfish purposes, and these studies had their representatives among the monks of this northern race. One of

these monks, Scorpio, observed in Orion the characteristics of a good subject for hypnotism, and invited her to take up the subject, and experiment with him. She would go nowhere and do nothing without Sirius, and Sirius was somewhat suspicious of this monk. However, the latter persuaded the two women to attend one of his magical séances, and there he produced phenomena which impressed them both profoundly.

In a darkened room amidst gruesome surroundings was set a huge brazier of incense, and as thick stupefying clouds arose from this, a strange but imposing figure appeared floating amidst them, and in a hollow voice ordered Orion to submit herself to the hypnotism of the monk. Both the women were much affected and rather frightened, though neither of them liked the general influence which they felt, and Sirius's suspicions were strengthened, though she could not tell why. After this, Orion was mesmerised several times by Scorpio, Sirius always being present, as Orion would never go alone, although importuned by the monk to do so. She showed considerable clairvoyant power, and through her, Scorpio was able to obtain a great deal of information about the private affairs of people in the neighboring city, which he no doubt employed either to impress them with his supernatural powers or to extract money from them. The monk was gradually gaining great influence over Orion, which she somewhat dreaded, while Sirius continued vaguely suspicious and instinctively disliked the whole thing.

Presently the monk began to throw Orion into a trance from a distance, appointing a time when she should sit quiet in her own room, and then acting upon her from his cell, just as though he were physically present. Later he was able to do this when he chose, *without* arranging a particular time beforehand. Orion submitted to this domination, but Sirius found it intolerable—really thinking it a bad thing for Orion, but also moved by a sort of

half jealousy of an influence that seemed to take her friend temporarily away from her.

• In order to overawe this rising spirit of protest another magical séance was arranged, and once more the terrifying figure appeared amidst clouds of smoke. Orion trembled, but Sirius, though inwardly quaking, nevertheless watched the proceedings closely. She soon noticed certain curious facts, especially that when the apparition spoke its lips did not move, and that at those moments the monk was never looking at it, as would have seemed natural, but always had his face pressed against the wall as though in fear. The voice of the apparition also had a certain resemblance to that of Scorpio; so instead of remaining within the magic circle which had been marked out for them as the only place of safety, Sirius prowled about a little when opportunity offered. Presently she discovered that when she placed her hand in a particular place, part of the apparition disappeared. Following up this clue, she found a carefully masked recess in the wall, in which was an ingenious arrangement of a concave mirror, with an image in front of it which was the exact counterpart of the apparition. A very strong light was focussed upon this image, and the concave mirror threw a vivid, solid-looking reproduction of it upon the incense smoke. Sirius had already observed that whenever the column of smoke failed for a moment, the image was no longer there.

She said nothing while they were still in the power of the monk, but the next day she made some excuse to enter Scorpio's room when he was absent. Examining the part of the wall against which he had pressed his face, she found a hole there. Greatly daring, she pressed her lips to the wall and spoke into it, and was startled to hear a hollow voice from the other end of the room repeating her words. Trying this again and again, she became satisfied that it was her own voice that she heard, and that it was somehow conveyed through

the wall to the spot from which it appeared to issue. Searching carefully, she found, concealed among some carving, the hole through which it came, and when she spoke into that hole, the voice appeared to come from the other place, so that she now knew exactly how the illusion was produced.

She then went home and explained the entire fraud to Orion, who was much horrified and yet also relieved, and at once promised to have nothing more to do with the dishonest monk. Scorpio had real mesmeric power, and used his reprehensible trick only to overawe his subjects and frighten them into submission to his experiments. The women did not wish to quarrel with him or make an enemy of him, so they steadfastly refused to continue the sittings, but declined to give any reason, beyond alleging that a dream had forbidden them. The monk tried again and again to throw Orion into a trance from a distance, but Sirius exhorted her to resist, and worked with frenzied efforts to keep her awake when she was threatened.

This constantly renewed struggle was impairing Orion's health and bringing back the old extreme nervousness, so Sirius determined that violent measures were necessary, as she had repeatedly but unavailingly begged Scorpio to desist. She therefore obtained an interview with the abbess and revealed the whole story to her, begging that if any steps were taken her name might not appear in the matter, lest the monk in revenge should lie in wait to kill her. The abbess reassured her, and without mentioning any names sent an account of the apparatus to Siwa, the prior at the head of the monastery, who was a great friend of hers, simply asking him to have Scorpio's room searched to see whether this was true. The prior promptly investigated, found the concave mirror and the speaking-tube, confiscated the entire outfit, expelled the monk from the community, and obtained great credit for his supernatural acuteness in detecting fraud. No one knew where Scorpio went, but from his distant retreat he still occasionally troubled Orion.

As the latter was encouraged to vigorous resistance, the efforts to control her gradually became fewer and fainter, but it was perhaps eighteen months before she was left entirely in peace. The women lived on to middle age as devoted friends, and their life, though quiet, was interesting and happy. Orion developed great skill as a player on the harp, and while playing used to pass into a kind of ecstasy in which she was entirely oblivious of earthly things—could not hear if addressed, or feel if touched, yet could play the most inspirational music, such as had never been heard in that country before. This power was first developed as an antidote to the mesmeric influence of the monk, for Sirius found that if, when Orion was almost yielding, she thrust the harp into her hands, she instinctively began to play, and the music strengthened her to throw off Scorpio's influence. If under such circumstances the ecstasy descended upon her she would appear transfigured, and would be absolutely free from the monk for many days. Sirius did not understand all this at the time, though she knew that it was good. Now, looking back, it is clear that one of the musical devas had been attracted to her, and was trying to uplift the people through her.

The sinking of Poseidonis was foretold by the priests of this northern race, and though of course many did not believe or pay attention, there were also very many who did. As the time approached the abbess called her great army of nuns together, and dramatically described to them what was coming. She stated that as money would no longer be required, all the great wealth of the convent was at the disposal of those who wished to leave the country, and all were left perfectly free to do what they chose. For herself, she said, she cared very little about life, and did not wish to begin it all over again in a new land, as she was too old, so she intended to stay and perish with her country, upholding the flag of her order to the last. Our two heroines, full of affection for her and

fired by her enthusiasm, resolved to stay with her, as did a good many of the nuns. More than half, however, took advantage of her offer, and eleven large ships were fitted out to convey them to other lands. Others also returned to their homes in different parts of Poseidonis.

Though those who were left behind expected it, they were terrified when the first great shock came, and rushed together into the garden. There the abbess met them, gave them with splendid courage a short and stirring address, and then asked Orion to play to them, to play as she had never played before. Orion was no longer the nervous shrinking woman, but was absolutely transformed. The ecstasy descended upon her, and she swept the strings with a gesture like that of a queen who issues her orders. She played—or the deva played through her—as no human being had ever played before. She called forth such a volume of sound as no harp had ever before given. She swayed that great crowd of women like one soul; she held them entranced while the earth was rocking and the walls were crashing down all around them. So tremendous was the power of that divine music that when the sea rushed in and swept them all to destruction not a single cry was raised. All were so wrapt from the lower world, that the passage from this plane to the next was unnoticed; and though the harp and harper were whelmed in the Atlantic, the same music still soared triumphant to far grander heights before the same audience on the astral plane.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Fifth Sub-race (Mountaineers)

ORION: ... *Father: Betelgueuse. Mother: Sagittarius.
Suitors: Hebe, Stella. Lover: Atalanta.
Country-woman and friend: Sirius.*

PERSEUS: ... *Wife: Arcturus.*

BELLATRIX: ... *Wife: Aquarius.*
MIRA: ... *Husband: Juno.*
ERATO: ... *Father: Egeria. Mother: Canopus.*
HELIOS: ... *Abbess. Nuns: Lyra, Clio, Chamæleon, Pallas,
Pomona.*
SIWA: ... *Prior. Monks: Sappho, Fortuna, Eros, Epsilon,
Flora, Scorpio.*
SCORPIO: ... *Mesmerist.*

Third Sub-race (in the City)

ETA: ... *Rich Toltec. Wives: Daphne, Gamma.*
ALASTOR: ... *Wife: Melpomene. Sons: Ursa, Lachesis.
Friend: Castor.*
CASTOR: ... *Wife: Dolphin. Son: Mu. Daughter: Cygnus.*
URSA: ... *Wife: Erato. Dissolute Companions: Thetis,
Avelledo, Aglaia, Sirona, Adrona.*
BOREAS: ... *Servant of Mu. Elopes with Cygnus.*

NOTE.—A list of the remaining *Dramatis Personæ* will be found in the eighteenth life of Alecyone, Vol. XXXII, page 403.

A BLUEBELL FANTASY

Such a sea of sapphire shone
Bathed in floods of burning gold,
Pluck no flower, else charm were gone,
E'en to sing their praise, how bold.

In the glow of May's high noon
Burst their glory on my gaze.
Sorrow slept in tranced swoon—
Dreaming smiled, 'mid pleasure's maze.

Then the poet's genius woke
Woke, and laid a thought of thee
Gently, not one blossom broke,
On that surging bluebell sea.

L.N.

INVESTIGATIONS INTO EARLY ROUNDS

INTRODUCTION

IN the year 1896, Mrs. Annie Besant and Mr. C. W. Leadbeater made certain researches into the evolutionary work done in early rounds, and the report of their investigations is now published for the first time. There was then much uncertainty among students as to what facts were really described by such terms as Solar and Lunar Pitrs, Mānasaputras, Chhāyys, etc., and hence the two investigators determined, when an opportunity should occur, to "look up," by reading the record of events in the Memory of the Logos, what actually took place in early rounds.

When the opportunity occurred, a week-end visit to the country was arranged, and a party of four went to spend from Saturday to Tuesday at Lewes Park Farm, Surrey. The party consisted of Mrs. Besant, Mr. Leadbeater, Mr. Bertram Keightley, and myself. There also accompanied me my faithful dependant, "Ji," in outward appearance a cat, who, however, it will be seen, has earned immortality for herself by having a humble part in the investigations. The farm was some three miles from the railway station, and about a mile and a half from the nearest village. In front of the farm was a wild common, a wide expanse of bracken and heather, and travellers were few and far between. Hence the locality was admirable, in that it gave peaceful surroundings.

It was planned that while Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater were looking at past events in the Memory of the Logos, they should describe and compare notes, by word of mouth, as to things seen and heard, in order that, so far as

possible, some record might be taken down. This record might later be gone over by the investigators, to remind them of things observed, without actually reading the Memory of the Logos a second time. It was for the purpose of being recorders that Bertram Keightley and I were present. We were both to act as scribes, and to take down what was said, and our accounts were later to be used, after checking and corroborating each other, for articles.

The investigations began on Sunday morning, August 28rd, 1896. After breakfast, the party moved out with rugs and cushions to the common, and selecting a suitable place the rugs were spread. The two seers lay at full length on their backs, their heads propped up on cushions; the two scribes disposed themselves as best they could, ready with pencils and paper.

Neither of the scribes knew shorthand. Bertram Keightley mostly listened, and wrote little. On the other hand, the second scribe realised that every word would be of consequence for students of later generations, and though handicapped by not knowing shorthand, wrote as swiftly as he could, inventing signs and symbols for words and phrases, to keep up with the speed of utterance of the seers.

As the seers observed the events of the past, the comparison of notes by them was not unlike the investigations of two microscopists, each of whom, while looking through his instrument and observing, might at the same time be making remarks to his fellow-student, without taking his eyes from the microscope; or, better still, the seers might be likened to two people on a ship with two separate telescopes looking at one scene on land. But the difference lies in the fact that not only did both seers *see* the same scene—they were both *in* it, and *of* it; it was not a picture passing before their eyes, being reviewed as it passed—it was an event happening all round the observer, and described from that standpoint.

In comparing notes, the seers would often speak very briefly, sometimes disjointedly; articles, verbs, conjunctions, would often be omitted. Sometimes a minute or two might elapse between remarks; at other times the conversation would be at the normal speed, and too swift to be taken down fully by one who knew no shorthand. Sometimes a phrase would be begun and not completed.

After the investigations were complete the party returned to London. I had some thirty pages of pencil notes, full of contractions for words and phrases, and probably legible, some of it, only by myself. This is Report No. I, and it is still in my hands. Immediately on the return to London, lest I should forget, I at once wrote out this report more fully, so that it might be read by all; this is Report No. II, and it is in ink. A copy of it was made at the time for Mrs. Besant's use. Of this also I have a copy with me, and Reports I and II will presently be deposited in the archives at Adyar. It is from Report No. II that the present transcription is made for publication.

The letter at the side, B., of course stands for Mrs. Besant, and L. for Mr. Leadbeater. Wherever appear dots . . . there was an interval of time, perhaps a minute or more, before the investigator made the next remark; where the intervals were considerable I have put the word *Silence* in brackets. Words with round brackets (), are those not in Report No. II, but put in now by me to make the phrases clearer; words in square brackets [] are also my own, offered tentatively to replace words missed in the original reporting or as explanations. I have also supplied explanatory foot-notes, hoping they will help to make clear the remarks of the two seers. The headings, too, have been arranged by myself, for purposes of reference.

C. JINARAJAPĀSA

SEATTLE, U. S. A., April 16th, 1911

Sunday, August 23rd, 1896

THE INVESTIGATIONS OF THE FIRST DAY

The Moon Chain

- L. I am going after (the) classes. (They are) very active little brutes. (They) hop about like fleas! Find yourself on the moon and get back to it. (What a) curious sensation! Well, if ever I was such a thing as that! . . . This is purely out of order, but having got hold of ourselves (we) can follow ourselves (and see) what we did in this period . . . Perhaps better not . . . He¹ is like a little ape; (he) can jump about a mile high;² quite an impossible kind of little beast! I seem to have liked it and taken a mad delight in jumping. Bother all that! Let's settle down to business. Find your first-class pitri. Why, they haven't any sex as far as I can see; all this is so hopelessly different!
- B. Rather like a . . . (*Silence*).
- L. You get a sort of cloud; yet they are separate things like individuals, aren't they?
- B. They are more like individualised animals; they will get on in pralaya.
- L. When you get behind the other classes, they are more like a mass of clouds broken into balloons and blocks; those distinctions seem clear enough. Do you see how . . . (*Silence*). But who are these who have drawn us up, the greater beings? Our devotion to them has individualised us. They can't be Manus, *et cetera*; too many of them. They are like a humanity; where are they now? . . . Do you know, this evolution is much bigger than we have been thinking. It seems they are

¹ The first-class pitri.

² In comparison to his size, speaking graphically.

connected with us, and we are . . . There is not any beginning to this! The people who are humanity there are those who succeeded there, and we are those who didn't. They are the product of an evolution of seven chains¹ which preceded our seven. There! it's no use! We shall go mad! (*Silence*). We are the rough material that was vegetable further back—wait a moment! (It is) all getting different; nothing you call vegetable. . . Well, never mind! We must drop it. Let's get back to practicalities.

We are monkeyish in shape—like magnified fleas! What principles has he?² Let me see. He. . .

B. Four.

L. Oh! this is where the first class differs from the second.

K. How many has the first class—four?³

L. No, no. Wait a moment! (I) was on the brink of understanding when that horrid fly brought me back!⁴ We shall understand it shortly. . . There is one point that eludes me. . . The first class *pitri* is the only creature who has a definite egg; he is the only one who has made the junction and (has) a proper causal body as yet. That is what takes the first class away from. . . The moment he makes the junction by virtue of devotion to the [word missed] he disappears; he is not born on the moon.

B. He has (a) baby fifth principle.

L. He has behind him *ātma-buddhi*. I suppose he is in the same position as an animal individualised.

B. Look at the second class.

¹ Thus in the report. But probably L. meant "rounds."

² To question from B. Keightley.

³ Question by B. Keightley.

⁴ A fly had settled on L.'s nose, and he had to brush it aside.

L. First and third seem to show out clearly. The second class bother me. (The) second haven't the junction; they have an expansion above and an expansion below. The third class is a separate block; he is a creature; he will return, but (he) has no *kāraṇa sharīra*.

B. I see what this thing is.

L. Please expound.

B. This second one has his *buddhic* thread, and he has a vortex at the end of it; and if you will look at the creature below he has (a) thread with vortex; and he has delicate threads from vortex to vortex—you (will) see them if you jump up and down quickly.¹

L. They are not real.

B. But going to be.

L. They don't join if you are on the *arūpa* plane. That is *ātma-buddhi*; (it) is beginning to spray down upon him.² But when you come to (the) third (the) vortex is there, but not (the) thread. They are . . . in the same way that the second are on . . . Oh! it is those vortices that have broken the thing up. . . Four-five-six-seven haven't that. Lowest class is like a soupy mess, with no divisions or stratifications.

B. (In the) fourth, (an) incoherent third principle and fourth principle (are) beginning in (a) feeble way! what will in future time develop into *kāma*. . . Oh! I see what the principle of it is!

L. That's a blessing!

B. Look! If you—I will tell you what I want you to look at; you will have to go up—you will see [word missed] threads of *ātma-buddhi* going all

¹ If L. were to transfer his consciousness from *arūpa* mental to *buddhic*, and back again.

² The second-class *pitri*, presumably.

the way down—wait a minute before you go!—and these stimulate the unfolding of the matter which will become kāmīc. They are the moving powers, as it were.

- L. If you follow those threads down, why, they are here, in minerals! They are like jīva.
- B. I suppose it is (the) monad of the Second Outpouring.

- L. Co-ordinating force is a will, the life in everything; I mean jīva, not monad.¹ Is not that monad (the expression) of another will? These threads are intimately connected with jīva, (as if) jīva (were) a reflexion of them.

Look! there is jīva on all planes, and what we call jīva is the very same thing. See; for a moment I thought I (had) it! The universal Logos² of all is the ātmā of the sun, so to speak; the sun we see is His physical body. When He brings jīva down through His own principles and pours it from His physical body, it is jīva; and when from His astral body, it is something else. (*Silence.*)

- B. You have triple above with four to work with (below), while here we have seven to work with.
- L. Taken through to what to us would be manas, it would make those threads you mean, wouldn't it? kind of jīva raised to the third power?
- B. Yes, in a sense it would be.
- L. Because there... it is manas and it is not... that when you have them... is what we call it. Doesn't it strike you that the critical period in the fifth round is rather a farce? Wasn't it decided on the moon? Practically the division is made; if we are ahead, it is because we started earlier.

¹ C. W. L. at this period used to employ the word "monad" for the group-soul; as, mineral monad, vegetable monad, etc. Presumably it is so used here.

² By "the universal Logos" evidently the Solar Logos is intended.

ROUND I. GLOBE A.

* *Earth Chain*

- B. Now, I am going to Globe A; one needn't go out for it!
- L. We'll get into our bodies. Wait a moment! Your Globe A isn't a globe; it is the end of a ray coming out.
- B. (Like the Lotus floating on the water with its long stalk growing out of the navel of Vishṇu¹).
- L. The whole thing is a kind of a dream. (I am reminded of Lewis Carroll, that we are creatures in the Red King's dream!² This globe is nothing

¹ A. B. here spoke too rapidly to be taken down, but alluded to the picture of Vishṇu sleeping under the waters, with the Lotus rising from his navel.

² "It's only the Red King snoring," said Tweedledee.

"Come and look at him," the brothers cried, and each took one of Alice's hands, and led her up to where the King was sleeping.

"He's dreaming now," said Tweedledee: "and what do you think he's dreaming about?"

Alice said: "Nobody can guess that."

"Why, about you!" Tweedledee exclaimed, clapping his hands triumphantly. "And if he left off dreaming about you, where do you suppose you'd be?"

"Where I am now, of course," said Alice.

"Not you!" Tweedledee retorted contemptuously. "You'd be nowhere. Why, you're only a sort of thing in his dream!"

"If that there King was to wake," added Tweedledum, "you'd go out—bang!—just like a candle."

"I shouldn't!" Alice exclaimed indignantly. "Besides, if I'm only a sort of thing in his dream, what are you, I should like to know?"

"Ditto," said Tweedledum.

"Ditto, ditto!" cried Tweedledee. He shouted this so loud that Alice couldn't help saying, "Hush! you'll be waking him, I'm afraid, if you make so much noise."

"Well, it's no use your talking about waking him," said Tweedledum, "when you are only one of the things in his dream. You know very well you're not real."

"I am real!" said Alice, and began to cry.

"You won't make yourself a bit realer by crying," Tweedledee remarked; "there's nothing to cry about."

"If I wasn't real," Alice said, half-laughing through her tears, it all seemed so ridiculous, "I shouldn't be able to cry."

"I hope you don't suppose those are real tears?" Tweedledum interrupted in a tone of great contempt.

"I know they're talking nonsense," Alice thought to herself; "and it's foolish to cry about it."—*Through the Looking Glass.*

but a collection of ideas, as it were. It is as though the whole thing were taking place in the body of the Logos. The things are forms in His mind, but His mental plane is not ours. But—Oh! bother these ghastly cross divisions!—our mental plane is the lowest subdivision of a big mental plane. The atomic part of arūpa devachan is the tail-end of a cosmic mental plane. The whole thing is like a chess-board in four dimensions. The atomic part of each of our planes is the lowest of a cross division of a cosmic plane.

- B. Lowest sub-plane of the Logos' mental body without His mind going into it—that will go in on the way up.¹
- L. Our mental bodies are expressions in three dimensions of His mental body . . . and here they are preparing matter for mental bodies into which . . . They build up a mind body then as part of the lowest.
- B. Are they not building the higher matter? . . . it is topsy-turvy . . . they are making it into finer matter first.
- L. Yes, I see . . . They make—Oh, dear me, they are making in this a seventh part of the matter of all sub-planes . . . Oh, that's the meaning of the gaps . . . What I mean is this . . . Great Scott! one subdivision of each of seven planes . . . These things that appear to be planes are really forty-ninths.
- B. Take a bit of devachanic matter now.
- L. 'Three marked and four latent'.² We shall know seven divisions clearly down here.

¹ In the latter half of the cycle when consciousness is developed in the form already made.

² A. B. asks C. W. L. to examine matter of the higher mental plane to-day. He does so, and finds that in its atoms three out of the seven spirillæ are in activity.

- B. If we took a solid we should have four of its possibilities when this round is done with.
- L. Yes—yes.
- B. And each round brings out one of those . . . one of the seven aspects of each kind of matter of each of the great planes.
- [At this juncture rain began to fall, and the party moved into the house, and there the investigations were resumed.]
- L. Globe A—include arūpa, but seventh part of each; which seventh—lowest, highest, or middle? . . .
- B. Oh, that's awfully queer! Look here; take any atom of matter you like and expand it so that you make a round.
- L. A what?
- B. A round.
- L. Don't grasp the idea.
- B. I will make you see it . . . Do you see, the evolution of it is a kind of miniature of the evolution of a round . . . Its evolution as an atom isn't, as it were, complete until the whole round is done. One of these subdivisions, one side of it, is developed going down and the other going up. Then it is a complete atom of one of these planes.
- L. Brings out half the subdivisions going down and the other going up.
- B. Atomic matter at the beginning doesn't seem like atomic matter now.
- L. That's why past, present and future are all the same.
- B. Because all the thing is taking place. . .
- L. But they are queer sort of creatures when this globe is finished.
- B. Could we think of an atom as cut into seven planes, all on one subdivision, I mean?

- L. As having its seven principles on its own subdivisions.
- L. It is the elemental essence part of these things that is developed . . . First they developed . . . "Darkness alone filled the Boundless All"¹. . . It's bringing down the mind-images from the Logos, from His mental astral to His mental physical. . . and this mental physical² is our mental plane. . . It's only the *idea* of the mineral come down to a cosmic astral, materialised as low down as our thought of a mineral.
- B. Our thought of the etheric body of the mineral.
- L. So that, when the whole thing is done, an etheric body will be formed.³
- B. But even at that it won't be a whole etheric body.
- L. It will be whole for some of them, won't it? (*Silence*).
- B. Man here is no sort of a creature . . . he is a thought . . . he has what will be a mind body. . . he has a kind of thing you might call the germ of a mind body.
- L. But marvellously little consciousness in this early stage!
- B. Mind body is too advanced a word for it; (it is) no more like a real body than the embryonic form after the first month is a body.

ROUND I. GLOBE B.

- L. (The Logos) brings the whole down on to the astral plane.
- B. That is really what it comes to.

¹ "Darkness alone filled the Boundless All; for Father, Mother, Son were once more One, and the Son had not yet awakened for the new Wheel and his pilgrimage thereon." (Stanza I, *Book of Dzyan*.)

² i.e., the lowest sub-plane of the cosmic mental plane.

³ When the work of the first round is over.

- L. You see, you have two kinds of elemental essence . . . then you begin to get an astralisation of a kind of perspective of the whole business.

ROUND I. GLOBE C.

- L. When you get him¹ to Mars you have him etherically; what was only an idea comes down to fact . . . the lowest subdivision of each etheric division (is developed). . . Incidentally it appears that we shall have to develop physical and astral bodies right up to the seventh round. . . (There are) only three ethers on Mars.

ROUND I. GLOBE D.

- L. On the Earth . . . four ethers, gas, solid, and liquid . . . "Dhritarāshtra, Virūpaksha!"² Oh! dear me, what an object! It's exciting! It's volcanic—all but nebulous! It's a fiery mass! . . . But what is the evolution of the physical in this state of affairs? They are like nebulous forms, the third class pitṛs.
- B. They have four-sevenths of etheric forms.
- L. They have some cosmic dust, I think! . . . kind of aggregation of dust particles—a cloud of hydrogen gas of no shape with some dust. . . The

¹ Man.

² The names of two of the four "Devarājas" the chiefs of the kingdom of nature-spirits and Devas, the four "Regents of the Earth".

They who write men's deeds

On brazen plates—the Angel of the East,
Whose hosts are clad in silver robes, and bear
Targets of pearl: the Angel of the South,
Whose horsemen, the Kumbhandas, ride blue steeds,
With sapphire shields; the Angel of the West,
By Nāgas¹ followed, riding steeds blood-red,
With coral shields: the Angel of the North,
Environed by his Yakshas, all in gold,
On yellow horses, bearing shields of gold.

Light of Asia

Air-spirits, silver robes and targets of pearl; sea-spirits, blue steeds and sapphire shields; fire-spirits, steeds blood-red with coral shields; earth-spirits, in gold, bearing shields of gold.

earth is in the state that Jupiter is now in, raining molten metal... All the things are more or less essences stewing up in it... I say, world, periods are much longer than they are now, enormously longer... But you know, there's something wrong about this!... In the first round it's cooling down and hardening... I'll tell you what you are doing—you are building the basis of the mineral kingdom pretty definitely... Chemists' elements begin to combine... By the end of the time there's water—it may be boiling.

B. Besides, there are filmy creatures.

L. (They) don't seem to mind the temperature... (It) gets down to a temperature somewhere under 1,000° (Fahrenheit) by the end of the time.

B. It's the "first-round water."

L. You have oxygen and hydrogen combining in the form of water. If you had the "water" now, to what would it correspond? Etheric?...

B. These creatures absorb from the surrounding atmosphere and materials.

L. What are they? Going to be prototypes?

B. Third-class pitrs—going to be men.

L. Temperature must vary at different parts... This is what we should call copper.¹

B. It would probably fly up into ethers or the astral... Fire is the dominant principle in this round.

L. It² acts as a liquid, by reason of its proportion to other things; it pours.

B. It only means that attraction and repulsion are balanced.

¹ Examining an object before him.

² Copper.

ROUND I. GLOBE E.

B. He¹ has consciousness of a very poor kind.

L. (They've) brought up into it something from what they have done on the earth... I think they've only the three higher ethers... yet there is much more to it. (They are) more alive than they were—as much alive as the average amoeba... Look here! Do you see, it's like this: he begins developing... Oh! but this is complicated! he's developing,—[yawn, getting tired] he's developing the matter of the rūpa levels of devachan in himself and corresponding astral and corresponding etheric and physical, and now he has to work the matter of the arūpa levels backwards—working downwards—to make a vehicle, and upwards to make the vehicle conscious, and in doing that there is a sort of possibility for preparation for making an ego... He is beginning to have to himself that kind of matter, and corresponding matters on the other planes.

B. If you imagine that he brings on consciousness, such as it is, as he goes up, but drops vehicle after vehicle... but takes on (with him the) essence (of that consciousness), carries on the consciousness he had on it, and starts with it on getting the next vehicle... consciousness working in the second sub-plane of astral matter on (planet) F, and on the first sub-plane on G, but always on the seventh sub-division of it... He isn't developing his things in a coherent order, but like this: He begins, he runs down and up again somehow, and the lowest densest point is the middle, I think.²

(End of the investigations on the first day.)

¹ The third-class pitr.

² If the investigators examined Globes F and G, they said nothing that could be taken down.

CORRESPONDENCE

PLAGUE AND RATS

IN the November issue of *The Theosophist* you comment on the report of the Punjab Plague Committee, appearing to find some satisfaction in the failures of the measures advocated for preventing plague. I wrote to you at the time pointing out that the Report did not bear the interpretation you put on it, but it appears my letter was lost in the post. May I ask you even at this late date to correct the wrong impression you gave your readers? Here is the paragraph, in the Watch-Tower, November 1910.

It is worthy of note that the Punjab Government has issued a report on the plague, stating that seven lakhs of rupees a year have been spent for three years, and that no effective remedy has been found. The slaughter of rats—how many tens of millions of rats have been slaughtered during the craze?—(1) is declared useless (2) inoculation is declared to be splendid for individual protection (ere long this will be found as useless as the rat-slaughter); (3) but useless before an epidemic; (4) and the report concludes that hygiene and sanitation (5) are really the only ways to prevent plague—a true and satisfactory conclusion. While the present medical tyranny based on the delusive theories now in vogue continues, we may be thankful to be led back to the sound preventives of hygiene and sanitation even at a cost of twenty-one lakhs of rupees, and an incalculable slaughter of animals. The Government is not to be blamed for the waste of money, as in the effort to save human life it must needs depend on the advice of experts, and these at present are treading the mazes (6) created by vivisection.

Some of us were bitterly condemned for declining to take part in the rat-killing, and for speaking against it, but Time was on our side, and Wisdom is justified of her children. So it will be with our protests against inoculation.

Now I have the *Report* before me and beg to be allowed to quote from it.

(1) You call the slaughter of rats a “craze.” In paragraph 7, of the report I read: “Two facts may safely be asserted as a general statement: first, that bubonic plague in man is dependent on a plague epizootic in the rat, and, secondly, in the majority of cases infection is

conveyed from the rat to man by means of the rat-flea.” It cannot surely be a crazy idea to try to abolish the rat.

(2) *Rat-slaughter Useless.* In paragraph 10 it is stated: “While the theoretical value of this measure as a means of preventing plague is not open to question, its efficacy as a practical measure on a large scale still remains a matter of opinion,” because (paragraph 8) “it is beset with difficulties of great magnitude . . . ‘Rat-exclusion’ rather than ‘rat-destruction’ should be the ultimate object. The committee, however, advocate the continuance of the policy of rat-destruction to the extent and in the manner hereafter suggested.” One of the difficulties is that the people of India object to killing animals (paragraph 2); another is that the loss by poisoning and trapping is compensated for so rapidly by increased breeding (paragraph 8) that the medical officer, Captain Ross, stated (paragraph 23) “that he did not think he had been able in two years to effect any diminution in the rat prevalence in villages with a population of over 1,000.”

(3) *Inoculation will be ere long found useless.* This oracular pronouncement requires elucidation. Why should inoculation, which is now useful, become at a later date useless?

(4) If *Inoculation* is useful for the individual (as it undoubtedly is) obviously the only reason that it is “of but little value as a means of suppressing epidemics” (paragraph 27) is, as the report points out, that that it is not advisable for political reasons to make it compulsory, and owing to prejudice comparatively few will avail themselves of its protection.

(5) For similar reasons (paragraph 34) “great caution is necessary in quickening the pace of sanitary reform, and they (the Committee) are of opinion that all such advances must be slow, and must follow rather than precede public opinion.”

Unquestionably improved *Sanitation* is highly desirable, but paragraph 38 points out that “disinfection is a valuable measure when intelligently applied to prevent the importation of infection: but it is not to be relied on to mitigate or prevent epidemics in localities where there is evidence of any widespread plague epizootic in the rat.”

(6) The results of *treading the mazes* in this connexion are: (1) the definite discovery of the cause and of the principal method of distribution of the plague, and

(2) the preparation of an antidote which has been proved to be most efficacious in all cases in which it has been used. Plague, in fact, thanks to the 'medical tyrants,' can now be stamped out certainly and finally, if the people of India and other countries will co-operate, and will cease to resist the measures proposed for their benefit based on the 'delusive theories now in vogue.'

It might not be out of place to remind readers that Dr. Haffkine, who succeeded in making the best kind of anti-plague vaccine—a broth-culture of plague-germs killed by heat and filtered—was so "tyrannical" as to forbid its use until he had experimented on his own body.

Finding no harm resulted, he allowed two other medical theorists to be inoculated. When they also appeared to suffer no physical, moral or intellectual damage, it was issued to the public. Unfortunately here the 'tyranny' ceased, for the people are left free to choose between immunity and disease; and, being ignorant, they mostly prefer their old familiar friend. So they die; but plague remains. And plague will remain, so long as white people are found to encourage them against their benefactors. For wisdom is justified of her children—yes!—and folly is by its fruits.

We white people, who with all our faults are endowed with more intelligence than the dusky millions under our rule, are responsible to the Hierarchies for the way we keep our trust. Either we should by study become experts ourselves in all that concerns their welfare; or, if that is impossible, we must refrain from hindering as amateurs the work of those who have devoted their lives to this special study. Above all as Theosophists we should not let prejudice blind us. However disconcerting they may be, facts must be faced—lest we forget our own motto: "THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH".

E. MARIETTE, M.D.

SOME RECENT CRITICISMS OF THEOSOPHY

In dealing with really great thoughts it is not only unjust but above all useless and noxious to dwell on errors which are conditioned by their times and which as such are in a measure impersonal; because for us who are living, only the positive merits consideration and the continuous contemplation of what is insufficient hampers the conception of what is real.

HERMANN GRAF KEYSERLING

EVIDENTLY it is well-nigh impossible in a movement like ours, even from a central watch-tower, to keep posted in detail as to the manifold actions and reactions provoked by its spread in more than twenty different countries and verbally expressed in a corresponding number of different languages. It would be desirable to organise some regular 'scout' service amongst private members all over the globe, or of the various Sectional Officers, to watch the literature of their respective domains and to report regularly all serious discussions on Theosophy or Theosophists in magazine, essay, pamphlet, book, novel or even newspaper. Above all it would be desirable if many friends scattered over this globe of ours would make it a practice not only to report such details to some central office established for the purpose at the Headquarters at Adyar, but to send regularly copies and files of such productions as presents to the Adyar Library, which ought to become the central and representative, and thus complete, depository for all such kind of literature. It is difficult to overrate the importance for the future historian which such a collection of documents, especially when at all of some degree of completeness, would ultimately have. Some few friends have already

shown that they share this view by occasionally sending copies of such works to Headquarters, and other works are collected more or less at haphazard from Adyar itself, but we are convinced that a large percentage of such discussions on Theosophy escapes our notice altogether, and that amongst this portion there must be much which would quite merit preservation and notice. I therefore appeal to our members to consider these points, and to assist our library and movement by co-operating in creating at Adyar a really comprehensive collection of the controversial and critical literature on Theosophy.

I propose to give in the following pages a short summary of the main features of some of the more important publications along this line which have reached us within the last year or so. Some of them are quite interesting and one, at least, seems to me of real importance. It is interesting to note that three of the articles are by University Professors. Two are by Roman Catholic dignitaries. One is a novel, also by a Roman Catholic and one is contained in a description of a voyage through India by a German writer of merit, whose sympathetic treatment of the subject in no way interferes with frank outspokenness.

There is a recent work on the *General History of Religions*¹ by Samuel Reinach, a work which will always be famous for the neat sense of proportion with which it allots to Lao Tsz two paragraphs of thirteen lines in all, whilst twelve lines short of two pages are devoted to Alfred Dreyfus, (not to speak of the mention made of him in four other places in the book)—a book which merits immortality by the following profound summing up and psychological analysis of the Buddha's character:

Being incapable of introducing themselves into the Brahman caste, certain warriors turned monks or ascetics and sought thus to gain the veneration of the people. Gautāma was of those. (p. 82.)

¹ Sixth and tenth editions, Paris, 1909.

In this work the author deals with Theosophy with the same admirable candor, simplicity and naïve finality. He says:

§ 79. Whereas the spiritualists dogmatise, they have the tendency to mix up the existing religions in order to elevate themselves to forms they deem superior. The most striking example of this childish syncretism is furnished by the so-called *Theosophical* or *Occult* sect, founded about 1875 in New York by Colonel Olcott and Helena Blavatsky. This sect pretends to unite in one body both Buddhism and Christianity, but is generally composed of people to whom the Buddhist scriptures are a closed book. I will not advertise the leaders of this chimæra by naming them here. (p. 569.)

We, on the contrary, have no objection to advertise Monsieur Reinach's wit and wisdom; it is at *his* risk, not *ours*. Yet, knowing something about modern Theosophy, we cannot help seeing that this kind of criticism is crude and on a low level. Happily most of the books and articles to be mentioned, though not all, are of better quality; otherwise there would be little use in discussing them at all.

The first book of which we will treat was published some years ago, late in 1907 or early in 1908. Its author is Alfred Meebold, a writer and artist of ability and, if I am rightly informed, a member of the Theosophical Society in Germany, who seeks his inspiration mainly in Dr. Steiner's 'school of teachings. In his work¹ a special chapter is devoted to *India Mystica*, a chapter we would be glad to see in English dress in the pages of this or any other Theosophical magazine. Specially in this chapter Theosophy and Theosophists are discussed, though an occasional reference to these topics also occurs elsewhere in the book. Mr. Meebold's point of view is fresh, sympathetic and independent. Where he criticises one may disagree (though I myself do not do so everywhere) yet one can never be angry with him.

He saw no miracles in the year and a half he was in India, though he heard of two wonder-working yogis.

¹ Alfred Meebold, *Indien*, München 1908.

I have not moved a foot to see either of these men, though I personally admit in principle that the miracles can happen—not only such as rest on suggestion. Only, I do not consider them as miracles, but as expanded physics. But what is the use of seeing these things when we cannot understand them? Then we are only pandering to our desire for sensation, and that also I do not hold to be mysticism, though many people confuse the two—for instance, most of those who call themselves Spiritualists, and a great many Theosophists. It is as though we put an Indian from the jungles before a phonograph. And the phonograph is fundamentally nothing else than the tea-cup made out of 'nothing'. The latter is only material, the former transcendental physics. (pp. 29—30.)

He complains that India *has been* mystical, but is so no longer; he has little hope even of India's regeneration as a spiritual country.

Speak with learned pundits, read the books of Indian Theosophists. In conversation they oppress you with quotations, in print they show they are well-read, intelligent and painfully conscientious. Only, the spirit of the ancient wisdom is lacking, the mystic intuition has almost entirely left this race which once unfolded it in fragrant bloom. (p. 38.)

Later on he discusses H. P. Blavatsky and Mrs. Besant.

It is impossible to speak about modern mystic India without mentioning the names of two women: H. P. Blavatsky and Annie Besant. Every Anglo-Indian and all Hindūs who have received a good education know their names, though with a very different appreciation. There are only few amongst the English who see in Madame Blavatsky anything else than an adventuress. One contends that she has given spiritualistic séances at Simla with her 'disciple' Hume, another knows only that she has been 'unmasked' by the Society for Psychical Research, a third calls her summarily a Russian spy, and so forth. None of them knew her personally. Those, however, who came in contact with her—and I have conversed with some of them—declare her to have been an extraordinary woman. (p. 45.)

And then follow a few delightful anecdotes about H. P. B., and the story of one of her less well-known phenomena. He goes on:

Concerning Annie Besant the wildest rumors circulate in Anglo-Indian society, all of them of scant friendliness. This is in the first place because Mrs. Besant likes to live in India in the Indian way...

A much weightier cause is furnished by the fact that she is the founder and leader of the Central Hindū College. Here

I dare not decide who is right. This much is certain, that Annie [*sic*] regards this undertaking in such a selfless and idealistic way that one can only admire and honor her for it. But to myself it seems as if her idealism in this matter is not quite justified by the facts...

Because the Anglo-Indian has the unpleasant consequences before him [of a liberal education given to a race that is not yet indiscriminately ripe for it] therefore he is so bitter towards Mrs. Besant, whose undertaking he considers anti-English. In principle there he is wrong, as she has only ideal aims. But she makes, it seems to me, the great mistake of overestimating the present-day Indians. She has evidently a strong personal bias for the old Indian form of esotericism. This predilection she transfers to the race as such, and she overlooks the facts that at present there exist no longer in this people such possibilities as in the times when the scriptures originated, and that the centre of spiritual gravity has passed over to Europe. Certain Indian circles who pursue quite other aims may perhaps make use of her error and move her to [political] actions which have nothing to do, either with Theosophy, or with the leadership of a school... But here also Mrs. Besant's motives are unselfish. Whoever knows her more intimately can only say: If things become as she wishes and means them, then they will only become good and cannot harm anyone. I say this, though I am not myself an adherent of her method. (pp. 49—53.)

Herewith we end our extracts from this interesting book, which, even in its critical parts, proves the friendly attitude and sympathy of the author. The whole book is delightfully written; specially, the witty analysis of 'The Anglo-Indian Lady' should not be omitted; that chapter is very clever indeed.

The second book¹ we take up is one recently published by Dr. J. S. Speyer, Professor of Samskr̥t at the Leyden University, under the title of 'Indian Theosophy and its Significance for us.' It is a bulky tome in which the well-known authority on Samskr̥t studies has given a valuable and eminently readable epitome of the old Indian Theosophy. Had the writer contented himself with dealing with his immediate theme he would have earned our unrestrained thanks for his valuable addition to the material

¹ Dr. J. S. Speyer. *De Indische Theosophie en hare Beteekenis voor ons.* Leiden. 1910.

for study of this subject. Unhappily he has been moved to add to the main body of the work a section on 'Indian Theosophy in the West,' divided into two Chapters: (1) Western influence on Indian Theosophy, and (2) Western Theosophy under Indian influence. And in this second chapter we find 'the viper in the grass'. It deals with 'modern' Theosophy, with the Theosophy of the Theosophical Society.

The present article is not meant as an essay in polemics. I only propose to put before my readers, or to characterise, some of the principal opinions about Theosophy of some recent critics, especially if they are well put or indicate either originality or careful research and study of sources. But what am I to say of a professor and an undoubtedly learned man who writes on modern Theosophy, and yet calls our good friend Dr. J. W. Boissevain the President of the Society (p. 314) and who professedly takes an estimable but innocent first introduction to Theosophy, written by the same gentleman (about 100 pages, price ten pence) as his guide and text by which to judge the system! (p. 314.) Certainly, he has also read the famous Report of the S. P. R., and accuses Dr. Boissevain of lack of fair play in not recommending this work to the readers of his booklet, in the usual list of books to study appended to it! Yet *he* on *his* side does not cite one of the many responses elicited by this Report, nor does he seem aware even of their existence. His main contention in the preface of his book, and the professed reason for writing it at all, is that he has gone to the *sources* of ancient Indian literature concerning its Theosophy. Sciolists and half-knowers are misleading and dangerous, he says. But the learned professor, having performed his task so well in the earlier part of the work, has degenerated in this last chapter, and is utterly unqualified to speak on the subject. It is curious that common-sense and self-criticism have not restrained him from attempting a task so much beyond his power.

Yet the explanation is simple. Having read only some of the simpler introductory literature on the subject, helped by the aforesaid Report (whose authority is magic and gospel to the orthodox savant, even though he denies that magic or revelation really exist) and further aided by some authors of the stamp of Arthur Lillie, he has at the outset judged Theosophy to be a *quantité négligeable*, and has summarily dismissed the subject without suspecting that there was really anything of great value to look for in it. He has not struck Theosophy at all. He has dabbled a little in its nomenclature, in its formal anachronisms in statement, in its reported history; but as to its *wisdom side*, he does not yet know that it exists. We formally accuse Professor Speyer, in direct contradiction to his promises in his foreword, of *not* having studied the 'sources' of modern Theosophy and yet of having written authoritatively, even apodictically, about it. Once more a case of *abuse* of official position on a matter foreign to the critic's field of study! I defy Prof. Speyer to publish a veridic statement as to the extent of his reading on Theosophy up to the time that he published his book, without making himself ridiculous. On this point we, within the Theosophical Society, cannot be too explicit whenever authority is assumed against us under false pretexts.

If a man of position comes forward and condemns us, we have a right to ask: What do you know of this particular subject? not what do you know of other things, of physics or Samskr̥t—but of Theosophy? This should always be the test by which to measure the value of the verdict against us. A second point is that it should never be forgotten that Theosophy as a religious or philosophic system can only be judged according to religious or philosophic standards. No amount of clever philological arguments about terms can do away with the living value of a doctrine. The New Testament would, measured by the standard of physical science and philological criticism, contain no wisdom, because it contains statements contrary to

admitted scientific fact. Even learned professors are apt to forget this sometimes. *Summa summarum*: Professor Speyer's book is a fine book with an ugly blot on it; the earlier this is removed the better. His criticism, as such, lacks authority through the ignorance of its author on this particular point, through his not having studied modern Theosophy in its essence, but having stood still to cavil at its outer husk. I admit that this husk is 'cavillable,' that its improvement would be useful and will demand a long time and much serious work. But because the coat shows a hole the man inside need not be a fool.

The third work¹ we have to examine is by Monsieur Th. Flournoy, Professor at the University of Geneva, and best known to the general public by his work *From India to the planet Mars*. Though the present book was published only a few months back, it contains reprints of some articles written some time ago. Amongst these in a short essay 'Concerning Theosophy,' forming chapter XII of the second part (p. 558). It was originally published in a local paper, and dated the 17th of January, 1901. It is written in that polished and attractive French which never fails to evoke the admiration of its readers, and the author handles his subject gracefully and honestly. His attitude is that of the sympathetic but rigorously scientific student of life. He shows both wit and sarcasm, but in a kind spirit; and altogether his little essay cannot be held to be offensive or abusive, though his conclusions concerning the value of Theosophy are frankly negative. Let us follow his main arguments.

1. In so far as Theosophy is a *religion* it merits our whole respect, and I believe that it can do good to certain persons.

These persons are, he explains, those who have realised the insufficiency of our current dogmas and having lost all belief, find new inspiration in Theosophy. He continues:

¹ Th. Flournoy. *Esprits et Médiums*. Genève-Paris, 1911.

Let us, therefore, throw no stone at those who declare that they have found in Theosophy the satisfaction of the deepest needs of their heart or their conscience, and let us remember that—if the ideas be a matter of controversy (which is the business of theologians)—one cannot any more dispute of religion itself, in so far as it is an experienced and lived reality, than of tastes and colors.

2. As to *morals*, Theosophy preaches to us love, peace, justice, devotion, etc. That is excellent in every sense. Might it please Brahma that we should have on the thrones and ministerial seats of Europe (to speak only of the mighty of this world) real Theosophists, both convinced and living the life, instead of so many false Christians blaspheming, by their cannibalistic policy, the holy name which they invoke on their lips! And it is certain that we, simple pietists and virtuosists, who are engaged, each in a different degree, in the struggle against social iniquities, from war to gambling, shall never have better allies than serious Theosophists.

But apart from this, says the author, we must not forget that these elevated morals are not proper to Theosophy. Every civilised and good man, even every serious modern movement manifests the same ideals and, judging from the results of European moral teachings and those of India, it seems to him that more moral progress has been made in the West within fifteen centuries than in the East in double that time. Therefore, he concludes:

Judging the tree by its fruits it does not seem to me that in a general manner our occidental culture has very much to expect from Theosophy.

3. As a *metaphysical* speculation Theosophy rivals the philosophy of Hegel by its naïve pretension of being the latest word [*dernier cri*] of wisdom and of agreeing with everyone by the conciliation of all contraries in a vast synthesis, in which the most divergent ideas are justified and harmonised to the entire satisfaction of those minds who are advanced enough to relish such an exquisite hodge-podge.

But, he adds, though it would be interesting to compare the two—the Hegelian and the Theosophical systems—closely, one can already at the outset see that with Hegel everything is conscious and definite; with the Theosophists we find the imagination at work, which induces dreaming.

It is all Orient, it is all woman.

Finally Professor Flournoy discusses the scientific aspect.

4. There is further in Theosophy quite a complex of profound *science*. Thanks to their familiarity with the Mahātmās of Tibet and with the six [*sic*] Great Reincarnated ones (of whom two live in Europe) who at present preside over the destinies of humanity, the Theosophists possess 'tips' [*tuyaux*] which the vulgar non-initiate does not possess. This permits them to present us with a mass of ready-made truths which our modern science, with its slow methods, will only discover in a more or less distant future. Unhappily all those beautiful things seem to me somewhat lacking in clearness. I believe that I am not ripe for Theosophy, which is due, no doubt, to my nature, which is still rough and little evolved.

No doubt the latter sentence is written half in jest and half as a sarcasm. But in jest many a truthful word is spoken. We too believe that predisposition towards Theosophy, as well as towards everything else in the world, is a matter of temperament or ray, and previous karma above all. Therefore we absolutely assent to the last sentence we quote from this interesting article:

I feel very clearly that the manner of observing and reasoning to which I am accustomed has vaccinated me irrevocably against Theosophy, and I think I have perceived that Theosophy, from its side, jolly well [*joliment*] immunises its adherents against any attack of what we call the scientific spirit. We have therefore to make our choice, for I do not see any possible understanding.

We see that we have to do here with one fundamental standpoint clashing with another, without malice, and with a generous admittance of what is good in the opposite point of view. As a psychologist, Professor Flournoy has approached the subject from the psychological side, and this is already a much higher standpoint of judgment than we are accustomed to encounter as a rule. Such adversaries are therefore rather to be welcomed than to be resented, for it is always valuable to hear what an honest, broad-minded and philosophical man has to say concerning our own ideals.

The fourth book¹ to be dealt with is in French and is a novel. This work proceeds—as do the next three

¹ Charles Nicoullaud. *Zoé la Théosophe à Lourdes* (Études de Psychologie Mystique). Paris. 1911.

essays—from a Roman Catholic source. Its writer is evidently a layman. The title of the work is *Zoé the Theosophist at Lourdes* and a sub-title describes the work as belonging to a series of 'Studies in Mystical Psychology'. The book is a rather curious one, but not uninteresting, because of the insight it gives into certain phases and modes of Roman Catholic thought and mysticism. Its main theme is the struggle between Theosophical 'pride' and Christian 'humility' in the soul of a young girl. A minor *motif* is that of a polemic against the Jesuits, who are far more roughly handled than the Theosophists. For the latter are represented as being only in spiritual error, while the former are painted as conniving at and instigating bad living and nauseous practices.

Were it not that the book contains some disgusting situations, without which a certain section of French writers do not seem able to construct a work, it would be quite commendable. Of course the antithesis between this humility (so-called) and pride (equally so-called) is purely artificial. Karma is here the blessed word Mesopotamia which is the *fons et origo omnium malorum*. The conception that the world is ruled by justice seems to have inspired the author with the idea that therefore 'prayer' is impossible to a Theosophist, and that to the latter God cannot be loving and compassionate and merciful. We will not discuss the point, as any reader will understand that no such discussion is possible without a careful previous definition of the words used in the premises, especially of the terms God and prayer.

The young lady in question is somewhat of a prig, and has only our very moderate sympathy. The Theosophy inserted piecemeal in the work is sometimes directly quoted from Theosophical writers, and otherwise tolerably accurate if we measure it leniently, but the Theosophical *attitude* of the heroine is unlike anything we are acquainted with in actual practice. The story runs in short as follows. The young lady is educated in a pious Catholic

milieu. She turns Theosophist and comes to believe in karma. Further, she is affianced to a brilliant young officer in the army, who takes to flying. Of course he comes to grief—the most lifelike incident in the book. His aeroplane is wrecked and he loses his eyesight. The whole family then moves to Lourdes. The young lady does not assist at mass, and does not pray to the Virgin. Karma is rigorous justice; why ask a higher Power to change what is just? Her lover's blindness must have its karmic reason. One evening, however, under emotional stress and on an appeal from her sister she *does* pray, 'she utterly humiliates' herself, and the whole family unite in pious supplication. Lo and behold! the blind man is healed: *le tour est fait*. The finale is of course the apotheosis of the old faith.

There is not much of a tangible nature to be extracted from the work in order to illustrate the author's fundamental objections to Theosophy; the treatment is too vague, too discursive, and too fragmentary for that. But as a whole it may be usefully studied by the Theosophist in order that it may reveal to him the general picture of our mental atmosphere as painted in some Catholic minds. The reason why the criticism embodied in the book is essentially a failure is, as said before, because the writer has depicted an attitude towards life which is foreign to our circles. In a way the work may be regarded as useful, as it illustrates how lack of common-sense, and silly, puritanic or unintelligent applications of Theosophical teachings might easily produce unsympathetic caricatures. Another fault in the composition of the work is that the writer has painted his heroine as a hybrid character. She has either learned too little Theosophy or else given up too little of her Catholicism. Her problems might have been solved more satisfactorily with less amphibious irresoluteness in thought and above all in action.

The next contribution¹ to the subject is by a Roman Catholic priest, and is a pamphlet of 44 pages, being an

¹ Kanunnik Jos. Laenen. *De Theosophie*. (Verhandelingen van de algemeene Katholieke Vlaamsche Hoogeschooluitbreiding. No. 8 van den 12den Jaargang 1910. No. 132.) Antwerpen, n.d.

issue of the Transactions of the General Catholic Flemish University Extension. The author, Canon Jos. Laenen, gives his full titles as Doctor of Philosophy and Literature, Member of the Royal Archæological Academy of Belgium, Archivist of the Archbishopry, and the back of the title-page enumerates, as members of the Council of Protectors of the Society under whose auspices the pamphlet appears, a formidable list of some twenty-five university professors and one cabinet minister. We might thus expect much—though our expectations would not be fulfilled. The analysis given of Theosophy is anæmic and superficial, and the history of the Theosophical movement is represented in a most contorted way. I do not impute bad faith to the reverend author, but it is passing strange that his sources are mostly Tingleyite pamphlets, with the exception of H. P. B.'s *Key to Theosophy* and Judge's *Ocean of Theosophy*, both relatively old works. Annie Besant and Colonel Olcott are each quoted once *via* a brother Catholic, Léonce de Grandmaison. Mrs. Besant's *Short Introduction to Theosophy* is also mentioned once. Really, an imposing array of material upon which to base a University Extension Essay under the auspices of twenty-five professors and duly provided with the clerical imprimatur! Of Messrs. Leadbeater, Sinnett, Colonel Olcott, Mead, Dr. Pascal, Dr. Steiner, Subba Row, or Mrs. Besant as contributors to Theosophical literature we hear no further word. It is curious that the first—historical—part is altogether on a Tingleyite basis; it is as ludicrous as untrue. Is it wicked to ask if the reverend author judged it subtle tactics to play off this faction against the older and greater organisation? For he knows of the other (our) Society, as he has seen some of its magazines. Yet he mentions it as much *en passant* as he decently can.

The text of the booklet may be summarised by its opening and concluding paragraphs.

At the present day the name Theosophist has been specially appropriated by the followers of a theological and

philosophical sect who united for the first time into a regular Society in the year 1875 in New York, and who have since found a considerable group of followers throughout the civilised world, but chiefly in Protestant countries. (p. 5.)

The last sentence reads:

And though, then, the onesided, yet higher, tendency of Theosophical morality gives the illusion of a perfect satisfaction to the noblest feelings of the soul, it remains indisputable that, had these same people—who now hanker with such avidity after the lessons of Universal Brotherhood—had they learned, understood and practised their catechism, then they would have found a much higher ideal of Christian love and of true brotherhood. (p. 44.)

In short, not much can be learned or gained by the Theosophical student from a perusal of this pamphlet. It is far less able than many another Catholic production of the kind, a fact well illustrated by a comparison between it and the next two articles we have to mention. It is superficial, incomplete and not very correct, and in reality merely a fairly naïve apology for the Church of Rome against the possible inroads of Theosophical propaganda.

A gem worth quoting, before we proceed, is:

'God is God,' says the Musalman, 'and Allah is His Prophet.' The Theosophist omits these last words, but says with the more conviction: 'Blavatsky is the prophet'. (p. 18.)

The ubiquitous S. P. R. Report is, of course, mentioned.

The next criticism we have to review comes also from a Catholic pen, and is a far abler production than the one dealt with above. It consists of two magazine articles,¹ and its author is O. Zimmermann of the Society of Jesus. His study of the subject is incomparably more thorough than that of Canon Laenen, and his argument more solid. Though we do not find, from an examination of his numerous literary references at the bottom of the pages, that he has studied either H.P.B.'s *Secret Doctrine* or *Isis Unveiled*, or that he has read

¹Die neue Theosophie, by Otto Zimmermann, S.J., in 'Stimmen aus Maria-Laach', year 1910, numbers 9 and 10 (LXXIX nos. 4 and 5, October and November 1910), Freiburg im Breisgau.

much of Olcott, Leadbeater, or Sinnett, still he has consulted a number of various smaller works and some journals. He begins with a compact but fairly extensive summary of Theosophical thought and doctrine. And here at once we meet with a curious and startling fact. This summary has been put together conscientiously and with great acumen; we think it one of the best summaries of our doctrines we have ever met in so small a space. It is just and moderate, and we have to find fault only with some mistakes in minor matters which could be easily remedied. For instance, the author has not quite correctly represented our view of the relation between rounds and races, and he has also slightly mixed up our theory of the superhuman hierarchy (the place of the Manus and the Buddha *in casu*). Also Mr. Leadbeater's and Mrs. Besant's latest data concerning the Masters were necessarily unknown to him (though he reports already about koilon and the restaurants in the future colony in California). Now the remarkable fact is this. This summary alone is, according to the author, enough to prove:

That, however, Theosophy is an impossible and ill-founded [unbegründete] doctrine is already so evident at the first glance that one may fear to commit oneself by any further arguments for the necessity of its rejection. (p. 484.)

Now in our own opinion (preferably, but not even necessarily, with the few corrections of the passages indicated above) that same piece might be verbally reprinted and used as a propaganda pamphlet issued by members of our Society! And so the same with the whole article, which might be used similarly, if we again except two or three personal remarks which, being unpleasant, though they need not necessarily be interpreted as evidences of any malice on the writer's side, would be out of place in a pamphlet issued from our side. Prefaced by some such remark as: "Here follows an exposition of Theosophy by a learned Catholic writer. We invite the public to weigh his arguments and objections carefully. Even in their light we esteem that the grandeur and inherent rationality

of our system as here expounded will be evident and will appeal to many minds. So we republish the essay in unaltered form in order that interested readers may form their own judgment about the matter"—republished in that way, we deem that this criticism would gain us new sympathisers and would not alienate any old ones.

What does this prove? It proves that the writer, to our mind, has not made out a *prima facie* case against us, but has only faithfully portrayed one theory of life as seen by another one. But contrasting view with view, faith with faith and conviction with conviction, has in itself no convincing value; it only brings matter for choice in belief or sympathy, which will be ultimately determined by the personal temperamental and evolutionary standpoint of the judge. Therefore we have no fault to find with this exposition, strictly from the Catholic standpoint, of Theosophy. But we conclude that its nature is more illustrative than argumentative, and that it lacks convincing force. The final sentence of the article throws a vivid light on the real thought, motive and aim of the author. It runs:

However this be, the new Theosophy proceeds on a false road towards a false Deity. (p. 495.)

There are in the article some very good remarks of which we will quote only two; and on the other hand there are several passages which require a little marginal gloss to set them quite right, but we shall pass them over.

Of the first class we mention:

1. The Theosophical God-conception is pantheistic [which seems to me a doubtful statement, as various Theosophists hold different views, and secondly as there is of course no monopolised Theosophical God-conception anyhow]. But the writer shows quite rightly that various Theosophical writers have presented such pantheism variously as emanatory, as immanent and as idealistic. (p. 390.) Though we readily admit that the Theosophical God-conception is as yet very chaotic, we shall do well to remember that

in words we are quite able to cut up even God into slices, but in reality humanity has not yet achieved this particular feat. It may be that all these objections, as well as the original descriptions which evoked them, are all merely the toying with words about an inconceivable and stupendous reality which gathers up all these meanings as well as those of terms like pantheism, deism and theism. All of them are, after all, modes of viewing existence but not limitations of it.

2. Theosophical literature consists [in non-English countries] mostly of translations produced by pens the reverse of brilliant. This is a true remark, and some 'skill in action' in this matter should really be studied by those devoted helpers who not only share the privilege of presenting Theosophy to the world, but also share the responsibility of presenting it well.

We see therefore, in conclusion, that the author rejects Theosophy on the basis of his faith, and on its premises applies his intellectual arguments. But here the Theosophist might simply answer that his faith accepts Theosophy, and that therefore our critic's premises do not apply to him at all, do not touch him, cannot even be argued about. No two faiths can argue together on their own bases. The discussion, to be fruitful, should have some independent forum, quite outside the sancta sanctorum of each separately.

The last, and, perhaps, most important contribution¹ comes also from a Catholic source, but from a layman this time, a University Professor. The author is Dr. Wincenty Lutoslawski, a man who himself has an interesting religious history. After having lost all faith as a youth, and after having lived the life of a scientist for some twenty years in absolute indifference to religion, he became suddenly and spontaneously converted and re-entered the Catholic Church. The outer incident which was the visible

¹ Rudolf Steiners sogen. 'Geheimwissenschaft'. Von Wincenty Lutoslawski, in 'Hochland', Vol. 8, No 1. München. October, 1910. p. 45.

cause of this inner change was merely the taking of a bath, during which the thought arose with irresistible strength: as I cleanse my body, so must I cleanse my soul also. Professor Lutoslawski has also been in personal contact with Madame Blavatsky, Colonel Olcott, Mr. Sinnett, Mr. Mead and Mrs. Besant, and he has even been a member of the Theosophical Society. He himself describes this phase as follows:

It did not help me to become a member of the said Society and to write letters to the Mahātmās, which remained unanswered. I soon convinced myself that this Society did in reality not at all prosecute the publicly declared objects, but quite secretly (and notwithstanding the apparent neutrality) waged war against Christianity and wished to propagate pre-Christian conceptions in western Europe and America. As, however, these same so-called 'Theosophists' who claimed for themselves a certain monopoly of the knowledge of God and who ignored all Christian Theosophy, betrayed a bottomless philosophical ignorance and stood not only on a pre-Christian basis in religion but remained also on a pre-Platonic standpoint in philosophy, therefore I could only psychologically explain the certainly remarkable success of this Society by the assumption that this movement attracted those numerous souls who had lagged behind in their spiritual and intellectual evolution, and who could digest neither the higher demands of Christianity nor the intellectual progress of humanity since Plato. (p. 45.)

Then he formulates his first fundamental objection to modern Theosophy as follows:

The difference between opinion and knowledge, rigorously adhered to by Plato, has been conserved in the whole development of European philosophy, as also the difference between perception and thought. (p. 46.)

These two pairs of distinctions, the author complains, are mostly neglected by the Theosophists.

The next observation is of importance.

No wealth of observable data will increase our knowledge without a development of clearly defined conceptions and thought-methods parallel to the increased power of observation. (p. 46.)

In several place the author reiterates this idea, that it is necessary to increase thought-power and improve canons of judgment in proportion to the increase in power to observe. Otherwise, he contends, no reliable results will follow. And

according to him it is exactly here that Theosophical seers fail.

• Another interesting objection is:

In no serious manual of Physics or Chemistry do we encounter phrases like 'Physics teaches' or 'Chemistry proves'; but we learn each time who has observed or proved something and when and where this has happened. (p. 48.)

In Theosophical books, his reproach is, it is otherwise; no sources or specifications of the sort are given, contrary to the good example of Swedenborg or Thomas Lake Harris, "the most important seers of modern times." (p. 51.)

Then again we ignore the result of the philosophical activity of humanity during the last twenty centuries in three main points. These are the sharp contrasts posed by philosophy between three pairs of opposites: (1) the psychic and the physical, (2) the psychic, metaphysical Ego and the material body, (3) God and the world. These three contraries are not clearly realised as such in Theosophy, but are vaguely mixed together. We apply, in short:

Methods belonging to the lowest levels of the human attempts at understanding (p. 53.)

even though

We in West Europe have long since transcended all primitive hylozoism and pantheism. (p. 51.)

The whole article is, as the title indicates, written as a criticism of Dr. Steiner's book *Die Geheimwissenschaft im Umriss*¹, but *mutatis mutandis* much in the article is equally applicable to H. P. B., to Mrs. Besant, and to Mr. Leadbeater. It is indeed a criticism of Theosophical methods more than of special Theosophical doctrines. The author speaks sympathetically of the doctrine of reincarnation, seems indeed to adopt it himself. He admits the possibility of the existence of higher powers and bodies, and complains that Dr. Steiner does not quote those who have, in the West, done most to disclose the higher worlds

¹ Berlin, 1910.

and their secrets to mankind; they are the Saints of the Catholic Church. Equally, he disapproves that Dr. Steiner does not quote the bible. If we have to take Dr. Steiner seriously, he says, we have to take him as the founder of a new religion, but that has nothing to do with science, though the book criticised claims to give an outline of the secret science. Secret science is in itself a *contra-dictio in terminis*. (Nearly all of the above arguments may be applied to other Theosophical revealers.) And so he comes to the proposal that Dr. Steiner (*ergo* the others also) should leave his propaganda and teachings, cease to be a prophet and inspirer, and submit himself to a scientific committee, in order that the holy university may have a new study-object, which "might exercise an important influence on modern science, on natural science as well as on historical science." (p. 57.) But first of all it would be necessary for Dr. Steiner (and the others) to limit and condition himself to the extent demanded beforehand . . . by his ultra-scientific examiners.

We cannot help pondering over the question: What would happen if Jesus accidentally came back to us and had the honor of being remarked by the genuinely pious and learned Professor? Has he himself ever reflected on this simple point? Does he wish that Jesus and the Apostles (assuming them all to be equally historical) should have been treated according to his present-day principles?

In conclusion:

The seven books and articles we have examined show plainly that in the ultimate problems of life not too much must be expected as yet from the average academical or religious experts of our times, and that the outward semblance of authority often masks but shallow and superficial insight.

Great concrete knowledge and acumen of and about details and externals still go hand in hand with absence of communion with the essential and living reality.

Secondly: If we take these various essays as the high-watermark of present-day criticism of Theosophy, we feel we have as yet little to fear and that our position must be an essentially strong one.

Some of the articles contain suggestive remarks, just criticisms of details and interesting considerations. Professor Lutoslawski's essay seems to us, in a certain sense, the best, and we recommend its perusal to serious and philosophically-minded Theosophists, to weigh and consider. Some wisdom can undoubtedly be extracted from it. Next comes Professor Flournoy's essay, which in its *bonhomie* and outspokenness is both natural and interesting. Monsieur Nicoullaud's novel and Father Zimmermann's productions are worth reading because they show us the attitude towards Theosophy taken up by two different representatives of Catholicism. Professor Speyer's and Canon Laenen's essays may well be omitted, as they are neither thorough nor true enough to be of use to a Theosophist or to give weight to the criticisms themselves. Finally, Herr Meebold's remarks are both interesting and welcome, because of their intelligent and sympathetic essentials.

And after having thus for a moment seen 'ourselves as others see us,' we can turn round and plunge once more and with renewed enthusiasm into the study of the positive expression of Theosophy, in order to understand, realise and assimilate yet more than we have done hitherto.

JOHAN VAN MANEN

ANSWERS TO PRAYERS

I prayed for Wealth
God gave unto me none—
To teach me that His crown
Is not by riches won.

I prayed for Fame—
God made my life obscure,
To show me through simplicity
The things more sure.

I prayed for Beauty—
God looked upon my face.
"All I have made is beautiful
Which sin does not deface."

I prayed for Joy—
God sent unto me pain
"Suffer," He whispered, "thus alone
My heaven canst thou gain."

I prayed for Love—
A small still voice replied
"Thou hast my Love,
For thee Christ Jesus died."

MARGUERITE KIRKPATRICK RICHARDS



REVIEWS

What is Religion? Wilhelm Bousset. Translated by T. B. Low. (T. Fisher Unwin, London. Price 5s.)

The Editor, in charging us with the task of reviewing this work, has put us in a singularly difficult position. We have seldom read a book which has raised in us such a storm of passionate antagonism as this one did. We feel moved to desire for it such treatment as that meted out by Nietzsche to D. F. Strauss. The work is the outcome of a viewpoint which is diametrically opposite to that of Theosophy. The two tendencies are irreconcilable and mutually exclusive. The learned author uses a facile and plausible rhetoric which can be combined with neither depth nor philosophy. As the preface has it correctly (p. vii) this work is "permeated by the spirit of modern democracy," but, unhappily, a democracy in the worst possible sense of the word. In short the learned book is a big pamphlet purporting to answer the question 'What is Religion?' but in reality it is a sectarian propagandistic apology *ad maiorem gloriam* of modern, liberal, German, evangelical Christianity. Its confusion, rhetoric and shallowness are immense; its unfounded generalisations countless. Every page bristles with statements that invite protest; the perplexity, the amazement, the bewilderment it raises are astounding.

We know its author only as a commentator on the Revelation of St. John. There we found him at his best as a clever historian, a painstaking critic, a careful collator of documents in so far as he kept to these aspects of the problem. Here we find him working at an utterly uncongenial task; he attempts the rôle of a philosopher of religion, and he shows that he possesses neither philosophic instinct, nor the requisite inborn impartiality of temperament, nor insight into the living values of religion wheresoever

they manifest in forms unfamiliar to him. He proves abundantly that he is bound by an invincible bias to his own form of belief: that of evangelical Christianity, once more. The same beliefs, the same spirit of faith, the same living religious aspirations and experiences, are not recognised as such as soon as name and form vary from those of his own pattern.

Now how can one prove all this in any short space? How is one to criticise the work justly and minutely, honestly and yet in a friendly manner, with any completeness? And how again to add to all this a frank appreciation of what is good in the book? It is impossible to us in the space at our disposal; it would be impossible in a space less than that of the original work. The only thorough critique possible would be a complete volume on the opposite thesis. But Professor Bousset is of course no fool; he is educated, learned and the master of a facile pen. So he easily masks the insufficiency of his treatment by the method of plausibility—such a plausibility! His presentment makes the subject so seemingly simple that a superficial reader might never realise that it treats in reality of the most difficult of difficult subjects, the most complex of complex problems.

"To the negroes the ass is only dumb out of idleness." (Note: to THE negroes!). There we have it! *therefore* it is proved that the lower races ignore the difference between the man and the animal! In another place (p. 32): "Writing does not exist. Thus there is no history, no past, no carefully collected experience." Ancient India, ancient Gaul, and ancient Greece with their huge amount of mnemotechnic tradition are all forgotten! And such unsound generalisations abound.

In the first chapter alone we find the following definitions of religion:

Religion is everywhere seen to be a striving after life, after possessions.

Thus, the basis of all religion is seen to be trembling with fear and reverence for the great realities amid which we live.

Religion is personal relation with the Godhead.

All religion is a casting of the self into the abyss, a wondrous miracle of human confidence.

Where there is no trembling, timid fear of God, there is no religion.

To our mind these quotations alone are sufficient in their conjunction to show the confusion of the writer's mind.

Sectarianism, if not actual ignorance, is shown in passages like the following:

First of all it must be said that the question of the future of Christianity is the question of the future of religion. (p. 265).

Compared with Christianity, how overburdened with outward ceremonies, for example, Islāmism [*sic*] is. (p. 267).

The acme of onesidedness in statement (not to call it by a harsher name) is to be found on p. 266.

In Christianity every specific national element in religion was finally overthrown, and yet Christianity, in a far higher degree [*sic*] than Islāmism and Buddhism, was able, in the long course of its history, to penetrate into the innermost being of the most different nations, so that we now speak of a Roman and a German, a Slavonic and an Armenian, an English and a North American Christianity.

To show the author's real viewpoint, we may quote the following sentence from p. 270, which does away with any claim to impartiality which our author might offer:

Christianity is the only living religion that concerns us.

Later, on the same page, we find even:

He who proclaims in this round fashion that Christianity is a failure, proclaims at the same time that he is without religious feeling.

On page 274 two eminent models for and representatives of what is best in Christianity are named. They are—Goethe and Bismarck!

We have only touched on a few, a very few, topics from this book, which we reject utterly and *in toto*. Its faults are, however, not, wholly those of its author, but mostly those of modern liberal theology. The maudlin poverty to which this discipline has reduced itself by stripping itself of nearly all the essentials of religion, together with unessential accretions and excrescences, is sad to behold. From the ignorance concerning things spiritual, partly due to church and religion in Europe themselves, partly due to that cosmic fate which forced the West to seek for truth *through* matter, and which culminated in the last century in a period of crudest materialism, modern religion is still suffering; weak, anæmic, poor in its spirit, powerful and energetic mainly on its material side. The book before us is a natural outcome of these conditions, and betokens the low watermark of religion as a dispenser of spiritual wisdom and knowledge, as conscious and full experience of the soul, as deep psychological understanding of the divine working in man or the human striving up to God, as a living Gnosis, as real Theosophy.

J. v. M.

The New Social Democracy, by J. H. Harley. P. S. King & Son, London. Price 6s.)

Although Mr. Harley writes in favor of Social democracy, he says in his preface:

It is not the purpose of this book to help in the work of destruction. Its author's purpose is reconstruction, not destruction. There is no need to deny the necessity for thorough change. But there is no reason why we should allow ourselves to be carried helplessly and hopelessly down the rapids of Niagara. It is the purpose of this book to dispel the dark clouds which pessimism has stretched over some of the most hopeful of our social reforms.

He tries to take as optimistic a view as he can of the future; he hopes that what our President has called 'the many-millions of ignorance' may turn out to be not so ignorant as has been feared. But at least he recognises that without religion our prospect would be a dark one; and he quotes with approval a saying of Mr. R. J. Campbell:

I do not believe that any form of collectivism, as a mere system superposed from without, can ever make the world happy. It must be the expression of the spirit of Brotherhood working from within. (p. 80).

In that we are thoroughly with him; but we can scarcely share the glee with which he hails the first action of the new Portuguese Republic. It appears that the first things that body did were to pass a law expelling the Jesuits, a law making divorce easier, and a law giving Trades Unions the right to strike. But are these actions good? To expel any religious body from a country is a confession of weakness; far better, surely, so to educate your people that you will no longer fear the Jesuits. To make divorce easier may give relief in some cases, but it is a very questionable boon, for it encourages people to enter more carelessly into marriage. To give men the right to strike is only to stir up strife and cause serious suffering; far better make a law to prevent oppression, so that there may be no excuse for strikes. Mr. Campbell's idea of awakening brotherhood from within is far more hopeful than the encouragement of strife, expulsion and divorce without.

C. W. L.

Tennyson as a Student and Poet of Nature, by Sir Norman Lockyer and Winifred L. Lockyer. Macmillan & Co., Ltd., London. Price 4s. 6d.)

This is a good collection of well-selected quotations from the late poet Laureate's works, critically classified and arranged.

Our author, being a man of science, has naturally shown the decided bent of his mind in this; and prominence is given to the many references to astronomy which are to be found in Tennyson. The introduction is very interestingly written by Sir Norman, who was a great friend of Tennyson, and it shows how the poet kept himself well informed, and was keenly interested in scientific information. We wish some Theosophist would cull out, collect and collate Theosophical quotations from Tennyson as Sir Norman has collected those bearing upon science; for we feel certain that there are many passages and poems which breathe the true Theosophical spirit. Lines that whisper of reincarnation rush to our memory; the poet seems to recall some experience of a past life:

That touches me with mystic gleams
Like glimpses of forgotten dreams—
Of something felt, like something here
Of something done, I know not where;
Such as no language may declare.

We can quote passage after passage proving how near to Theosophical truths Tennyson was, but space forbids. We hope this delightful volume will inspire philosophical and religious students to undertake in their respective departments what Sir Norman has so admirably done in his. No student of Tennyson should fail to possess the book.

B. P. W.

Transactions of the Educational Conference, Adyar, 1910. (THE THEOSOPHIST Office, Adyar, Madras, India. Price 8 anns. or 8d.)

The little volume of transactions which lies before me is a creditable production from all points of view, the literary matter being of high value. It is, I suppose, almost inevitable that the earliest contributors to an Educational Conference held in connexion with the Theosophical Society should be members of the C. H. C. staff; but we may hope that in succeeding years members from other colleges and schools will see their way to send representatives and papers, and so widen the scope of the Transactions. Two main thoughts struck me on reading. First—how much light Theosophy throws on all subjects connected with education, and second—how very fortunate the Central Hindū College is in having among its professors and teachers educationalists with such high ideals as are expressed in these papers. Miss Arundale contributes many helpful suggestions for the education of girls and boys, and pleads for a wiser

scheme of teaching, in which the preparation for the essential functions of life shall not be ignored for the sake of accomplishments or examinations. Professor B. Sanjiva Row has a powerful paper on the use of emotion in education, and he has our entire sympathy when he remarks that "the fundamental defect of most of the present-day schools and colleges is the lack of inspiration, the lack of ideals." Miss Albarus shows how an ideal can affect the life of a country, taking as an example the influence of Fichte in the opposition of Prussia to the sway of Napoleon. Prof. P. K. Telang pleads for teaching Samskr̥t by the help of the Indian vernaculars, instead of using English as the medium of instruction, and gives very good reasons for his opinion. The last paper is contributed by the Head-master of the C. H. C. Boys' school, and deals with the important subject of discipline. He emphasises the enormous effect on the child of the example of the parent and teacher. Looking at education from the view-point of Theosophy, he is not content to think merely of the present incarnation, but takes a broader view of the ultimate growth of the character of the child, and is not prepared to subordinate the formation of qualities to the acquisition of knowledge solely required for examination purposes.

K. B.

Medicine and the Church. Edited by Geoffrey Rhodes. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Ltd., London. Price 6s.)

This book is a series of studies on the relationship between the practice of medicine and the Church's ministry to the sick. It discusses the new Emanuel movement which has come into prominence in recent years. Six medical men and five eminent divines contribute to the symposium. It is a book that we can recommend to all who wish to see exactly the opinions held by religious and medical orthodoxy on matters relating to Christian and Mental Science, and what is usually termed the New Thought movement. The divines are practically all of opinion that the present arrangement of things is best, and that the practice of mental healing only leads to the establishment of pseudo-religious bodies whose only object is the exploitation of the credulous and unthinking. The doctors do not deny that there is something in mental healing, but they all cry out for accredited cases, and when these are forthcoming they are explained away as unsatisfactory. Also, in their opinion, it all

leads to the exaltation of quackery and charlatanism. Apparently there is an unholy alliance to-day between the exponents of religious and medical orthodoxy to keep things as they are. In the Middle Ages priestdom ruled the medical profession and everything else. To-day there seems to be a tendency to set up a medical autocracy to which all else must submit. New ideas in healing are looked upon with suspicion and discredited if possible. Even the high-priests of orthodoxy, religious and medical, are monopolistic and conservative. Already the Church has lost the sympathy and support of the vast mass of thinking people through its refusal to accept the deeper esoteric truths of religion. So also materia medica is, as Edison has said, "played out." Even to-day distinguished medical men, like Sir Frederick Treves, tell us that the doctor of the future will not give drugs. Dr. Mason Good, tells us that "the effects of medicine on the human system are in the highest degree uncertain, except, indeed, that it has already destroyed more lives than war, pestilence and famine combined." Professor Draper, M.D., said: "If all drugs were thrown into the sea it would be infinitely better for the human race, but infinitely worse for the poor fishes." So it were well to encourage drugless systems of healing, even though some of their exponents are not all that they ought to be.

M. H. H.

The Nature of Personality, by William Temple. Macmillan & Co., London. Price 2s. 6d.)

This is a well and brightly written little book, though not of special interest to the Theosophist. The learned author divides all objects into three classes: Things, Brutes and Persons (though I doubt whether there is any such thing in nature as a Brute according to his definition of it). The meaning which he attaches to the word 'person' is not quite the ordinary one; in fact, he eventually emerges with the theory that the only real and perfect Personality is that of God. Some of his remarks have quite a Theosophical flavor:

Morality or Duty is one mark of personality, and for this to be perfectly realised the individual must know what is the good of the human race, and devote himself to it.

But then he continues:

But no individual knows what the good of the human race is. We are linked to one another by a common purpose which we none of

us possess, and are in our fellowship loyal to an ideal which we cannot formulate or understand. (p. 62.)

which suggests once more the ejaculation that springs to our lips with regard to almost every book which comes up for review: "If only the writer could understand and accept Theosophy!" We agree most heartily with the sentiments which he expresses on pp. 76, 77:

If we want to find the right thing to do, we must ask what will do most to increase the volume of love.

Personality as we know it can only reach individual self-satisfaction through complete individual selflessness. It is misleading to speak of self-realisation through self-sacrifice. Self-sacrifice is self-realisation.

It is incomprehensible to the Theosophist how a man who can write such passages as we have quoted can also say:

To torture a brute is cruel but not criminal, and only indirectly immoral; I mean it is the act of an immoral person, but not an immoral act. (p. 9.)

The book is an ingenious attempt to justify the Christian doctrine of the Personality of God; but in so far as it succeeds, it is by adopting a new meaning for the word person. We strongly commend to the author the study of Theosophical literature on the subject.

C. W. L.

My Indian Reminiscences, by Dr. Paul Deussen. (G. A. Natesan & Co., Madras. Price Re. 1/4 or 1s. 8d.)

We welcome the English translation of the interesting reminiscences of the great German scholar. It adds one more to the already long list of books on India and Indians, one without which no such list will be fully complete, as Dr. Deussen's observations and views are naturally unique. It is an instructive narrative of what a sympathetic occidental mind learns in this great land of the Orient. On the other hand Indians will benefit a great deal from the impartial criticisms of a really great foreigner. The booklet provides an hour's delightful reading, and is not without its serious lessons, especially for the thoughtful reader.

B. P. W.

Christ for India, by Bernard Lucas. (Macmillan & Co., Ltd., London. Price 4s. 6d.)

This book has been written with the well-meant and serious intention of addressing one more persuasive word to India to accept Jesus Christ, cross and all, as the true means of salvation. As the Christ has ever been the Universal Teacher, through whom all religious forms have flowed out upon the world, Mr. Lucas's earnest recommendations seem a little superfluous. It would seem that Christian missionary effort thinks itself wiser than the Christ, who has seen fit, in His wisdom, to give a variety of paths along which humanity may tread its slow way to God. Happily "the foolishness of God is wiser than men," and a number of religions flourish and bear divine fruit, as they were intended to do. It is quite certain that religious belief in India needs reconstruction, as Mr. Lucas points out; but that is the need of the whole world at the present moment. We very much doubt, however, whether Christianity is to be the means of achieving that desired end. It is true that, "the Indian mind is a splendid loom for the weaving of religious thought, but it has been standing unused for centuries"; but has Christianity the power to bring back its activity? When we survey the sad social and moral disorders of the Christian West, we doubt it. Mr. Lucas tries to be broad and tolerant towards Hindū conceptions, but his estimates of them are sometimes very wide of the mark; for instance when he sums up the Vedāntic idea as the "most poverty-stricken conception of God to which human thought has given birth."

But there is much that is good in this book; there are some trenchant and deserved criticisms of the Hindū attitude in various matters. We do not find anything new in the claim put forward for Christianity except the assumed historical base of Jesus, which our author thinks is "of incalculable importance for Hindū religious thinking," as the Hindū's own is nothing but fiction!

There is, however, a distinct effort to be kindly and sympathetic throughout the book. If the author's Christian prejudices had been less deep he might have seen Hindū religious conceptions in a still more kindly and understanding light, and realised that in them the Truth about God and man is perhaps as clearly revealed as God, through the mouth of His Messengers, has revealed it at any time throughout the history of man.

J. R.

Nelson's Encyclopædia. Vols. I, II and III. (Thomas Nelson & Sons, London. Price Re. 1 each. A set of 25 Volumes for Rs. 25 post free. Obtainable at THE THEOSOPHIST Office, Adyar, Madras.)

We live in an age of cyclopædias large and small, expensive and cheap; and they are necessary adjuncts to all business and study and research. Naturally therefore we have cyclopædias written by specialists for students, by savants for scholars. We needed a cheap, good, handy cyclopædia written by experts for the ordinary enquirer, and we have it in this series. The volumes before us, each of about 500 pages, the first covering subjects from A to Ano, the second from Anq to Az, the third from B to Bk, are quite praiseworthy and commendable. They are nicely illustrated and have some fine full-page pictures. The volumes are handy, neatly but strongly bound, and the print is clear. Convenience in use and facility in reference have been well considered, and for the price the volumes are certainly cheap. We have no hesitation in recommending them.

B. P. W.

Man: King of Mind, Body and Circumstance, by James Allen. (William Rider & Son, London. Price 1s.)

This is an excellent little book of the ordinary New Thought type—a homily on the texts: "As a man thinks, so is he" and "The wise man rules his stars; the fool obeys them." If every one followed the sound practical advice here given, mankind would undoubtedly be far happier than it is. We quote a passage:

When our social reformers condemn vice as they now condemn the rich; when they are as eager to abolish wrong-living as they are to abolish low wages, we may look for a diminution in that form of degraded poverty which is one of the dark spots on our civilisation... When the human heart is purged from covetousness and selfishness; when drunkenness, impurity, indolence and self-indulgence are driven for ever from the earth, then poverty and riches will be known no more, and every man will perform his duties with a joy so full and deep as is yet (except to the few whose hearts are already pure) unknown to men, and all will eat of the fruit of their labor in sublime self-respect and perfect peace.

C. W. L.

The Religion of Theosophy, by Bhagavān Dās, Adyar Pamphlet No. 3. (Price 2d. or 2 annas.)

Proofs of the Existence of the Soul, by Annie Besant, Adyar Pamphlet No. 4. (Price 2d. or 2 annas.)

The Emergence of a World-Religion, by Annie Besant, Adyar Pamphlet No. 5. (Price 2d. or 2 annas.)

The Opening of the New Cycle, by Annie Besant, Adyar Popular Lecture No. 16. (Price 1d. or 1 anna.)

The White Lodge and Its Messengers, by Annie Besant, Adyar Popular Lecture No. 17. (Price 1d. or 1 anna.)

(All published by THE THEOSOPHIST Office, Adyar, Madras.)

The first is the learned and much-admired paper read before the Convention of Religions at Allahabad in January, and deserves wide circulation. The second is an old lecture delivered in Chicago, one of the best and most useful lectures of our President, convincing and inspiring. The third is the now famous address delivered to the League of Liberal Christianity at Manchester, of which the Rev. R. J. Campbell spoke as "one of the most wonderful addresses I have ever heard;" and, further referring to it, said: "We have had a great spiritual uplift; to-night's meeting is our crowning blessing." These Adyar Pamphlets are specially issued cheaply with a view to spread Theosophic thought; every month one pamphlet is published, and regular subscribers can have twelve numbers for 2s. or Re. 1-8 post free.

The fourth is the opening lecture of our President at the last Theosophical Convention at Adyar. The fifth is the closing address delivered under the famous Banyan Tree at Adyar, which has such holy and inspiring associations for many who listened to it.

All the five pamphlets should be freely used for propaganda work, and no member or Lodge of the Society should fail to procure copies. They give us the best expression of Theosophical thought, and embody some of the greatest truths which it is at present so essential that the public should know.

B. P. W.

The Riddle of Life, by Annie Besant. (T.P.S., London and THE THEOSOPHIST Office, Adyar, Madras. Price 6d. or 6 annas.)

Questions on Hindūism with Answers, by Annie Besant. (T.P.S., Benares and THE THEOSOPHIST Office, Adyar, Madras. Price Re. 1-4 or 1s. 9d.)

The Bhagavad-Gītā, Samskr̥t Text and English Translation, by Annie Besant. (Messrs G. A. Natesan & Co., and THE

THEOSOPHIST Office, Adyar, Madras. Price Wrapper 2d. or 2 ans. Cloth 6d. or 6 ans.)

These are three new publications to the credit of our ever-busy President. The first book has already exhausted its first edition of 10,000, and orders are being registered for the second edition. They are reprints of articles on Elementary Theosophy from our own pages, and four colored plates of man's subtler bodies are added. The second book consists of answers to questions (originally given in the *C. H. C. Magazine*) classified and arranged in twenty-eight sections; they cover a considerable area of Hindū philosophy, ethics, customs, ritual symbology, etc. As a book of reference it is valuable, and both for the ultra-orthodox and the ultra-'civilised' among the Hindūs it has many good teachings. Those who want some outline ideas about Hindūs and Hindūism will find it useful. The third book is a handy little pocket volume, the cheapness of which is a surprise. Both the Samskr̥t text and the well-known English translation of Mrs. Besant are neatly printed. We wish all the three books great success.

B. P. W.

In the Heart of the Holy Grail. By James L. Macbeth Bain. (Percy Lund, Humphries & Co., London. Price. 3s. 6d.)

This book is supplementary to the author's *The Christ of the Holy Grail*, and contains, as the sub-title states, "The Hymns and Prayers of the Christ-Child to the Christ-Mother." Most of the hymns were composed while the writer of them was travelling last year over various parts of the British Isles. Mr. Macbeth Bain is well known as a practical spiritual healer, and he has written several books on that view of health and healing. His leanings and sympathies are very much with the Theosophic presentation of Truth, but to him all philosophy and all occult research are but a preparation for the manifestation in the flesh of the Christ of the soul. The author is evidently one who takes the Path of Love and Devotion. His utterances all betray the mystic whose soul-longings are but vaguely expressed in language, who feels more than he is able to express. These hymns, he tells us, are "sung for the comfort of the little ones to the spirit of the Great Love, whom we in Christendom name the Christ, but who is named of other names by other peoples." The author is overflowing with enthusiasm, and has no doubt

dwelt long in meditation on the nature of the Christ-spirit. Therefore those who read this book carefully, who read behind the words, will be helped mentally and spiritually, and probably be fired with a similar enthusiasm. Perhaps the book may be best summed up in two lines which the author quotes:

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small.

M. H. H.

Veḍāntasāra of Saḍānanda, with the Commentary "Bālabōḍhini" of Apaḍeva, and a critical English Introduction by Professor K. Sunḍararāma Aiyar, M.A.

To all lovers and followers of the advaita the famous *Veḍāntasāra* of Saḍānanda needs no introduction. Only half the book is devoted to this edition of the *Veḍāntasāra* and Apaḍeva's commentary; the other half is a brilliant and convincing Introduction by Prof. K. Sunḍararāma Aiyar, M.A., of Kumbakonam. The Professor deals critically with Col. G. A. Jacob's and Dr. Thibaut's views on the *Veḍāntasāra*. Both doubted that Śhankara's doctrines could be supported by tradition, or even that Śhankara evolved that tradition as authority; both doubted that the Upaniṣhats and Bāḍarāyaṇa could be claimed as authorities for Śhankara's seeming independence of thought. Professor Sunḍarāma shows that these two noted scholars have mistaken the great Veḍāntic teacher, and refutes entirely their conclusions. If space permitted we would give a full discussion of the Professor's arguments. He clears these century-old yet ever-interesting teachings from the misconceptions which had previously surrounded them. We should be glad to see more from his pen—and of a constructive nature.

J. R.

A Coronation Sermon, by Archdeacon Wilberforce. (Elliot Stock, London.)

A pamphlet which puts forward the view that in the Coronation Service "a public testimony is given that any divorce between secular and spiritual functions is based upon a radically false estimate of national life". The interdependence of the two great lines of Kingship and Priesthood is strongly upheld. A suggestive sermon for our democratic days.

B. P. W.

ACADEMICAL MAGAZINES

Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain and Ireland. January, 1911. April, 1911

The January number opens with "Notes on the Classification of Bashgali," by Sten Konow, which are of interest, as the recent problem of the Mitani gods appears here again and in quite a new connexion. There was, it may be remembered, a violent controversy on these gods, who were worshipped in Mesopotamia in the fourteenth century B.C., according to a treaty brought to light by Professor Winckler between the Mitani King Mattiuaza and the Hittite King Subbiluliuma. The gods in question are Mitra, Varuṇa, Indra, and the Nāsatyas, and the problem was whether the form in which these names appear is Indo-European (Indo-Iranian), Iranian, or Indian. If Indian, the gods were clearly imported from India, which would shake the current views of the age of Vedic culture by pushing the latter back to about 2000 B.C. This is the hypothesis which Professor Jacobi had endeavored to maintain, but which all his critics have declined. In Bashgali, a language of the Siāh-pōsh Kāfirs of Northern Kāfiristan, described by Colonel J. Davidson in the *Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal* (1902), a vernacular has turned up which, though belonging to the Iranian family, does not show the well-known characteristic distinguishing the Iranian from the Indo-Aryan languages, namely, the change by the former of the Aryan *s* to *h* (Asura to Ahura-mazda, etc.), but has retained the Aryan *s*, and this is exactly the case with the rather frequent names of Aryan chieftains found in Assyrian cuneiform inscriptions from very early times, and with one or two of the mentioned deities, namely, the Nāsatyas which appear as *na-sa-at-ti-ia* as against Avestan *nānhaitiia*. Sten Konow concludes from this that there was at least one Iranian dialect which did not change the ancient *s* to *h*, but retained it, and he suggests that we may look at Bashgali as a descendant of such a dialect.

"Āryabhata's System of Expressing Numbers," by J. F. Fleet, is the first full exposition of this rather interesting subject.

It is of special interest in connexion with two topics, namely, the early use of the abacus in India, and the development of the decimal notation. Āryabhata, the famous astronomer of the fifth to sixth century A.D., had a system of expressing numbers by letters which reminds one of and is probably connected with the Greek method of expressing the higher numbers.

Mr. Marshall's report on the "Archæological Exploration in India, 1909-10" shows satisfactory results, but also shows how much more remains to be done in this field. It sounds hardly credible, and yet is a fact, that the excavations at Bhīṭa near Allahabad now begun by Mr. Marshall himself "marks the first occasion on which a serious effort has been made to explore the remains of an ancient Indian town." The results of these excavations clearly show "what a rich harvest of finds may be expected when the sites of the great cities like Taxila, Pāṭaliputra, and Vidisā come to be systematically and thoroughly investigated." Among the antiquities brought to light there are two wheels of a terra-cotta toy cart and many other remnants of similar carts from which it is easy to restore these little toys, so interesting in connexion with the well-known play of the *Mṛcchakatikā*. The Rev. A. H. Francke, whose services Mr. Marshall secured for a certain period, found in Western Tibet several inscriptions in the early Brāhmī and Kharōṣṭhī scripts which testify to the fact that Indian influence had already penetrated into these mountainous tracts in the second or third century B.C. Mr. Francke discovered also some antiquities from the pre-Buddhist period of Tibetan history—a manuscript containing a hymnal used on the occasion of human sacrifices at Poo. The Mathurā museum has been enriched by a great number of interesting sculptures procured through Paṇḍit Radha Krishna, proving, among other things, to what a remarkable extent the popular cults of the Nāgas and Yakshas flourished in ancient Mathurā side by side with Buddhism and Jainism. From Mr. Venkayya's report we extract the following interesting note on the rebuilding of ancient temples in Southern India: "When any temple had to be rebuilt, all the records found on its walls were first copied into a book and then re-engraved on the new walls on completion of the building operations." Hence it happens, we are further informed, that some temples possess old inscriptions written in comparatively later characters.

The harvest of Dr. Stein's explorations is not yet finished: an article by A. Cowley tells us that, "Another unknown Language from Eastern Turkestan" has been discovered by him. A paper MS. written in the Aramaic alphabet was handed over by Dr. Stein to Mr. Cowley, an authority in that branch of palæography, and Mr. Cowley, who expected to translate the MS., found this impossible because the language, so he now declares, is not Aramaic nor any other Semitic dialect, even the characters being Aramaic merely in origin. The language appears to be some form of Iranian in which, as in Pahlavi, Aramaic words were used, and the documents are evidently letters or depatches.

The discussion about "The Translation of the term Bhagavat" may have come to an end by F.O. Schröder's suggestion to translate *bhagavat* by "holy" because both *bhaga* and *hæl* mean "good luck, health, wealth," etc., and the word holy has a sufficiently wide content and is at once recognised as a religious term, though it is sometimes used as a mere courteous address (cf. *Mahārāj* in Hindī, etc.)

The first article of the April number is an edition and translation, by A. v. Le Cog, of the text of Dr. Stein's Manichæan MS. scroll from Tun-huang. The language is ancient Turkish, the characters Manichæan, and the contents are a prayer consisting of an enumeration of possibly committed sins, for which forgiveness is being implored with the constantly returning formula *Manastar hırza* "Our sin remit!" The prayer is pathetic, and fills one with admiration for this grand religion, which seems to have been so much more perfect in a good many points than the Christianity to which it succumbed. Probably the main cause of its defeat was that it was too advanced for its time. Read the fifth section (which follows here as a sample) and compare it with the Christian command not to kill: "If, [misbehaving against] the five kinds of living beings, (to wit) firstly, against two-legged man, secondly, against the four-footed living beings, thirdly, against the flying living beings, fourthly, against the living beings in the water, fifthly, against the living beings on earth, that creep on their bellies (livers): my God! in (our) sinful state, these five kinds of living and moving beings, up to the large ones and down to the small ones: if somehow we should have frightened or scared (them); if somehow we should have beaten or struck (them); if somehow we should have angered or pained

(them); if somehow we should have killed (them); and if thus we have ourselves become tormentors to such living and moving beings; now, my God! cleaning ourselves from sin, we pray: *Manastar hırza*!"

"The Kaliyuga Era of B.C. 3102" is the first half of a most thankworthy study by J. F. Fleet of a subject which though often touched upon, has on the whole remained obscure up to the present day. As is well known, the Kaliyuga is the Hindū Iron age—the fourth and worst period in a Chaturyuga or Mahāyuga, 71 (or 72) of which form a Manvantra, 14 of which constitute a Kalpa or æon, a day of Brahman, which thus contains 10,000 Kaliyugas. Now there are three schemes of the Kalpa, differing from each other by the different division into sub-periods, and lastly by the different length calculated for the whole period: namely, (1) Āryabhata's system, (2) an intermediate system, and (3) the system of Brahmagupta and the present day. According to the first a Kalpa would last 4,354,560,000 years, according to the second 4,294,080,000 years, and according to the third 4,320,000,000 years. Mr. Fleet denies that in an early time a date was assigned to the beginning of any of the ages. This was only done when, under the influence of the Greek sciences, the Hindūs had to compute the courses of the planets, to which end they required bases for calculation going far beyond the system of luni-solar cycles to which they were until then accustomed. They then found that they had to adopt something like the Greek *exeligmos*, "that is, a period of evolution and revolution, in the course of which any given order of things runs through an appointed course and is completed by returning to the state from which it started. And they adopted an *exeligmos* beginning and ending with a conjunction of the sun, the moon, and the planets, at the first point of Mēsha (Aries); which conjunction of course involved a new-moon and the vernal equinox." This *exeligmos* was originally the quarter of a Mahāyuga, "namely, Āryabhata's Yuga-pāda of 1,080,000 years, with the conjunction recurring at the beginning of each Yugapāda," and "the moment assigned to the assumed conjunction was according to one school mean sunrise at Laṅkā-Ujjain on Friday, 18th February, B.C. 3102, and according to another school the preceding midnight."

In a "Note on the Unknown Language and Characters of the Documents Stein-Cowley" (compare above p. 778) R. Ganthiot,

a French scholar, states that the language is Sogdian, and that the graphic system used for it "is to the Manichæans and the Christians of Sogdian tongue about the same as is Pehlvi to Pasend."

Journal Asiatique, November-December 1910, and January-February 1911

In France as elsewhere the antiquities from Central Asia occupy the centre of interest. Prof. Sylvain Lévi, the great authority on Samskr̥t, Chinese, and Tibetan, publishes an exceedingly interesting article on the "Samskr̥t Texts from Tonen-Houang," i.e., certain paper MSS. discovered, together with other antiquities in a country more distant even than Chinese Turkestan, southward of the ancient wall, in a grotto at Ts'ien fo tong, near Tounen-Houang. Those MSS. are another incontestable proof of the existence in former times, ignored and contested so long, of the Buddhist canon in Samskr̥t. They belong to four texts, all of which are represented by them only in fragments, unfortunately. The first text is the Nidāna-Sūtra, that important Sūtra where the Buddha explains the concatenation of the twelve causes (*nidāna*) of pain, the Samsāra, which was so popular that it has been translated into Chinese no less than five times. In the Pāli canon it is found in the Samyutta-nikāya, and that in a form which is obviously more original than the Samskr̥t redaction. The second text, the Dasabala-Sūtra, corresponds to Dasaka-nipāta xxi of the Anguttara-nikāya. The third fragment belongs to the Dharmapada, and more especially to the Srutavarga and Ātmavāda, a most fortunate chance, as exactly these two sections are missing in the MS. brought by the Prussian Turfan expedition and analysed by Pischel. Now, then, four recensions of the Dharmapada are known to exist, viz., (1) the Pāli recension represented in Chinese by the *Fa-kiu king* and the *Fa-kiu-p'iyu king*—a second edition of the former of which has been translated by Beal in his well-known "Texts from the Buddhist Canon commonly known as Dhammapada;" (2) the Samskr̥t recension corresponding to the Tibetan Udānavarga (translated by Rockhill) and to the Chinese *Fa-tsi-yas-sung king*; (3) the text of which the latter is a revised edition—the *tch'ou-yao-king*, which for its enormous extent and great importance may be compared to the Pāli *Atthakathā*; and (4) the Korean recension, not noticed nor studied so far, though contained in the Tōkyō edition of the Tripiṭaka (xxiv, 9). Its name is *Tchou-Fa-tsi-yao king*, and it consists of no less than 2,684 stanzas

distributed over 36 sections. The fourth fragment is the hymn of Mātṛceṣṭa, which was for some time the most famous Buddhist *stotra* existing. Its author, a former worshipper of Mahesvara, is said to be the author of two such hymns in praise of the Buddha, namely, one of 400 Ślokas and this one of 150 Ślokas. These two hymns, says the Chinese traveller I-tsing, are as sweet as the flowers of heaven and comparable, as to the height of the principles they teach, to the highest mountains; they are imitated everywhere, and every one who becomes a monk has to learn them by heart, as soon as he has learnt to recite the five and the ten commandments (*sīla*). Of the two hymns the smaller one was considered the best. As its author the Tibetan translation names not Mātṛceṣṭa but Asvoghosa. It is a great pity that the fragment now brought to light does not contain a single complete śloka, but, as the hymn was so widely spread, it is probable that a complete text may yet be discovered.

Of the remaining contents of this number and the preceding one of the Journal, the article, by R. Weill, on "The Hyksôs and the National Restoration in the Egyptian tradition and in History" may still be mentioned.

The January-February number has an article, by A. Foucher, on "The Beginnings of Buddhist Art." These cannot be derived from any pre-Buddhist Indian art, because none is known to us—the history of religious art in India before Buddhism being "philologically a blank page, archæologically an empty glass-case." It seems that there were two incitements to art in primitive Buddhism, namely, (1) The *stupa* or sepulchral hill containing relics of the Buddha, and (2) the four sacred places which the dying Buddha recommended for pilgrimage (Kapilavastu, Buddhagayā, Benares, Kusinagara). At these places the events connected with them came inevitably to be represented by art for the benefit of the pilgrims. Mr. Foucher thinks that the most ancient monuments of Indian art preserved to us—certain rectangular copper-coins showing a tree, a road, a *stupa* and so on—are nothing but souvenirs of Buddhagayā or Benares, made for and taken with them by the pilgrims who visited these places.

Prof. Sylvain-Lévy treats in a "Preliminary Note" of the "Tokharian Documents of the Mission Pelliot." Tokharian is the Indo-Scythic language (of Aryan origin) which has lately become known through the Prussian "Turfan Expedition." Now the French have also discovered Tokharian MSS., in

the above-mentioned grotto at Tonen-Houang. Besides the Dharmapada, which is in Samskr̥t with a Tokharien translation of each *pāda* or quarter stanza, this collection contains also another bilingual text (medical), and the remains of two Buddhist dramas of which no Samskr̥t original is known to exist. "It seems, then," the writer concludes, "that this language, the existence of which has hardly become known, has been the organ of an advanced and flourishing civilisation."

The Journal of the German Oriental Society, vol. LXIV, No. 4, and vol. LXV, No. 1, and *Vienna Journal for the Knowledge of the Orient*, vol. XXIV, Nos. 2-3 and 4 have but the two following articles of which we are able to take notice here.

"The Story of Merchant Compaka," *Umpakasreṣṭhi-kathānaka*, is a Jain tale of a rather high literary interest, which was first edited by Professor Weber from a single MS., and therefore not satisfactorily, and which is now re-edited, with sufficient material, by J. Hertel, the indefatigable explorer of Indian narrative literature. For the benefit of Indian readers, who for the most part do not quite realise what a critical edition means, Hertel gives his Introduction in English. In the latter special attention should be paid to page 13, where an answer is given to the objection raised by Gopal Raghunatha Nandargikar in his edition of Kālidāsa's *Raghuvamśa* (Bombay 1891), that European Samskritists "jot down all the blunders they meet with, not excepting printer's mistakes, as *varietas lectionis*." Hertel very rightly observes that many of these blunders afford the very basis for critical work, in that they show the relations which exist between the different MSS. The history of the Samskr̥t *Pañcatantra*, for example, has been cleared up principally by obvious blunders which had passed from MS. to MS.

The Vienna Journal XXIV, 4 has an article, by F. Charpentier, on the history of the *Cariyūpīṭaka*, coming to the conclusion that there was an original *Cariyūpīṭaka* on which the present one as well as *Nidāna-kathā* and the corresponding *Jātaka* text are based. The present CP. is "a late, incomplete fabrication" of the time after 430 A.D.

Mind, a Quarterly Review of Psychology and Philosophy
January 1911, April 1911

The January number has a thoughtful paper, by J. S. Stocks, on "Motive," in which a successful attempt is made to

clear away the many obscurities connected with the use of this word. It is of prime importance to understand the relation of motive to intention. The two may, but need not, coincide. They coincide in the perfect will and in the recurrent duties of the routine of life. Further, motive must not be confounded with feeling. If motive were feeling, why is it that neither pleasure nor pain are ever alleged as the motives of action? Motive is that side of character from which a given act is more particularly thought to proceed. It seems to stand midway between what is usually called 'habit' and the particular act or intention, and may in this regard perhaps be compared with the Aristotelian *hexis* as different from *diathesis*. Schopenhauer's, Höffding's, and T. H. Green's definitions of "motive" are examined and rejected.

Other Contents: "The Philosophy of Bergson," by J. Solomon; "A New Law of Thought and its Implication," by E. E. C. Jones.

The most remarkable article of the April number is "The Ground of Appearances" by E. D. Fawcett (see our paper p. 701). Other papers: "The Psychological Explanation of the Development of the Perception of External objects (III)," by H. W. B. Joseph; "The Humanism of Protagoras," by F. C. S. Schiller; "Dualism, Parallelism and Infinitism" by Alfred H. Lloyd.

DR. F. OTTO SCHRÄDER

THEOSOPHY IN MANY LANDS

GREAT BRITAIN

Writing on Coronation Day, our thoughts are naturally full of the historical events which have taken place to-day, and the hope that our newly-crowned King and Queen may have entered on a Reign which shall witness the drawing together of many nations in the bonds of brotherhood, and the inauguration upon earth of a time of peace in which the Great Teacher may be able to come again to bless the world.

The President, Alecyone and Mizar were to watch the procession from seats along the route, and some Theosophists cannot help a feeling of secret satisfaction in the

thought of the two days' enforced holiday from lecturing engagements that the Coronation festivities afforded the President!

Great indeed has been her lecturing work and the success with which it has met, during the past month. The hope that there might be a "full house" for the first Queen's Hall lecture has been more than fulfilled, and the crowds who poured in when the doors were opened on the first night dispelled any lingering doubt in our minds of the wisdom of taking so large a Hall for a course of lectures. Not only had we to use the "orchestra" behind Mrs. Besant to seat some hundreds of those who were disappointed of seats in the body of the Hall, but many were turned away.

The second lecture of the course was given last Sunday, when the lecturer outlined with her own splendid oratory and inevitably graceful touches the possibilities of a great World-Religion and all the changes that would follow in every department of life—and on this occasion the crowds were still larger than before, the seating capacity of the Hall (2,750) being stretched to its utmost, and over two hundred disappointed people being turned away. Never before has London responded as it is doing this year to the great Message of Theosophy, the friendly attitude of the general public being one evidence of this. Another is the large number of persons who are joining the section—a hundred new members and four new Lodges being the record for the last six weeks.

The President, who delivered the first of a series of lectures to members on *Evolution in the Past* in the Kensington Town Hall last Tuesday, congratulated the Section on being able to take a Hall which would hold six hundred persons for a course of lectures to members only, remarking that times had changed since the days when a meeting of the principal London Lodge could consist of three persons—as she had known it to do on one occasion in the past.

At this lecture she told the members that she considered they had enough "sugar-plums" on Sundays, and meant to give them real students' lectures; but to judge by the interest and delight with which this first lecture was received it would appear that many of the audience felt that a good many of the said sugar-plums had been kept up the President's sleeve and produced on this occasion!

But we must not fill all our space with reports of the work in London, for our President spent a large part of the past four weeks in visits to Scotland, to Paris and elsewhere.

The Scottish tour was described by some of those who went round in her train as a splendid success, great enthusiasm being shown everywhere and fine meetings being held. The fine new Headquarters of the section were opened by the President during her days in Edinburgh.

Another noteworthy event in our part of the Theosophical field during the last few weeks was the President's Address in Manchester at the large Free Trade Hall, under the auspices of the Liberal Christian League. This lecture on "The Emergence of a World-Religion," besides being heard by many who must have listened to Mrs. Besant for the first time, must have been read by thousands more, for it was fully reported in *The Christian Commonwealth*, where the Queen's Hall lectures are also appearing every week and carrying to many who cannot hear them delivered at least something of their inspiration and hope.

In this connexion we must allude to the great sale of Theosophical literature which has been a noticeable feature connected with the Queen's Hall lectures. Every Sunday evening four bookstalls are surrounded by eager purchasers, and some twenty or thirty helpers are also disposing of books and pamphlets amongst the seat-holders. In this way Theosophical literature is reaching a wider public than it has reached before in London. Mrs. Besant's new outline of Theosophical teachings, which has been published at 6d. under the title *The Riddle of Life, and How Theosophy Answers It* with four plates from *Man Visible and Invisible* to illustrate it, has so far exhausted its first edition of 10,000 copies at the time of writing as to necessitate the putting in hand of a new edition.

Before closing this account of the month's events, which, as will be seen, is almost entirely a record of some of our President's work in our midst, we must allude to another event in which she and a number of other Co-Masons took part—the historical march of women through London to urge again in the year of George V's Coronation the justice of giving to both halves of the nation a share in the government of the people. Those who looked on at the procession declared it to be a wonderful sight, but we who walked in it could

naturally see but little of the long snake which wound itself for some miles through the streets of London. To us perhaps the chief wonder and interest was to see the way in which our President first stood for two hours waiting for the line to start, and then marched patiently through the crowds that lined the route for another hour and a half, and then on reaching the Albert Hall, where a packed audience hailed with cheers her arrival on the platform, delivered a speech in which she appealed to the best side of her audience, urging them to work hand in hand with men and not against them, and to fit themselves for the great responsibility which would rest on their shoulders when—as was inevitable in the near future—their strenuous efforts to obtain justice would be crowned with success.

Space forbids us to tell of the many inspiring talks and lectures which we have been privileged to hear, and in conclusion we must only allude to the Round Table Meeting on May 28th, when the large gathering of children and young people assembled at Headquarters were made very happy by the presence among them of their revered Protector, who was accompanied by Alcyone and Mizar. Hopes concerning this Meeting had been high, and the young folk were not disappointed, for not only did their Protector address them, and smile upon them in her own inimitable way, but Alcyone said a few words also, telling them how glad he was to be among them, and encouraging them to work hard in order that they might be worthy to take part in the great future that lay ahead.

Truly is our Section basking at this time in the sunshine that is being poured out over it, and the prayer goes up from many hearts that we may prove worthy of all the help and encouragement that is being given to us, and become better tillers of the soil and more earnest sowers of the seed of the glad tidings.

E. M. W.

SCOTLAND

The Lodges in Scotland are deeply interested and engaged in work in connexion with the President's visit. Highly successful public meetings have been held in all the towns visited, and everywhere the reception accorded to Mrs. Besant has been most cordial. In Edinburgh, on June 3rd, the first annual

convention of the Scottish National Society was held, and was presided over by Mrs. Besant. The meetings in connexion with this event were held in the new headquarters premises, which were also formally opened by the President. The Scottish Society marks the close of its first year with a record of a membership nearly doubled, and with the number of Lodges increased from eight to fourteen.

In Glasgow and the West great activity reigns, and success attends the many and varied efforts put forward to extend the Society. The Orpheus Lodge (Edinburgh) has commenced a series of five meetings for the study of *Parsifal* on the same lines as were so successfully followed in the study of the *Ring of the Nibelung*. Applications for Charters have been received from Misselburgh and for a new Lodge at Glasgow to be named 'The Annie Besant.'

C. G.

FRANCE

We have behind us splendid, memorable days. The visit of our dear and venerated President, Mrs. Annie Besant, has been more fruitful and created more sensation than ever. Two years ago, only a few papers spoke of her; this time the entire Press broke its silence, and numerous were the papers which treated of the coming of Mrs. Besant and of her lecture at the Sorbonne. The lecture was a grand success. It was listened to in religious silence, interrupted only from time to time by loud applause. Knowing it will be translated into English for THE THEOSOPHIST I need not treat of it here. The lectures reserved to the members: "The Masters, and the Path which leads to Them," and a remarkable "Sketch on the Evolution of Races" were given in the same public hall in which Mrs. Besant gave, two years ago, her *public* lecture. There were about six hundred present, as members of the Society had come not only from all parts of France, but also from Algeria and Tunis; and even the neighboring countries, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland and Italy were represented. It appeared like a small congress, a forerunner of that which is soon to take place in Genoa. On the day of Mrs. Besant's departure we had a reception at the headquarters, which were too small, for the crowd that gathered to bid farewell to our President.

She found our French Section progressing and the Theosophical movement in full swing, and encouraged us to go on

without fear. France is now ready to go forward, and here also the Great Being who is to come will find youth devoted and enthusiastic. Our small Theosophical centre here in France is thus in full activity. Since the 1st of January nearly two hundred new members have been admitted. Our headquarters have become too small, and we must think of getting larger rooms. The E. S. has now special quarters of its own, apart from headquarters, and Mrs. Besant opened them during her stay. We have also a School or Kindergarten for children, where the little ones will find an education essentially Theosophical, and will receive instruction given according to the Montessori Method used in Rome. We hope that the foundation of this School will be followed, in a few years, by that of a College organised in the same spirit. We are full of hope and of confidence. Our efforts, which seemed unproductive and sterile at first, have brought a rich harvest, and more joyfully than ever shall we sow for the future.

A.

Correction. In our review of *A Dictionary of Oriental Quotations* published in the previous number, p. 628, we stated that no quotations from Enweri were included. This is a mistake; one quotation is given, but the name is transliterated Anwari.

J. v. M.

THEOSOPHICAL MAGAZINES

ASIATIC

The Adyar Bulletin, Adyar, July, 1911, opens, after its usual Headquarters' Notes, with a report of an important meeting of the Round Table in London, at which our President delivered a stirring address, and Alcyone as Head of the Order of the Star in the East (to which the Round Table is to be affiliated) spoke a few words of welcome and advice. There is also a little story by Miss Browning, a most interesting account of Theosophical work in Finland, and some newspaper cuttings proclaiming the wonderful success of the President's work in England.

Theosophy in India, Benares, June, 1911, gives a report of the Mahratti Theosophical Federation in Bombay last April, and the continuation of Professor Adhikari's lecture on 'The Ethics of Theosophy.'

The Message of Theosophy, Rangoon, May and June, 1911, gives us further instalments of Bhikkhu Ananda Metteya's 'The Religion of Burma,' copied from our pages. Maung Lat writes well on 'Our Relation to Children,' and Bhikkhu Silachara gives us a few noble words on 'The Great Comrades.'

Sons of India, Benares, May and June, 1911, contains interesting articles on 'The Pañchayat System' and 'Handloom Weaving.'

The Cherāg, Bombay, June, 1911, contains a 'Confession of Faith' by a Zoroastrian, some pertinent remarks upon 'The Plague and the Rat,' and a reprint of part of the article on 'Clothes' from the *Adyar Bulletin*.

Theosophisch Maandblad, Java, May, 1911, consists entirely of translations, but they are well-chosen. It begins with a portion of *At the Feet of the Master*, and then takes Madame Blavatsky's *Practical Occultism*, Mrs. Besant's 'Mysticism,' Mr. Leadbeater's 'Karman in the Heaven-World' and an instalment of 'In the Twilight'—a varied bill of fare.

EUROPEAN

The Vahän, London, June, 1911, begins with the announcement of the 'Order of the Star in the East,' but after this consists almost entirely of reviews. It has also a pleasant little note on Theosophy in Finland, and a few admirable remarks upon the wickedness of slander.

The Lotus Journal, London, June, 1911, offers as its *pièce de resistance* a capital article by Alcyone on Mandalay, with two effective illustrations. There is a pleasantly written account of a children's day in the country, another instalment of Mabel Collins' 'Stella' story, and a very good lesson on the 'Birth of Jesus.'

Theosophy in Scotland, Edinburgh, May 1911, gives the arrangements for Mrs. Besant's tour in Scotland and a description of the new Headquarters, and also an interesting little article on the Bahai movement; while the June number contains an article on 'Parsifal and the Legend of the Holy Grail' and another on 'Reincarnation and Art.'

Annales Théosophiques, Paris, contains a report of three lectures delivered to the Branch L'Essor in Paris upon 'S. Francis of Assisi,' 'Druidism' and 'Julian the Apostate.'

Bulletin Théosophique, Paris, June 1911, translates an article on 'Spiritual Progress' by Madame Blavatsky. We note in the account of the White Lotus Day celebration at Geneva that to the usual readings from the *Bhagavad-Gītā* and *The Light of Asia* were added some passages by the Master K.H. taken from *At the Feet of the Master*.

Le Théosophe, Paris, June 1st, 1911, has on its front page cabinet-size portraits of Madame Blavatsky, Colonel Olcott, the President and Mr. Leadbeater. M. Gaston Revel publishes a useful table of the evolution of the sub-races of the fifth root-race, and there is a delightful article on Adyar by M. Alfred Ostermann. On June 15th it has portraits of Giordano Bruno and Alcyone, and a good article on the latter.

Revue Théosophique Belge, Brussels, June, 1911, consists of our President's lecture on 'The Commencement of a New Cycle' and a eulogy on Madame Blavatsky by Jean Delville.

Sophia, Madrid, May, 1911. Three articles by our President are translated, besides the instalments of 'Occult Chemistry' and 'Rents in the Veil of Time.'

Tietäjä (Finnish), April, May and June, 1911, concludes its translation of 'The Beginnings of the Sixth Root-Race,' gives us a new reincarnation story, and translates 'Clothes' from the *Adyar Bulletin* and an instalment of 'Mysterious Tribes' from our own pages. We note that *At the Feet of the Master* has been translated into Finnish, but no library copies have yet reached us.

Neue Lotusblüten, Leipzig, May and June, 1911, gives us a long instalment of an essay upon 'The Order of the Rosy Cross' and of another upon James Pryse's *Apocalypse Unsealed*.

Theosophie, Leipzig, April, 1911, appears in a new and effective cover. It begins with a good article from H. Ahner upon 'The Knowledge of Existence' and translates the President's 'Brotherhood of Religions.'

Theosophia, Amsterdam, June, 1911, provides its readers with instalments of *Old Diary Leaves*, 'Rents in the Veil of Time,' *The Science of Peace* and 'S. Francis of Assisi.' Also an article on astrology in connexion with Hegel, and another on Theosophy in the parable of the rich man and Lazarus.

Teosofisk Tidskrift, Stockholm, May, 1911, presents us with a poem on H. P. B., an article on 'The Mystery of the Rosy Cross,' another on 'Mysteries, Initiation and Christianity' and a translation of 'Modes of Individualisation.'

AMERICAN

The Theosophic Messenger, Chicago, May, 1911, has for its most important feature an epitome of *At the Feet of the Master* by F. Milton Willis, which is intended to be "memorised by aspirants, in order that the teachings may become part of themselves and serve as criteria ever at hand by which they may test their conduct and judge of right and wrong." There are two interesting articles by Mr. W. H. Kirby, one describing a waking vision and the other giving his impressions of India. Mr. Leadbeater's 'Clairvoyance and Tradition' and the 'Attitude of the Enquirer' are reprinted.

The June number reproduces Alcyone's article on 'Buddha-Gaya.' It commences with an admirable letter from Mrs. Russak; it gives a useful article by Mrs. McGovern on 'Cheerfulness,' a long instalment of 'Parsifal,' and an equally long review of *The Soul of the Indian*, which offers interesting information on the beliefs of the aboriginal races of America.

O Theosophista, Rio de Janeiro, May, 1911. We welcome in this yet one more of the ever-growing brotherhood of Theosophical magazines—written this time in the Portuguese language for the benefit of our brothers in Brazil. It appropriately opens with a White Lotus Day article on Madame Blavatsky, accompanied by an excellent portrait of her. Another article which ought to be interesting is on the Christian Dogma of the Immaculate Conception regarded in the light of Occult science. We wish good-speed to this, the newest of our Theosophical periodicals.

AUSTRALIAN

Theosophy in Australasia, Sydney, June 1911, is chiefly occupied with the report of the seventeenth annual Convention of the Section, which seems to have seen eminently successful, but it prints also Mr. Leadbeater's little sermon on 'Clothes' and the President's note on 'Our Solar System.'

AFRICAN

The Seeker, Pietermaritzburg, May, 1911, has for its longest article the conclusion of 'A Theosophist; his Relationship to himself and others,' which contains some excellent advice.

C. W. L.

GONE TO THE PEACE

The band of old members who were personally acquainted with our great Founder, Madame Blavatsky, grows smaller year by year. Another of those pioneers of Theosophy has just passed from the physical world—Rāi Bahadur Norendranāth Sen of Calcutta, the editor of *The Indian Mirror*. Only a few months ago we gave his biography in this Magazine as one of our Theosophical Worthies, so we need not now repeat the story of his ever-active and useful life. He was pre-eminently a man of ability, balance and common-sense, a staunch and reliable friend—one of the very few men upon whom one could always depend. The physical-plane life of India is the poorer for his departure from it; may he soon return to help in the guidance of the country which he loved so well and served so long and so loyally!



Vol. XXXII

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THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

July 14, 1911

THE Lyceum Club lecture-room was packed on July 5th for an address on 'Eastern Psychology,' and the members showed much interest in the exposition; Mme. Delaire presided. On the following day we motored to Hindhead, where, on Mrs. Russell's invitation, a large party gathered to an afternoon tea, followed by a lecture on 'The Meaning of Theosophy.' On the next day we went to Dover, on the invitation of Mrs. Inglefield, and in the ancient Constable's Tower I spoke on 'Life after Death.' It is a wonderful old place, with its many memories, one of the buildings wrought into the life of England, and the visit was a very enjoyable one.

**

The Convention of the T. S. in England and Wales held its business meeting on the following day, July 8, in Kensington Town Hall. Five General Secretaries were present, those of England and Wales, of Scotland, of France, of Russia, and of Holland, and the four latter each made a brief speech. Representatives were also present and spoke from America, Scandinavia, Italy,

Hungary, India, and Belgium, and Mrs. Windust spoke for Java; other friends came from Franco, Norway, Holland, Germany, Scotland, America, and swelled the general gathering. Mrs. Sharpe, the outgoing Secretary, had a rather uncomfortable half hour in listening to the warm praises so deservedly showered upon her; she was elected under terribly trying conditions three years ago, and stood firmly throughout, and it is mainly due to her strong leadership that England stands in Theosophy where she does to-day; I had the pleasure of presenting to her, on behalf of the National Society, a beautiful gold watch with wrist-chain, a handsomely fitted suit-case, and a cheque "to pay her fare home again." The record of her three years shows the entry of 1,008 new members, and the formation of 30 new Lodges, 24 new Centres, and one new Federation; two new National Societies have been formed from countries previously attached to but outside England and Wales; Spain and Ireland have also separated off to form their own organisations; but are not yet definitely sectionalised.

**

The evening of the same day saw a large gathering at Lady Emily Lutyens, while Sunday witnessed a Round Table meeting—at which Mr. Arundale and Alcyone spoke—an E. S. gathering, a reception at Headquarters, and the final Queen's Hall lecture, delivered, as usual, to a packed audience. On the Friday and Saturday evenings two rehearsal performances of Miss Pagan's version of *Peer Gynt* were given, in the Kensington Town Hall, and the *Times* of Saturday gave a very laudatory notice, remarking that the Theosophical interpretation rendered the obscurities less obscure. Miss Pagan is doing fine artistic work by her renderings of mystic dramas. On July 10, a meeting was held of the T. S. Order of Service, and the reports made from the many Leagues now at work were very satisfactory. In the evening the Human Duty Lodge held a meeting at which Masons from many lands foregathered. The last

gathering connected with the Convention was a reception to members from other lands, held on July 11 at Headquarters, which, as usual, were so overcrowded as to plead dumbly but pressingly for more space.

**

The new General Secretary, Mr. Wedgwood, has thus happily entered on his first year of office. Nothing could have been in better taste than his speech of recognition of his predecessor's work, and of hope that he might worthily bear the burden that has been placed on his shoulders. We all join in wishing him strength, peace and prosperity, for the work is great and demands great devotion and ability; but greater yet are the forces poured through the worthy channel.

**

The 12th July found us at Bournemouth, cared for by the ever generous hospitality of Dr. and Mrs. Nunn; the first duty was a Masonic function in the Temple of Lodge Unity; then came a reception in the pleasant garden of Mrs. Shaw, and lastly a crowded meeting in the Temperance Hall, Boscombe, arranged by the Bournemouth Lodge. The 13th saw us motoring to Southampton, through the beautiful New Forest, and delightful breath of nature as an interlude between crowded meetings. A warm welcome awaited us at Southampton from that staunch Theosophist, Miss Green, and in the afternoon the President and members of the Southampton Lodge were 'At Home' to receive us in the beautiful garden of Mr. and Mrs. Green, brother and sister-in-law of our hostess. There was a large gathering, and I gave a brief address on 'The Coming of the Christ'. The evening lecture was held in the Hartley Hall which was fairly filled, and the audience was very enthusiastic. To-night I am to speak at an Anti-vivisection meeting in London.

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London, July 28, 1911.

It was very pleasant, on July 14th, to see again the late Viceroy's Private Secretary, Sir James Dunlop Smith, so great a favorite in India. He is to accompany Their Majesties through Their Indian tour—a very wise selection. I confided to him the great wish felt that H. M. the King should lay the foundation-stones of the two Indian Universities.

On the following day I left for Manchester, but had the great pleasure of stopping on the way to the station to lunch with Lord and Lady Minto. Half-an-hour's talk with the former before luncheon showed that his keen and loving interest in Indian affairs is no whit abated. We have his warmest good wishes for the success of my University scheme, which he sent up to the India Office during his Viceroyalty.

At Manchester, where Mrs. Sharpe and myself arrived at 6-23 P.M. we began business with a members' meeting in the Blavatsky Institute, and had a very pleasant gathering, Mr. D. N. Dunlop presiding. Sunday, the 16th, had three meetings—one for the E.S., one for T.S. members, and a public lecture. The latter was given in the famous Free Trade Hall, which was packed in every part. A Manchester clergyman has invoked the odious statute of Charles II against Sunday meetings at which tickets are sold, and the lessee of the Hall forbade any charge being made. It was too late to take another hall, and I knew nothing of the matter until I arrived, when I found myself committed to the undignified subterfuge of a collection. I protested before the lecture, saying that I had lectured in Manchester for thirty-five years without molestation, and should not have submitted to the clerical threat had I known of it in time. The Lord Mayor of Manchester was to preside at a concert on the following

Sunday, and in his case the law was evaded by selling programmes at 2/6, 2/-, 1/- and 6d. Surely it would be better to refuse submission to this antiquated statute than to evade it in this way.

The 17th July was rendered notable by my writing a letter to Mr. Sinnett, inviting him to rejoin the Society and offering him the Vice-Presidency, which Sir Subramania Iyer generously placed in my hands. The letter was the outcome of some conversations we had held, and I wrote it with the very greatest pleasure. Mr. Sinnett replied, accepting my offer, and we both feel that the one who first published the truths of Theosophy to the European world ought not to be outside the Theosophical Society, and that we ought to stand together in the service of the great Beings whom we both revere. The news of Mr. Sinnett's acceptance of office has been welcomed with great joy both in London and in the country, and the letters—which will be found in the Supplement—have been sent to all the General Secretaries for publication.

I lectured on the evening of the 17th to the Islāmic Society, on 'The Value of Islām,' Sir H. Bilgrami in the chair. The audience was crowded and enthusiastic, and it was a pleasure to render this small service to our brothers of Islām. The weekly lecture to the London Lodges was given on the 19th in the Kensington Town Hall.

The 20th found a party of us in the train for Bradford, and a splendid audience gathered in S. George's Hall—the largest we have ever had in Bradford. A Masonic meeting claimed the next morning, and then we went off to Leeds. Here came the delightful duty of opening the new premises of the Leeds Lodge, made possible by the self-sacrifice of Mr. and Mrs. Best, Mr. Outhwaite, and the other members. They have built a very nice hall, holding about

300 people, with a seven-roomed flat above, all very well colored and furnished with admirable taste. We began the meeting with a debt of £130 on the building, and ended it with no debt, two gifts of £50 and £80 clearing it off. So Leeds is now established in its own Lodge on freehold land, and may it inspire many other Lodges to go and do likewise. The evening meeting was in the big Town Hall, which was well filled, and the General Secretary very kindly played the fine organ, before and after the lecture.

* * *

The next morning some of us had a delightful drive to Harrogate with Mr. and Mrs. Leo, and at 2-30 the Northern Federation Conference began. After greetings from other Sections, voiced by Mr. Warrington (United States), Miss Arundale (India), Madame Kamensky (Russia), Miss Blytt (Norway), and Mrs. Stead (Scotland), we listened to a quite exceptionally good set of papers, on 'The Value of Rites and Ceremonies,' by Mrs. Russak, Mr. Wedgwood, Mr. Warrington and Mrs. Booth. Discussion followed, and the meeting was closed by myself at 5 P.M. According to ancient custom we then adjourned to be photographed and to take tea, gathering again at 7-30 for an address to members by myself, 'Prepare ye the Way of the Lord.' On Sunday, the 23rd, we began with an E.S. meeting, and in the afternoon and evening we held the two largest meetings Harrogate has had in the Opera House, two lectures being given by myself. At 8-30 we were in the train on the way to London, where we arrived at 3-10 A.M., as I had an appointment at the India Office at 11-30 on the morning of the 24th with the Marquess of Crewe, the Secretary of State for India. The decision as to the granting of a charter for the University of Benares is soon to be given, so that there may be time to ask H. M. the King to be graciously pleased to lay the foundation-stone. If he will do this for the Aligarh and Benares Universities, it will carve his name deeply in

the hearts of his Hindū and Musalmān subjects, and no more welcome Coronation gift could be made by the King and Queen to their people. It would rouse a passion of loyalty in the hearts of the adherents of the two great religions, who would feel that their Emperor had blessed their faiths. The idea of the Universities has gripped the imagination of the Indian people, and its realisation will cause widespread joy.

* * *

The last lecture of the series to the London Lodges was delivered on July 25th, and I do not think that I have ever given a series which has been more enjoyed by the hearers and the speaker. I hope that the book will be as successful as the lectures.

* * *

July 26, 27, 28 saw the holding of the first Universal Races Congress; it was a remarkable and representative gathering of many races, peoples and tongues. The task of organisation was gigantic, and that the Congress was a success reflects great credit on Mr. G. Spiller, the Hon. Organiser. Perhaps in another Congress less space may be devoted to anthropology and other branches of science—which are more interesting to read than to listen to, and more to the discussion of living questions which affect the relations of races. But it is much to have called together and to have carried through such a Congress, and the cordial thanks of all lovers of humanity are due to Lord Weardale, Mr. Spiller and their co-adjutors.

* * *

One of our members, Dr. Stenson Hooker, has opened a delightful 'Health Home' at Totteridge, a pleasant village, twelve miles from London; it is intended to offer rest, recuperation, or special medical treatment to all who need such help, and Theosophists are specially welcome. The house stands high, so that views of the beautiful country round greet the eye from all the windows; it is quite new,

and the atmosphere is pure, physically and psychically; there is a lecture and recreation hall, all kinds of games, and a charming garden of three acres; Dr. and Mrs. Stenson Hooker supervise everything, and the doctor is one of the few wise medical men who use suitable diet, pure air, regulated sleep and exercise for the restoration of health rather than drugs. He promotes and strengthens health, and thus destroys disease. It is almost worth while to be ill in order to live for a while at Grove Court, Totteridge, but Dr. Stenson Hooker admits boarders who are not ill, but who desire a respite from the hurry of life. We motored down one day to see the place, and would have liked to remain, instead of rushing back to town for a meeting.

* *

Much discussion is going on over Dr. Walter J. Kilner's discovery of a way of rendering the aura visible, and the question has been made the more interesting by the publication of a statement of Dr. Patrick O'Donnell, a Chicago physician, that he has photographed the drawing away of the aura from a man at death. Dr. Kilner has not yet succeeded in photographing the aura, but his own eyes have become so sensitive that he can now see it without using a cyanin screen. He is said to have remarked that the "phenomenon was entirely physical, and that there was nothing occult or clairvoyant about it". The doctor does not seem to realise that he has made himself clairvoyant to a small extent, and that the aura remains occult, *i.e.* hidden, to ordinary sight without his screen. That it is entirely physical is true, since he is evidently only seeing the etheric double which projects beyond the body and consists of fine physical matter.

* *

Medical men sometimes attack me very bitterly because I oppose vivisection, and they declare vehemently that the practice does not blunt the moral sense. Yet

we find a London Medical Society announcing (*Times*, June 27) that Professor A. Neisser was to deliver a lecture on syphilis on that day in Kensington Town Hall. This same Professor was invited to lecture three years ago by the British Medical Association. Yet attention has been called in the Prussian Diet to Professor Neisser's experiments, and the Government ordered action to be taken against him; he was sentenced to a fine for an article¹ published in 1899, in which he related the experiments he had himself made by inoculating children with syphilis, the children being in the hospital of the University to which the Professor belonged. The inoculation of children—sent to the hospital to be cured of some passing illness—with the foulest disease known to humanity, a disease which poisons the whole system and may produce the most shocking and loathsome disfigurements, which is handed down from parents to children, infecting future generations, is an act of cruelty so appalling that it seems incredible. Yet it cannot be disbelieved, since Dr. Neisser's own statement avers that he performed it. Doctors do not apparently understand the distrust which is sown in the public mind by thus associating themselves with a man who has thus misused the patients who have fallen into his power. The honor of the profession in England has been deeply sullied by the welcome extended to this man, and unless this action is repudiated there is a danger that people may begin to ask whether they are safe in entrusting their dear ones to men who welcome among them such a one as Professor Neisser. The action of a few compromises a whole noble profession.

* *

One of our Belgian members, M. Jean Delville, who was selected for the important work of decorating the great hall in the Palais de Justice in Brussels, has just fixed the first great picture in its place. *L'Etoile*

¹ Prosecution for the experiments themselves was barred by the lapse of time.

Belge describes it enthusiastically as a magnificent piece of idealism, splendid in color, masterly in execution, and of a strong simplicity. May the whole work—consisting of five pictures—be accomplished as well as it has been begun.

* * *

We hear from New York of the establishment of a Theosophical School by the Science, Religion and Art League, T. S. O. S. A circulating library has been formed, and books are kept on sale. Lecture courses are given, and class rooms are let on rent. Miss Annie McQueen is in charge of the work, which is carried on at 415 West 115th Street, New York City. We hope that it may prove very useful.

* * *

Here are two sentences from the lips of two young French boys, which promise well for their future. They came to see Alcyone in the house of the well-known 'Blech family,' and later expressed their feelings to their parents. "Oh!" said one, "how I wish that I were free I might follow him!" May the wish find accomplishment hereafter. The other: "I should like to sit close beside him, and stay like that, not saying a word, for very very long." A child is sometimes wiser than the elder folk. And a great artist, whose fame has rung round the world, introduced to him in London, said later to a friend, with all his sensitive artist nature set on fire: "What a wonderful face; looking into his eyes you see not eyes but universes."

* * *

The Order of the Star in the East is spreading with remarkable rapidity. National Representatives and Organising Secretaries have been appointed in England, Scotland, France, Spain, Italy, Holland, Switzerland, Hungary and Germany, as well as in India, its birth-place, and members are pouring into it. It has been welcomed with extraordinary warmth both inside and outside the Society.

In the eighties of the last century some of us were fond of pointing out that the great Trusts in America were preparing the way for State control of production. Now, in 1911, I see that Mr. Gary—President of the Trust which manages an iron and steel business larger than the whole undertakings in these metals in Great Britain—has advised the United States to accept the solution of the Trust problem endorsed by his Trust, and to make a department of Government, headed by a Minister, to control all such operations. No state, he argues, can insist on increasing the cost of production by encouraging wasteful competition and prohibiting economical co-operation, and as it cannot allow combinations dangerous to itself to exist within it, it must take over the control of production, and make the Trusts State monopolies instead of private ones. The beginning of the end is approaching when a leading capitalist gives such advice.

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We take the following from *The Christian Commonwealth*:

We are much impressed by the wide-spread interest in Mrs. Besant's Queen's Hall lectures. Not only is the vast auditorium crowded every Sunday evening, but there is a keen desire to read the verbatim reports of these remarkable utterances in *The Christian Commonwealth*. It is clear that Mrs. Besant has a message to the age, and, as Mr. Campbell and others have testified, is one of the most influential spiritual teachers now living. While we are not able to follow her into some of the details of Theosophy, we are in full sympathy with any movement that makes for "the universal brotherhood of humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color". One important step in this direction is the synthesising of religions, and in this field Mrs. Besant is doing valuable work, notably by much utterances as "The Emergence of a World-Religion" and "The Growth of a World-Religion" (published in *The Christian Commonwealth* of May 31 and June 21). We are pleased to be able to announce that Mrs. Besant has kindly promised to follow up the lectures with contributions specially written for *The Christian Commonwealth*. We shall publish the last of the present series of lectures—viz., "Religious Problems: Dogmatism or Mysticism?"—on July 12, and the issue immediately following (July 19) will contain an article by Mrs. Besant. Other contributions will follow, and will be

duly announced. We hope that all who have been reading the lectures in our columns will continue to take the paper week by week, and we shall be glad if our Theosophical friends, in particular, will help to make known the fact that Mrs. Besant will write specially for *The Christian Commonwealth* both while she is in this country and after her return to India, and thus keep in touch with her many friends throughout the world.

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Since our last issue Mr. Leadbeater, accompanied by Mr. Johan van Manen, has left for Java on Theosophical work. Their labors commenced in the city of Medan on the East-Coast of Sumatra, where they arrived on July 28th and stayed for five days. During this short time fifteen meetings were held: five E. S. Meetings; five T. S. Members' meetings; two question meetings for members and friends; and two public lectures which were well attended and well spoken of in the daily press. The group has applied for a charter some time ago, which they had not received when our friends were there, and so Mr. Leadbeater inaugurated the group informally. The fourteen members of the group are spread over Assahan, Tandjong Balei and Medan. The two members from Tandjong Balei came as far as Penang to meet the visitors. The doyen of the group is Mr. P. de Heer who has patiently worked for many years to form a permanent nucleus for Theosophical study and influence in Sumatra. The group contains several serious and capable members and should have a bright future before it. A charming incident of this visit was the solemn baptism of six children, by Mr. Leadbeater, in his capacity of a priest of the Church of England. The children belonged to three families and the parents were members of the T. S. Knowing that Mr. Leadbeater is a 'Clerk in holy orders,' and having read his recent article on 'The Hidden Meaning of Church Ceremonies,' they requested him to administer baptism. The ceremony duly took place in the small Lodge hall, and made a great impression on all present by its dignity and solemnity.



LIFE THE GREAT INITIATOR

THE stroke of midnight had sounded. A few hours more, one hour and a half in sooth—and the infant came back to earth, a blossom of midnight, on a Sunday morn. The balance of karma brought it to the old family, to the small bungalow under an eastern sky, where two scions of noble houses dwelt in humility. Both father and mother were born under the ray of a Crown, his house allied to a throne of western Europe, heir to the Kings of the Sea—her race having reigned in its own right over an Eastern land on Europe's borders and for a thousand years wedding with Kshattriyas from Guelfes to Cossaks. Far away were these times, but the Ruler, was still in the soul of the parents, the most precious legacy to their first-born. It was a daughter born in the midst of a great storm and

the old nurse who received her in her arms said prophetically: "She will go to war!" This means, by old traditions, death on the battle-field.

On the first morning books were brought into the house, and sweets, and money, quite 'by chance'. The nurse said to the young mother: "She will love learning, she will have many sweet homes, she will find gold whenever she will be in want." "So be it, I am happy if my girlie is," said the girl-mother.

They called the little one Ny, for it was a name in form in that land.

The young mother was like a pale violet ray of sunset, ethereal, graceful, not pretty, but full of that soul's fragrance which a French poet named "Charme, plus puissant que la Beauté," a beautiful musician like her husband; he, a soldier of striking manly beauty, an ancient guardsman whom service had brought to the frontiers in the war with all Europe; his cold-blooded daring had conquered one of the enemy's posts with all the guns and the flag at Chelok. But, a poet in his soul, he loved better sitting under an eastern lamp shedding its mother-of-pearl tints over a sweet fountain and writing verses, or reading the 'Daemon's Song' or listening to his wife's Beethoven and Chopin and the great Russian masters.

The father's mother had been a Swede, and had wedded one who had conquered the Swedish province where her people dwelt. Thus Ny had in her veins the blood of victor and vanquished, and the whole area of these deep emotions lay in germ in her soul.

But the other grandmother was of true Cossak stock, the Slav of the Steppe, and, at fifteen, made a runaway match with the man she loved, a soldier also; she rode with him over snowy mounts and yawning abysses, the white military kèpy on her brown hair, slender like a boy, with a brave heart but a very retiring, womanly disposition. There was a picture of her in the old house, a

drawing made on some military expedition, on horseback, in blue habit, in the golden dust of sunset. The child stared at it for hours.

Before Ny was four a golden-haired sister had come, played with her, grave and stern like all babies, and gone back to an unknown realm of light. Then a brother was born, and the young mother left them. Brother and sister were tenderly united and Ny spent many a day in picturing for herself and for little Petro a fairy-garden where they both would go and dwell, with tall golden flowers, rosy cherries, emerald grapes and black rich fruits, like in the Arabian tales, and spirited, golden-robed little horses. One morning when the apples began to ripen, Petro followed the little sister and the mother.

One morning, long before her illness, the mother had shown Ny a few letters. Some weeks after this Ny was discovered with a book; cross-examined—she *could* read. How? She never could tell.

The bereaved father now made Ny his companion, and often, to the grandmother's horror, he sat up far into the night, reading to the attentive and enraptured little girl the great poets of her country, or telling her of his battles and of the great deeds of old. On the steps of the stone terrace she sat with books, and mused, especially the stories and views of far-away countries, and her great dogs Garson and Serko lay like heraldic griffins at her little feet.

On the garden wall, under heavy perfumed acacia boughs, lay a serpent, the house-snake, and stared at her, putting his glittering head into fuller sunshine. Green like the first beam of life, the serpent shone and seemed to say to the day-dreamer: "Look into the depth of Life, look into its Shade."

Ny remembered the first impression of her earthly life, she was being photographed at seventeen months. The

baby looked upon the camera with misgivings. All at once that black veil was thrown back and a big round hole became visible, like the dark entrance to some other world. Ny screamed and caught at her mother's face. And ever since that, impression remained of other worlds lying in wait all around her.

She sat and read, nature and books. Over her curly head a willow bent, the graceful tree of golden perfume that the Slav race has elected as its symbol.

In one of her books, in which she learned the prayers of the Eastern Church, a picture was dearest to her. There sat an angel with long wings, a circle round its locks, at its feet a child very much like herself—and the angel taught it to read a Book of Signs.

That was truly a symbol. She saw all her life how she was taught by signs—to spell a word, the word that was to open a door behind which lay the mystery of existence. But from childhood on there was a curious indifference to existence for herself. Not that she was free of fears and desires, but the prizes of life were like shadows, fair yet passing. Later she often wondered: it was as if an ancient pledge to some other mode of life were standing from the hour of birth between her and mankind.

She was so strange in some things. She loved best of her readings the beautiful verses of the translation from *Nala and Damayanti*, the Arabian tales, the pictures of the desert, pictures of the Holy Land with its yellow rocks, pictures of spirits and curious creatures; and instead of eating her sweets she kept them to look at, when they had pictures on the wraps, but only pictures of fairies flitting amidst tall lilies of the valley, winged genii and such uncanny ones; especially a winged cherub floating on a blue river with a mysterious horizon. Did the heart recognise the crude record of the Bark of Ra? She read over and over again an old book

of mythology and when taught these were imaginary Gods she flamed up: "They do exist!"

The love of water was singular. She could watch the goldish ray of a fish's back under crystal current, deep in the river, for long, long. The fascination of the sea was all her life the Pagan echo of the Viking ancestors.

One day a high dignitary of the Church met her walking with her father, stopped to talk to the officer and gave his blessing to Ny, who was six. Then he said: "Child, learn and grow, and do not attempt the pernicious ways of free thought." Ny stamped her foot and answered: "I shall do no such thing"—turned and ran away into the mountain bushes. She did not herself understand why she was so upset by ideas she could not yet grasp.

And yet she was deeply religious, of a family which—in its Roman Catholic days—had given, from the earliest Middle Ages, many a devoted Knight to the Church, devoted up to crime and cruelty. Thirty years later, in Rome, in the Chapel of the Order of Malta, where several of her race had been Knights, passing through the door reserved to the Order in the past, she realised how deep such hereditary influence went. But the Slav strain, its wideness, its boundlessness so often shining forth in wild flames of revolt, influx of liberty, had softened the cruel side of the character, and the long devotion of these Kshatryas to the country in all its troubles, raising it ever over all personal attachments, all personal aspirations, and equal in all men, women, youths, counterbalanced the attraction of the altar.

Old records and glimpses of the past have ever, for humans, a charm supreme. From the things past the etheric veil falls back, and they shine in their own colors, the colors of the higher worlds—the true ones; they are the link between the earth and its dream.

Ny was sensitive to color, above all the tints of brilliant dark purple and of silver stirred in her au

ecstasy that was a pain; the golden fire of the Malva flowers in the Steppe, spoke to her of the legendary Flower of Fire, of Nala's Serpent in the Fire; the liquid whiteness of raindrops—that old symbol of water that in Egypt was the first principle—made her tremble inwardly with joy. There was an old image: a mother, a Parisian, in a stately garden, sitting with her two daughters one dark, one fair just like Ny, and her sister; something in the tints of the garden in the back-ground, the terrace, lights on a yellow dress, on a rose-colored one . . . "It speaks to me," said Ny. "Of what?" She could not tell: "Of things far away."

One morning, at church, she saw in the choir, under the Cross, a child standing with a red rose in its hand. The sunshine fell on the leaves of the flower, which glowed. The flower remained to her a sacred symbol . . . of what, she could not tell herself.

Just then she began to read more verse. And one came that took her breath away with delight: Moore's *Pèri* in the valley of Kashmir, listening at sunset to a child's prayer. In her heart Kashmir remained the Holy Land, the Land of Dream.

Then came her first lonely Christmas, without mother, without brother or sister. The father took her out to see the starry night, speaking of the Christ child coming unaware to those in trouble. Strange, there was a light in the north and in the east, glowing rose on the snow. "An aurora borealis visible so far down south!" said the father. Yet it was so.

Ny got many presents and insisted they should be locked up. "Why?" "A thief will come this night?" All laughed. But he actually did come. But there were many psychic instances in the family before, and it was not further talked about. Her more and more distinct affirmations that she had lived on earth before met with more approval than incredulity. But the old soul was some-

times almost too much for the little body, the infantile brain that could not catch the thread of the past.

• She had been often cruel, like most children, through thoughtlessness, through ignorance. Yet one early morning in winter, when the fires were just lit and Ny watched them, sitting on the Persian carpet—a peasant came in bringing a wild goose for sale. It was wounded, but living. The bird sat on the floor with closed eyes, the ring of green feathers round its throat gleaming in the rays of the fire. Up rushed Ny and caught the dying creature to her heart. All at once the fount of compassion opened in it. The first lesson was learned.

And then, at night, she saw herself going out to the room where she had slept with her mother. A door opened on darkness. Out of it stepped the mother and stood there very grave. The father stood by Ny's side; he looked humble and happy. Then in the eastern side of the room appeared a large triangle of light. Inside Ny saw herself standing—grown, in a white robe, with a golden triangle in her hand, at the foot of a golden throne. On it sat a Being Divine, and His features, His form, remained in the child's memory like a star. All through life the sound flowing from the vibrating triangle resounded in the child's soul.

Ny was seven. With the Divine vision infancy had closed. Childhood had begun and in another home, far in the north. The new home, cosy though simple, was in one of the Russian capitals, the "Mother Moscow"; a sister of Ny's father adopted the motherless girl, whom the old granny could no longer guide.

A whole garland of girl-cousins surrounded Ny and to her, used to solitude, it was a new delight; most of their life now passed in the house of one of the elder relations. It was the real "Catherenian"¹ house, with a front

¹ A style as much appreciated for grandeur in Russia as the Elizabethan is in England.

of tall columns, the red-carpeted entrance, a large hall for dances, looking out on a small, but sweet garden full of tillants like in Ny's own cottage, "un hôtel entre cour et jardin." It was the typical house of old Moscow nobility, but perhaps only Ny saw its poetry. The others thought more of their own robes and style.

But Ny was a savage in that respect. She thought it a pretty sight, a little golden-haired girl in blue velvet and fox-furs but she took little notice of her own toilettes except about flowers, whether on her hat or on her window. Dolls she neglected, playing only with horses of all sizes and dreaming of a troika with sledge seen in a shop window. But the old sensitiveness to shades of color remained: one day she stopped her bonne to look long, long on a bird's cage of pale blue faïence: "You don't want it, Ny?" "But look at that color." "Well?"—Well it spoke to her again, like the cherub on the blue river. A picture at home, of a river at sunset, a girl crossing it on a brown horse, a dreamy horizon, stirred up a peculiar feeling of something tender and great. Thirty years later, crossing in the saddle, a river of the far East, in war, she understood. Another day, in a Christmas-book there it was again, the Angel watching above the snowed-up houses as on that Christmas when the North-Light shone. That winter, for the first time in her life she expressed a wish for a doll, a beautiful one as tall as she was herself; it reminded her of some dim ideal, of some face that rosy oval, the pale golden hair. She was rebuked for such an expensive fancy, told of the thousands of starving children in the street. But human compassion had not yet progressed so far in a heart of eight.

Ny was now deep in the study of foreign lands. She had begun French and German—in the latter language, which she disliked, she found pleasure only in reading a story that realised her dreams for herself and her brother, of a fairy-garden for

children to live in. Its title was simple *Tagebuch dreier Kinder* (*The Diary of Three Children*). All the German love of nature and forest life was in it, though not so poetically put as in the sweet *Green Princess* of Theuriet. But Ny had now more knowledge even of her own ancestors, whether Normans or Slavs. And so she read with flaming eyes and flushed cheek the story of the Black Prince, and of the war of the Roses—the Red Rose that was the badge of her father's forefathers—and of the Vikings in the beautiful poem of Tignes *Frithuf*. And then Egypt came with *Achmet the Fellahy*, and the land of Khem, land of the setting sun,¹ came foremost into her affections. She read the *Nibelungen Saga* and mused long winter evenings over pictures of gnomes forming the Rhine gold into shining grapes for vineyards. But the deep impression was Egypt and a story of Spain, of Spanish America, *The Hacienda of S. Rosa*. She grew dreamy and restless over them. Again the half-conscious feeling of having to remember a lost word, a lost idea came to her. At that moment she began the study of music and a sad Slavonic melody of a French composer, Bernard. She played constantly. Yet she was but ten. She had a curious confidant of her curious troubles—(the grown-ups she could not tell)—her friend was a French Marquess—but he was in faïence, and had a court habit of rose, gold and pale purple that charmed Ny's painter's-eye. The Marquess belonged to an aunt of Ny, but she used to have him for weeks on a visit and when he stood there she was as content as if he had been living. Two little four-footed friends came also, two English "pinchets," silken grey, Jack and Lady... but they were only play-fellows. Her favorite heroes were now the little boy in Dostoïevsky's *Little Hero*, and little Maroussia in J. Stahl's novel—Maroussia who died at thirteen for her country. And then her own dog Kashtan died, *poisoned*, her last look for her... a deep impression for life. The child began to see how life was darker

¹ A name of the Sphinx.

than the first glimpses of it had shown under the Stars of the East. In summer for the first time she went abroad and had to pass Poland. Here, facing her hotel, she saw a closed palace, silent, desolate. "Why is this?" "Exiled"—and all at once human pity arose, mighty, for the 'rebels.'

Ce n'était pas une ardeur inutile
Puisque Dieu me gardait une tâche virile.

E. AUGIEE, *Diane*

Then came the seven years of life abroad, education in a European school, and the first closer relations with the whole earth, for in that cosmopolitan School, in French Switzerland, there were children of all the races of our planet, except Red Indians. Even the 'blacks' were represented by Quadroons. Ny undertook at once the study of the *Histoire des Grands Voyages* of J. Verne—a dry book of facts—and passed many hours now stretched before the fire-place on the floor dreaming or reading of the far-away lands, the lands of her new friends. With geography, history became a favorite study—Sparta and its laws of heroism, the ideal; at that moment the whole school was studying Greek history, the children were divided into two contesting groups: for Athens and for Sparta, Sparta being very small in numbers. The France of the Maid and the France of the sixteenth century, with its brilliant adventurous spirit—an impression never to be forgotten was the modern picture of the Franco-German war, of an officer—somewhat like Ny's handsome father—watching in the saddle—at the frontier in the dark. By-and-by the great drama of 1870. It taught the little Eastern girl the value of that profound and generous cry *Gloria Victis*. Then, one day, a strange thing happened: an irresistible wish to read Spanish, which she had never seen or heard except this verse in her album from a Creole friend:

Seis falabras tengo para ti:
Sei dechosa y piensa en mi.

But she asked the friend for a Spanish book. She patiently tried to read it, and began to understand at least the general sense of the subject. How? When she read in French descriptions of the Mexican Sonora, of Arizona's fields, of Lima—something stirred violently in her heart; once, in Countess Dash's *Amirante de Castille*, the description of the garden recalled the curious vibrations of remembrance she had in looking at that old picture of 'fashions' where a mother with two little girls sat on the stately garden terrace all in white. The love of black in dress, also a sign. And mixing with that the records of vast horizons, of caravans... the old melody of a forgotten opera—"Arabien, mein Heimatlands" and Félicien David's incomparable symphony, "Le Désert".

A l'aspect du Désert l'Infini se révèle—and, in her school lectures, behind these vibrations, older ones stirred in reading of Schiller's *Turandot*, of that Princess of China, whose 'manly mind' in a beautiful woman's body attracted all her contemporaries and drove them even to perdition, for she, for long, could not learn to love. In olden times China has known many such a woman on the throne—"up to our own days with the late Empress Dowager."

The rays of so many different lives crossed and re-crossed each other and, sometimes, weighed down the little head with its long, long black tresses. She rested by preference sitting at the knee of her adoptive mother, the older woman working at some task for Ny's welfare always, Ny's pretty grey dress, her 'toque,' her school things, the girl dreaming. Sweet was such a sitting together on the bank in a hot and empty public promenade near the observatory, none but they two—as in the Sahara! Ny took everywhere the desert with her. She loved fruit. Even in childhood, when she had wanted the big doll or now, when seldom, she wanted an expensive dress-article like a garniture of grèbe, the silver and bronze plumage

of the Léman birds, or a pretty Paris hat where red flowers hung like raindrops of fire, she was consoled with fruit, chiefly dates—when she touched them, at once the taste of the burning air on the hot sand was with her. But she loved the silvery glitter of snow, the white purity of crystals, for the sake of the Northern country, so dear.

As a baby she used to play at North and grey skies and sea storms (she had not yet seen them then, yet the picture was exact)—and there was even a wronged princess to be saved and she put the best horse of her play box—a farm—at the disposition of the persecuted lady (generally drawn and “cut out” by her own hand). And now she dreamt once a dream, as precise as “real life,” of herself as a youth in tricornered hat and French habit, Louis XV. with a brother very like him, saving by night some high lady from a manor where danger threatened her. She could have drawn the house. This remained a puzzle. Two other pictures troubled her: a little page in a corridor of some palace, the golden gleam on his hair. It was the type that had struck her in the “big doll”—and another boy, lying dead on the ground after some daring action, one arm thrown straight out, the face peaceful as of one sleeping. It seemed to Ny she felt that ground under her arm, the sweet full repose of ended struggle! had the end of the last life been such?—ah! beautiful death on the Field of Honor, partisan of Gen. Lee, she had then a friend from the southern states—a golden-haired witch of rare grace.

India came into her dreams again with *Néridah*. Last, not least, just on leaving school, she got and read *From the Caves and Jungles of Hindustan* and Āryavarta's story.

In these years of learning there was a break of three whole years, a return to the mother country, but too soon, with no baggage for life, mental or psychical to balance the weight of the deadness that had fallen on it

after a victorious war and the disappointment that followed the victory. Russia had saved its sister Bulgaria, but the greater half of the victory's fruit had been wrenched from Bulgaria by European jealousies. And Russia had given 300,000 lives of her sons for that cause. The Slav resignation to karma settled over all like a grey veil. The only gracious episode was the coming of a Fairy Prince, an eastern prince who brought in his aristocratic hand the title of Highness, but also—if the hand be accepted—the exile from her country to an unknown land. The sympathy was mutual, but Ny's interest not deep enough for such a step. She was but eighteen, and the only heroine of romance she liked was Viola in Shakspeare's *Twelfth Night*, not because of her love, but for her daring originality. There were others than the prince, a young Spaniard and it was sweet to hear his Spanish, and a favorite artist who personified to Ny's dreams Egypt in his best rôle in Cleopatra, the burning light, the heavy granite palaces, the enchanting gardens of Khem. Then at last, a “boy and girl” love, a passionette as the Goncourts call it, just a falling star's trace in a summer night. Ah! all this was ‘not That.’ For that girl with her hair down her back, robed in a black sailor-dress like a big baby she was, it was all sheer nonsense, ‘love’. All her days she warbled like a wild bird:

I am Titania, the queen of fairies!

One day, in a museum, she met a glare confronting her—the stone eyes of a beautiful statue of oldest Egyptian art: Hathor, the Infernal Isis, the ‘Goddess of the West.’ Death had been near and passed, and the nether world paled again. The days of recovery are ever sweet and this was in fairest, palest green spring of the north, with white robed children among early pale flowers, the violent perfume of unguents. And somehow with that physical revulsion of health another spring began. Ny began again her historical studies. Deeper

was the sense of life and now she *did* lift "le voile étincelant du bonheur" to see the multitudes of earth staring and struggling. She remembered the greyish spring when only pale dream-violets strew the floor of Poland's fields, the first start of pity for the 'rebellious' nation—and now the pity was for all and burning was the knightly wish to help all the wronged. She quoted to herself the verses learned in her republican school, the ode to Napoleon:

O Corse à cheveux plats, que ta France était belle,
Au grand Soleil de Messidor!

Ferdinand de Lassalle, that was a model. And her first pilgrimage abroad was to his monument up in the forests of the Sabia where his last duel was fought.

But lying there in the shade of an emerald green mountain spring under big trees, among young Swiss friends, gay, crowned with roses, sure of their freedom and peace. She mused: "Is this the end of freedom?" One of these very friends had given to her a book of verse with the emblem of Switzerland, the purple cyclamen, drawn on it, and the little book said:

Mon âme. . . .
Ton plus haut but n'est pas la liberté,
Par delà cette âme gravie
Cime plus haute encore grandit la Charité.

And thus the arduous way began, to the real freedom, turning from the joys of earth to the lone fields, and thistle-thickets, the perilous joys and sorrows of the secret paths of service. One episode graced it again, a true "tour de page" (if not in the "page's" costume), a grave brilliant soirée of charity where Ny played—in a drama—one of her favorite young heroes of the French Revolution, and, with part of the sum thus won, helped, in France, the escape of a noble exile, victim of dreams too high for her time.

Life had taught compassion and then sympathy for suffering enemies, life gave the occasion of risk for the life of others—in grand surroundings, not unworthy of her

Guelf ancestors and of the forefathers of her father who had died for the Stuarts. And now, amidst many a doubt, even desolation, amidst—sometimes—the weary appeal to the Destroyer:

Divine Mort où tout rentre et s'efface,
Accueille ton enfant en ton sein étoilé.¹

One night a vision came of Him Who taught:

Ye are not bound . . .

His hand pointed to the East.

In the East rose a Star, like to a Cross in rays.

Then the resolute progress was stopped a while by the shadow of the Being that guards the threshold. He is a friend to the aspirant, he warns by the ancient Egyptian word: "It is time yet, if thou be not ready, turn back from the Adytum." And yet all dread him. But though Psyche trembles, Eros goes on, up to the fire of the Stars.

The Devas of the Azure Door, the Door of the West, opened the entrance to the first Degree of the Golden Stairs. The Deva crosses the door he guards with wings of scorching flame—the aspirant to enter has to take the cross. The psychic world began to pour in a mighty rush—and then the Divine Vision of the Child took human shape and the Light of the east shone directly into the home in the north. Four tombs had been added to the three graves around Ny's childhood. Yet the sorrow and sweetness of her life were still of the earth, for the dearest tie down here was not yet broken.

The Guide that took on the form of a Cross of Light had—in a dream—shown the Central Asian plains, the Cupolas of a Moslem grave as symbol of some event decisive. An unexpected voyage took Ny to the land of Art, and in Florence she sat spell-bound before the Palliade of Botticelli, Wisdom leading the lower mind. Then the Imperial eternal greatness of Rome shone and—Greece Divine in the godhead of Apollo, bearer of the Lyre. Apollo, God of the sun and of his sister, Pallas Athene, she and he one

¹ Leconte de Lisle

Light. The Moon had shone on the dream pictures over which the child had mused in days gone by. Its rays traced the airy track up to the Silver Door, the Door of the Lunar Line, to the evening and morning Star—so far as yet. The events rolled on with ever swifter pace of accelerated karma. The land of the Son of Heaven had appeared and gone, the yellow land with the 'Blue' river. The dream of war had passed, the supreme risk of Earth. And in the war-field—as ever to the Kṣhattrya even when he is knight and monk in soul. Death had stood between Ny and life, but it bore the sweet face of Azrael. The red Deva of combat. A trifle: a graceful poem of the enemy read: wild geese flying in autumn and Death.¹ Then... Devistān opened—on the day of the first triumph in service: the country's first feast of freedom. For a moment the veils fell back, all of a sudden, in the street, in an hour of sudden stillness of fulfilment. Her heart was one with all that lived, rosy light of spring, perfume of unguents all around. The Arūpa was touched, and the legendary Bird, the vermillion Bird of the Tao, soared with the soul to the Door of the South, the Door of Fire.

To the South the next step carried Ny. One night, in the Desert, the train's wheels sounded hollow, Ny started, looked out. Under a pale night-ray a silver stream, under the bridge, disappeared into the mist a dust-colored horizon, the Hēri Rud, the River of the Sun, the mysterious river of Afghanistan. The train brought Ny to the heart of Central Asia; in the blue heaven shone brilliant the purple line of the Manas Range. In front of it the riotous spring perfumed the desert with the gold of unknown flowers, flowers of fire bringing the odor of life to the weary travellers. Pale, pale rose flushed the snow of plum-trees like the aurora-borealis the fresh plains of the North where golden flowers can live only in seclusion, as the flower of hidden knowledge lives only in the secret chamber of the heart.

¹ And the first sight of Death and the birth of Compassion in her childhood: the wounded wild goose—how strange a web life weaves.

And behind the Manas mountains, at the feet of Pamir, Indra's throne, lay Kashmīr. That was the spring when at Ny's return first resounded again the lost word of a Race, the name of a motherland for ten nations—SLAVIA. Not a man alone, not a people alone, a Race; and with it all humanity—took a new Step on the Path to Unity.

And then: "The Shadow of Death crosses each life at some point."

The cross of fire had shown from afar the Promised Land, the Land of the Lord, and the body of day could no longer be led by its sight, it was now on the cross. The Black Warrior of the North opened the door to the Abyss, the "Open Door of Bewilderment." The home and the love that warmed the hearth vanished like a cold ray of the setting sun. And this ray was green in that cold sunset. Softly the golden perfume of a willow waved a breath of hope.

Only a sweet trace remained of the love lost: an angel's image with that hair of wonderful gold Ny ever saw in memory, and a few words of Christmas greeting, the last—from the hand that now was still, a mother's hand.

Again were they linked: the Northern Symbol of the Christ-child in the silver of snow, the Aurora's unearthly light, the subtle perfume of the Lipa, Slavia's Symbol—the Resurrection of a Great Life on a human tomb.

The Cross is no longer visible and the Blessing has not been given yet. The Voice of the Silence speaks in the deep. Four arms has the cross: compassion to those around, generosity to those beneath, love to Him above—unity with the One who is the All.

The Path is narrow. Only one can go there at a time and for thy greater love, for the Race, first torch-bearer of the Unity, for the Race thou lovest, to go up, thou hast to go by the farthest way, deep below. So be

it. The King will come; thou shalt be far away, on this Kingdom's borders, thou canst not return to see Him. But there is no time in eternity. Conquer time. Thy symbol of the Serpent in the Fire, remember: the highest head of the serpent, the seventh is the middle head¹.—The fifth Race has three periods, the seventh of the middle, maybe, is the "sixth." Muse on the "perfect nature of the six."

Think of thy love, thy Race.

Only when one disappears, can two be one. The dewdrop has "to glide into the shining sea." Old Greece had clothed Wisdom with the evergreen beauty that fames even the mysterious evolution of the God Pan. But, in the groves of Hellas stood one of the higher Beauty, the symbol statue of Apollo Cythoredes, dual symbol of the moon, male and female, or lower and higher evolution; the lower becoming the higher on the plane where the lyre is the triangle. It is the "mystery of mysteries."

Up and up thou shalt go—thy aura growing ever purer and stronger till its colors can vibrate in time with the sound of the highest of thy plane. So on and on, till thou shalt reach the final Mystery, pronounce the Secret Name spelt with all the sounds conquered by thee, plane by plane, and the powers shall step back and bow to thee: "An Arhat is born." And thou hast to open wings to follow in the unknown, the ever receding, Star of the Ideal. But the gate of Heaven opens to none alone... "It is in heroism that the Secret of Life is hidden."

And thus it is the highest task, to serve and help the evolution and triumphal passing into Light and Power the Race of Slavia that shall be the Cup on which the Name is written, the bearer of the Spark which sets in motion the Triad of our humanity till the Sign of the Times flashes up in Space.

NINA DE GERNET

¹ Secret Doctrine. The name of four doors: East, West, etc., is of Chinese Occultism.



No. 1.

THEOSOPHY IN ART

THIS month we print the remainder of Mr. Ostermann's picture postcards. They are representations of great Theosophical doctrines.

Nos. 1 AND 2 REINCARNATION

One of the cards is of an allegorical, the other of a symbolical nature. In the first we see a man, symbol of humanity, reaching the last steps of a rocky path, leading evidently to a mountain summit where the great temple of truth and perfection stands. On its door, in flaming fire, the seal of the Theosophical Society betokens the verities of Wisdom taught within it. Two columns flank the temple door; on each of them we find engraved the symbols of all religions and the names of many nations. The legend in the right hand top corner of the picture reads:

The long pilgrimage of the soul through the successive personalities in which it incarnates, leads to the door of the Temple.

The neophyte holds in one hand a key which he stretches forward to unlock the door. In the other hand he carries the palm of victory.

The allegory is neatly conveyed in a single picture and speaks clearly for itself.

The second picture is more symbolical and is the detailed representation of a complex conception with many of its primary constituent elements.

The Spirit of man, naked and alone, leaning on the seven-spoked wheel of evolution, meditates on his own progress throughout the ages. As in a vast panorama he beholds his life-history, his past and future. Emerging as a cloudy nebula from mere space he sees a series of

successive transformations. The cloud condenses and becomes rock, the rock flowers into roses, the vegetation evolves to the animal state. The animal gives way to the savage, the savage to brutal semi-civilised man, and this stage is followed by that of the tiller of the soil with his passions beyond control at first, and later with acquired virtues of sobriety and industry. Then the Monad clothes itself in its onward march in still better forms. The four western classes or eastern castes are represented by the husbandman (shudra), the merchant at his desk (vaishya), the knight and king (kshatrya) and lastly the poet, artist, philosopher, sage and anchorite (brahmana). At this stage the stature of humanity begins to expand and the glow of halo and aura begin to shine forth and to illumine the body. Then finally the stage of saintship is reached and the 'way of return,' of 'home coming,' which was begun long, long ago, nears its goal. The man, illumined and divinified reaches, after a vast cycle, the point of his emergence and prepares to reënter the source whence he came, but now in full growth and consciousness, awake and positive. The long quest is almost over and new cycles of activity await him in a new career.

The legends appended to the picture are:

Evolution aims at perfection. Reincarnation is its method.

Our thoughts and actions mould the future.

The artist who designed these two pictures has certainly succeeded in his difficult task of rendering the two complex ideas represented in a vivid fashion.

Let us hope that these postcards will awaken in many minds the desire to inquire more closely into the exact meaning and bearing of the conceptions they represent in so striking a way.

No. 3 KARMA AND REINCARNATION

This picture brings us a clever and detailed illustration of the two laws of karma and reincarnation, and is

L'Evolution a pour but la perfection.
La Réincarnation est son moyen.



Nos pensées et nos actions
modèlent l'avenir.

No. 2.

Le Penseur reconnaît que
dans ses vies successives

ses bonnes actions se sont
équilibrées par des joies,
ses mauvaises par des peines.



No. 3.

probably the most original and attractive of the whole series of these propagandā postcards.

- Once more we see man, as a thinker or a seer, ponder and meditate over human existence. A series of pictures flashes out before his vision in two groups of four pairs each. These pictures represent scenes from the previous lives of different people, scenes exemplifying some of their former existences in this material world, as well as typical instances of the consequence of good and bad actions throughout the reincarnations: of the working of karma in short.

On the left side of the picture we find examples of bad karma made and paid for, on the right are examples of good karma created and enjoyed. The outer or higher ring represents causes, the lower or inner one pictures the effects. The lives depicted from below upwards are represented as rising in the scale of civilisation.

Let us examine the scenes in detail.

The lowest outside left-hand picture shows a Red Indian mercilessly killing an unarmed and undefended victim. The inside picture in juxtaposition to it shows a collapsing building the falling masonry of which crushes a man flying from it. Evidently he was the murderer of the former life.

The next pair show, first, in an Egyptian background, an ascetic teacher who is accosted by a fellow offering him ostentatiously a bouquet with one outstretched hand whilst he holds in the other a dagger hidden behind his back. The second picture, placed in Greece, shows a teacher railed and jeered at by his own disciples.

The third pair represents, first, a scene of riotous debauch and voluptuousness in Rome and next a poor, crippled beggar in mediæval times.

The last pair of scenes on the left-hand side depict a fifteenth century occurrence in which a man heartlessly drives away a woman, perhaps wife, perhaps mistress. On the result side we see in a modern interior a man

on his death-bed, vainly struggling to retain his hold on life in order not to lose all it stands for—friends, joy and all he loves.

Now turn to the right-hand side of the picture.

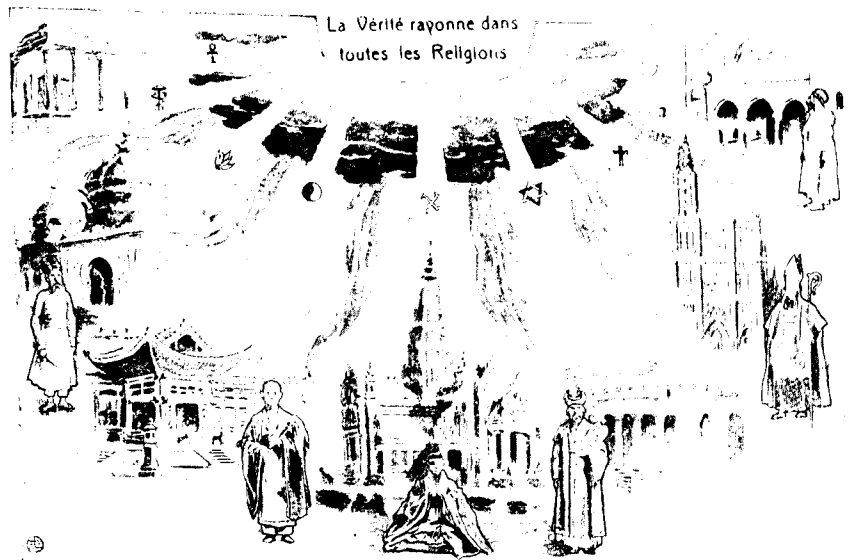
First, a humble little shepherd boy is joyfully piping melodious strains on a primitive instrument. He produces his simple music for the sheer love of it, spontaneously, and in the absence of any applauding public. Then in the twin picture we find him again in stately Egypt a respected member of the accomplished temple choir.

(It may interest readers to know that these two scenes at least are based on a real happening, as analogous facts occurred in the lives of one of the present-day members of the Theosophical Society.)

Next, in early Rome, we find a brave and doughty warrior holding out, in a valorous way, against three enemies of whom he has already disabled one. Might the Horatü have been thought of? In the second picture we see a mighty war-lord victoriously heading a triumphal procession. This is evidently a case of trans-incarnational military promotion! The third pair depicts a Greek scene where an eager student diligently seeks wisdom at the feet of a sage. We meet the zealous truth-seeker again in the twin-picture, in ample, mediæval surroundings, as a second Faust deeply studying the wisdom of the times. The alchemical furnace is duly present—and note the venerable appearance!

The last pair of pictures represents as causal scene an incident in post-mediæval Europe. A chivalrous youth rushes nobly forward to rescue three distressed damsels from the hands of an uncouth footpad. In modern times we find him back as a happy father, enjoying all the bliss of domestic happiness.

Such are the pictures our seer contemplates. At last they fade and merge together, only to transform themselves into a new one. Up till now the silent meditator



Toutes les Religions ont une même Base. Toutes sont des Formes de la même Idée. Toutes enseignent l'Évolution vers la Perfection par les lois de Réincarnation et de Causalité.

No. 4.



No. 5.

has only beheld the past; now he sees the future. (See middle picture between the four on each side, outer rim).

After the lessons of all these lives and of many others have been learned, after good and bad alike have been transcended, after the final dissolution of the pairs of opposites is effected, man turns back into himself, sets his face towards 'home' and turns away from the world. He is now engaged in the final annihilation of all old karma left over, he is alone and has become the saint whose shining halo betokens his inner change. He is on the threshold of superincarnational existence and treads his last human steps on earth to follow one of the many roads through the superhuman life.

This in short is the fulness of meaning symbolised in this small picture.

Whether the examples of cause and effect are in reality as palpable and, be it said without offence, as crude and somewhat commercial—'tit for tat'—as the design would suggest is a question which we will not discuss. Theosophical investigation will have to advance materially before we could claim to possess data enough to discourse profitably on such problems. But the use of a symbol is very often in direct proportion to the palpability and obviousness of its suggested meaning. Certainly there can be no doubt that our picture offers in its clever complexity a fulness of food for serious thought, and, as such, is a useful and a striking example of pictorial propaganda for a Theosophical conception.

The legend attached to the postcard reads:

The Thinker recognises that, in his successive lives, his good actions are balanced by happiness, his evil deeds by suffering.

Nos. 4 AND 5. THE UNITY OF RELIGIONS

This picture (No. 4) again is a clear pictorial representation of the idea embodied in the above sub-title. The upper legend announces its thesis:

Truth shines forth from all Religions.

We see a central mass of light and effulgent glory. A number of tongues of living fire shoot forth from it. They all touch types of the various religious buildings erected in the course of time for the service of the divine spirit. In a big semicircle we see the religious edifices of Egypt and Greece, of Zoroastrianism, Shintoism (?), Buddhism (?), Judaism, Christianity and Islām. For Indian religions the symbolism is not happily indicated. We hesitate to say, for instance, whether Shintoism, or Confucianism or Buddhism or Brāhmanism is meant in the case of the two left-hand pictures in the lower row. Anyhow the various forms of religions are meant, though archæologically or technically the representation is not very accurate. Evidently there was no intention to exclude Brāhmanism, though it seems absent. Perhaps the artist who designed the card had no suitable model at his disposal to guide him.

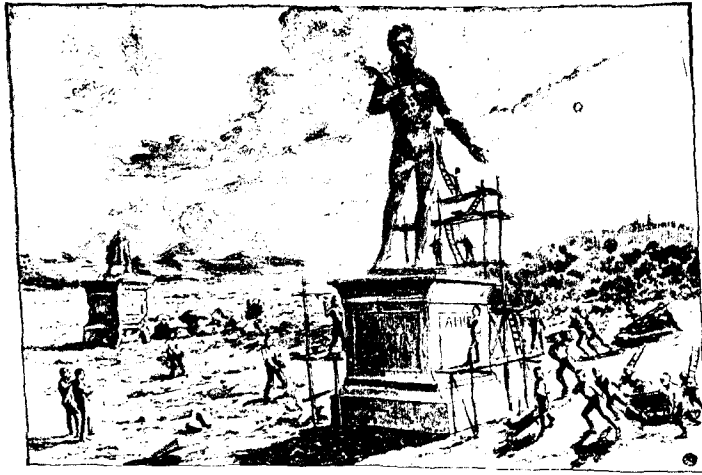
In the beams of light radiating out over the different temples, though proceeding from the same source, the symbol of each differentiated religion is seen. Egypt shows her *ankh* or symbol of life, Greece its staff of Mercury, Irān a flame, Japan or China the Jin and Jang (the male and female, active and passive, principles), the Buddhist world the *chakra* or wheel, Palestine Solomon's seal, the Christian world the cross and, lastly, Arabia the crescent.

Before each temple we behold the priest of its religion, clad in the ritual vestments of his creed.

At the base of the picture we read:

All religions have the same basis. All are forms of the same idea. All teach the evolution towards perfection by method of the laws of reincarnation and causality.

The same idea is again taught by another (No. 5) card. A young and ascetic looking friar, with the staff of the wanderer in his hand—symbolising the reality of his quest—



L'homme abandonnant les croyances que la foi inspirait,
édifié par l'Évolution de son Âme
la Religion de Volonté, de Sagesse et d'Amour.

No. 6.



L'Évolution (Lois de Réincarnation et de Causalité)
nous apprend à déposer notre cœur sur la croix

Mon Dieu, pourquoi m'as-tu abandonné ? Mon Dieu, comme tu m'as glorifié
Une action sainte et sacrée doit être accomplie avec Énergie, Amour et Joie

No. 7.

kneels down at the feet of a venerable sage, who exhorts him in the following words:

- *Even as stained windows color the daylight which traverses them differently, so also does human thought color the light of the One Light which it reflects. Thus it creates the religions which, different in appearance, emanate nevertheless from a unique and same source.*

There is a symbolic belt round the picture indicating the various religions and nations. Aptly they are knit together, in the corner, by the universal symbol of Theosophy.

NO. 6. THE OLD AND THE NEW FAITH

This is a picture bearing special reference to the mission of Theosophical inspiration and conviction. New light added to mere faith and rational belief widens out the understanding of old religious conviction and raises faith from the formal to the essential.

Two great statues are seen. The one ruined and crumbled into pieces, the other newly-erected but still unfinished. Humanity is busy at work in giving the finishing touches to the new statue, which consists of the glorified image of man, nude and unadorned, and bearing Apollo's seven stringed lyre. On the base of the statue we discern the simple words:

Amor Sapientia. Voluntas.

Underneath the fuller legend reads:

Man, abandoning the beliefs inspired by [mere] faith, erects, through force of the evolution of his soul the religion of will, wisdom and love.

On the side of the new statue the sun slowly rises above the horizon. Over the old one, dark clouds are steadily descending.

NO. 7. THE PATH OF WOE AND THE PATH OF JOY

The last picture to be described is a pictorial representation of a statement made by Madame Blavatsky. She

contended that the words of suffering of Jesus on the cross have been corrupted. She said that far from really meaning: 'My God, My God why hast thou forsaken me?' they should read: 'My God, My God, how dost thou glorify me.' She furthermore stated that these words are a technical phrase and are the exultating cry of the victorious candidate who successfully emerges from the momentous ordeal of Initiation.

The upper legend reads:

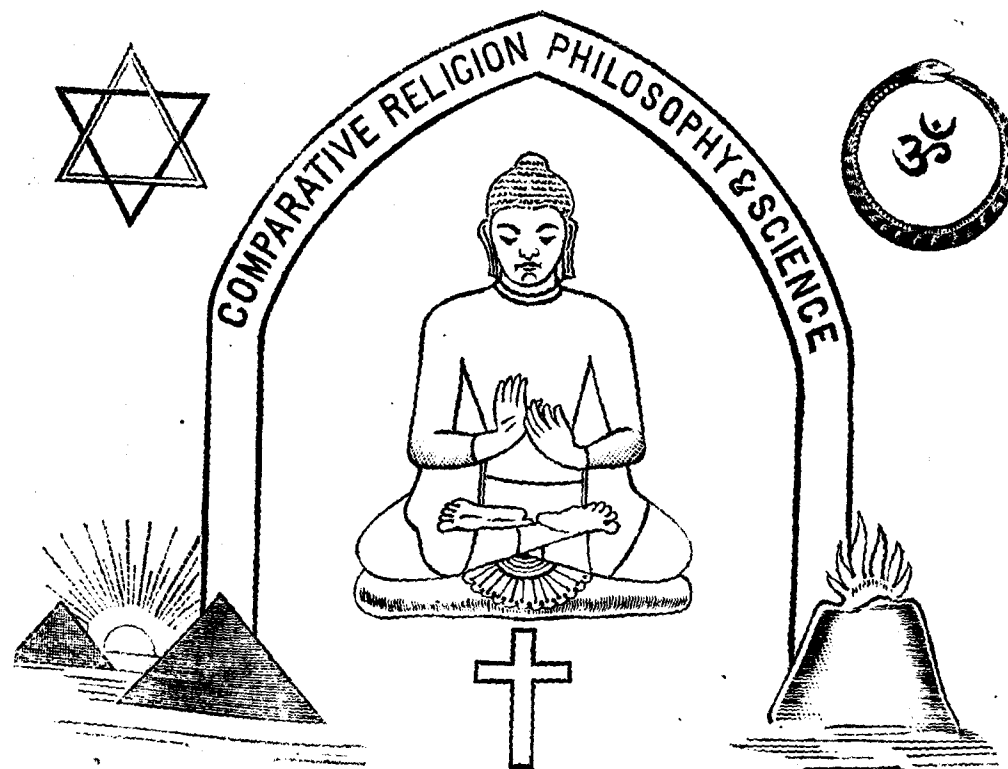
Evolution (the laws of reincarnation and causality) teaches us to deposit our heart on the Cross.

Beneath we find:

A saintly action must be accomplished with energy, love and joy.

The facial expressions of the sorrowing Christ and of the joyful Christ have been severely criticised by some friends, and one, at least, has expressed as his opinion that the latter showed more of the type of a Calabrian brigand than of any one else. Be that as it may, yet the idea represented is clear and beautiful. Besides the original of this picture is an oil painting in which the facial expressions show infinitely more to advantage than in this reproduction. In the original there is real beauty. Both the grey gloom and the radiant energy are strongly and expressively marked. Unhappily the print, in losing the telling coloring of the original, has at the same time lost the effect of this powerful indication.

JOHAN VAN MANEN



THE IDEAL FIGURES OF OCCULT TRADITION¹

HIEROGLYPHS EXPLAINED BY VERSES OF THE BIBLE

A French philosopher, M. Robin, has published an important work with the great Parisian publisher, Alcan, on *The Platonic Theory of Ideas and Numbers*, in which he tries to show (for which we cannot sufficiently congratulate him) that the doctrine of Ideas of Plato is linked strictly and necessarily to his theory of *Ideal Numbers* and *Ideal Figures*. For M. Robin the theory of numbers and figures is closely and necessarily associated with the theory of Ideas, and continues on and completes its natural evolution

¹ Translated from the French by J. R. and D. van H. L.

in Plato's thought, and fills up the gaps and answers to contingencies, which the theory of Ideas by itself could never have done. However true this point of view may be, it presents, nevertheless, for the Theosophist, only part of the truth, because it embraces but one aspect of the problem and does not explain why the linking of a mathematical and geometrical theory belonging to a tradition far anterior to Plato should work in so naturally with his doctrine of Ideas. In fact, Plato only establishes the occult correspondence existing between ideas, figures and numbers—which theory proceeds from the esoteric tradition. The question then is less one of discovery than of a happy application made by a philosopher initiated into an occult language of philosophy. Let us note in passing, that the initiation of Plato into the mysteries cannot be doubted if one does but refer to the letters he has left—in which he denies having revealed *the mysteries of the pure and high philosophy*. We might add the remark that Plato's philosophy has been defined by St. Augustine—in his *Treatise on the Order*—as “being the preparation necessary to the understanding of soul and of God which, said he, constitutes in his eyes the *real wisdom*.” The word philosophy then, in antiquity, has been equivalent to the word Theosophy. This point is important because it completely changes the angle at which it is permissible to face the question of religious symbolism in its relation to philosophy.

Scholars believe in a chain of tradition which takes its departure in the Orphic, and perpetuates itself through the poems of Homer, of Hesiod, and the doctrines of the Greek philosophers; they even go so far as to suspect that the Orphic tradition itself is related to others still more ancient, and are willing to recognise them everywhere—in the religious doctrines of Egypt, Chaldaea and India, in the poetry and philosophy of ancient Greece, and in early Christianity as well. According to the most accredited opinion among scholars who are specially occupied

with the science of religion, the transmission of these traditions took place by a migration of ideas and symbols from one system to another. This is merely a hypothesis, which has not yet been confirmed by precise facts. It is convenient, but gratuitous. If one but reflects upon the diversity of the genius of nations, upon the difficulties resulting from distance and lack of means of communication, upon the intransigency of a new faith that wants to draw all to itself, and rejects with scorn all that comes from outside—this theory will appear illogical and improbable.

The Theosophical explanation, on the contrary, gives a reasonable solution, and establishes upon a solid base the unity and the universality of all traditions. For them the chain of tradition has been established by an unbroken chain of Initiates who have always and everywhere taught the same truths. The signs and ideal figures that are identical everywhere result from a common language used by the Initiates in order to be able to communicate with and understand each other in spite of difference of nationality. Thanks to a figurative representation, which sprang to the mind and drew forth all the forces of the soul, all the power of a transcendental idea—which could not possibly have been translated in terms of scientific and philosophic reasoning—was rendered clearly. By means of simple and precise formulas, of ideal numbers and figures, by means of symbols, allegories and parables, of geometrical signs and various horizontal, perpendicular and inclined lines, some drawings of plants and animals, all used as hieroglyphs, innumerable generations of initiated seers and prophets have registered in a few pages the whole esoteric history of each nation, the whole wisdom of a high science—a riddle undecipherable by the profane but universally understood by the Initiated. All theologies have come forth from this universal language, said Mme. Blavatsky. The secret has been well guarded, safe from all profanation in spite of the fragments that have filtered through diverse traditions.

The explanations offered by theology and science to solve the difficult problem of the universality of symbolism are desperately poor. Scientific criticism attributes the universality of, and the similitude between the symbols to the banal fact that the human spirit, being everywhere fundamentally the same, has nourished itself in all times, and in the most diverse surroundings, upon the same legends and has created the same symbols. We might ask: Why should this natural tendency to reproduce the same thoughts and the same images as a result of the similitude of intellectual faculties exist only with regard to religious representations? One does not comprehend why only the symbolic language should have been kept intact, whilst at the same time the ordinary language has evolved in multiple and varied forms. The improbability of this strikes one still more when one considers that three different methods have been used in symbolism: the Orphic method by means of myths and symbols; the hieroglyphic method of the Egyptians; and the Pythagorean method by means of numbers and geometric figures. How shall we explain that in spite of the diversity of methods the unity of the symbolical language has been maintained so perfectly?

The other theory goes back to the Church Fathers: it attributes the similarities existing between the Bible and the Egyptian symbols to the larcenies that the Pagans were said to have made from the Bible—a convenient theory upon which theology has tranquilly but naively supported itself up to the day that archæological discoveries went to prove, not only that a number of biblical stories strangely resemble those of the Chaldean tradition ten centuries prior to Moses, but also that the Egyptian symbols, the temple hieroglyphs, embrace an historical period of at least five thousand years, according to the opinion of our great French egyptologist, M. Maspéro.

This scholar tells us, in his *Ancient History of Egypt*, that he has been struck by the almost incredible number of mystical paintings and religious scenes represented upon the remains

of the old Egyptian monuments, and thinks, seeing so many sacred representations, one might say, that the country has been inhabited principally by Gods. He attributes the tendency of the early Egyptians to consider their ancestors as Gods to the people's instinctive naivety—which leads them to look for perfection in the past, to believe that then they lived in the most happy of all ages. The belief in a golden age is universal. Why then should it be naive, chimerical, and popular—when all the intellectual élite of antiquity has guarded an invincible belief in the golden age, a belief which was closely linked to that in divine heroes come on earth to direct humanity and put before it models of perfection? If one thinks that early humanity has been deprived of geniuses, of heroes and divine teachers, one could not explain logically the appearance of these marvellous men of whom early history has guarded profound and luminous traces. Denying the existence of Orpheus, Hermes, Zoroaster and Homer, one could not however admit that the works known by their names have fallen from the sky. Though attaching themselves to other and older productions, still, each of them bears none the less an original and characteristic stamp—marking the work of some person of genius. How then explain the appearance of this series of geniuses, who have so much surpassed by transcendent faculties the intellectual aristocracy of their epoch that they were considered as superhuman and looked upon as Gods? Diverse historical traditions, as well as reasons, compel us to believe that these geniuses have been the Initiators of the Beautiful, the Good and the True, and the sole and unique original source of human knowledge. Theosophists are well-founded in their belief that these marvellous beings belong to an evolution anterior to our own, and have come to incarnate on earth to become the Teachers and Elder-Brothers of a humanity still in its infancy.

To-day, as scientific criticism seeks for the origins of symbolism of religion and of magic (which is synonymous

with occultism to the scholars!), it is of much importance that the question be put and dealt with in this manner. The Theosophical teaching sheds on this point an illuminating beam of light. Criticism denies that ancient science has grown out of magic, that is, out of the transcendent science and superhuman forces preserved by the initiated in their sanctuaries. All non-divulged science, or magic, appears in the eyes of the scholars as a tissue of superstitions! And yet the splendors of the ancient temples attest, even in their ruins, to the value of the science hidden by the sacerdotal caste. We will show how, in the depths of these sanctuaries of Egypt, a whole sacred language of signs, hieroglyphs, and symbolical representations has been elaborated—so mighty that they have served as illustrations to biblical stories, and this to such a degree that a number of Egyptian hieroglyphs may be explained by verses from the Bible.

The world, accustomed to think in words, feels a certain disdain, indeed even repulsion for the enigmatic language of the ancients—a language formed of bizarre signs, of numbers and figures expressing complex ideas, instead of mathematic and geometric relations, and readily accuse the ancients of superstition. Assuredly the human mind has always a tendency to err on the side of superstition, and the vulgar did this in ancient times with regard to these signs, but it would be absurd to attribute such a tendency to the geniuses of antiquity, such as Orpheus, the inventor of the mythical language (even if one believes that Orpheus did not exist, still the existence of Orphism cannot be doubted), as Hermes to whom the invention of the hieroglyph is attributed, as Pythagoras and Plato who made use of the method of ideal numbers and figures.

A survey of the signs which express symbolical script has, for us Theosophists, an eloquent and suggestive appeal. The impression received resembles that felt by geologists and archæologists before certain material objects, disdained

by the ignorant and the profane, but which for them have an inestimable value, as these objects provide them with indications which enable them to describe the conditions of a past existence, the history of this globe and its organic processes. In the same way the student of Theosophy gathers the traces of tradition about initiation to which all the schools of Theosophy attach themselves, and he draws a very profound meaning from things apparently insignificant to those who neither see the value, nor the depth, nor the subtlety, nor the unity of the symbolical language. Whatever may have been the methods used by the Initiates, whether hieroglyphs, myths, geometric figures, all the schools of initiation were related by a common basis of ideas, symbols and emblems. Still more so, the whole symbolical side of the Bibles of humanity is nothing else than a translation in current language of the different signs of the script used by the Initiates of all times to instruct their disciples.

It is not at all necessary to be a Theosophist to grasp the power of ideation of the hieroglyphs and their relations to the holy scriptures. French Orientalists, Palin, Lacour, and de Paravey (who was in 1826 a member of the *Etat-major* of the *Ecole Polytechnique*) notwithstanding their Catholic orthodoxy have considered the Egyptian hieroglyphs not only as phonetic signs, as did Champollion, but indeed as expressive of complex ideas and as a substitute for speech. After the discovery made by Champollion of the phonetical value of the hieroglyphs, the method of deciphering them as rebuses was abandoned, and one ceased to seek relations between the religious ideas expressed by this means and those found in the Judæo-Christian Bible. For the rest, orthodoxy was awake, and the books of the Catholic scholars dealing with this question soon became very rare, if they did not disappear altogether.¹

But, now-a-days, as it has become clear that the method of Champollion only gives a partial solution, and

¹ The French Section has been able to purchase these books—though at a very high price.

that the attempts made by him and those who have been inspired by his methods have not been quite happy, the interest in the other method may be roused again, the more so because it fits in marvellously with the conception of the unity and universality of the language of the Initiates. This principle of unity that the Theosophical teaching has so clearly stated, may be considered in future as one of the most characteristic points which attest the value and originality of its doctrine. It must seem logical to think that this language proceeded from a common source if we see the failure of partial success obtained by the phonetic method of interpreting hieroglyphs, or the similitude of the Biblical symbolism with the Egyptian and in general if we see the constant repetition of the same religious symbols. The common source can only be the hieratic or sacerdotal script. Indeed every science in antiquity came from the sanctuaries; as on the one hand there is a tie of near relationship between the Chaldean legends, the Egyptian symbolism, and the Biblical legends, so on the other hand the figurative sciences of the mysteries were nothing but a translation of the hieroglyphs. From this it follows that the different forms of language possessed a common meaning of which the hierophants kept the key and gave it to the Initiates. Symbolic writing and language came to have a profound meaning for those who were initiated into the mysteries, otherwise the veneration of the greatest geniuses of antiquity for myths, signs and symbols would remain inexplicable. History shows us, besides, that the mysteries have profoundly permeated the literature, philosophy and art of the ancient world, so much so that Orphism has survived them, not only by a prodigious output of artistic works by which the whole world is inspired up to our own day, but also by its infiltration into religions. The Orientalists, Lacour, and Paravey, to whom ought to be added Duteil, the author of the dictionary of hieroglyphs, and Ragon, the author of masonic works, all are of one mind that the letters of the alphabet come from a primitive hieroglyphic language.

Thus¹ the letter S, which has the form of the uræus, the asp of the Egyptians, depicts the idea of the reptile and its hiss. The letter M, the initial of the words maternity, matter, Mêtis, Maiâ, Moot (the mother), Minerva, Maria, is drawn from the symbol of water, symbol of matter, the glyph of which is made up of sinuous lines. The letter P, which is the initial letter of the words power, paternity, is composed of a vertical line which is—in the language of initiation—the sign of the male force, the positive element, while that of the horizontal line is that of the passive element, the feminine. The letter D is the initial of the Samskr̥t word Dyaus, Dieu, the Deus of the Latins.² As for the vowel sounds, they represented, in symbolic language, the creation of the world by the sound emanating from God. "The Word was in the beginning," said St. John, "and it was God." Ākāsha, the noumenon of sound, is also, in India, the first manifestation of divine creation.

Does it not seem natural that the conventional phonetic signs should have been superadded in order to expand the scope of languages and to utilise them in social relationships? All goes to show, in fact, that the signs proceeded by extension and derivation, from the symbolic, primitive script, hieratic or rather, of initiation. What is there astonishing in presence of the marvels realised by the Instructors of the Mysteries that their language has been fruitful enough to give birth to the different forms of language?

Whatever the opinion one may have upon the value of the symbolic language, it is difficult for one to contest a great power of ideation since Plato himself made use of it to support his theory of Ideas, and that it has been possible to the Orientalists to take some verses or some accounts from the Judæo-Christian Bible as texts explanatory

¹ Lacour and Duteil.

² The Boetians called Zeus Jupiter, Deus with a D. The letter z is formed of a double y, supreme sign of the Divine.

of Egyptian hieroglyphs. On this point I will cite some examples.

One of the most widely known of the hieroglyphs, often put as exergue upon the covers of books, is that of a circle or disc (symbol of the sun or of the divine) placed in the centre of two wide-spread bird-wings; another glyph of the same gender represents a god who covers with his wings some people representing the world, as a hen shelters her chickens. These hieroglyphs cannot have a better rendering than the following verses:

"O God! therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings." "He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust" (Ps: 36, 7; 57, 1; 61, 4; 91, 4).¹

The sign of the serpent is often associated with this same hieroglyph. It should be remembered that the brazen serpent was the symbol of Jehovah and of Moses and that, placed on the summit of a rod, it served as banner and as *sign of salvation* to the Hebrews! The glyph of the serpent around the solar disc, between two wings, found an explanatory text in the following verse of the Bible: "The sun of righteousness shall arise with healing in his wings" (Mal. 4, 2).²

Another hieroglyph represents a figure carrying on the head a serpent fixed to a fillet, called *nazar* in Egyptian, and on the neck an ornament of pearls imitating drops of rain—the collar of the Initiates.³ As well with the Egyptians as with the Hebrews, the dew, splashes of rain, served as symbol to denote the benediction of heaven, wisdom, science. The well-known Biblical sentence: *Nubes silabunt justum*, expresses the same idea.⁴ The fillet, *nazar*, ought especially to arrest our attention. In the chapter of the Bible in Numbers, and

¹ De Palin, *Les Hieroglyphes*.

² De Palin, *Ibid.*

³ Lacour, *Les Hieroglyphes*.

⁴ De Palin, *Ibid.*

upon the law of the Nazarites, it is said that whoever is consecrated to the cult ought to have his head shaven.¹ The tonsure of the priest is without doubt a remnant of this practice. If he took the Nazarite vow and received consecration he ought not to let his hair grow. According to the Bible the function of the Nazarite was perpetual; and among the persons who have received it, it is necessary to reckon Joseph, whom Jacob called Nazarite—according to St. Clement of Alexandria. This explains why Jesus was designated by the name of Nazarene. In the same way the Egyptian hieroglyph represents the candidate for Initiation; he had the head shaven, wore round his head a fillet called the *Nazar* or fillet of Osiris, with the sign of the serpent called *Meisi*—etymology of the words *Messiah* and *Moses*, "the saved from the waters,"² i.e., he who is liberated from the lower world (symbolised by the water) and is become a citizen of heaven, a son of God. He let his hair grow when he was initiated.

The Biblical account of Samson "of long hair that no razor shall cut," belongs to the same order of ideas. During the time of preparation for Initiation, of purification, the Levite should be shaven (Nu. 8, 7); and if after having taken the Nazarite vow, he was consecrated (initiated), then his hair was allowed to grow: "There shall no razor come upon his head" (Nu. 6, 5). But if he defiled his consecrated head it had to be shaved (Nu. 6, 9). Samson, who let himself be seduced by the artifices of Delilah, had his head shaved and lost all his occult powers, symbolised by his prodigious muscular strength. But after repentance, or expiation, of his fault his function of Nazarite was restored to him; his hair grew and his strength returned.

Often in the Bible we find mention of the water of Shiloh. "The sceptre shall not depart from Judah... until Shiloh come" (Genesis, 49, 10); "Thus shalt thou

¹ Lacour, *Ibid.*

² Lacour.

say unto the children of Israel, The Lord God of your fathers has made me Shiloh and hath sent me unto you," (Ex. 3, 15); and in the Gospel of St. John on the subject of the man born blind: "Go, wash in the pool of Siloam" (which is by interpretation, Sent—of God—) adds the Gospel text. Also, in the Egyptian scene of the baptism, the hieroglyph of the temple of Philo represents two hierophants, the one hawk-headed—symbol of the Divine Spirit, the other ibis-headed—symbol of Hermes, the Divine Wisdom; both are pouring upon the head of the candidate for Initiation, the sacred water, *that of Shiloh*.¹ It is important to note that the name of the hawk, *nassar*, signifies the descent of fire and of the spirit.² One sees then that one can find in hieroglyphs the double baptism of the Evangelists—of water and of fire. The *rapprochement* of the divers meanings of the word Shiloh, in the Bible, shows that the sense of the verse in the Gospel of St. John is clearly symbolic and of the same meaning as the Egyptian hieroglyph. The term Initiate is, also, the perfect equivalent of that of 'sent of God.' The dove, symbol of the spirit in the Gospels, is also figured upon the Egyptian hieroglyph.

The hieroglyph of the catalogue of Raspe,³ representing a bird having a broken cord round its neck, and escaping from the spheres, is in concordance with verse 7 of Psalm 124: "Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers: the snare is broken and we are escaped."

The hieroglyph representing a hind that sighs after the water (Rosetta inscription) is the well-known Biblical image "of the cerf which pants after the fountain of living waters"—to indicate the soul that longs after God.

The symbol of the lion "which comes down to fight upon mount Zion" (Isiah, 31, 4), corresponds to the hiero-

¹ Lacour, *Les Hieroglyphes*.

² Lacour, *Ibid.*

³ De Palin, *Les Hieroglyphes*. Vol. II, p. 58.

glyph of the lion assailing an unclean animal, symbol of iniquity.¹ In India, the lion symbolises the Thirthankaras, the sages,² the Initiates. Lions generally represent the guardians of the judgments of God and of His law; one of their paws is sometimes placed upon a rolled manuscript.³ One hieroglyph represents a lion letting fall the bee that he holds in his jaws, before the serpent of salvation having a human face. The bee, said de Palin, represents a human soul and the serpent the spirit of good; "the solar lion transports the soul to the superior gods." This symbol ought rather to be interpreted in the Hindū sense: the Initiate takes the soul of the pupil in order to carry it upwards to the divine.

The globe of holiness that "God holds in his hands" (Ps. 95, 4) translates the hieroglyph representing a hawk's head or an eagle's over a globe. The symbol of the eagle is also utilised in the Bible to figure the Eternal: "As an eagle . . . spreadeth abroad her wings . . . so the Lord . . . (Deut. 32, 11—12).

The symbol of the Wheel, which indicates, in the Bible, the penalty of retaliation (David prays God to grind his enemies under the wheel) is found also in India associated with Viṣṇu. It has the same meaning in the Egyptian hieroglyphs.

One sees, in the hieroglyphs, some persons *measuring a field*. The same image is found in the Apocalypse, in the vision of the prophet Ezekiel (49, 3); Zechariah (2, 1); (Job 38, 5). "The Lord measures the field around those that fear Him" (Ps. 34, 8).

The glyph of the chariot and of the car of the Egyptian Gods corresponds to the Biblical idea of "God unfolding his power in order to govern the world."

The symbol of the *Nœuds* (knots, bonds, bundles, etc.) that is found everywhere in Egypt, in Mexico, and in India

¹ De Palin.

² De Milloné Director of the Musée Guimet.—Lectures.

³ "To eat the scroll"—a Biblical expression that means to feed upon the doctrines of the Initiates.

(the kârmic bonds), to designate "the bonds of all the works that are done in the outer world," said de Palin, is found also in the Bible: "The Lord is he that buildeth his stories in the heaven, and hath founded his troop (*nauds*) in the earth" (Amos 9, 6).

The symbols of the mountain, of the corner-stone of the altar (or the corner-stone) are universal. The hieroglyphs representing the stream of living water flowing from a rock, or from a mountain, as in the Bible the rock of Horeb, represents the divine life, or the Wisdom, pouring out upon the world. The expression "to construct an altar on the summit of a mountain" that one finds in the Bible is explained by the Vedas and the Kabbalah: it is the idea of sacrifice as a means of becoming immortal and of rising step by step to the height of sanctity. The Bible is full of the symbol of the mountain. Moses raised altars upon Mount Hebron; he died on Mount Nebo, he received the baptism of fire, that is to say Initiation, upon Mount Sinai. The symbol of the smoke and of the cloud signify the veil that hides things sacred from the vulgar eye. Another Initiate, Aaron, died upon Mount Hor. Elias, the prophet, another sent of God, went up to Mount Horeb, called the mountain of God. The famous mountain of Zion of which mention is so often made in the Bible cannot mean other than a centre of Initiation. "I lay in Zion for a foundation stone, a tried stone, a precious corner-stone" (Is. 28, 16). The corner-stone, which is also a hieroglyphic sign, has always served to indicate the sacred doctrine of the Initiates. The symbolic expressions of "sacred trees," of "oaks of justice," in order to designate the Initiates; of "doors of the holy city of Zion," which are the "Portals of gold," of the temple of Initiation; of "the place of peace and of beatitude," the sublime state of the Christos consciousness, of the Masters; all this is drawn from the language of Initiation. Mountains are often represented in the hieroglyphs with a sign of the divine or a sun at the

top, this is the mountain of light of the mystics. All Bibles have their sacred mountains: Kṛṣṇa and Mount Meru; Buddha and the mount of the seven beatitudes; Muhammad and Mount Hera; Zoroaster also retired to a mountain, etc. This symbol indicates the centres of initiation. Why the summit of the mountains? Without doubt to express the sublime state of the soul soaring above the world into the calm, the silence, and the peace, finally to merge itself in the immensity of Divine Thought.

Finally, it is difficult to find a more eloquent witness of the universality of the language of initiation than the constant repetition of the septenary in the Bible and other sacred scriptures: the seven days of creation symbolise the seven ages or cycles of evolution, the celestial hierarchy of the seven Christian Archangels, corresponding to the seven Gods of Egypt, the seven Sephiroth of the Kabbalah, to the seven Dhyan-Chohans, to the seven Amshaspendas; the seven days of Moses on Mount Sinai symbolise the degrees of Initiation; the seven sprinklings of the Altar prescribed by the Mosaic law for the initiation of Aaron; the seven sacred lamps the seven trunks of the tree of Jesse; the seven Kings of the Apocalypse corresponding to the seven human races—in the Theosophic sense; the seven gifts of the wisdom or the Holy Spirit in Isaiah and the Gospels (the seven Shaktis of the Hindūs); and lastly the numerous septenaries of the Apocalypse. Also, theology has followed tradition in creating twice seven or fourteen articles of the creed, seven gifts of baptisms, seven sacraments, seven works of mercy, and in distinguishing seven ordinary virtues and seven theological offices.

It is at the serious moment when a great book on the spiritual life—the Judæo-Christian Bible—is menaced with being flung into the river of forgetfulness and in difference that Theosophy, faithful guardian of the way of Initiation, comes to resound once again the seven cords of the lyre, and restate to the world that has forgotten it, the grand Catechism of Initiation, drawn from all the Bibles of Humanity.

LOUIS REVEL (PRÉRE)

Let the leaf on which they were found be taken home and placed half immersed in water in a shallow dish, and developments carefully watched. I have introduced them at this period of their life, when they resemble small toad-stools, because they are then most easily found. It is, of course, no more nor less important than any other part of the cycle.

Kept amid damp surroundings, a few days will see the tiny bulbs at the top of the stalks become misshapen, swell, and presently burst the skin, exposing a net-work of threads. The 'toad-stools' seem indeed to have been stuffed with fine horse-hair, which has uncurled in the damp, and broken the envelope. This is exactly the effect desired, for the threads are hygroscopic, and appear to serve no other purpose than that of rupturing the enclosing wall to release the numerous spores packed within, when a suitable condition of moisture obtains outside. A most interesting and ingenious device, this, in itself.

Recourse must now be had to the microscope, and the water close round the leaf examined under a high power lens. Swarms of minute organisms will be found, each with a tiny amceboid body, resembling in many respects the common infusorians. A whip-like lash is quickly developed, providing the means of rapid locomotion, and now in place of the 'toad-stools' we have a vast number of minute swarm-cells, each one rejoicing in the delights of a definite separate existence. Exceedingly active in movement, these single cells make the best use of their time feeding—mostly on bacteria—growing, multiplying by simple division, again growing and again dividing, till the number is increased ten or twenty fold or more according to environment.

After a considerable period as free-swimming, separated units, another radical change takes place. The zooids, now largely increased in numbers, and having enjoyed to the full their brief period of individual existence, assemble together, and

Stage II
Swarm-Cells

Stage III
Plasmodium

MYCETOZOA

STAGE I

Illustrations of two species in Sporangium Stage.

- a. Magnified 2 diameters.
- b. Magnified 16 diameters.
- c. Showing the threads—Capillitium.

STAGE II

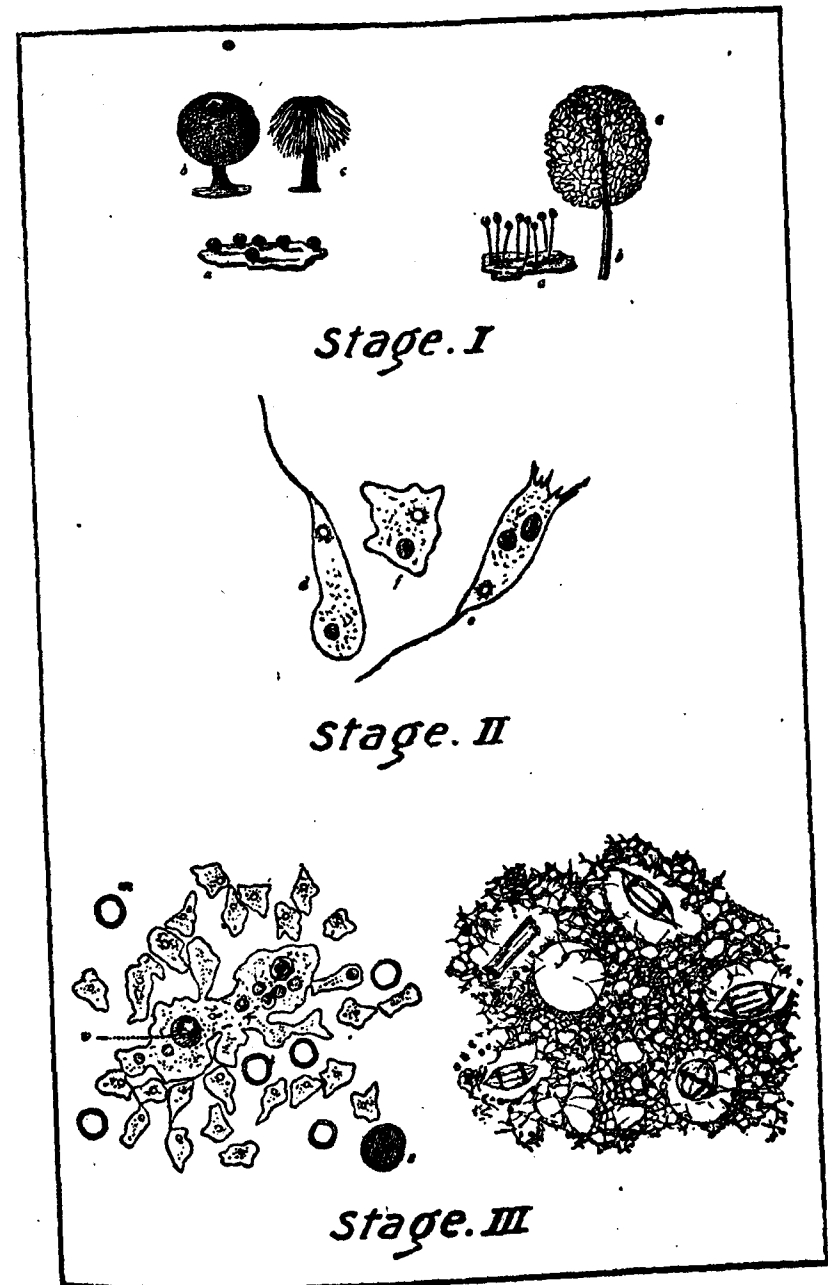
Swarm-cells. Magnified 720 diameters.

- d. & e. Flagellated swarm-cells feeding on bacteria. Amœboid bodies. (Note nucleus in each.)
- f. Very early form—just escaped.

STAGE III

Plasmodium. Magnified 500 diameters. The swarm-cells have withdrawn the flagella, and are collecting together and coalescing. After the separate cells have all fused together the only traces left of them are the nuclei.

Plasmodium. Magnified 1,200 diameters, showing the nuclei dividing. A vast multiplication of the nuclei takes place during the Plasmodium stage.



become ONE! They all coalesce into one body, not resembling in the least the individual animalculæ, and can only be described as a mass of semi-fluid, jelly-like plasm, with no organic structure as a whole. Throughout the 'plasmodium,' as this stage is called, the original units may be traced as so many nuclei. Thus, the personality of the zooids, or swarm-cells, does not appear to be entirely lost, though ill-defined—but now the united mass lives and moves as a unity. It still continues growing, absorbing food with an amoeba-like digestion, and may ultimately measure when spread out over a flat surface several square inches.

The point of interest here is that though this body has been built up before our eyes of a large number of separate living individuals, it is now as a whole of harmonious construction, is rhythmical in its movements, and is obviously a unity.

The Plasmodium is in continual motion, slowly streaming to and fro, a little further in one direction than the other, thus slowly travelling, searching for and absorbing food. While in this state the minute nuclei referred to, which represent and are all that can now be traced of the original swarm-cells—these nuclei divide and largely increase in number, still further multiplying the life-centres of the future generation of swarm-cells.

As illustrating the unity of the mass it may be noted that if the plasmodium be moving over a surface devoid of nourishment and a small piece of green leaf be placed touching an outer edge, at once the whole body will commence moving with its curious rhythmical motion in that direction, and will very soon be wholly collected on and round the leaf.

The duration of this stage seems to be determined by conditions of moisture and food. Unfavorable circumstances may mean a plasmodium that is only a minute speck all told, while abundance of food, moisture, and warmth may lead to one measuring inches across.

After a considerable period of activity the streaming movement tends to become more sluggish and confined more or less to definite channels. Indigestible and foreign particles are thrust to the outside, forming a coating of somewhat denser plasm, external motion gradually ceases, the color generally becomes much darker, and presently all there is left is a brown opaque film.

The stage at which we first met them is now entered on. A forest of mushroom-like tiny bulbs on short stalks appears over the site.

Careful examination will resolve each of these into a tiny portion of pure plasm, packed with nuclei, encased in a rough envelope made of the coarser ingredients of the original mass.

We have followed the life story of the Mycetozoa's full circle; the development of the delicate threads (the capillitium) proceeds apace, and in due course, shorter or longer according to the conditions of moisture obtaining, they burst the shell and Stage II is again entered.

Have we here in this life-cycle a sound parallel to that followed by the higher animals?

Is there ground for my surmise that the 'plasmodium' stage may be taken as a low-level correspondence to the group-soul period of the more advanced animal cycle?

Should it be so, then Stage II of the Mycetozoan life has a useful story to tell. The multiplication of the nuclei in preparation for an increased number of separate incarnations is suggestive, and the tendency of the coarser material towards the outside is evidence of a familiar process at a higher level.

To observe and trace the cycle in greater detail may prove an illuminating study, and add another link to the ever lengthening chain of scientific support of Theosophical teaching.

E. L. GARDNER

THOU AND I

Bhagavad-Gītā, II. 12, 13

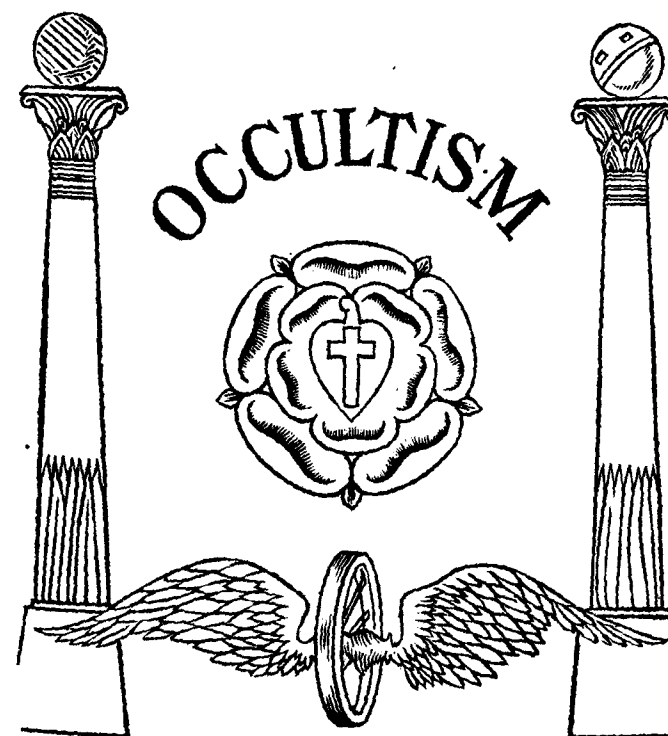
From out the Womb of Time we came, just thou and I.
Yet ne'er beginning had—existing as His Thought.
We are—and shall be—ever in That Thought so high
A myst'ry wonderful—Life in a circle wrought.

Thus ever more we were—and are—just thou and I.
Worlds come and go, are born, wax mighty, disappear,
The Universes change, we abide, or far or nigh
In Him—we live and perfect grow—then cast out fear.

For He hath willed it, (Love His Name)—just thou and I
Born of His age long Thought—to grow like Him—we wait
Passing by the way through bodies high and low, we sigh
In prison pent—yet patient stand and meet our fate.

And silent press unto our goal—just thou and I.
To heights sublime—to union with our God within
And find in hidden depths a Light Divine—and try
To serve our race with balance—love, and without sin.

CARRIE CROZIER



RENTS IN THE VEIL OF TIME

THE LIVES OF ORION

XVI

On this occasion we find ourselves amidst a busy manufacturing and mercantile race—the Etruscan—in the west of Italy, not far from where Grosseto now stands. Agriculture was in a thriving condition at this time, for the country was covered with vineyards and orchards. Mu, Orion's father, was a man of substance, a rich merchant, who had a house outside the city, and owned many vineyards. He was indulgent to the child, but was much immersed in business. Virgo, her mother,

was kindly and on the whole anxious to do her duty, but was by nature a worrier. Orion was the eldest of three girls, and was born in the year 8325. It was the father's great grievance that he had no son to assist in and inherit his beloved business, and in default of this he decided that his eldest daughter must as speedily as possible marry someone who could take this vacant place. Orion grew up therefore with this idea always before her as an imperative duty, though she had spasms of disgust at the thought. Her childhood was on the whole happy and uneventful, Selene being her principal girl-friend, though somewhat older and more reserved than she was.

Orion's father presently made acquaintance with Scorpio, a capable and pushing middle-aged man, whom he thought just suitable for a partner, so as soon as she reached the age of seventeen, he imposed this person, then about forty-five, upon her as a husband. She did not at all like the selection, but accepted him obediently. The husband had no affection for her, though he was not generally actively unkind; he regarded the affair as merely a business transaction which secured his entry into the firm. His business methods proved presently to be somewhat too acute, for the satisfied father discovered that his brilliant partner was swindling him, and misappropriating large sums of money. A furious quarrel occurred, and the pushing partner (who had been living with the family), left the house, of course carrying his wife with him. The father vehemently protested against this, but could not legally prevent it, nor had he the necessary evidence to secure the conviction of the defaulting partner, as the defalcation had been very cleverly managed. The pushing husband set up an establishment of his own in another part of the city and began to enjoy his fraudulently obtained wealth, and to use it to embark in new and distinctly shady operations.

Meantime in this new locality his somewhat neglected wife, Orion, made acquaintance with Achilles, a personable but penniless young man of twenty-two, and at once

fell violently in love with him. After a time they eloped, and lived on odd jobs in great happiness and picturesque poverty. The injured husband was furious and threatened condign vengeance; but Orion's father chuckled over the misfortune of his former partner, and caused it to be publicly known that he would welcome his daughter and her lover, if they would make his house their home. They accepted his offer, and the pushing man was more angry than ever. He was just taking the matter up in the most vindictive spirit, when some further frauds of his on a still larger scale came to light, and he was banished from the country, with forfeiture of his wealth and his rights as a citizen.

This set his wife legally free, and she was formally married to the man of her choice. Her father took her second husband into business in place of the swindler, but the young man did not seem to have had much head for it, though he was honest and hard-working, and tried to do his duty. He was of artistic temperament, and he and his wife were united by the bonds of closest sympathy as well as by a deep affection. Aldebaran was born to them as a son, a handsome promising boy, of whom they were very proud, and some time afterwards a delicate little daughter, Theseus, who, however, died of some childish complaint at the age of seven. Orion's old playmate, Selene, had long before married Vesta, and they had a little girl, Sirius, just about the same age as Theseus. As they lived next door to Orion the two children, Sirius and Theseus, had been almost inseparable companions.

When Theseus died, Orion was inconsolable, and did not seem to be able to get over the loss; indeed, she missed the child so much that when shortly afterwards a pestilence ravaged the country, and the little playmate next door was left an orphan, she begged the elder brother Psyche to allow her to adopt her in place of the lost one. Sirius had always been very much attached to Orion, and now that her parents were dead

she was quite willing to go, so that the matter was arranged without any great difficulty, and the adopted child soon came to love her new mother passionately, though she never forget her own. She also admired Orion's elder son Aldebaran, for whom the mother had quite an idolatrous affection. The boy and girl played together frequently, and the former, though several years older, was very fond of the latter and was quite good to her.

One day when they were playing on the rocks a terrible accident occurred; the boy slipped into the sea and was drowned. When the mother heard of this she was quite frantic, and when the body was recovered and brought to her she utterly refused to believe that he was dead. Herakles, the priest of the local temple, tried to console her, and told her that she must submit to the will of the gods, that it was better to do so uncomplainingly. She turned upon him fiercely and declared she would *not* submit—that she would have her son back from the dead whether the gods willed it or not. She demanded his return, or rather ordered it, in a mighty and passionate invocation over the body; and as if in obedience to her will, life did gradually return to the prostrate form, and the boy slowly recovered.

He was much changed, however. He seemed strange and dispirited; he did not appear to recognise his friends, and he showed dislike instead of love for his doting mother. Indeed, his disposition was not at all what it had been, and his perversity and bad temper made constant trouble in the house. He was now continually guilty of cruelty and falsehood—vices of which he had shown no trace before his accident. As he grew up he caused his mother and sister much suffering. He had become quite dishonest, and frequently perpetrated petty robberies from various people, the amounts of which his mother again and again made up in order to shield him.

The father declared that the boy was a fairy changeling and no longer the same person at all, but the mother would not let herself believe this, though she suffered in secret under an awful fear that the gods were punishing her in some strange way for her impious defiance of them. Achilles died before the son was quite grown up, and Orion found it impossible to manage him. Presently he seduced Cancer, a girl of low caste, boasted openly of the affair, and announced his intention of marrying her—not that he really contemplated doing it, but in order to deceive and pacify her.

His mother vehemently protested, and, as part of his plan, he took care to spread everywhere an exaggerated story of how she hated the girl. Then he pretended to go away on business, and arranged that the young woman should call at his home during his absence. He returned secretly and murdered her on the threshold of his mother's house, taking care to use a weapon that had belonged to his mother, which he purloined for the purpose. Having done this, he stole away unseen, and in a few days returned as from a distant town, to find his mother, as he expected, under suspicion of having committed the murder. An inquiry was held, but nothing could be proved against her, and there were several points in her favor, so there was no conviction; but she lay for many years under this dark and undeserved stigma, and was consequently socially ostracised. She knew perfectly well that her son was the murderer, but held her peace through all these years in order to shield him. The adopted daughter Sirius was absolutely certain of Orion's innocence, and bitterly resented the general opinion on the subject.

Vega was at this time courting Sirius, but she asked him to wait until her mother's name was cleared. Seeing that there was little hope of this, he demanded that she should marry him at once, and offered to share the obloquy which had so unjustly fallen upon the family. The

daughter eventually yielded, for the dissolute son had impoverished them by his excesses, and had abandoned them when he found there was no more money. Vega therefore took charge of affairs, and gradually revived the business, which had been utterly ruined. Vega and Sirius had a fairly large family, and Orion's declining years were passed peacefully among them, looking after the grandchildren, whom she loved devotedly. Nothing more was heard of the dissolute son, but the old priest explained that the father had been quite right in supposing that after the drowning an entirely different person had entered the body—some old enemy, he said, who for the purpose of wreaking his vengeance had taken the opportunity so rashly offered to him by the intense effort of will made by the frantic mother. This enemy was Gamma.

Some of the other characters with whom we are familiar appeared in Etruria at this period, though they did not play a prominent part in Orion's life. A list of them is appended for the benefit of our students.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

OSIRIS :	... Father : Albireo. Mother : Alcestis. Brothers : Pegasus, Leo. Sister : Berenice.
CALYPSO :	... Brother : Helios. Wife : Melpomene. Son : Vesta.
AMALTHEA :	... Sister : Hector. Friend : Calypso.
HELIOS :	... Wife : Hector, Sons : Leto, Albireo. Daughter : Selene.
HERAKLES :	... Priest. Wife : Pollux. Sons : Capella, Spica, Adrona. Daughter : Arcor. Male disciples : Gemini, Capricorn, Sappho, Ophinchus. Female disciples : Chamæleon, Fortuna, Apis, Flora. Supporters of the temple : Aglala, Eros.
AGLALA :	... Wife : Phoea.

EROS :	... Rich man. Wife : Alastor.
MU : ...	... Wife : Virgo. Daughters : Orion, Concordia, Taurus.
VESTA :	... Wife : Selene. Son : Psyche. Daughters : Beatrix, Sirius.
ORION :	... First Husband : Scorpio. Second Husband : Achilles. Son : Aldebaran. Daughter : Theseus. Adopted Daughter : Sirius.
GAMMA :	... Occupies Aldebaran's dead body.
LETO :	... Wife : Libra.
ALBIREO :	... Wife : Alcestis. Sons : Pegasus, Leo, Osiris. Daughter : Berenice.
VEGA :	... Wife : Sirius. Sons : Ajax, Demeter, Bellatrix. Daughters : Fomalhaut, Mira.
AJAX :	... Wife : Atalanta.
FOMALHAUT :	... Husband : Viola.
DEMETER :	... Wife : Pallas. Son : Procyon.
BELLATRIX :	... Wife : Deneb.
MIRA :	... Husband : Egeria.
LEO :	... Wife : Theodoros.
CANCER :	... Low-caste girl.

XVII

Orion was born next in the year 6758 among the Tartars, as the daughter of Dolphin, one of the prominent members of a nomad tribe. Her father was not the chief, but was nearly related to him, and was a person of considerable wealth and importance, possessing large herds of cattle and great hoards of skins. Her early childhood does not call for any special remark, but unfortunately before she was fifteen she was deceived by a young man, only a couple of years older than herself (Iota, the young mistress whom she had murdered in a previous life in India). There was a great disturbance when this was discovered; her father was furious, and tried hard to detect the man who was responsible for this state of things, but in spite of threatening and severe pressure Orion loyally refused to tell. The young fellow was frightened and had not the

courage to declare himself; so suspicion fell in turn upon several innocent people, but never upon the real culprit. A child was born—Theseus, the daughter whose body she had once forcibly taken in India, but this time he was a little son, and she loved him all the more dearly because he was regarded by the rest of the family as an encumbrance and a badge of shame.

Her father's anger was partly because he had expected to make a success of her marriage—to make a valuable alliance with the son of the chief, and so bring himself to the centre of power. Now this was no longer possible, as she was regarded as a damaged article and a drug in the matrimonial market. Nevertheless when she was a little over twenty a young man came forward and asked for her hand. He had been a schoolmate of hers, and had long adored her silently from a distance, having no prospects which would make him an eligible suitor. Now, however, he was at last in a position which made marriage a possibility, and he could not but see that her life was a very miserable one, so he ventured diffidently to offer a home to her and her child. It was but a poor home—not at all what she might have expected but for that first love-affair—but she thankfully accepted it as a release from the intolerable discomfort of life with a family who hated and despised her.

Her husband was Cygnus, who had been her son in Hawaii. He treated her well, and her life was now fairly happy, though to some extent embittered by the years of scorn through which she had passed. That experience had at least made her sympathetic towards anyone in the same difficulty, and she persuaded her husband to co-operate in helping several such. In particular there was a case of a young woman of her tribe who had fallen into the same disgrace, and was entirely cast off by her family and left to starve. Orion, though poor herself, and with an ever-increasing family, at once took this unfortunate stranger into her house. The new-comer (who was Cancer,

the poisoned wife of Hawaii), was naturally grateful, yet never felt quite at ease with her hostess, and had inexplicable fits of aversion to her. Orion vigorously championed her cause, and maintained that she was in no way blameworthy. Cancer admitted in strict confidence that the chief's son Aglaia was the father of her child, and Orion resolved that he should be made to acknowledge and provide for it, and to marry the mother. She could not take any steps towards a public exposure, for she felt that as she herself had been intended for the chief's son, her story would be universally regarded as prompted by disappointment and jealousy, and so disbelieved.

She therefore took Cancer to Scorpio, a shaman or medicine-man, who undertook, in consideration of a heavy bribe, to perform incantations which were supposed to make the chief's son fall so violently in love with Cancer that he would marry her at all costs. The difficulties were that she was much below him in station, and that he had just been married with great pomp to a bride of his own rank. The shaman's performances were imposing and gruesome; he unquestionably knew something of magic, though of an undesirable kind.

At the culminating ceremony in Scorpio's hut, a dead body was laid before the two terrified women, and after agonised contortions and wearisome chantings on the part of the shaman, after a long, elaborate, uncanny ritual and the burning of much colored fire, the grisly corpse slowly raised itself and came with spasmodic movements towards the women. They were almost beside themselves with fear, and would have fled but that the galvanised putrefaction was directly between them and the only exit. Scorpio was grovelling on the earth, apparently in some kind of fit, and quite useless as a protector, and the women would probably have gone mad with horror at the loathsome embrace of the four-days-old corpse, but that the ceremony somehow broke down at the most critical moment. The flaming eyes of the dead man were

gloating hungrily upon them, and his discolored hand was already stretched out to grasp them, when suddenly the unhallowed life went out of him, and he fell stiffly to the ground, carrying Orion down with him. At the same time, the prostrate Scorpio uttered a blood-curdling yell of despair, followed by strange barking and howling sounds, and as Orion disentangled herself from the now rigid corpse and staggered to her feet, his writhing body changed its form before her eyes, and he rushed madly from the tent in the shape of a huge black wolf, leaving them alone with the dead man, in the faint light of the dying fires.

How the two women reached home they could never remember, but both were ill with nervous shock for many days; and when at last they had recovered to some extent, they took a most solemn vow never again under any circumstances whatever to attempt to gain any object by means of magical practices. Scorpio later offered to try the spell again, if they would pay a still higher price, but they would have nothing to say to him. It is doubtful whether Orion's nerves ever quite recovered their former strength after that experience, so that she suffered permanently from the effect of her ill-advised attempt to obtain justice for her *protégée*.

She did not, however, resign her purpose, and as spells had produced no apparent result on Aglaia, she resolved to try another and more direct attack. Under all the circumstances it required almost superhuman courage, but she nerved herself to obtain an interview with the culprit, and made an earnest and moving appeal to him on behalf of Cancer, telling him quite frankly that because she herself had suffered in exactly the same way, she understood the desperate need of help far better than he could.

His better nature was touched and his eyes were opened by her entreaties; he publicly acknowledged his fault, made over a large amount of property to Cancer

to be held in trust for her child, and arranged a marriage for her in another tribe, giving a considerable sum in dowry with her.

We may suppose that by the help given in this incarnation Orion closed the kârmic account with Cancer which must have been opened by the poisoning in Hawaii and continued by the murder in Morocco. Apart from the help given to unfortunate women, her life was principally devoted to her eldest son. She was anxious to compensate him for the obloquy which surrounded his birth by establishing him for life in a somewhat higher station than that of her husband, and she finally achieved this, though only at the cost of long-continued self-sacrifice. She was a good and careful mother to her younger children also, but her exertions for her family overtasked her strength, and she passed away at the age of fifty-two, happy in the knowledge that all of them were comfortably settled.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ORION:	... <i>Father: Dolphin. Lover: Iota. Son: Theus. Husband: Cygnus.</i>
AGLAIA:	... <i>Son of the Chief of the Tribe.</i>
CANCER:	... <i>Lover: Aglaia.</i>
SCORPIO:	... <i>Medicine-man.</i>

XVIII

The next appearance of our heroine was in the year 5629, in a beautiful spot among the hills of India, on the site of Amer, in Rajputana, or very near that city. Orion was one of the daughters of a local potentate, Theodoros, the Rājā of the district, and was brought up in a splendid marble palace, with wonderful

carvings and sculptures about it. She used to play principally upon a great marble terrace which commanded a magnificent view. The court was kept up with much pomp and gorgeous ceremony, and Orion, as a child, hugely enjoyed riding upon a richly-caparisoned elephant and taking part in glittering processions. There were many servants and attendants, and she had everything that she could desire, yet in some ways she was rather a neglected child. Her father's mind was full of the cares of state and the pleasures of the chase, and her mother, Lomia, thought chiefly of the innumerable intrigues which always permeate an Indian court. They were both kind to the child in a careless fashion, but to both of them boys who could grow up into fighting men and inherit thrones were the only really interesting offspring; so the little girl's passionate longing for heartfelt affection remained unsatisfied.

At her birth, her horoscope had been cast by the family astrologer, according to custom, and he foretold for her a somewhat uncommon fate. He said that in her case the stars indicated a past of unusual sorrow and a future of unusual glory—that the latter was drawing very near to her, yet it would not come in this life, which was to be regarded as the last link in a long chain of cause and effect. A debt which had been outstanding for thousands of years was now to be paid, he said; if it were rightly paid, it would lead to a male birth next time, and to the opportunity for great occult advancement. Meantime this very life would be to some extent an epitome of the whole, for there would be in it great sorrow and yet also great joy and peace.

She received a certain amount of education, mostly of a religious type. She was taught to recite some of the Vedic hymns and to perform curious little domestic ceremonies. When she was sixteen she was assigned in marriage under rather peculiar circumstances. An embassy came from Corona, a King far away in Kāthiawār, to ask on

behalf of his son, Sirius, for the hand of Orion's elder sister Juno. This sister had just been betrothed to a nearer neighbor, so the Rājā had to send apologies and regrets, but in order to avoid disappointment (for this was a good alliance and he did not wish to lose the opportunity which it offered), he ventured to suggest his second daughter instead. The embassy therefore, carried her off on approval, as it were. Her feelings in the matter were mixed, for while she was flattered at the prospect of marriage into an old and honored family, she was also somewhat indignant at being proposed as a substitute for her sister, uncertain how she would be received, and nervous at leaving the only home that she had ever known.

Little heed was paid to her feelings in the matter, however, and her father and mother dismissed her—kindly enough, but very much as a matter of course. On the journey she wondered often what the prince would be like, and tried to persuade herself that she might be able to arrange a very tolerable life for herself, if he were no worse than most whom she had known at home. When she arrived at the end of her journey she was undeniably nervous, and heartily wished herself at home again; but when she met her prince (Sirius) she received a pleasurable shock and soon forgot all about home; for the two young people were fortunately strongly attracted to one another at first sight, and in a few days became ardent lovers.

The reserved and rather bored young lady of Amer opened out under the influence of real love like a flower in the sunlight; and she threw herself into this new life with a joyous wonder that was beautiful to see. Her love made her take an interest in all that interested her prince, and therefore she set herself to try to understand his religion, which was quite different from her own. She had been brought up in the Hindū faith, though it had never been much more to her than a series of forms which it was proper to observe; while the prince was a Jain. It had

been stipulated in the marriage-contract that she was to be allowed to retain her ancestral faith and beliefs, but that did not prevent the young people from comparing their respective scriptures and teachings, and they soon decided that it all amounted to substantially the same thing, and worshipped in one another's temples with serene impartiality.

The great Jain temple has already been described in the twenty-third life of Alecyone, and it was there mentioned that on her seventeenth birthday Orion gave birth to Gamma, her first child, in the little rock guest-chamber over its gateway. As usual, the child's horoscope was cast but its prognostications were by no means good. It foretold for him a wayward character, that would cause much suffering both to himself and to others, but with the opportunity of final victory at the cost of great self-sacrifice, if he chose to take it. It certainly seemed that at least part of this prediction was accurate, for the nature which the boy developed as he grew was not a good one, and it brought much sorrow to his parents.

One of the tenets most strongly insisted upon was (and still is) scrupulous kindness to every living thing, but this child displayed innate cruelty and callousness, and seemed to be without any natural principle of honor. The grief which these defects caused to the father and mother was intensified by the knowledge that this was the heir to the throne and the destined ruler of the country. They were very patient with the boy, and tried very hard to help him to improve his character, but with only very moderate success. They had several other children of more normal type, and these were a great comfort to them. The love between the husband and wife never lessened or varied, and the prince declined to follow the custom of his country by taking additional wives.

Soon his father, the Rājā Corona, died; so the cares of the government were laid upon his shoulders. Orion thus became the Rāṇī, or queen, of the country, and bore

her new honors gracefully, fulfilling her duties to the satisfaction of all. Sirius often had to be away for considerable periods, as he was a great warrior, and during these times he left the government in her hands, instead of appointing a regent. She seems to have done the work admirably; possibly the experience of centuries ago in South India may have been useful there. Her life would have been entirely happy but for the anxiety caused by the frequent absences of her husband and the troubles due to the behavior of her eldest son, who did not improve as he grew. The remonstrances of his father and mother produced little effect upon him, and he did not seem amenable to the influence of affection. He took to gambling, dishonesty and loose living generally, and bitterly resented all rebuke. The father, when at home, kept him in some sort of check, though even this much of restraint excited his passions.

Presently a rebellion was fomented by a distant relation of the Rājā, who set up a sort of shadowy claim to the throne; and Gamma fled from home and joined the rebels. These were, however, defeated and he was captured. He made submission to his father, and seemed really ashamed of his actions for the time, but gradually he slipped back and resumed his old unruly life, resenting as before any restrictions imposed upon him. The father and mother were always patient and forbearing with him, for their religion counselled them to forgive to the uttermost; but he seemed to become more and more estranged, and adopted a permanently dissatisfied and hostile attitude. Some discreditable love-affairs brought him a good deal of suffering, and one of his undesirable feminine acquaintances spurred him into certain acts of treachery against his father. These being discovered, he fled once more from the court and joined himself to the army of an enemy then just about to attack his country. The Rājā was much hampered by

the fact that his plans of battle and the conditions of the defences were in this way betrayed to his enemy.

This caused trouble at first and some slight reverses, but the Rājā finally won a great battle and disposed definitely of the invaders. In this battle he himself was seriously wounded by the hand of his erring son who, however, turned aside and fled in horror when saw his father fall. Sirius had himself put into a litter, and still continued to direct the battle till victory was assured. The recreant son was captured amongst a host of others, and once more brought before his father and mother. The mother, who had so often forgiven all else, could not for a long time overlook the fatal injury to the father; but the latter urged that if even now at the eleventh hour the son was really repentant, he should be restored to favor and his position, and should have another chance. His will prevailed at last, and the young man, in a very touching scene, showed real contrition and earnest resolve to do better.

So great was his self-abasement now, that he begged to be allowed to renounce his princely rank and devote the rest of his life to austerities as a hermit in order to atone for his wickedness; but the Brāhmanas told him that he must prove his newly developed virtue by doing his duty in daily life before he could have the right to the privilege of asceticism. He accepted their decision, though with much regret, and set himself humbly and loyally to overcome the dislike which his countrymen not unnaturally felt for him. While the Rājā lay dying (for he never really recovered from the wound), the defeated enemy gathered together a new army and again attempted an invasion. The reformed Gamma took the field against them, but the knowledge of his country's weak points which he himself had given them made it very difficult to deal with them successfully.

Finally it seemed as though the only way to avoid defeat was for a small party to devote themselves to a

desperate deed of valor which meant certain death. Gamma planned this and insisted on leading it in person, and he fell fighting gloriously at the head of his men, in the act of self-sacrifice which saved his country. He died with his mother's name upon his lips, and his last words were a message to her, begging her to forgive his many crimes, and to accept his death as the beginning of his atonement for all the wrong that he had done her. Orion was so overwhelmed with sorrow at the approaching death of her husband that, at the time, she perhaps scarcely appreciated the action of her son; but the common people made ballads about his deed and exalted him (now that he was dead) into a kind of hero and savior, wisely letting his unsavory earlier history sink into oblivion. The Rājā strongly charged his wife to put away her grief and to concentrate all her energies upon advising her second son Fomalhaut, who, though yet very young, must so soon take up the reins of government. For his sake she promised to do this and, when death took her husband, she bravely and nobly kept her vow.

The departed Rājā held himself in touch with the earth-plane for some years in order to be at hand to help her, and often she realised this and found it a great comfort. But he soon saw that her judgment might be trusted, and that he might pass on in peace and confidence. She was a sort of permanent advisor and power behind the throne for twenty-one years, until her young son had reached middle-age and proved himself a capable and careful ruler. She died at the age of sixty-two, eagerly looking forward to rejoining her husband, whom she had never forgotten for a day. The philosophy, which she had first learned in her youth because it had interested her so much, had proved the reliable guide of her later life and the stay of her declining years. Her stay on the astral plane was short, but she had a long heaven-life, in which Sirius was the principal figure.

In this incarnation much progress was made, and the last and heaviest of the karmic links, forged long ago seemed to have been broken, so that all was now ready, for the effort to be made in the next life.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

- URANUS: ... *Husband*: Fomalhaut. *Son*: Proserpina.
- THEODOROS: ... *Rājā*. *Wife*: Lomia. *Daughters*: Juno, Orion.
- JUNO: ... *Husband*: Hebe. *Sons*: Melpomene, Fortuna. *Daughter*: Flora.
- ORION: ... *Husband*: Sirius. *Sons*: Gamma, Fomalhaut.
- FOMALHAUT: ... *Wife*: Uranus. *Son*: Proserpina.
- CALYPSO: ... *Peasant of Girnar*. *Wife*: Amalthea. *Son*: Stella. (*All attend the temple, and are devout though ignorant*).

NOTE.—A list of the remaining *Dramatis Personæ* will be found in the twenty-third life of Alecyone, Vol. XXXII, p. 432, and Addenda List on page 820.

INVESTIGATIONS INTO EARLY ROUNDS

(Concluded from p. 737)

Monday, August 24th, 1896

THE INVESTIGATIONS OF THE SECOND DAY

ROUND II. GLOBE A

- L. The third class pitr has been all the way round making forms on each (globe) on the first round. Is anything left on all those globes, anything like the "Inner round" beginning?... Does the life-wave of all sorts go round, or do the animal and vegetable, once set going, go on¹ but not travel?
- B. The pitrs go on, but leave behind them the empty shells of the things they have been inhabiting.
- L. In Globe A² they have certainly materialised the ideas... (I) don't know whether now at the beginning of the second round there is exactly any life...
- B. (The) pitrs all seem to go on, but seem to leave moulds into which the life-wave (flows)...
- L. Does no elemental life remain? Does the whole thing go on?
- B. (The) elemental life-wave goes on to B, because it is wanted there.
- L. There seems to me to be such an indefinite amount behind... What is the state of this world³ after the essences had left it; it surely

¹ Continue their development on the same planet, without passing to the next.

² Of the first round.

³ The Earth, Globe D.

leaves the mineral life going on, because the thing¹ does hold together?

B. Yes... Doesn't it give the impression of a thing frozen?

L. Yet surely the motion produced by the heat is going on, boiling and so on?... The globe is gradually contracting.

B. Curious change comes over it when the attention of the Logos is turned away—not dead, of course, but more sleepy.

L. Do you see, the life of the planet itself is a manifestation of the life of the Spirit of the Earth itself; but that is also a manifestation of the Logos, an earlier stage as it were, because it is in that body of the Spirit of the Earth that the moulds are made. Isn't it upon him that the impression is made which causes the moulds to form?... Still he plays his part also in each world; he is the ensoulment of the matter somehow... (We) needn't go into that now... On the whole, things go on from world to world, and most of the life passes with them?

B. Yes.

L. But is the mineral monad of the occasion part of the First Outpouring? (It) seems to me as though (it was) not, as though the seventh class of pitrs all theoretically ought to attain humanity at the end of this chain... and still as it [is now] mineral and vegetable and so on [this can hardly come about in the time]²... There must be a definite outpouring coming to take their place.

B. They are more playing the part of ensouling intelligence when the moulds are made... They inhabit the forms, I mean.

¹ The Earth.

² The idea, from the report, is not clear. The words in brackets are offered as a possible elucidation.

L. (A) block of essence is intended to be animal essence on the Moon chain and human life on is chain; those who were meant to be no class pitrs were ensouling themselves in vegetables the end of the Moon chain.

Here ensued a long conversation between B. and about the pitrs, but it was too rapid to be ken down by the reporter.]

B. Do you regard the Second Outpouring as blending (with) it!

L. Which! Pitrs themselves! Oh, surely as Second Outpouring.

B. I think they are (the) Second Outpouring.

L. In the case of (the) first-class pitrs they have (the) Third Outpouring, which constitutes (the) first class... But here¹ your third class pitrs come in as human beings. Hold on! The whole thing is in the mind, on the mental plane... (It) seems as though the whole thing came into existence together.

B. Isn't it that the third class pitr rushes round and vivifies all, but does not stay in there... (It) almost seems as though they came together—waked up.

L. Yes...

B. That is a rather curious effect. It seems as if these revived things don't last very long; (they) seem to go into (a) kind of... It seems as though the pitrs made higher forms, and that there was a contest between them, and that the lower ones go down.

L. That which comes [in]² is not high enough to keep up the position.

¹ Globe A, second round.

² The life-wave that comes in to occupy the forms vivified by the third-class pitr.

- B. I wonder whether some of these things left behind in one round give rise to those creatures we disliked. (There) seems a sort of survival which is below the life of this time. When things were vivified (it is) as though for the moment they got crushed out, and only some low down remnants remained. I wonder whether (these are what) H. P. B. meant by "by-products"? ... I suppose the fourth class pitrs, some of them, will get a shade of humanity here... What is our third class pitr doing—he is human all this time—what is he doing?
- L. Well, undoubtedly he is evolving himself; you see more of his mind than you saw before. He's made himself denser than before.
- B. Has he tried to get a physical body? You see, he is still Devachanic, but he is pressing downwards, isn't he?
- L. Yes.
- K. What kind of matter is he working in?¹
- B. He is bringing out the second subdivision of it. [Here ensued a long silence.]
- B. He's getting more compact than he was, isn't he?
- L. There's more of him... still lamentably incomplete even for a mind body. He has so very little thinking power.
- B. He's dimly conscious, poor creature.
- L. But these things don't so much begin at the beginning as much as that... The second round man is a more coherent creature than the first race on this planet,² don't you think so? He is more approximating to the second race people—not so much a rolling pillar... Well, you want to go to the end of the second round, do you?³

¹ Question by Bertram Keightley.

² Earth, in the fourth round.

³ In answer to a remark by Keightley.

ROUND II. GLOBE B

- L. Do you see him emphasising any part? The principle seems (to be) as though (he is) building all ... He has what he considers a mind body, and he has another thing which may feebly stand to him as an astral body.
- B. It doesn't seem as though he was evolving a particular principle in a round, but a little bit of each; building the lower quaternary gradually and adding to each bit by bit.
- L. He appears to have races even at this early stage of the proceedings. But (I) can't understand it on the first globe;¹ he doesn't seem to take a number of lives and go up; (it) seems like coming into one race, and next into another race—his personality ensouling a race.²
- B. Then at the end of the second round the fourth class pitr is distinctly a human creature.
- L. Most of him.
- B. Something like (an) animal at the end of the first round.
- L. Yes. (*Long silence*) ... You see, it's rather complicated ... But what are you hunting?
- B. The appearance of things in general...

ROUND II. GLOBE C

- L. Well, let me see, what can we best do? We have still a good deal of evolution to go over, so far as we've seen... It doesn't appear as though a principle in each round or race or globe is evolved... He doesn't seem to be evolving Prāṇa, but evolving the power to specialise jiva all

¹ Globe A, second round.

² One life in one sub-race, and then passing on to the next sub-race, the life in each lasting the period of that sub-race.

the while... Doesn't it seem as though that is the special work he is doing on Mars; does that seem to you?

ROUND II. GLOBE D

- B. Hadn't been looking at that, but was trying to see what gave the impression of more being left behind—as though some of the pitṛ stuff doesn't go over.
- L. It seems after leaving Mars as though at any rate animal and vegetable life remain, and possibly human.
- B. As though some couldn't get on—were failures.
- L. Oh, yes; yes. There is... Don't you see a possibility in it? that that which has fallen behind in the second round and is found there when the third round comes may be taken up, and may regain its position by means of the "Inner Round"? That may be one of the uses of the "Inner Round."
- B. Sort of trailing off?
- L. Yes, that's it exactly.
- B. Part goes on.
- L. It seems as though in the first round a little of the mineral life is left behind imprisoned in the mineral, while the other went on; and on this round, some of the vegetable life is left behind and the other went on¹... Are there not living creatures? (A) quantity (of them has) got down quite to viscous stage—kind of boiling down kind of affair.
- B. If you jump to the earth of the third round, (the) animal (life) is left behind.

¹ This is my reconstruction of the report. Literally, as transcribed, it reads: "See first round as though mineral left with little imprisoned in the mineral and the other went on and on this round some left in the vegetable and others went on."

- L. But what is this loathsome kind of life that is not life, but yet is life? Yet there are horrid little things moving.
- B. Yes, but if you look at our earth when the second round is nearly over, you will see no animal moulds are moving at all.
- L. No, but these little things hopping about in this sort of boiling, slimy mess... What are those things?... However, go on, he doesn't matter. We'll ignore him!
- B. What comes out at the end of the second round?
- L. Third class Pitṛ (is) more advanced, fourth class pitṛ is human... Fourth class pitṛ would not be quite up to the level of Ji,¹ would he?
- B. No.
- L. He is a feeble kind of thing... The third class pitṛ (is) approaching the level of the kitten.² He hasn't much in way of brains, poor thing; he's all instincts and no reason in particular. He hasn't got far, you know. However, he has evolved two-sevenths of astral body, two-sevenths of everything.
- B. He is here getting two-sevenths of the lower quaternary.
- L. He isn't joined up yet, you see.
- B. Oh, no.
- L. He has not got up... (the) Third Outpouring (has) touched him, but (he is) not (yet a) separate ego. It doesn't seem as though I had seen definitely what he has done; yet I don't see how to get further.
- B. It made a difference in the vegetable which gets left behind and in the fourth class pitṛ... It

¹ C. J.'s cat, whose name was Ji. At the time of these investigations, in 1896, the cat was becoming "individualised."

² A bright kitten, some six weeks old, the offspring of Ji.

has brought on lower things certainly. There is now vegetable life on all globes going on at the same time.¹

ROUND III. GLOBES A AND B

- B. (The) third class creature on the first globe is more of a creature now; he is beginning to take a more human shape.
- L. Yes—though cloudy and gigantic . . . This is all on the Devachanic plane . . . I wonder how he manages . . . he is a little confusing, is this creature.
- B. You can see now that on the four levels he is getting more into a shape, and on the three higher he has got . . .² threads. Fifth class pitṛ seems to start getting the human thing now, doesn't he?
- L. Some of them have it at the end of Globe A on the third round.
- B. The animal ideas are more various, you notice.
- L. More types have been called down, you mean? Is the whole animal type down yet? Perhaps hardly.
- B. See, one thing is characteristic of this round. All the archetypes are brought down of the mineral in the first, vegetable in the second, animal in the third, and human in the fourth—they are not worked out—so that there is in each one the chance of perfecting its form in the round.
- L. I suppose that is why some pitṛs are left behind.
- B. Those who have quite failed have to stay in it longer.
- L. But surely there is already pressing in behind a mass of other matter?

¹There was no detailed examination of the remaining planets of this round, such as could be taken down.

²Word missed; perhaps "buddhic."

- B. Yes, matter of the second thing . . . Just look at Mars, though.

ROUND III. GLOBE C

- L. Yes, Mars is interesting. He has lots more water than he has now—not reduced to canals. There is certainly physical life, as emphasised by specialisation of prāṇa.
- B. (The) human being is like a very great monkey now.
- L. But is a loose reptilely kind of thing—that kind of consistency. He would go in as when you touch a cuttle-fish; his jelly is in a bag; if you pressed him the hole would remain long.
- B. He is like a big monkey not stiff enough to stand; he lies about—(does) not float—he crawls, he wallows.
- L. Has he any bones? . . . The country is getting rather nice; (the) air (is) still unbreathable, frightfully thick. . . This thing has a most diabolical taste;¹ it's poisonous; probably (has) lots of chlorine. How has all that since been absorbed—by chemical combination? . . . Anyhow, that's Mars.

ROUND III. GLOBE D

- L. Shall we try this world?² . . . Here you have a more approximate kind of thing. He is still wobbly, beginning to stand; (he) has some hair or bristly something, like third race man,³ much looser, more flabby and crossed with a reptile. . . Oh! but he has among him a smaller and better type; there are second class pitṛs (who have) turned up; they are more definite—like gorillas.
- B. He is very ugly.

¹Tasting the atmosphere.

²Globe D, Earth, in the third round.

³Third race man, on the Earth, in the fourth round.

- L. The other doesn't do it. (He) has a horrid throat, and it all comes out when he does this thing.¹ He does it in a vague kind of way, like a caterpillar. . . Does he see?
- B. Don't think he does.
- L. The second class pitrs see. I think they don't seem to get on with them;² seem to be at war with them. The second class looks down upon them, is afraid of them at times if it can't get out of their way.
- B. They seem so big to it.
- L. It has more brains—more water-gruel of some sort. . . There are surely races here; there are quite distinct types; there are incarnations. The second class pitr (incarnates) as we do, only at enormously longer intervals. (They live, long lives also. . . The world has in a way settled down. . . still very earthquaky, still many things different). . . I don't know that intervals (are) longer in proportion.³ I was thinking of the state of the earth. Most astounding mountains . . . about fifty miles high⁴—never saw anything like them!
- B. And enormous waterfall. . .
- L. It's fairly solid; you've a kind of crust on your earth. . . Big avalanches occur; tops of mountains fall off; (I) never saw such tempests! How you have reached the present condition⁵ I don't know; I suppose we shall see. Now (you have) much higher conditions of life. Fourth (class) and fifth pretty much human, and second thrown in; third of course is; second ahead of him now. . . Animals (are)

¹ C. W. L. illustrated the action, by stretching out his neck towards the sky and drawing it back again. The second class pitrs did not however, do this, being more compactly built.

² With the third class pitrs.

³ The intervals out of incarnation then are not longer in proportion to the period in incarnation.

⁴ Using a graphic simile, and not to be taken literally.

⁵ The condition of the earth to-day.

- big, loose and ungainly, like rough copies of ante-diluvian creatures. (There's a) deficiency of hair, (they are) all scales or pachydermatous. (The) best (are) like (the) hippopotamus, but more unwieldly and not so definite. (There are lots of) volcanoes; (there's a) speciality in whirlpools—(the) maelstrom is nothing compared to them. Life (is) very precarious. (They)¹ eat, (they) tear off tops of trees—not trees, they are ferns; they are eating the seeds of them; tree ferns to the nth, but not so regular and respectable. Some of them dig, grub up (what is a) primitive truffle perhaps. (They have) no particular objection to smells.
- B. Sweet creature! killed some animal, and tastes the blood with its finger!
- L. (They) seem very fond of slimy things; also *en passant* the slimy things are very fond of them! Here's a curious brute like a gigantic frog. . .
- B. They take them raw. . .
- L. They know nothing about fire; (there is) no trace of civilisation.
- B. The human race (is) very much at the experimental stage, apparently; (they) roam about trying things.
- L. I don't like the state of affairs. Count?² Good Lord, no! No idea of it. Can a crocodile count?
- B. They haven't any reason, (they have) passions and instincts.
- L. The human race is getting much larger. I wonder what they do on the upper arc—on Mercury say?

¹ The humans.

² In reply to a question by Bertram Keightley.

ROUND III. GLOBE E

- L. Well, the life is more definite here, and gives the idea of being less coarse. We are approaching to rather nicer looking creatures now. I notice animals like rabbits without any hair.
- B. The humans have hair on them.
- L. To some extent they have—rather of the pig bristle kind!... (They are) getting less loathsome; life (is) beginning to stir in the less ignoble sides of them. (They) might even be capable of affection, don't you think so?
- B. Well, of a rough kind.
- L. Oh, yes, (a) very rudimentary kind of thing—such as a whale might feel! a something that wasn't quite brutal!
- B. They share food, instead of snarling, as on earth¹... The second class pitr is a comparatively respectable being at the end.
- L. (They) would be at about the stage that an average chimpanzee would be.
- B. Perhaps a little higher. I don't know... perhaps that.
- L. Few up to Sally's² level! Third class pitr (is) lower down and fourth lower still. (*The Investigations into the Third Round here close.*)

ROUND IV. GLOBE A

- L. Now, this fellow has thickened up his mind, his devachanic matter, so that when he comes (down) into the next plane he will be able to come into touch definitely with the astral plane... In the third, second and first rounds there was always a blank between the mind, the astral and the physical. Now there will be a more definite connexion...

¹ The previous Globe D, in the same round.

² Sally was the brilliant chimpanzee of the London Zoological Gardens, then lately deceased.

There are a quantity of more types of humanity—some very fine types.

- B. I was looking at those.
- L. Types which haven't come into existence yet,¹ must belong to the future.
- B. A few have come into existence.
- L. Yes, but not a race of them; they are roughly speaking types of races and sub-races, aren't they? You see that luminous dove-colored thing, so lovely? That must be the type for a race.
- B. Yes, quite unknown to us.
- L. That must be a race in the future; and that great, dreamy, colored-star thing, must be the expression of him... Is this a man of the future?... Not connected, I think, with this earth.
- B. We have here the types of the remaining rounds.
- L. That partly accounts for things.
- B. They are showing what men are in future rounds on the mānasic plane.
- L. Do you see, these creatures... However, these sort of archetypes are brought down as possibilities.
- B. Yes, not understandable, unless we go into the fifth, sixth and seventh rounds...
- L. Well, this is becoming a more practical kind of creature; (the) connexion can be made.² Some are doing more evolution in the time. (They are) beginning to have more individual push in them—not so much sweeping on in batches... It does seem to be the fact that they don't come down again and again, on Globe A, as they do now; (they) seem to live once in a race...
- B. Slide on to the next.

¹ Not yet on this earth, Globe D, of the fourth round.

² With the upper triad.

ROUND IV. GLOBE B

- L. Withdrawing into the self—but no self to withdraw into... Now they don't seem to have any period in devachan after incarnation.
- B. I suppose nowhere for them to go into, (they are) not high enough to go on to the arūpa plane.
- L. But still they are beginning to think.
- B. Yes, a little.
- L. You can see the effect on the elemental essence by them; it is being painfully affected by them. Before (it was affected) only by Devas; he is slipping in to spoil things.
- B. I did not notice. It¹ did not affect it at all before on this plane.
- L. (It is) beginning to get quite unpleasant shapes... Are you sure they began with the densest subdivision? (It seems) almost as though they began in the middle and (are) working down... They have quite a great deal of coarsish astral matter... However, run it on to Mars.

ROUND IV. GLOBE C

- L. Oh! I say, there are people in possession already when we get there! Creatures—not exactly people...
- B. I say, these are the creatures which were "watermen, terrible and bad." They ought to have been human, (but they) got delayed. They are rather non-descripts.
- L. Is this the kind of thing in connexion with whom, on our earth, the "sin of the mindless" business arose?
- B. Yes.
- L. They've a loathsome feeling, like (a) tarantula in its mesmeric feeling about the eyes. (They) take a fiendish delight in evil.... Well, this is a

¹ The thought of the pitrs.

long occupation. Humanity is beginning to be civilised.² They are building cities, some (of them). (There are) some millions and millions of humanity. (They) might fairly be called humanity, not hairy wild beasts. (They are) much better than some of the Lemurians were. But (it is) still a very selfish kind of life... They can build; their cities are mainly wood and mud. They are such at the period I am looking at... They get to stone further on... Where are we?... Let's try to identify... this must be the fourth race... Wood and mud mainly... but (there) begin to be great differences in other ways, too... There are greater powers of some sort manifestly guiding; They are teaching them³ things... Here you find among them some Beings with all the principles, yet who to them look like themselves... They have incarnated among them; They teach the use of fire. They² don't know how to make it. The Being who gives it calls the flame into existence, and all the flames in the world are (lit) from it... Occasionally whole parts are deprived of fire, (and) then they have to get it from other people in neighboring districts... The idea of getting fire from volcanoes strikes some bold one: and a good many lose their lives in it... This is a good while away—there are no volcanoes now.

Let us go on to a later sub-race on Mars. It's rather comic!³ The fifth race is white, like ours!... (They are) building with large rough unhewn stone; they are war-like, prouder people... Sexes? surely yes. Wait one moment! Don't let us be rash! There is difference between them, but whether—Yes, we have the sex idea haven't we?... They know things in a way.

¹ The Pitrs.

² The Pitrs.

³ Here C. W. L. laughed in surprise.

- B. They've no initiative. (They) do what they are told to do.
- L. Don't you think that individuals are trying to develop it? It is considered eminently improper! —(because) the crowd follows... They have had Divine Rulers... not now though. But (they) have some savages of a state of degradation unknown to us now... Some of these are beginning to get real individualities, apparently chiefly in connexion with the Divine Rulers. Some are springing up like Ji.¹ and making the connexion, but only very few as yet; though oddly enough, I think some among them have been third class pitrs and some second...
- B. I wonder why coming on here² the first and second races should be so little developed?
- L. I suppose it's to get physical matter into touch; I don't know why it is done, but (that) seems to be the fact. Even the first, second and third races are worse than this race on Mars. They³ knew more; I mean, they would compare not unfavorably with some races now; (they are) decidedly ahead of the average Red Indian of to-day... Wait one moment; I want to look at the sixth root race on Mars... They are a powerful set of people; know how... They appear to begin by being less civilised than the fifth; (they) come in upon Mars, and take up such evidences of civilisation as there are, and carry them further and gradually improve them... Its subjects are all fifth, nearly... They cultivate quite a large number of plants... Psychism generally in

¹ C. J.'s cat.

² Earth, fourth round. We did not at that period understand why the earlier evolution was repeated in the first, second and third races of this round.

³ The Martians.

some ways (is) more developed than here, (though) not under control... They give one the impression of not having got hold of anything; (they have) got nothing under control, even physical and mental powers. They have capabilities, and they do things by fits and starts—I mean, they can; thing occur to them, (but) they can't take a thing and work it out. Of course they have plenty of mind—manas—and some are making the connexion.

(The) seventh race at its culmination... Well, material strength and prosperity (are) still in the hands of the sixth; the supremacy of the seventh is not in force, (they are) not so warlike. Let's see how this is... They know more... (they are) smaller in number. It would be a kind of intellectual supremacy; (they are) getting nearer to modern ideas, more definite ideas of right and wrong. (They are) less fierce and more law-abiding; (they have) a more definite polity, and live according to it... They've one or two things curiously like us—in roads; (they) make statues and paintings, but (they are) all different... The seventh race is the first which had definite writing; I didn't notice it before, did you!...

- B. They've developed a polity like the social animals—like the ants.
- L. They would be a very good race in the world now—quite a conquering race if you planted them among the Danubian principalities.

ROUND IV. GLOBE D

- L. (A) good many of them don't come on to the earth... The world looks very different... No, no,¹ the first race doesn't contain any advanced

¹No question, that could be heard, was asked, to which this interjection is a reply.

people at all; (they are) comparatively speaking small in number ... Why, they don't reincarnate! They revert back to former habits! These ball people live through a subrace ... No, the foremost of them are people who have left off in the fourth subrace in Mars, I think—is that so? ... (It is) perfectly clear the higher people don't come on at all yet, more the fourth and fifth.

- B. Those seventh race on Mars are third class pitṛs, some of them.
- L. They are better than some third class pitṛs now! ... Well, (I) don't think much of the first race ... (it) improves slightly; more drift in ... In the second race more drift in.
- B. What I am trying is to get (a) clue, (that) that seventh race on Mars may be those people who throw out shadows¹ and go to Mahāloka to help.
- L. Wouldn't those be those who had individualised?
- B. And come back in the middle of the show ...
- L. The forms of the seven great Rays are given each on a different place ... No, but look here! Who are these like stars appearing? Why are there human beings who are not globular along with this first race? ... They are new importations ... Wait a minute ... Oh, I don't know ... What is this? They are more like some of us!—Like a small eruption of first class pitṛs! Can you explain? Why is this? (*Here ensued a long silence.*)
- B. I am inclined to think the Chhāyyās are (a) kind of models, and the first and the second race spend the time in trying to build after them.
- L. Trying to assimilate them ... But who are these who move about them? (They are) not Manus—

¹ Chhāyyās.

too many of them: Surely (they are) first class pitṛs?—not from Mars?—not Mānasaputras?

- B. (They) may be first class pitṛs looking about and seeing when they will be able to incarnate.
- L. The projection of the seven Chhāyyās was done by very big People indeed; but these are ingrained into them ... I have an idea as to what they are to do ... No! ... they grow bodies ... No! it's the etheric double that they leave for the other fellows.
- B. That is the Chhāyyā.
- L. Anything may be called a Chhāyyā! ... It seems to me that they try to get some of these foot-ball fellows into their etheric doubles, and the foot-ball fellows are proud of it, and can't keep in it long.
- B. Do you know, I am inclined to think that "Mānasaputras" in the Stanzas covers many of these first class pitṛs; and I expect these are some looking about seeing how things are getting on—looking about for a chance for reincarnation.
- L. Apparently they were to do this ... this was the thing to do ... By the way, the human form is not exactly what it is now. It's (a) little loose still ... I think some of these first class have made tentative shots several times, (and) turned up later on to see how things have progressed ... (I) was looking on down to the third race period.
- B. Then they thought they weren't good enough!

(*End of the Investigations.*)

C. JINARĀJAPĀSA

NOTES ON TEACHINGS

[The following notes are sent to me by a gentleman who is a member of the Theosophical Society. He writes: "I go, of my own volition, into a state resembling, more or less, ordinary sleep. I am there asked, usually by my wife, where I am and what I see. I answer without waking, and dictate what I hear being said on other planes. Invariably a third person is present as witness, sometimes more than one, these, of course, being carefully chosen. In this Hall of Learning I frequently see you, Mr. Leadbeater, and others whom I know. At a full meeting there are, roughly, two hundred persons present under instruction. I need hardly add that the 'seeing,' 'hearing,' and the 'Hall' are only the physical symbols which I must employ to represent on paper my sensations on the other planes."]

The writer was in a former life, an Egyptian priest, versed in magic, and has brought over the power of going into trance at will. I met him some years ago, when he gave me some experiences he had had during these voluntary trances, and as I was thinking of him and of what he was saying, I caught a glimpse of his past, explanatory of this rather unusual power.—Ed.]

(Transmitted 31-1-08)

The field of Psychic Research presents two great difficulties. The first is that of convincing educated minds of the truth of facts which no education, as understood by the physical brain, can conceive. Thus we are met at the outset of our investigations by the genuine discredit of our brothers in physical investigation.

The second great difficulty is the obtaining of souls so evolved along two lines, not necessarily advanced as a soul, that they have the faculty of intuitive or psychic knowledge and the cultured physical brain to express that knowledge; this last difficulty besets more the Masters or Teachers than investigators. It could be met by the Masters or Teachers themselves incarnating and bringing through a cultured physical intellect, but this course would not be expedient, for the numbers of the Masters are few and

the work to be done great. So this work has to be deputed to you amongst others, and the Masters have turned their attention to this end.

With regard to the first difficulty, it can only be met by patience, great thought, and care in the expression of ideas and brevity in the explanation of them, coupled with tolerance towards those who cannot understand or abuse, not because they are stupid or less evolved, but because their evolution has proceeded on the co-equal [*words missed*] study of physical science. The support of these investigators is to be sought after, for their knowledge of physical science will enable them, once they understand the facts you place before them, to place them before those. We teach much more readily and more concisely than you can do. Study then the methods of physical science and study the physical scientists, so shall ye learn psychic science and understand the Teachers.

(Transmitted 22-3-08)

Where you now stand is not sufficiently firm; it is necessary that you establish yourself more steadfastly in your own knowledge; thus shall you be established and instructed. For a long time now you have all been trained in observation, retention and transmission; for the people are to be raised, and the wave of enlightenment will proceed. The human race, long descending, and immersed in gross matter, now ascends. Descent is easy and acceleration obtainable by all, but ascent is slow and those that accelerate are liable to fall back to the ordinary rate of progression. Therefore, for the progress of enlightenment, it is necessary some should bolster these up; and thus should you assist. Seek carefully to increase your knowledge, not merely by observations on these higher planes, but by comparative assimilation of ideas, discovered perchance at random, by the main body of humanity.

(Transmitted 20-4-08)

The Power, Origin and Effect of Thought. It is well that you should now understand more clearly Thought. The power of thought passes the imagination. Extend your imagination to the utmost limit and then you have not grasped half. Thought operates in two manners. It operates on the object thought of directly in proportion to the concentration thereon. It operates on the thinker in a dual manner, for when he thinks, his thought, radiating from him affects him; and it rebounds off its object, perchance increased by the induced thoughts of that object, and strikes again on the thinker. Good thoughts operate in this manner, and so also do bad thoughts; but the effects of the bad thoughts are more visible to the physical intellect, for, whereas bad is always recognised, good passes sometimes unnoticed; still the effect of both is equal. Train yourselves therefore to notice the good, not thinking to reap the benefit thereof, but realise the result of bad thoughts and cavil not. So shall ye [word missed] and assist.

(Transmitted 23-10-10)

It appears that the effort commenced some time since is bearing fruit amongst you. The time is approaching when the understanding of these things shall be made clearer. The method of progression pointed out to you before is still to be followed. Remember that in physical science one deals more with analysis than with synthesis. The physical scientist, working upwards, divides, seeks ever the more minute, but to you in this plane, if you would meet him and complete the great Science, you must build up from this fine material, through the seven states of the astral, on to the other planes, and there shall the meeting place be. The physical Scientist seeks for the channel that shall put him in touch with the Ether. He seeks it by physical means and he is right. He will shortly discover it, and the world

will be startled by the new discoveries which shall change many things, not the least being the attitude of the physical scientist towards the psychic. See then that you be ready to assist; and have all data, all necessary explanation of the change from the Etheric to the Astral prepared, and thus shall there be no delay. Care not that at present the physical scientist believes not with you. I have said that the meeting point, that great dividing line which all humanity for many æons has been working up to, is on the Etheric Plane. The scientist approaching from the physical is stepping over the threshold; you, who by a different method of evolution have attained this plane and that below it, must cross the threshold of the other door. Thus shall you meet; thus shall the two evolutions, originally one, divided for a purpose, the increased elevation of both, meet again, and hand in hand, with their co-equal knowledge, progress with increased rapidity. Some there are amongst the scientists who already perceive this. Some there are amongst you who are working for this end; and that is intentional, for, if two solid blocks meet, where is the cohesion between them unless their edges in apposition are serrated? Approximate your methods to those of physical science, even as the scientist is advancing his theories along the lines of psychic thought.

(Transmitted 19-2-11)

Thus shall you proceed, having so far learned. The time is at hand when you shall express your knowledge. Examine that which you have so far learnt, arrange it in sequence, extract therefrom the essential teachings; where possible compare amongst yourselves that which you have individually obtained. In the disseminating of it amongst the people be guided, where possible, by those who have experience in this matter. You know that you cannot be held back by any selfish thought of not sharing that which you have gained with others. Whom the

teaching cometh through mattereth not. They are the agents, as you know, simply and solely, of the divine instruction which cometh through even us. Far better is it that you should renounce even claim to being the agents, than that you should rouse the slightest animosity against the teachings by the intrusion of your own personality. I speak not these words seeking to rebuke, for I have seen that this thought of self which naturally, in the state in which you are, comes into the mind, is thrown out in a manner well pleasing to those who lovingly watch the earthly struggles of their well-beloved disciples; but I speak them that you may understand how best to further the work. Rest assured that we watch, not over your actions, but over you.

(Transmitted 16.4.11)

Several have reached that state when they are capable of utilising and to a greater or lesser extent, controlling the powers of the higher states of Nature. More and more are attaining this state. You who have attained thereto should assist those but attaining. For this purpose it is not sufficient that you should rest content with that which you can do. This but opens up the vista of what you might do did you but put forth an effort. You know sufficient to understand how much you can do by the exercise of your own wills functioning on this plane; therefore to attain fuller knowledge utilise this power by exercising will to the greater control of your vehicles on this plane. Observations, however accurate they may be and however accurately (and this is the difficulty) they may be transmitted, are of little value. A thousand retailed observations are worth nothing to a man as compared to one *personal* experience. I have said that more are attaining and shall attain even higher than this, for so it is willed. It is also hoped that you may be capable of assisting these. The fulfilment of that hope depends upon you, and the manner in which you

shall assist is thus: Each one in his particular line shall strive more to perfect his powers, and, having done so, he shall meet here those attaining. He shall explain to them *not that which is here*, not the theories which represent this on earth, but the methods of using the vehicle of this state. Many questions will be asked. Waste not time in answering the curious or the immaterial, but rather lead the search into those lines which shall make knowledge obtained useful. I say unto you all that the time is at hand when enlightenment shall come to most. That lead which in this particular line ye have obtained shall fall from you all, but the stride which humanity shall have taken, to some extent assisted by your strivings, will advance all mankind greatly, yourselves with it.

(Transmitted 7.5.11)

Howbeit now the time approaches; a beginning is being made. That which was initiated by one who this day left off physical work is bearing fruit. And that work on this day enters upon a new phase. The West receives the Light, that light which has long since shone in the East but, though shining, illuminated humanity but little. Its reflected glow stirred however the observers of the West, firstly by curiosity, then by a wish for knowledge, to investigate it. A Westerner in touch with the East this day returns to the West, and that which there shall be done will cause the Light to shine upon the West where more critical, more advanced observers shall see it, and its illumination of the West reflected shall illuminate the East, and so shall all be lit and shall see the Light. *Mark this!*—For to you all that which you wished, but honorably have not asked, is being given. This is a sign unto you all that your faith is true... And your part also now is action. That which you have learned, that which you have seen, that which you have observed, give not to the masses (for you are not the bearers of Light unto them)

but unto those who under our instruction are now bearing that light to the West. Give it unto them for a help, and a strength and an enlightenment; for they need these in the work that they do. You have noticed, one and all, how some of the masses have come unto you for instruction, asking enlightenment on these things which they knew not. Well have you given it; mistakes of course have occurred, but I say unto you that the work done has been great. You one and all have assisted, some singly, some in groups. You were not all aware that the others are doing similar work in divers places on earth. Now, you know; with your followers increasing, so also your responsibilities increase. Have a care how you instruct! *Have a care to keep out all discordance. Rather give way yourselves than let it be imagined that that which you teach in any way breeds strife. UNITY, PEACE and CONCORD are necessary in the preparation of the Way, more necessary than set lines of thought or creed. And you yourselves, strive to lift up yourselves that those who follow may be uplifted; each of you according unto his own capabilities, not overstriving to your own detriment, but doing that which in your own appointed place, you can do!*

Interjected by transmitter "another comes!"

Unto Me also is it given to bless this work. My people walk with you!

THE TIME IS AT HAND; PREPARE YE THE WAY OF THE LORD!

Transmitter's notes:

These teachings were dictated or given in lecture form, except where on this page I interjected "Another comes." This Personage spoke the sentence following. When He had finished speaking, there suddenly appeared a great light so dazzling that all of us there seemed instinctively to cover our faces. When I looked again I saw all of the listeners seemingly awed, and the Masters had their heads bowed as if out of respect. I could see no form, but was conscious of the presence of some great Personality. I can venture no idea as to who This One was. I do not know. The last line gives His words.



SEÑOR DON JOSÉ XIFRÉ.

THEOSOPHICAL WORTHIES

SEÑOR DON JOSÉ XIFRÉ

OUR Theosophical Worthy, this month, is a dear and intimate friend and verily one of the pillars of the Theosophical Society. Unhappily we cannot furnish our readers with exact data as to his birthplace, and time, nor relate in detail his early and his Theosophical history. We cannot give a biography but only at most a sketch of his charming and noble character.

Señor Xifré (pronounced as *sheeffray*) was born in an aristocratic and very rich family in the north of Spain. In his native town people did not say 'As rich as Rothchild,' but 'As rich as Xifré.' As a child he played with the imperial prince in the Tuileries, when in France; as a youth he was educated with the father of the present King Alphonse of Spain. And it is reported that when his royal friend and fellow-student was lying on his death-bed, he said: "I have had only one disinterested friend, and that was Xifré."

Señor Xifré is still an aristocrat of aristocrats, in the best sense of the word. In his youth he already squandered the midnight oil in reading the German philosophers, and gradually his spirit emancipated so much, even in the midst of ultra-Catholic surroundings, that he joined the Theosophical Society. Through what channel precisely he came in contact with it we do not know, but it is certain that the real motive was an inner call, for, from the moment he entered our ranks, he took a prominent place and showed himself a devoted and strong supporter of the cause. It is little realised in Protestant lands what Theosophical propaganda means in rigidly Catholic countries. It means opposition, slander, ruin to the weak and the

dependent, social ostracism to the strong and independent. And even now conditions cannot be compared to those of twenty-five years ago.

Soon after his admission to the Society, Señor Xifré made the personal acquaintance of H. P. B., whom he venerates as no other, and of whom he soon became a favorite. His most cherished topic is still a discussion of his experiences with Madame Blavatsky. He says that she twice saved his life. The story of one of these occasions runs as follows:

He had been visiting London to see H. P. B., and came one day to take leave. H. P. B. heard his object and said unexpectedly but firmly:

"You are not going to leave to-day."

"What, H. P. B.? But, certainly, I am leaving for the continent this evening."

"No, you shall not go."

"But I *must* go, it is absolutely necessary for me to go, I cannot put off my departure."

"You shall not go, you must stay over the night in London."

After this cryptic saying nothing more was to be got out of H. P. B., and willy-nilly Señor Xifré decided to obey this strange but imperative command.

Next day Xifré called again. As soon as she saw him H. P. B. tossed over some daily paper to him and said only: "Read." What he found was a detailed account of a fearful smash-up of the mail train by which he would have travelled, had he left England by the boat he had intended to take.

Of Colonel Olcott also Señor Xifré was always a close and staunch friend, and the Colonel reciprocated the sentiment, as can be found recorded in *Old Diary Leaves*.

Señor Xifré is a man of slightly over fifty, very well educated, a good linguist (he writes and speaks French and Italian as well as his own language, and has a sound working knowledge of English and German), he is of a kind-hearted and amiable disposition, extremely—almost femininely—affectionate, loyal to the core, chivalrous as the true Spaniard, with a keen sense of right and wrong, and unflinchingly true to his principles, and above all courteous as a mediæval knight. In Spain he was for years the Mécænas in the background and the inspirer of work and workers. To give a simple example of his perseverance. More than twenty years ago the Spanish Magazine *Sophia* was started on behalf of Theosophical propaganda. It was Señor Xifré who mainly supported it financially. After fifteen years of up-hill work the *bona fide* subscribers amounted to less than seventy. Notwithstanding this meagre and apparently unsatisfactory result the Magazine was maintained. Now-a-days it is, as to contents and production, one of the very best published in our Society.

Thus, at last, Theosophy in Spain sees vistas of a brighter future, and that the successful onward march of Theosophy in Latin America is ever increasing in speed is mainly due to the action supported and maintained by Xifré in Spain in the early years when helpers were few, prospects hopeless, the opposition overwhelming.

At present Señor Xifré is Presidential Agent for Spain. He resides during a great part of the year in Paris as the Madrid climate is adverse to his health and his doctor has, consequently, advised him not to stay for any length of time in the Spanish capital. But from his Parisian home he watches carefully over Theosophical affairs in his native land, with the fervent hope that he may soon see the victory of his protracted endeavors in the formation of a Spanish Section. May this hope be soon realised and the first chapter of the history of Theosophy in Spain be completed thereby.

J. v. M.

IN THE TWILIGHT

“THE following is sent by a reliable correspondent,” said the Vagrant, and read as follows:

There is a little girl of four years of age in Melbourne (Australia), who repeatedly tells to such of her friends as she feels to be sympathetic the following experience:

“When I was big before (grown-up), I had a different mother altogether, not at all like the one I have now. I always had to go to school then, and my teacher was always so hard to me; he thrashed me continually. When I was bigger still, they took my mother away from me one day, and we all had to travel till we reached a great forest. There a lot of soldiers came and caught me; some cried out to me: “Go to the devil!” and then they shot me.”

When asked if that happened in Melbourne the reply came: “No, in Merika.”

The child never varies in any details when telling the experience; she has her little head full of many other incidents of that time, but is very reluctant to speak about it. Her present physical parents, when interviewed by some of our members, had never heard of reincarnation, and made sure that it was all only the child's imagination; at the same time they were greatly puzzled as to where the child should have got her ideas from, as she had lived with them nearly all her life in seclusion in the country, hardly ever coming into contact with other people or children. The little girl herself is very small for her age, while her eyes have the expression of an old grown-up individual. I am sorry to have to add that her present life will probably be a very short one.

“Here is a narrative from a brother Theosophist, whose act of self-sacrifice ought to be an example; and it is a good Twilight story also,” said the Shepherd.

It was the evening of 24th July, 1910, and two young friends of twenty-eight and thirty years of age were going for a walk. One of them sensed all of a sudden some sort of a peculiar smell. He asked the other friend: “Do you notice a bad smell?” “No,” replied the other. Within two or three minutes the smell passed away. Next evening the same two friends went out for a walk as usual, and again at the same time (probably 5-45 p.m.), but a mile away from the place of the day before, the same young man noticed the same sort of smell. Then and there he stopped, and began to look around him with a positive attitude. He could not see anything with his physical eyes, but he somehow felt that some evil entity was standing at a distance of about two or three yards. He was staring at the place, when he received as it were a mental message from the entity: “Shall I go back to the sender?” But the man was a member of the T. S. and he thought it untheosophical to allow an evil thought-form to return to the sender.

He remembered his Gurudeva, and mentally said “No, don't go back, but discharge your force upon myself.” No sooner had he said so, than he felt some dark thing coming over his head and covering his whole body, and he at once lost all his strength. He was so weak that he was unwilling to walk any further, but somehow he managed to keep on, lest his friend might be anxious about his sudden weakness.

But from the time the evil entity took possession of his body, he continued to meditate upon the unity of all beings, and to send loving thoughts to the entity itself. After a few minutes he felt that the entity was sliding down his body, bit by bit, and within fifteen minutes or so he felt himself completely recovered.

All this time he did not say anything to his friend. After regaining his normal strength, he asked his friend

whether he had felt any unusual thing while he had been silent. The friend said: "I only felt a slight weakness; nothing more."

Since that day the man has never noticed any bad smell of the same sort, though he has often passed the same place.

"One often hears," said the Countess, "that dying people appear to their friends at a distance. I also have come across such a case, though the manifestation was not a very pleasant one. A young girl, one summer, was invited to spend some time with her aunt, who had married a country-gentleman whose old castle was situated in a very lovely place in the mountains. She was delighted, for she not only expected to have a very merry time in her aunt's house with other relatives, but she was also told that she would find there her aunt's mother, an old lady of whom she was especially fond, and for whom she felt deep love and devotion. And indeed the young girl had not expected too much: every day was a day of joy, the elder members of the family spending much time in entertaining their young guests.

So the days passed on until duties called the young girl to her paternal home. Only by letters she heard from time to time from her relatives in the mountains, and was glad to find that her aunt's mother remained in good health. Meanwhile the winter came. The girl writes: 'One morning I awoke while it was still quite dark outside; only from my mother's bedroom through the half-opened door a dim light of a night-lamp shone. I thought it was too early to get up, and fell asleep again. But what was that? Out of my mother's bedroom my great-aunt came, clad in the light violet dress she used to wear so often in those happy summer days. She approached my bed, she bent over me and clasped me; she pressed me more and more closely. I could not breathe; I felt as if I must die.' So the struggle went on,

but after a time the apparition disappeared, and the young girl could breathe again. At this moment a clock struck six. It was on a Friday morning. A few days later a notice came that the old lady had died on the same Friday morning at six o'clock. Did the old lady go in her astral body to the young girl, or was the young girl in her astral body at her aunt's death-bed?"

"The old lady probably visited her," said the Vagrant, "but in a semi-conscious state, conscious of love for the girl, and not conscious that she was showing it in rather an uncomfortable manner. Most likely, also, the girl was frightened, and the fright made her feel as if she were choking."

"The following experience has been sent to me," said the Shepherd, "but I do not quite see what occurred. My correspondent writes":

At the beginning of the Russo-Japanese War I had in my employ a Japanese house-servant, who could not speak or read English. He came to me daily when his work was finished with the newspapers, saying the same thing each time: "Madame, Japan-Russia?" This was the extent of his English. I would then endeavor by signs—plans of water-color and pencil-drawings—to make him understand the news. Had it not been for his intense desire to know the news of the war, I scarcely think I should have read the papers or war news at all, although my sympathies were with Japan; yet I was not at first at all enthusiastic. Finally a peculiar enthusiasm took possession of me in which I apparently took no part; independently of myself it possessed me. This occurred at home, on street-cars or elsewhere. I tried to throw it off. It continued to get hold of me long after the little Japanese had been called home by his government.

Sometimes I felt myself to be riding a powerful horse which leaped and sprang over all difficulties, and I was

encouraging, inspiring vast armies to follow and pursue the enemy. On and on my noble white horse rushed, or flew, for he knew as well as I that for the moment we were the central power and strength from which the great armies drew their enthusiasm. I tried to throw this off with all my force, and succeeded, but only for a short time. But almost immediately I again found myself riding the superbly wonderful horse, springing forward in mid-air, sometimes leaping over great armies that I might guide them from danger. At the time I felt that I not only foresaw the danger, but had the power to save the soldiers from it by guiding them. I was filled with this wonderful enthusiasm.

This thing continued off and on, spreading over about four months, but ended about the middle of the war, from which time I have not had any such experience. I was conscious of my condition, never losing consciousness, yet I was absorbed in the thing taking place. Apparently I was there riding at the head of armies, an inspiration to the Japanese and often a horror and terror to the Russians when they saw me riding in mid-air, for I saw them crouch and turn back many times. I cannot give any reason for this experience, but it absorbed my whole being for the time; I am sure I am not a Joan of Arc.

"Do you not think," said the Vagrant, "that the 'peculiar enthusiasm' explains it? You know how often we have found novices on the astral plane identifying themselves with the people whom they were trying to help—being blown up in an explosion for example. Fired by the enthusiasm of her Japanese servant, she threw herself on the Japanese side, and very likely associated herself with some cavalry leader. By the way, I had a queer experience in that same war. Awaking one morning, when I had been helping the slaughtered in a great battle, I heard—*after* I was awake—the thunder of the guns, the yells, moans, shrieks and other noises that render a battle-field so horrible. All the intolerable tumult was ringing round me."

"You must have been half in and half out of the body," remarked the Shepherd, "but so clear a hearing prolonged into waking consciousness is unusual."

"Here is a good instance," said the Banker, "of how a strong thought can overcome distance, and even though it be only for a moment, extend the consciousness, so that it can see and know, though it may never have been to a certain place."

"Several years ago, on the last day of the year, we had a little meeting of Theosophists in my house, as is our custom, to see the New Year in and to send auspicious thoughts to our brothers all the world over. My wife and I had retired after the others had left, and I was in bed thinking over again the thoughts connected with our meeting and with the past and the opening year. Before going to sleep I thought I should like to send Mrs. Besant a thought of good wishes and devotion, and told my wife I was going to do so. I closed my eyes and began thinking of her. Almost immediately I seemed to be in front of a door with glass panes, the approach to which was up two or three steps. I drew close up to it and looked in. In front of me was a long room, up which I could not see very well to the end, as the light was not strong. It appeared to be early morning—sunrise or soon after. Immediately in front of me, a little to the right, was a small low table, and on it were papers and letters; the table or desk appeared to be set on a raised platform or settee, but only a foot high from this. There were no chairs in the room. There appeared to be a strip of cane or Japanese matting down the length of the room, and a rug or mat near the settee. What takes long to describe was of course an instantaneous impression, for, as I looked, I saw Mrs. Besant far off at the end of the room, coming down it towards my end.

"She was dressed in some cream-colored material, much as she always is. She came at once to the little

table, put on her *pince-nez*, and with her left hand took up some papers on the left of her desk, or little table. She was proceeding to examine these, when suddenly she seemed to be aware of my vicinity to her behind the door with the glass panes. She looked over her *pince-nez* straight at me, and as she did so her face suddenly seemed to be coming, as it were from the end of a telescope, right at me, and growing larger and larger as it came until it was huge and seemed to burst on me, which caused me to come to myself with a jerk. All this again took only a moment. Yet I was not at all asleep: only abstracted in thought. I at once gave my wife, whom I had told that I was going to think of Mrs. Besant, a description there and then of the experience just as I have now told it; and I added: "You see, there is not much in these things; for it is just past two o'clock at night and yet it seemed to me it was early morning and the sun was just up." After a little she replied: "Oh! but wait; what is the difference in time between here and India? Would it not be early morning there?" This made me realise that it well might be so; for Italy is nearly an hour east of Greenwich, and India roughly five to five and a half hours; so that, in round figures, the time corresponding to my thought of Mrs. Besant will have been in India somewhere near 6-30 A.M.

"This rendered the whole thing rather more remarkable. The whole occurrence was noted in my diary, and I decided some time or other to satisfy myself that such a room as I had seen existed. I had no idea where Mrs. Besant was at the time, and having only been in the Society two or three years, had no immediate possibility of verifying the matter one way or the other. When last year I came out to Adyar for the first time, I had the thought of this experience uppermost in my mind as I approached Mrs. Besant's room at Headquarters, and was much disappointed when I got there to find

that it did not resemble in any way the room I had seen on that last day of the year some years back. True, there was a settee or platform with a little low table on it, but the room was too square, the windows were all wrong, there were no steps leading up to the place I had looked in at. Nothing quite fitted my idea of what the room ought to have been. So I left it at that. Then it occurred to me it might be at Benares. Perhaps at Shānti Kuñja. I had no chance last year of going to Benares, and returned to Europe without having verified my vision one way or the other.

"This year, however, circumstances took me to Benares. Again the sought-for room was in my mind as I approached Benares, and was being driven by kind friends in the very early morning before sunrise to Shānti Kuñja, Mrs. Besant's house. The first room into which we entered—it was still fairly dark—had a large settee such as I have described, but, alas, this was *not* the hoped-for room; the shape was all wrong, the *chauki* was too large—all was wrong. I practically, I don't know why, concluded that must be Mrs. Besant's room, and that again the physical fact demonstrated that the transient vision had erred—so there was no use bothering about it any further. Yet as I so thought, we were passing down and through another room; but partly because it was early and there was only one lantern, and partly because the windows at the end gave little light and were closed, I could not see anything of it.

"Yet I seemed to feel it familiar; but, disappointed as I had been, I rather stifled any further thought about it and presently passed out on to the verandah without further question or examination. We had our *chota-hazri*, or little breakfast, on the verandah presently, and the sun meantime rose higher. I got up from my place and looked in at the window of the room we had passed through, giving on to the verandah—and *there was my long-sought room and all the conditions just as I had seen them!*

"The early morning; behind me were the steps up to the verandah; I was standing behind the window giving on to the verandah, which on account of the wood used might well have been described by me as 'a door with panes of glass;' there in front of me stretched a longish room not very well lit, with the settee and the desk a little on the right as I looked; on it were papers; behind me was the sun and the morning. It but wanted Mrs. Besant to walk down it and to look at me over her *pince-nez*. But she was in Burma, so this part of the realisation could not take effect. I at once asked whose room it was I was looking in at, and my friend told me it was Mrs. Besant's room, then actually being used by Mr. Arundale whilst repairs were going on in his quarters.

"I think that as a bit of first-hand evidence of seeing in thought a place I knew nothing of thousands of miles away, the above has many points of interest."

"It certainly has," said the Vagrant, "and it would be a little difficult even for a psychical researcher to ascribe to telepathy the picture of a room you did not know when I was not thinking of you. It may be recorded as a useful piece of evidence."

ADVENT HYMN

O World, all vainly spent
In quest of sweet content,
Finding no help in toil that costeth dear;
Turning thee back to Him
Whose splendor thro' the dim
Abyss of years still shineth, wonder-clear;
Lifting to Him thy piteous eyes
O'er-brimmed with agony too deep, too real for cries.

Know that thine unbreathed prayer
Hath thrilled the Upper Air,
And reacht the ear of the great Lord of Love;
Hath fed the heart's soft flame
Of Him whose wondrous Name
Is set in Heaven all other Names above,
Till He with such Compassion burns
That from His native Height to Earth again He turns.

Waiteth a little space
The vessel of His grace—
For, of a truth, the Holy "Babe" is "born";
Needs but that He once more,
As erst by Jordan's shore,
"Descend" in radiance that pales the morn—
Clothe Him again in mortal frame,
Veil His bright essence in our garb of sin and shame.

Wake, ye whose hearts are stirred
At wonder of the Word

He spake in Jewry, centuries ago;
Who fain had walkt His ways,
And lain in still amaze

What time He taught the Holy Mount upon:
The Master your husht hearts revere
Cometh, and of a surety, ye His voice shall hear!

Would ye His followers be?
Then turn you from the Sea

Of human passions, cast no net again
In its salt waves; behold,
Now, even as of old,

Fishers your Lord shall make you, but of men:
Seek Him not that your sorrow cease,
But that to sufferers ye be blest to bring His peace.

Would ye His doctrine hear?

Make heart and brain as clear

As is a child's of aught that may divide;
Sweep out like foolish dust
Each human "ought" and "must"—

The gates of Reason, fling them open wide;
Know Him for very Christ and King—
Least, lightest of His royal words a priceless thing.

"Friends," once He called His own:

Would ye, too, thus be known?

Then be not hearers only, doers be;
Serve; for no urging wait;
To action swift translate

The counsels He shall speak so goldenly:
Serve—heart, and soul, and mind, and strength;
And ev'n upon His bosom ye shall lie at length.

Stand not astonished; fling

Doubts by the board—sing, sing!

He cometh! Hush your heart's insistent beat,
And listen stilly; lo,

Heaven's harmonies, that flow

Already hither, soft, and super-sweet,

Yet crescent on your listening ear,

As nearer He approacheth Earth, and yet more near.

Join ye the Song of Praise;

Joyful your voices raise,

Blend earth with Heaven in worship of One Lord;

East, West, and South, and North,

Send the Glad Tidings forth,

That richer, fuller grow the glorious chord:

He comes—His ancient Word is true!

Hate's knell is sounding; lo, He maketh all things new!

Hark, ye to whom He came,

Wearing another Name,

Yet telling the same tale of Love Divine—

The winsome, wayward Boy,

Who made hearts mad with joy,

And built by every human hearth His shrine:

Yea, Earth's most sweetest songs were mute

Whenas men heard entranced the strains of Kṛṣṇa's
flute!

How often have ye cried;

"Had we been by His side,

Had we been blest to hear those flutings wild,

We too the World had thrown

Behind us, Him alone

Had followed, followed, followed, love-beguild;

But now nor voice nor flutings steal

Thorough life's stridencies with magical appeal.

"Bitter these darkling days,
Narrow and rough the ways
We stumble blindly in, and far the goal;
The roaring World without,
And hydra-headed doubt
Within, make havoc of the wildered Soul;
Though by His grace we keep the course,
The joy He made to spring hath withered at its source."

Rouse ye! The Sun, whose beams
Alike from doubts and dreams
Shall purge you, mounteth even now the Sky;
See, on each soaring height
Spreadeth the tender light
Of rosy Dawn, proclaiming "Day is nigh!"
He cometh, who alone can fill
Your starvèd hearts; and ye may know Him if ye will.

What though the outer ear
No witching cadence hear,
What though no measure tread His twinkling feet;
Be yet of this most sure—
With music perfect-pure
Each heart that hears shall rapturously beat;
Each Soul respondent to His glance
Shall yet with its Belovèd weave the Mystic Dance.

Come He as Rshi wise,
Come He in Kingly guise,
Play He the proudest or the humblest part—
Not by robe, crown, or sword,
Shall any know his Lord,
But by the scarce-heard whisper of his heart;
Look not for outward badge or sign,
But strain your Souls to catch the thrill of Life Divine.

O ye, the wide World o'er,
Who the One God adore,
Thronèd afar, or walking Earth's poor ways;
Well knowing that no Name
The lip of man can frame
Disparts the Life; no Form its current stays;
Seeing God's Prophets every one
As Beam on splendent Beam from the great Central Sun.

Let Laughter, and sweet Mirth
Deep in your Souls have birth,
And, welling up, your whole glad being fill;
Dawneth another Day,
Sweepeth another Ray
From the Sole Glory, willing but His Will;
Bearing fair freight of hidden things—
Healing and more than Healing, in His outstretcht wings.

O ye, who still have felt
Life a mere horror; knelt
Never in rapture in the Place Apart;
Yet with stark, human strength
Have fought—'tis yours at length,
The Mighty Mystery of the Sacred Heart;
Power had ye known, beneath, above:
He comes whose Message runs: "Power verily is Love".

In Love the Worlds are made;
On Love the Worlds are stayed;
The Worlds, grown old, are shattered by Love's rod;
Love-made, that whoso please
May leave his Bliss-brimmed ease,
Go forth, and fight, and prove him Very God;
Love-stayed, lest barren effort be;
Love shattered, that the radiant Victor God rise free.

And that those Battle-tost,
 Who in the strife have lost
 All sense of all they were, and ever are,
 Their true estate may learn,
 Their lineage high, and turn
 From rim to centre—find their Father Star,
 And pierce Illusion's every wile,
 Love taketh ev'n our form, and treadeth Earth awhile.

Blow winds—tell over Earth
 The story of His Birth;
 Tell of the sure Descending of the Dove,
 That He, the Holy Youth
 Be chrismed with Wisdom, Truth—
 Walk Earth Christ, Kṛṣṇa, Maitri—Lord of Love:
 Chant, Winds, in every startled ear,
 "Wake, ye that sleep! The World's Desire is here—is
 here!"

MARSTAS

NOTE

Our attention has been drawn to a most interesting passage in Mr. G. R. S. Mead's valuable work, *Fragments of a Faith Forgotten*, p. 430, from *The Acts of John*, a document not later than the third quarter of the second century A.D. John tells how the disciples of Jesus were sleeping, but he was himself watching secretly; Jesus said to him: "'John, go thou to sleep,' and thereupon I feigned to be asleep; and I saw another like unto Him come down, whom also I heard saying to my Lord, 'Jesus, do they whom thou hast chosen still not believe in thee?' And my Lord said unto Him: 'Thou sayest well, for they are men'." "Here, in my opinion," comments Mr. Mead, "is the direct tradition of an inner fact which led to the subsequent great doctrinal distinction between Jesus and the Christ in Gnostic Christianity. The Christ was the Great Master; Jesus was the man through whom He taught during the time of the ministry." How much light has been thrown on this distinction by our later studies, and how profoundly interesting is its bearing on the events of the near future!

EVIDENCES FOR TRUTH

OUR Theosophical motto is "There is no religion higher than Truth." I take it that Truth means knowledge of true Existence, true Wisdom and true Bliss or knowledge of Brahman. Brahman is the synthesis of Truth in all its aspects. How are we to get at this Truth? What are the means (Pramāṇa) or criteria of reaching the true knowledge of Brahman?

When we do not talk philosophy and when we behave like ordinary mortals, we look upon the knowledge we get through our physical senses (by ocular or direct perception) as the most definite and valid kind of knowledge. We are so certain of its truth that we contemptuously call other impressions "mere fancy," "mere imagination," "mere moonshine," "not a solid fact," "cloudland". The knowledge obtained through the physical senses is also, of course, knowledge of Brahman, according to Manu. But though it appears to be so real and complete, it is not the whole truth, and in fact, it very imperfectly represents the truth. We all know philosophy well enough and I need not therefore elaborate the point that the senses are slayers of the Real. Even exoteric and physical sciences teach us that sense-knowledge is mixed up so much with illusion.

Therefore we turn to Logical Inferential Reasoning (Anumānam), not to destroy our sense-knowledge but to supplement and correct it. We correct the sense-impression that the sun goes round the earth by an elaborate process of reasoning which leads us to the opposite conclusion. So also the sense-impression that matter is destroyed and ceases to exist (say, by the agency of fire) is corrected by the reasoning which proves the indestructibility

of matter in its essence, and that it is only the destruction of the form which gave rise to our incorrect sense-impression that the essence was also destroyed.

But logical inferential reasoning, in both its aspects (induction and deduction) can never get rid of doubt as to the absolute truth and soundness of its conclusions, as Mr. Balfour has so conclusively shown in his *Defence of Philosophic Doubt*. Deduction depends on the validity of its premises, axioms and postulates and on the perfect subtleness and strength of the reasoning powers. Induction, unless we have an infinite number of facts and an infinite mental capacity to comprehend all such facts, cannot also give us the exact truth. We all know the induction of the materialistic scientist that because the physical brain is closely connected with thought and innumerable instances, the strength, clearness, activity and the existence of thought seem to be invariably dependent on the strength, health, nourishment and existence of the physical brain, thought cannot exist without a physical brain composed of tangible cells and nerves and nourished by oxygenised blood. But when the facts of telepathy, hypnotism and mediumistic phenomena could no longer be pooh-poohed as mere fraud, the above inductive inference of the materialistic scientist came down like a house of cards. An inductive conclusion, though based on a million instances, become wrong if one single instance to the contrary is clearly proved to exist, and a higher law which would explain and include the single contrary instance also has to be searched for.

The ordinary statement of the so-called law of gravitation is all right for many practical purposes but it cannot explain the facts of yogic levitation or magnetic attraction, and hence, a higher and more accurate law has to be formulated, as H. P. B. has insisted in her writings.

Further, the mind being "the great Slayer of the Real," it has itself to be slain before pure Truth can be

reflected in it. It is in a state of constant turmoil through the impinging of astral waves, and is always swayed by likes and dislikes, as the Chinese *Classic of Purity* insists. Wish is father to the thought, and we believe what we wish to believe; and can always find adequate reasons for those conclusions which are in conformity with our predilections, prejudices and tastes. We are satisfied that either Advaitism, or Dvaitism, or Vishishtadvaitism is the only true and reasonable religion, and the other two must be erroneous and utterly unreasonable. So long as the Ahankāra of the reasoner is not killed, his reasoning powers will not lead him to the exact truth. Reasoning, again, on one's own sense-impressions alone, cannot afford adequately numerous data in a single incarnation to arrive at any truth worth the name.

We therefore pass on to the next means, called variously: Competent Testimony, Āpta Vākya, Shabda, Veda, Scriptures, Nigama, Universal Tradition, Historical Conclusions, Shāstras, Shruti, Smṛti, Itihāsa, Purāṇa, Āgamas, etc. By competent testimony, we can only mean the words of those who have conquered love and hate, and have seen truth exactly reflected in their inner mind (antahkaraṇa), in the trance (samādhi) state, and after coming down to the ordinary waking (jāgrata) state have tried to communicate what they saw in samādhi, in the ordinary language then prevalent, for the benefit of their contemporaries and of posterity. Such communications, when made through physical sounds and languages after translation into physical-brain-thought, must be tainted by the impurities of the physical brain and by the faults of the languages which act as media of communication. Further, unless the recipient's mind is as pure as that of the communicant's, the impressions on the recipient's mind become further clouded and tainted. Notwithstanding all these defects, this means is of almost the very highest value in arriving at Truth. It does not supersede the two preceding means but enormously supplements them. Especially in respect to truths of higher

planes than the physical, planes in which our ordinary physical senses are powerless, does this come to our aid. Of course, if we obtain and develop by yoga the higher senses of higher planes and see truths direct on those planes, the Vedas become less and less useful, so far as their enunciation of those truths is concerned; just as a book of travel describing scenery is not of much use to the man after he has gone to the place and seen it for himself, though it was of great help to him in going and seeing. I must repeat that testimony does not supersede reasoning. Reasoning is still required:

(a) In accepting particular books and traditions and seers as competent testimony, and rejecting spurious passages and blind pretenders to seership.

(b) In meditating on and trying to find out the correct and logical meaning of the communications in the scriptures, written mostly in archaic languages, the meanings of the words, idioms and expressions of which languages *must* have altered by time.

The scriptures (nigama), it is clear, must necessarily contain many elements calculated to mislead us. Have the communications come down without clerical mistakes and even forgeries? What are Apocrypha, and what are not? Were all the communicants really those who had seen truths face to face? When each religionist thinks his own scriptures to be the only true Vedas and all others impostures, when the higher criticism has knocked out the dogma of verbal inspiration, when versions differ, when interpretations differ, when Shaivas contend that other books are not less authoritative than the Samskr̥t Vedas, and Vaiṣṇavas have their 'double Vedas,' it is clear without elaborate argument that testimony cannot be the highest and clearest means, though it has been indispensable to individual aspirants whom it has *helped* on their paths to see God face to face. The highest means for each, in the very nature of things, can be only direct vision by each of

the Supreme. Hence Realisation in the purified heart by perfect intuition in samādhi is the highest means, higher than the Veda. Unaided individual effort to open that samādhi eye by even the pure of heart and steady of intellect can go but a very little way, just as a child's attempt in a lonely forest to learn things without the aid of an already developed language taught by its elders can go a very little way. It is only the mantra vibration taught by another (the Elder Brother, Guru, who has similarly received it from His own Elders in the succession of Teachers—Guru Parampara) that opens the divine eye that can see the Truth validly. As the *Kathopanishad* says: "Brahman is too subtle and evasive to be grasped by mere logic (tarka) and has to be communicated by another for proper comprehension." So the *Chhândogya* declares also, and the Lord says in the *Gītā* (iv. 34) that wise Seers of Truth ought to be approached with salutations to obtain Wisdom.

I have treated above of only four means, following the *Shrīmad Bhāgavatam*. In the 19th chapter of the 11th Skanda (17th shloka), the Lord mentions to Uddhava only these: Direct, Logical, Testimony, and Self-Realisation. I have humbly followed the Lord's classification, and have tried to show that the highest means is not the Veda but Self-Realisation. This (Ātma Samvit) might be called in a very real sense direct, as it is as vivid and definite as the highest waking perception obtained by the most healthy physical senses, but it is far greater than ordinary sense-perception which is very imperfect and very misleading. This Self-Realisation being perception by the highest spiritual sense, called the divine eye, is the highest sense-perception, and being buddhic perception is the real waking state. It can also be called logic as it gives the highest and most exact logical coherence to all our other knowledge. Ordinary logic depends on the keenness, strength and clarity of the intellectual powers of discrimination, similarity and

retentiveness. When two intellectual giants fight and differ, an ordinary man can only follow his prejudices and inclinations, and he gets bewildered by the wealth of dialectics poured forth by the combatants. Subtle fallacies are beyond his unravelling. This want of finality in mere reasoning is referred to in the *Veḍāṇṭa Sūtras* (II. i. 11) and accepted by all schools of *Veḍāṇṭa* and even by the *Naiyāyika* and *Pūrva Mīmāṃsā* schools. Intellectual men differ, because they have not got rid of the *Ahaṁkāra* which clouds the mind, and also because truth is many-sided and has to be expressed in many ways when the medium is human language, even if it be a very perfect language like *Samskr̥t*—literally, the well-constructed language. So, again, this vision might be called the highest *Veḍa*, as all *Veḍas* and *Shruti*s and *Āgamas* and scriptures are only the concreted results of this highest vision. What God Omniscient taught as *Veḍa*, no doubt, must be perfect truth. But what did He teach and how? Did He teach in the Arabic language, the Hebrew language, the Tamil language, the old *Samskr̥t* or the new (in which the minor *Upaniṣads* are written)? As H. P. B. said (*Secret Doctrine*, iii. 72): "It is a loss of time to ask which (of the Scriptures) is the earliest; all are simply different versions of the one Primæval Record of pre-historic Knowledge and Revelation." It is in this sense alone that all *Veḍas* and Scriptures are Eternal. In page 119, she says: "Dogma and Authority have ever been the curse of humanity, the great extinguishers of Light and Truth." In the fifteenth chapter of the *Gītā* the Lord says: "I am the author of the *Veḍāṇṭa* and I alone know the meaning of the *Veḍa*." So the mere admission that revelation is even verbally infallible does not help us much to find out valid Truth. The *Bhagavad-Gītā* itself has been commented upon by atheists, and our modern anarchists quote its sublime verses as justifying their hideous actions; the devil can always quote scripture for his purpose. As cycle succeeds cycle and human language succeeds human language, old *Veḍas* collected by the *Vyāsa* of a cycle must

be discarded, not because they are false but because they cannot be understood and are very liable to be misinterpreted. More recent divine expressions of the same truths must be and are brought forward and made permanent by the *Vyāsa* of the next cycle. Hence, also, the necessity of the Lord's repeated incarnations to restate the same old truths in newer language. *Siddhasena Divākara* says that scripture as a source of valid knowledge is "that which was first cognised by a competent person, which is not such as to be passed over by others" (through mere logical reasoning) "which is not incompatible with the truths derived from direct perception" and which helps and guides you by laying down injunctions and instructions in respects of matters "which baffle perception and inference." These competent seers have to drink 'Soma' to liberate themselves from their lower bodies (*Secret Doctrine*, iii. 124). The lower 'Soma' takes you to *svarga* and the higher beyond *svarga* to the imperishable worlds. Revelation there comes through the grace of the highest Guru (*Shrī Kṛṣṇa*, or *Dakṣiṇamūrti*, or *Rudra-Shukra*). Mere verbal repetition of scriptures will not give us true knowledge. Ever reverent meditation on their hidden meanings can only be a help. It is the direct supreme vision which gives the most valid knowledge. This supreme vision is the highest perception, the clearest logic and the most infallible testimony. It cannot be affected by doubts as all the other three means can be. It is the vision which *Arjuna* enjoyed by the Lord's grace and which removed all his doubts. That highest knowledge on the highest plane has however to be repeated on that plane many times, so as to form part of our constitution and has to be brought down by constant practice for use on the lower planes, for the further and final purification of our lower bodies, for the clear understanding of Truth on the lower planes, and for doing real good to the lower worlds and their inhabitants.

All lower evidence and knowledge then feed the Self-realising experience. Self-Realisation is the synthesis and

the foundation and consummation of all the other kinds of knowledge and hence does not contradict or totally destroy them. Even the Vedas are below it. Hence the Vedas are spoken of depreciatingly in the *Gītā*. All the four Vedas are included in the lower knowledge in the *Mundaka Upaniṣad*. All the Vedas are as useless to the man of pure-hearted intuition, who has seen truth, by God's or Guru's grace, as a small well to a man who is surrounded on all sides by floods of pure water. The mantra given by the Guru at Initiation and which opens the inner eye is greater to that Initiate than all the outer Vedas. As the Lord Buddha said in the *Kalama Sutta*, the traditional or literal meaning of the Vedas cannot be considered infallible till our own reason and (not only our reason but) our highest samādhi consciousness approve of it, and then all the Vedas which were helps in the earlier stages become useless. This Self-Realisation is described by Maharshi Devendranāth Tagore as "the Light of Intuitive Knowledge in the perfectly purified heart." And the heart is purified by virtuous sacrificial work and still more rapidly by devotion.

Seeing the Truth once in Samādhi is not enough. "The light of Heaven seen in wakeful moments is soon forgot in dreams of busy life," as Saint Tukārām says, and as even Arjuna said before about the *Gītā* teachings to Shri Kṛṣṇa. Just as there are grades in the definiteness and clarity of sense-knowledge (the visual perception of an aged color-blind man being much less valid and true than that of a healthy keen-eyed youth), so even in spiritual vision, that of one who has passed the fourth Initiation and has cast off all the ten fetters, and has seen God several times or is seeing God continuously (like Nārada or Prahlāda) must be more valid than that of another who has seen God only a few times.

The later uncontroversial utterances of perfected seers like the recognised heads of the three Vedāntic schools, are more correct than their earlier utterances and more

harmonious with one another. All the four means give knowledge of Brahman. As Manu said: "The man who is deprived of even one of the ten physical senses is incapable of a true knowledge of Brahman, as water oozes away out of a pot which has even one hole in it." The Infinite Lord cannot be completely known even by Self-Realisation which can only know his *true nature correctly but not fully*. As the *Voice of the Silence* says: "One can enter the Light but can never reach the Flame." This Self-Realisation is the faith which can move mountains—as the Lord Jesus said. Faith is not (as the school-boy said) "Believing what you know isn't so". It is not, as a calculating priestcraft teaches: "Believing a thing because reason revolts against its acceptance as truth," the greater the virtue of the faith, the more absurd and impossible the believed dogma looks to the reason. The real faith comes by the opening of inner clairvoyance (or clear higher sight) through the Guru's grace and its indispensable preliminary is faith in the Guru. Neither of the two faiths is opposed to reason, but both are supported by the highest reason and by the scriptures. As Shri Rāmānujāchārya says, the truths of faith and of the scriptures cannot be disproved by the logical reason (though they may not also be capable of proof to all by the logical reason) and their probability can be supported as fully by reason as any other probability. All the Vedas might be destroyed for seers like Tirumoolar or Tāyumanavar and they could create new scriptures and śāstras which might be also called in a very real sense "the oldest and the eternal Vedas". It is the Svānubhava vision (which is a more valid means than all the Vedas) that Arjuna obtained through the grace of Shri Kṛṣṇa when the latter showed His Universal Form.

Let me close with a few words to my brother Theosophists. The existence and supremacy of the means called Self-Realisation can neither be established nor disproved by the controversial reason as that evidence underlies

all other evidence, and they all depend for their respective validities on their being pervaded by its ray; our conviction of the reality of the waking state is due to our sense-perception being pervaded by a minute ray of Self-Realisation. Only by the ray of this in each of us can each of us accept it as the highest means. Does that faint Self-realising consciousness, or higher Intuition, not larger than a mustard seed, give us the undoubting belief that our Theosophical Movement is under the guidance of Those who are Masters in realised knowledge? Does it assure us that it is destined to be the coming movement, that our revered President is in touch with and is the mouthpiece of Those who are the First Section of the Society? Will that knowledge, free from doubt and hesitation, make us give up our life, worldly honors and position, wealth and comforts, if necessary, in the sacred cause of the Masters of Wisdom and Compassion? May it be so in the case of at least a few of us, for, no mere external facts, intellectual disputations, or scriptural passages, will give us the strength of devotion necessary for the supreme sacrificial spirit required by the present times, and the manifestation of a ray, however feeble, of that spiritual intuition born in the purified heart through the grace of the Guru is indispensable in each of the true workers in this grand cosmopolitan movement.

T. SADĀSHIVA IYER

NOTE

Miss Lind-af-Hageby, the devoted worker for the Protection of Animals from scientific cruelty, proposes the foundation of a Medical Research Fund for the prosecution of research along humane, rational and truly scientific lines. She suggests that fellowships should be endowed for Medical Research without Animal Experimentation, with a well-equipped Institute for physiological and pathological research. Such constructive work is most desirable, for 'anti' by itself is as barren as 'protesting,' however necessary at times both may be. As it is, we are often accused of being against research because we are against cruelty, and though the confession that the present methods of research are identical with cruelty may be useful in polemic, it is well to show that such identification is not necessary.

THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS AT THE CONVENTION OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY IN ENGLAND

IT is my duty, as President of the Theosophical Society, presiding over the Annual Meeting of one of its Sections, to say a few words to you before this part of our work is over.

First, let me congratulate you on the progress which has been made during the last year. More and more do we see, looking over the world, how true was the prophecy that from last year onwards a new wave of life would pour out over the world, and would carry forward the Society on its crest. We see evidence of that around us, not only here but practically in all the countries in which our Movement is acting; and seeing that we may well take courage, and realise that whatever difficulties may lie before us in the future, the success of this great Spiritual Movement is assured.

May I now make a suggestion to you, with which I am sure every one of you will agree? It will be necessary, however, to consider the method of carrying it out with great care and deliberation. Has not the time come for the Society in England and Wales to have for itself a worthy Headquarters in the Metropolis of the Empire? You must, from your geographical position, from your place in the World-empire, occupy the leading place in the movement so far as the English-speaking lands are concerned; and it is not quite consonant with the dignity of the Movement that you should have to meet always in a hired house, necessarily a drain upon your resources, and in many ways unsatisfactory. In Scotland, by some ingenious magic known to the General Secretary, they have managed to secure an admirable Headquarters without practically incurring a debt. What the canny Scotchman can

do, surely the Englishman ought also to be able to do. You must not let your younger sister outstrip you so far in this respect. It seems to me that it might be possible for you, especially as the value of town property tends to go down, to secure a site on which you might build Headquarters. If you could secure a central piece of land—not, of course, in the very middle, say, of the city of London, nor in an outlying district; but within reasonable reach of the centre, where land is not at a prohibitive price—if you could do that, and then employ one of the architects who are to be found in the Society to make a good plan, suitable to the needs of the Society, you would at once largely increase your dignity and also the convenience for the carrying on of the work. As it is now, whenever there is a meeting a little larger than usual, the officers have to run about all over the place trying to find a hall; and even for the most ordinary meetings you are compelled to gather upon the stairs as well as in the rooms. Now that is really not wholly satisfactory; and I remember on White Lotus Day there were more people on the staircase than inside. Surely, if you remember that, and remember also that White Lotus Day is a recurring festival, it may stir you to find out either some generous donor, or some reasonable *tour de force*, which may enable you to secure the necessary land, and on that to erect the necessary building. I speak here with very great fellow-feeling, because I myself have been buying much land and building a great deal, and I do not see why you should not follow the example of Adyar and increase your land and buildings until they suffice for the work which is to be done. I will not say that in Adyar we have quite reached that happy point, because there are ever more and more people wanting to come; but still, you might make a race for it, and that is a point which I venture to commend to you and to the General Secretary, who may immortalise his name by making fine Headquarters.

Let us next consider the question of new workers among you, the coming back into the Movement of old workers of the centuries and millenia which lie behind us—a question which is likely to occupy very much space in our Movement during the coming years. The drawing together of large numbers who have co-operated in the past, and who will co-operate again in the near future, is a fact which we cannot afford to ignore. Hence you ought all to be on the lookout in your own Branches of the Society for all promising boys and girls who show special attraction towards Theosophical ideas, and who, even in the days of extreme youth, shadow out possibilities which in the future they may realise. Try to keep a real lookout for such welcome new-comers, and whenever a new worker comes forwards give him encouragement, give him welcome, show him that you desire his help, and are willing in all ways to take advantage of any force that he may bring to your assistance. And in order that that may be so, carry out that system, if I may so call it, which has been so often proved to work satisfactorily, of always receiving new suggestions with welcome and not with discouragement. I remember, in the old days, when Mr. Judge was working in America and made such rapid progress there, that one of his great characteristics was that if anyone came to him, man or woman, bringing some scheme—and occasionally the schemes really were not very wise—he would always say to the man: "Set to work and carry it out," and would give him any help he could. That is one of the secrets of success in a Movement like ours. We must not become fossilised. We must not, we elder people, think that the wisdom of the ages is concentrated in us, and that not a single fragment is to be found outside our own circle. We must be ready to take new ideas, new suggestions and plans, and to encourage initiative in every direction. Sometimes a plan may be a little wild at first; but if someone's heart is in it you ought to encourage and not discourage it. Where

you find earnestness and willingness, you may be fairly sure that a little help wisely given will eliminate the weaker part of the plan, and bring out everything which it has in it of utility, of possibility of success. And so I earnestly ask each of you, and especially the older workers, that they will keep an open mind to all the ideas that are brought out, especially by the younger generation, remembering that the future is with the younger and not with us, and remembering also that when they are old we shall come back again as the younger ones of that day, and shall have meted out to us in our youth the same amount of sympathy that we have given to the younger in the days of our authority.

Now there is another point of enormous importance on which I will ask you to bear with me. You know how often I have said to you, in meeting after meeting, in paragraph after paragraph, that the safety of our Society lies in the freedom of its thought and in the fulness of the expression of that thought. I see, from time to time, a tendency among our most earnest workers to lay down certain lines of thinking which they say other people ought to follow. Now no one has a right to dictate to another how he shall think, or along what lines he shall speak. There was a phrase used by one of our members about "heretics." There are no heretics in the Theosophical Society. You can only have heretics where there are dogmas, and we have no dogmas in the Theosophical Society; and unless that is remembered, our Theosophical ship will always be in danger of running on to a rock, or sticking on a sandbank. H. P. B. warned us of that long ago. Now, when she warned us of that, it was not that she did not hold strong opinions herself, nor that she did not express them extremely vigorously at times. She was by no means a colorless personality; but she knew, as every Occultist knows, that while you may hold strong opinions for yourself and express them strongly, no Occultist will try to impose those opinions upon

another, or make the measure of his own belief the measure of the acceptance of the other. There is *nothing* which we are bound to accept in the Theosophical Society except its three Objects—and sometimes people forget that. We came in on those, and no one has the right to limit the liberty which was offered to us on our admission to the Society. No one has a right to add other Objects without the consent of the whole body of the Theosophical Society. And above all, the words and opinions of one particular teacher, either great or small, must never be used as a fetter on discussion, or made an obstacle to the free expression of the thoughts of others. Now I say that myself, because I am one of the people so often quoted as an authority. You do me ill service when you place me as an obstacle to free and fair discussion. Some of you may say: "Yes, but you are right." That may be. It is very likely that I am; for I know, on these matters, far more than any one of you can know. But that is not any reason why you should believe me, until your own intelligence assents and until your own conscience approves. If in your heart you find agreement, ah, then follow as warmly and as enthusiastically as you will; but it is no part of right enthusiasm to blame another who does not feel the same, nor try to make an opinion of mine a test of loyalty to the Society as a whole.

And there is a danger of it, for many of you love me dearly, and I am grateful for your love. Many of you trust me wholly, and I try to be worthy of your trust. But to make it valuable, it must be spontaneous; to make it valuable, it must be utterly unforced; and it ceases to be spontaneous and unforced if a feeling should gradually go out: "Oh! the President says so-and-so, and therefore we ought to do it." In the search for Truth there is no prize save the possession of the Truth, and there is no penalty save that you have not found it. What reason, then, for quarrelling or disputing? If anyone

does not see a great truth, surely that is no reason why blame from another should be added to the loss which comes from the not-seeing? There are great possibilities in front of us. There are new openings before us. There is a mighty Teacher coming who shall gather the peoples together and speak the divinest of truths; but that is no dogma in the Theosophical Society. There is no compulsion upon any to accept or to believe that true; and the Lord Maitreya would not be served if the Society, chosen to be the herald of His coming, attached penalty to non-belief, or ostracism to non-acceptance. The moment people see a truth, they accept it: until they *do* see it, they are hypocrites if they pretend to accept it. That has been the great fault of the Churches in all ages and in all the religions of the past. They wanted to argue about the Truth. They quarrelled and fought about the Truth. They penalised the non-acceptance of the Truth, and forced it down unwilling throats. Truth is a light, and the moment the Light shines those with eyes can see it, and those who see it not must wait the time until their eyes are opened and they see. And the opening of the mind's eyes is not hastened by blame, by condemnation, or by the cold disapproval which with us so often takes the place of the active persecution. If there is one thing that I have brought out of the experience of the past, it is that the moment the soul sees the truth, that moment it springs forward to accept it; and you might as well try to get a beautiful open rose by taking a bud and tearing it open so that the sun may shine upon it, thus ruining the flower by the premature and forced opening, as try to drag open the human mind to accept a truth until the sunshine has opened it naturally, and the man is ready to respond.

That is the thought that I would leave with you. For going about the world as I do from one place to another, I find a tendency here and there to set up a new orthodoxy, to set up prophets who must not be

challenged; and that is all alien from the spirit of the great Movement, in which we are. No Master demands belief from a disciple. I have heard One say (it has been said to myself when I heard something said that I did not understand): "Oh! never mind; you will understand it presently." And that is the right attitude. If you are sure you are right, be glad of the truth you know, and so hold your truth and live it that others near you may gradually be opened also to see and receive. I have been told: "Oh! then you do not care whether people think rightly or wrongly." Yes I do; but I want the right thought to come in the right way, by inner recognition and not by outer compulsion. To me, right thought is of the utmost importance—"as a man thinks so he is"—and there is nothing sadder than to see a man who should recognise a truth have his eyes bandaged against it by some secondary fact, some hardness or unwillingness of heart. But, because I hold Truth so precious, because I hold Truth so vital, therefore I would only hold it up so that all who can may see its beauty and recognise it as they recognise the sun in heaven. The sun does not quarrel; the sun does not assert itself: it only shines, and it shines the whole time; and if one does not see it, it is either that the eyes are blind or that some clouds for the moment have come between the eye and the sun. So is it with Truth. Truth is ever shining, ever uplifting, but sometimes our eyes are not opened to it, sometimes clouds of prejudice, of self-conceit, may act to shut out the Light for a time. Never mind, the Truth will go on shining more and more; the clouds will tend to vanish more and more; the eyes will begin to open.

And so let us keep our Society free, worthy of free men and women as members. Let all truth be spoken out, and error also; for error perishes better in the sunlight than it does when hidden underground. Do not be afraid for the Truth. As Milton said: "Whoever knew Truth put to the worst

in a fair encounter?" And so let us show our love to Truth, our loyalty to Truth by believing in her Light, by holding her up that all may see. And above all, never identify loyalty to Truth with loyalty to a person; but remember that loyalty to a person is only right when that person embodies for you more of the Truth than elsewhere you can find; then it is really loyalty to Truth, Truth incarnate, and such loyalty will raise and help you, but it will never make you narrow, bigoted, or harsh to those who do not as yet see the Truth as you see it.

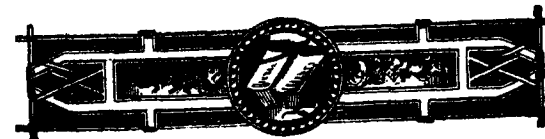
TRANSLATION

An admirable translation by Mrs. W. H. Kirby of the manuscript of Mr. Leadbeater's forthcoming book *The Hidden Side of Things*¹ has just been published by the Theosophical Society in Italy under the title *Il Lato Nascosto delle Cose*. The book of 670 pages is divided into two neat paper-bound octavo volumes, for which credit is due to the Vasantā Press. As stated by Mr. Leadbeater, the object of the book is to give some hints as to the inner side, first of the world as a whole, and then of our daily life. This latter he considers in three divisions, which resemble the conjugations of our youthful days in being passive, middle and active respectively—how we are influenced, how we influence ourselves, and how we influence others, and he concludes by observing a few of the results which must inevitably flow from a wider diffusion of this knowledge as to the realities of existence. The name of the author and the scope of the book make it superfluous to add that we wish for it the widest possible circulation, and we feel sure it will prove of the deepest interest and of the greatest practical utility in teaching people how to avoid the unseen evil and how to set in motion the unseen forces of good, enabling them thereby to live happier and more useful lives.

Il Lato Nascosto delle Cose will be on sale at the Congress of the Federation of the European National Societies, to be held this month at Genoa, and it may be obtained for 5s. 8d., post free to any country, from Professor Otto Penzig, 1, Corso Dogali, Genoa.

F. R.

¹ The original book in English will be published by THE THEOSOPHIST Office, Adyar, Madras and will soon be out.—ACTING EDITOR.



REVIEWS

The Inner Life, Vol. II, by C. W. Leadbeater. (The Theosophist Office, Adyar, Madras, India. Superior Library Edition 7s. or Rs. 5-4 or \$1.75. Special Indian Edition 5s. or Rs. 3-12 or \$1.25 postage extra.)

"At length we have it!" was the first ejaculation that escaped me when the volume came to hand. The delay has been long, and the patience of hundreds of Theosophists who wanted to read and study the book in December last has been on trial; but we shall have our reward now in more ways than one. First, the printing, binding and get up are beyond question first class, and any Indian printing house might well be proud of it. Next, the delay, due to other more urgent publications like *At the Feet of the Master* (two editions), *The Universal Text Book of Religion and Morals*, Parts I and II, etc., has enabled the author to revise, improve and add to the original MSS. and for that no delay could have been too long. I have heard of complaints that the book is full of reprints from recent numbers of Theosophical Magazines, and while that to a certain extent is a weak point of the volume, I think no student will fail to appreciate the value of this admirable collection; while, for the casual reader, nothing could be more convenient. And then—what about the 'brand new matter' that has never appeared in print like, say 'Mars and Its Inhabitants,' or the most instructive stray notes on the Irish, the Spanish, the Jewish races? And what value should we put on the very interesting 'Reminiscences' of the author? A careful perusal almost compels me to dub the complaints 'fictitious' as it has enhanced for me the value of the book (I hope it will not be considered exaggeration) tenfold.

Mr. Leadbeater has earned the lasting gratitude of Theosophical students by his many books. This one, embodying his latest researches and utterances, is, to say the least, wonderful. It is here and there scrappy, but what can we expect in a volume of 'Talks'? Of course, students would like more light thrown on many points especially in the sections on 'Astral Work,' and 'Karma,' but then—students will always ask and enquire and question, and there will always be "talks at Adyar". Mr. Leadbeater's simple, flowing style, his scientific attitude towards his subjects and his readers, his methodical and systematic

and sequential explanations, his kindly tone—in short his predominant characteristic that of being a true teacher is perceived on every page. The quantity of knowledge that he imparts is, in a way, phenomenal; the advice he offers is practical; the instruction he gives is priceless; and the whole book vibrates in unison with that which is of the nature of true Wisdom. Mr. Leadbeater will no doubt continue to teach the group of Theosophists at Adyar and we shall eagerly look for the Third Series of Adyar Talks; though I myself have heard these instructions, their value increases as I read and study them, arranged and put together as in this excellent volume, which will be received with enthusiasm and gratitude in every nook and corner of this wide world wherever a true Theosophical student abides.

B. P. W.

The Adventures of Hatim Tai. Translated from the Persian by Duncan Forbes, M.A. Third Edition. The Cheraḡ, Bombay and THE THEOSOPHIST Office, Adyar, Madras. Cloth Rs. 2; or 3s. or 75c. post free.

The countless readers of Fitzgerald's Omar Khayyām will be familiar with the name at least of Hatim Tai who is mentioned in the IX stanza:

But come with old Khayyām and leave the Lot
Of Kaikobād and Kuikhosrū forgot:
Let Rustum lay about him as he will,
Or Hatim Tai cry Supper—heed them not.

A small note, at least in the edition we have with us, merely describes this hero as 'a well-known type of Oriental generosity.' For an interested, non-specialist, reader, it would be fairly difficult—if his interest in the matter were raised—to find much further information concerning this valorous and bountiful king; even the new *Encyclopædia Britannica* leaves him in the lurch. And yet there is scarcely a type in old Persian literature who deserves more interest than Hatim.

The exquisite story written about him in Persian is the delight—and has been so for centuries—of masses of readers. Though we are not familiar with the literature relating Hatim's adventures, we know that the book is at least translated into Gujarati and we have encountered a charming, though much shorter, story of Hatim Tai in a Malay work, the Crown of all Kings (*Makosa Segala Radja*) which reading was the most joyful incident in our study of that language. We may therefore infer that wherever Muhammadan literature has flourished, there also Hatim's deeds are told.

As early as 1830 the Persian version was translated into English, with rare charm and skill, by Duncan Forbes, M.A., for the Oriental Translation Fund. This translation was reprinted in Bombay in 1836. Since then, it seems, no new edition has appeared. Our friend N. F. Billimoria of Bombay has had

the luminous inspiration to rescue this most interesting story-book from oblivion, after three quarters of a century, and the result is a neatly executed book of some three hundred pages.

We confess that we have read the book with youthful glee, and joy. It provoked all the pleasant sensations of the perusal in earlier years of the *Arabian Nights' Entertainment*. Here is the true Orient. In gorgeous pageantry an infinity of scenes of splendor, of breath-stopping magic, of bevy of bewitching damsels, of prodigious feats of valor and liberality, of superhuman virtues and unlimited wealth, and boundless hospitality, of ogres and fairies, of magic cities and transformations, of love and perils—pass before our eyes. The fertility of inventive power shown in the book stands unrivalled, the quickness of change from incident to incident bewilders but captivates, the variety of happenings is endless.

Why has this book been allowed to fall out of the public sight? What joy and amusement it contains for the young! How potent a means for renewing one's youth, for regaining for a brief moment 'the state of childhood'! How generous in spirit everywhere! The whole lesson the book teaches—if we take it from the serious side—is one continuous and blended rhapsody on the virtues of kindness, generosity, loyalty, bravery. It is an oriental setting—in the midst of djinns and giants, the fairies and magicians—of the western mediæval ideal of the knight without fear or blame, *sans peur et sans reproche*. We have no other word than unrestricted praise for this fairy-book. Read it, read it, and read it once more. In form it is one of these much loved tales within tales. The action is swift and cleverly sustained, everywhere spontaneous and natural. There are no tedious over-lengthy portions in the book. In short it is one of the best samples of ingenious, yet naïve Oriental story telling. We deem that this book, better known, must decidedly be classed as belonging to the world-literature and stands in a rank with the *Arabian Nights* themselves. As a translation also it reads remarkably smoothly. May it be read and enjoyed by many new friends.

J. v. M.

The Master as I saw Him, by Sister Nivedita of Ramakrishna-Vivekananda. (Longmans, Green & Co., London.)

A very interesting account of Swami Vivekananda, written by a disciple, and breathing the true eastern spirit of devotion to the spiritual teacher. In Nivedita's own account of her attitude to her Master, her first awakened interest in and final complete acceptance of his teaching, we have another and a very original addition to "varieties of religious experience." Every such variety has its own value and we feel grateful to those who, like the author, can throw aside natural reserve for our instruction. Nivedita chiefly depicts what she herself

heard her Master say, and records the doings in which she herself took part.

The book is written with that sympathy and enthusiasm for, and comprehension of the Indian ideals and modes of life that gave the well-known *Web of Indian Life* its charm. A point, that particularly interests us is the Swami's treatment of his disciple, and this naturally pervades the book. His method was typically eastern, and naturally a western disciple had some difficulty in comprehending and accommodating herself to a treatment so very different to that the western teacher adopts. She was made to realise there would be "no personal sweetness" in the service she had proffered. A painful phase of experience ended with her adoption as spiritual daughter by her Master, and included the comprehension "that for the first time I understood that the greatest teachers may destroy in us a personal relation only in order to bestow the impersonal vision in its stead." As many of us, now western born, are submitting ourselves to eastern methods of spiritual guidance, it is quite possible that this chapter "The Awakener of Souls," may throw light on some of our experiences, painful and pleasant alike. I am not sure of the Swami's attitude to the Theosophical Society, but I fancy from stray remarks in this volume—the question is never touched upon—it would hardly be cordial. But the personality Nivedita depicts—seen through the eyes of veneration and pious gratitude—is both striking and attractive. I do not at all wonder that the Swami gathered followers and devotees around him wherever he went, if he at all resembled the picture drawn here. The man was a great soul, full of wisdom and tolerance, and well learned both in the eastern and western knowledge, pulsing with love and pride for India, his motherland, yet with insight to see what she lacked, and full of desire to awaken her from her long lethargy; to educate her daughters and to make her sons more virile. He preached the doctrine of strength wherever he went. This learned Hindū seemed an interesting mixture of the practical and the mystic. The burden of India's needs, the struggle of the reformer, (and the reformer's life in the East must indeed be most trying, calling for infinite energy, patience, and endurance), weighed heavily on him, and apparently broke down his strength. If in Europe the Swami had appeared as the calm, detached teacher and devotee of the Advaita Philosophy, in India the more human aspect of his character asserted itself, as Nivedita does not hesitate to record, and so makes the man appear living to us. But it is on the religious and spiritual character of Vivekananda, that his pupil naturally loves to dwell. The Swami showed in himself the Bhakti as well as the Gnān aspect of Hindūism. And some of Vivekananda's remarks on the West and on western people are worth pondering over; they are apt and to the point. Nivedita's position as "spiritual daughter" of her Master led her to intimacy with phases of Indian life which few Europeans contact.

There is a most interesting account of the life and household of Sarada Devi the "Holy Mother," as the widow of Ramakrishna is entitled—Ramakrishna's nominal wife and chief disciple—one of those holy women who still sanctify India's soil, and also a woman of an astonishing tolerance, capacity, and liberality of thought. The account of the pilgrimage to Amarnāth, where in a mountain cave, an ice stalactite in the natural form of a lingam is annually worshipped by thousands as emblem of Siva, is interesting, and recalled memories of a similar pilgrimage made by Mrs. Besant some years ago.

Of the Swami's devotion and attitude to Kālī, the Mother and Terror—difficult as is the conception to the western mind—and to Occultism, to psychic phenomena, and of his teaching about Death and Super-Consciousness, we have interesting records; and the book gives vivid word pictures of phases of Indian life and thought few Europeans experience or could probably understand if they did. If the picture is too *couleur de rose* it but betrays the depth of the author's comprehension and devotion. The book is worthy of careful study, for those interested in eastern religious conceptions and ways of viewing and living life, as seen from the inside; while it also charms from its literary excellence and skilled character drawing.

E. S.

Malabar Series. Wynad: Its Peoples and Traditions. By Rao Bahadur C. Gopalan Nair, Deputy Collector, Malabar. (Higginbotham & Co., Madras. Price Rs. 2-8 or 3s. 4d.)

This is an admirable little book in almost every respect. An author thoroughly conversant with and greatly interested in his subject, yet always sober and unpretending; a clear, convenient disposition of the material; a simple, pleasant style. Moreover a get-up (done by the Vasanta Press) which leaves little if anything to be desired. Wynad is a mountainous country situated between the Nilgiris and Coorg and covering an area of 821 square miles, with a population, according to the last census, of only 82,645 souls, but such a variegated one that on this account alone it fully deserves a monograph. Owing to its malarious climate the country has been and is being avoided and therefore practically unknown, though for some months it serves as the sanatorium of Malabar. The first chapter gives an excellent 'Bird's-Eye-View,' where we are informed, among other things that the three derivations proposed so far for the name Wynad are probably wrong, and that the word should rather be explained, in accordance with the popular belief, as Vana-nad, i.e., Forest country. This explanation might stand, if it could be shown that in other cases too, in the languages concerned, *n* has changed to *y*.¹ Chapter II deals with the ancient history of the country, an admittedly difficult and problematical subject. There are only two literary sources about it, namely, one rock-inscription—the

¹ The example at hand from the book itself is not favorable to the theory, *Vana Durga* (p. 125) having evidently not changed to *Vaya Durga*, *Vydurga*.

date of which is unknown and from which little can be gathered, and a tradition recorded in 1810 and for the reliability of which it is no good sign that it has undergone various changes since then. It seems that in the oldest time within memory a line of Vedar kings held sway in Wynad, until they were subjugated by the Princes of Kottayam and Kurumbranad. In Chapter III we get an account of the Kottayam régime which lasted till 1805, nothing being said about the administration of Parakkumeethil under the Kurumbranad Rajas, for want of information. Chapter IV contains, under the somewhat inadequate title 'Political History,' which should be rather 'Modern History,' an abstract of the history of Wynad from 1786 to 1805, i.e., of the history of the last Kottayam Raja, the gallant and gifted Kerala Varma who defied the British power until he was surprised and killed, in his jungle-retreat, by Mr. Baber, the then Sub-Collector of North Malabar Division. Then follows a small chapter on the Planting Industry (coffee, tea, pepper, rubber), and then comes (pages 49 to 113) the important sixth chapter on the 'People of Wynad.' This is divided into (a) Chettis, (b) Hill tribes, (c) Aborigines—Predial slaves, and (d) Aborigines—Forest dwellers, with 3+10+3+2 sub-divisions which are described in as many special sections. There is naturally a good deal here which might be found as well in E. Thurston's and K. Rangachari's monumental work on *The Castes and Tribes of Southern India*, but more which would be missed there, this and the following chapter being probably the most original portions of the book. The inhabitants of Wynad have come for the most part from either Malabar or Mysore, but they have changed considerably within the time since their arrival, and there is now such a perplexing variety of types and customs in Wynad as it would be hard to find in any other corner of India. We should like to have heard a little more than our author says (p. 51 and 100 fl.) about the Paniyars, that singular people of a Negroid type which by some are declared to be the original Dravidians, while others think that they descend from Negroes, etc. Remarkable but natural it is how many of these tribes have a god who is a hunter. The Mullakurumbars have three days of the week on which nothing must be done except hunting. The Urali Kurumbars never touch the carcass of dead cattle—in fact do not even touch anything made of leather. If they touch even a shoe they commit an offence against caste. Here, then, we have a forest tribe which in one respect stands higher than even the Brahmans and on a level with the Jains.¹ Most gods

¹ I seize the opportunity of asking whether Theosophists too might not go a little further in this point by abstaining not only from animal food but also from using furs (which in certain cases are obtained by flaying the living animal!) and leather-bindings. Just read the account of the fearful slaughter perpetrated for the sake of the new *Encyclopædia Britannica*: "For the bindings twelve thousand Angora goats have been electrocuted, nine thousand hippopotami have been harpooned, and fifty thousand chameleons destroyed by the juxtaposition of tartan rugs." (*Madras Mail*, May 13).

receive offerings but once a year. The Pulayans 'say that they were the original inhabitants of Wynad.' Jain Kurumbars and Kattu Naykans have a deity called Masti who has no shrine but resides in an earthen pot of which there is one in every *padi* (group of huts). Many other interesting details will be found in this chapter, as also in the following on 'The Shrines of Wynad,' which introduces, the famous Tirunelli and five more shrines. Then follow Chapter on 'Legends and Anecdotes,' and finally, in Chapter IX, a few notes on 'Hunting in Wynad.'

Our author has 'an idea of continuing the Malabar Series,' which proposal is rightly supported by Mr. R. B. Wood, Collector of Malabar, to whom the book is dedicated and who has written a preface to it. We add our wishes for the future volumes. The scientific value of books like this can be enhanced considerably by adding a tabular record of head-measurements or, a profile-likeness of a characteristic representative of each tribe, or better several such likenesses of both males and females. Further an ethnographical map, however imperfect, would be highly desirable. Then there should be a bibliographical list of the literary sources which have been used, and also a little record on the methods employed in collecting practical information. Finally, the index should be as copious as possible, and not so meagre that, for example, you cannot find with it the passages dealing with the etymology of the word Wynad. Few authors have an idea how much more useful their books would become with a good index.

F. O. S.

Christ's Social Remedies, by H. E. Montgomery. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, London. Price 6s.)

This is an endeavor to solve some of the present-day social and industrial problems by going directly back to the teachings attributed to Christ, and seeing how far they apply to them. The book is divided into twelve chapters, the headings of which will give a good idea of its scope: (i) Responsibility of Citizenship, (ii) Was Christ an Anarchist? (iii) Was Christ a Socialist? (iv) The Kingdom of God, (v) Non-Resistance, (vi) Marriage and Divorce, (vii) Crime and the Criminal, (viii) Wealth, (ix) Labor, (x) Sunday Observance, (xi) International Controversies, (xii) Social Reconstruction. On the whole, the author's suggestions on the various topics are actually quite in harmony with Theosophical ideals. He shows sound common-sense in dealing with his subjects, though his Christianity naturally leads him to get some of them a little out of focus, as is shown by his inclusion in such a list as this of so trifling a matter as Sunday observance. One bad slip he makes, when he exhibits the usual astounding ignorance of the Christian by observing that: "Since the days of Constantine, Christianity has been the professed religion of all civilised nations" (p. 13). He is quite uncompro-

mising as to the indissolubility of marriage, and he brings a tremendous indictment against socialism in the shape of a most damning series of extracts from socialist writers and speakers. It is difficult to believe that such sentiments can really have been voiced by those whose names are attached to them; yet it is impossible to suppose that the extracts are other than genuine. After reading those, one is not surprised to hear that "Christianity and socialism are to each other as fire and water" (p. 112). "Anarchy and Christianity are inherently incompatible, irreconcilable and antagonistic" (p. 28). He tells us that the four corner-stones of the Kingdom of Heaven are (1) The Fatherhood of God, (2) The Brotherhood of Man, (3) Childlikeness of Spirit, (4) Serviceableness. Here again I think that Theosophists will agree with him.

C. W. L.

From Pioneer to Poet, by Isabelle M. Pagan. (T. P. S., London, W. Price 7s. 6d.)

We are not sure that the title of this book is the best that could have been chosen, in that it does not clearly indicate its astrological nature. At first glance one is inclined to think of it as being biographical. In a sense it is so, but collective—the life-history of humanity in its various phases and embodiments, first as the warrior or pioneer, then as the builder or producer, and so on through many types till the priest, prophet, scientist and poet are reached. Miss Pagan has done her best in the book to unravel the various strands into which the complex nature of humanity is woven, and then she has given keen individual study to twelve of the larger types. Her analysis is on the whole excellent and helps the study of human nature. It must always be remembered that the divisions of the zodiac are not arbitrary but merely suggestive as a classification of human types. Potentially every man has within himself some of the characteristics of all the twelve signs of the zodiac, but at particular stages of his development one characteristic will stand out predominantly, and this allows of individual temporary classification. According as we have thought, felt, and acted in our previous lives, so will be the character we bring with us at birth this life. Not the star under which we are born giving us that character, as perhaps some astrologers are inclined to think, but the character we have builded in previous births bringing us to birth under a particular star in this life either to accentuate or modify that character. Miss Pagan believes that all of us must pass through all the signs of the Zodiac many times, although not necessarily successively—until all-round perfection is reached. One has only to read this book to see how much the knowledge of Theosophy has helped to make astrology more intelligible, to bring something of its soul-side into view again. The first part of the book is taken up with a keen analysis and description of

the twelve zodiacal types. Part II is analytical and explanatory of the various Planetary aspects. Following this is an excellent summary, and the book concludes with the analysing of several specimen horoscopes of notable people.

M. H. H.

From Gardens in the Wilderness, by Gwendolen Bishop. 2s. 6d.
Solar Symbols and Their Origins, by Avola. Price 6d.
The Renewal of Youth, by A. E. Price 6d.

The Orpheus Series Nos. IV, VI and VII. (The Orpheus Press, 3 Amen Corner, Paternoster Row, London E.C.)

These are indeed three charming booklets, emphatically so *The Renewal of Youth*. Like all that comes from A. E. it enchants mind and heart alike and wins to high thought and noble desire. *From Gardens in the Wilderness* gives vivid glimpses in prose and poem of life and sensation experienced under warm suns; haunting intimate glimpses most of them are —of the fascinating nearer East. *Solar Symbols* takes us wandering round and round the world peeping with interested eyes into many past nations and seeing in similarity of signs and symbols assurance that the great secrets have ever been more or less understood of all. Each of these will appeal greatly, we are sure, to a wide circle of readers.

J. R.

Historical Mysteries, by Andrew Lang. (Thomas Nelson & Sons, London. Price 1s.)

Fourteen essays most of which appeared in *The Cornhill Magazine* in 1904 are published in a handy volume. The subjects are historical but very little known, and the clever handling by a clever writer make them fascinating. Theosophists will be interested in 'Saint-Germain, the Deathless,' and if to Mr. Lang the Personality of the Mysterious Count is somewhat of a poser, we do not know if this will console or irritate him: the writer of these lines knows a good friend still living who met the Count Saint Germain only a few years ago in a public garden in Rome. I can vouch for the utter honesty and reliability of my friend and I do believe he was not hallucinated.

B. P. W.

The Beginning and the Ending, by E. M. Smith. (Elliot Stock, London.)

This quaint little book is issued as being "some thoughts on the Book of Revelations." It tries to show how in the strange symbolism of *Revelations* we have revealed "both the beginning and the ending of the construction of the Church of God." We are not sure that the attempt is either successful or enlightening. One interpretation pleases us: "Is not

'the wrath of the Lamb,' the fire in the eyes that are too pure to behold iniquity?' The Lamb is Eternity, the whole world-cycle, and the writer seems to think that the different references to the Lamb signify the different stages, 'dispensations' in the working out of God's will.

J. R.

TRANSFERABLE MERIT

Recently, at the cremation of the High Priest Sumaṅgala, when many pious Buddhists threw all sorts of little things into the flames in order to acquire 'merit,' it so happened that one man in the acme of his enthusiasm caught hold of the hat of his neighbor and slung it upon the pyre. Given to understand, later on, that it was not *his* hat, he generously made over, in a declaration published in Colombo newspaper, the 'merit' of his deed to the owner of the hat.¹

This little case shows very clearly what present-day Buddhists understand by *transference of merit*. It means to them renouncing, by a free resolution, the entire consequences, for themselves, of a good deed formerly done or now being done; the making over, in thought, to somebody else, the whole good karman they have a claim to on account of a certain pious action.

For us it is impossible to believe that any doctrine like this was ever taught by the Buddha. Just consider a little what it implies! It means that if you have only a sufficient number of devoted friends making over good karman to you, you need not take pains for your salvation! And it leads to the conclusion² that if the transference, *in toto*, of a good karman is possible, you may just as well get rid of your bad karman by simply shaking it off upon your neighbor. But what does the Buddha teach? He teaches, and that most emphatically, that everybody is merely what he has made himself. This doctrine is so conspicuous in ancient Buddhism³ that it has often been declared to be its principal characteristic.

We cannot, therefore, admit that the canonical and other passages collected by Mr. F. L. Woodward, M.A., in his pamphlet *The Buddhist Doctrine of Reversible Merit* (published by the Galle Buddha-Dhamma-Sangama, 1911) prove the existence of that theory in original Buddhism.

Mr. Woodward divides his subject into three chapters entitled respectively: 'Merit handed over to living persons'; 'To the

¹ Unconscious transgressions not counting in Buddhism, the man was right in considering the merit as actually acquired by him.

² In spite of Milinda-Pañha, section 294 (vice is limited, but virtue boundless), for the question there concerned is not if one can transfer *in toto* i.e., renounce a merit, but if one is able to share it with others.

³ See, e.g., Dhammapada, XII. 9: 'Purity and impurity are untransferable; nobody can purify another' (suddhi asuddhi paccattam, nāñño aññam visodhaye).

Memory of the Buddha'; and 'Merits offered to ghosts of the departed (peta's)'.⁴

Of these, the second, in our opinion, might have been omitted altogether, because no Buddhist while offering food or flowers before a relic or statue of the Buddha is likely to take this as a transference of 'merit' to the Buddha.

The third chapter (occupying two-thirds of the paper) is based on various misconceptions. In the Buddhist Śrāddha (ceremony for the dead) 'solid and liquid food' is offered to the *peta's* (= *preta's*) who are supposed to eat the essence of such offerings. The idea doubtlessly is, or at least was, as with the Hindū Śrāddha, that these *peta's* actually eat the subtle and invisible essence of the food,¹ and Mr. Woodward's suggestion² that with the 'divine' (i.e., supersensual) food and drink they enjoy the 'mental bliss caused by kind remembrance of the dead' must be meant, is therefore unacceptable and unnecessary. Moreover, the transference of kind thoughts is not by itself a transference of 'merit,' as Mr. Woodward apparently believes. In the ancient Buddhist Śrāddha (which belongs to the pre-buddhist institutions, like caste, etc., wisely tolerated by the Buddha) the idea of merit-transfer was evidently as absent as it is in the Hindū Śrāddha of to-day.³ At least there is no trace of it in the *locus classicus* on the subject, the Tirokudda-Sutta, nor in the Jāvussoni-Sutta, Mr. Woodward's translations being erroneous.⁴ The ancient Śrāddha, Hindu and Buddhist, is an offering of food to the dead, not a transference of merit. This impression is not removed even by the passage quoted on p. 7 and 8 from Ākaṅkheyya-Sutta. For here, as is clearly shown by the context, we have the common Hindu idea that one of the many benefits resulting from the correct behavior of a Bhikṣu (Sannyāsin) is the welfare of his relatives, his grandeur being such that the relatives *by necessity* share it to a certain extent (by being saved from hell, etc.) This again is not merit-transfer in the sense of the hat-example, for the Bhikṣu *keeps* the merit of his behavior which is but *incidentally shared* by others. The Bhikṣu (of the old School, anyhow) can, of course, not undertake anything like a Śrāddha (for his

¹ Cf. the Buddha's doctrine of the four kinds of food, also the 'feeders on vomit' in the Milinda passage quoted on p. 9 of the pamphlet.

² For which the more advanced standpoint of Milindapañha (*loc. cit.* p. 9 and 10) appears to be responsible.

³ By doing a Śrāddha you feed the departed and acquire the good karman of an unselfish deed. That both the food and the karman are, sacrificed to the dead, or the latter through the former, is clearly a clerical after-thought.

⁴ The word 'merit' (p. 5 below, and p. 6 above) is not in the text; *anupparicchanti* (p. 8, l. 12) does not mean 'makes a transference of a meritorious donation,' but simply 'hands over'; *upakappati* means 'serves, becomes useful,' not 'becomes a transference;' etc.

relatives) because he has to carefully avoid the heterodoxy of the 'I-making' and 'Mine-making'.

Turning, finally, to the first chapter, we are struck by the absence of quotations from the Nikāyas excepting only the fifth and last, the Khuddaka. As a matter of fact, the subject of 'merit handed over to living persons' is conspicuous by its absence in all the older texts. The passage quoted from Khuddaka-Nikāya is, however, remarkable. For it shows the introduction of the new theory, and that in a way and language which leave little doubt as to its having been unknown to the Buddha and the older doctrine.

So far we have silently discarded Mr. Woodward's quotations from the Jātakas, Milindapañha, and the commentaries, because these texts are so late, comparatively, that they cannot serve as authorities for the time of the Buddha and oldest Buddhism. But it must be said that these quotations, together with the Khuddaka passage mentioned just before, have a special value in that they are, indeed, some of the earliest passages of Buddhist literature which refer unmistakably to the doctrine of transferable merit. This theory, then, cannot well be said to be of Mahāyāna origin, as we put it in a letter to Mr. Woodward except in that it apparently developed together, if not out of, the Bodhisattva ideal (see the Jātaka quotations, *loc. cit.*, p. 2) which is, as it were, the root of Mahāyāna Buddhism. The theory of merit-transfer, though not taught by the Buddha himself, must have made its appearance not long after the Buddha, in early Buddhism, and Mr. Woodward deserves our thanks for having collected the materials permitting this conclusion.

DR. F. OTTO SCHRÄDER

Ideas, Old and New, by Barclay Lewis Day. (J. M. Watkins, London. Price Rs. 2-10 or 3/6.)

The ideas in this volume of 212 pages are mostly old, but they are none the worse for that. There is certainly very little that is new in the book, except perhaps the new way of presenting these old old ideas. Evidently the author has collected them from time to time in order that he might become clear in his own mind on these various subjects, and now presents them in print with the laudable idea that they might be helpful to others. The first Chapter "Early Ethical Thought," covers a wide range of extracts from most of the wise men of the elder days of all nations. Chapters follow on "Ideas in Themselves," "The World Outside us," "What is Soul?" "Ideas of Deity" and "From Dogmatism to Freedom." Altogether the author has succeeded in making a very readable volume, one that will be appreciated by most students of the seen and unseen.

M. H. H.

The New God and Other Essays, by Ralph Shirley. (William Rider & Son, London. Price 3/6 net).

The essays in this volume are reprints, and of them the author remarks in the Preface that "there are several which, had time permitted, I should have much preferred to have re-written." Agreed. The first essay gives its name to the book, but contains nothing of any importance; of the others the best are 'Julian, the Apostate,' and 'Count Cagliostro.' A few on questions that vex the Christian-world do not contribute anything of weight, though all are well-written and form pleasant reading, as well as revealing considerable sympathy with such questions. 'The strange case of Lurancy Vennum' is an account of a curiously interesting case of temporary possession by one girl (dead) of another's body. These essays are good magazine articles, but they hardly merit the dignity of being published as a book.

J. R.

THEOSOPHICAL MAGAZINES

ASIATIC

The Adyar Bulletin, Adyar, August, 1911. An excellent number: the usual Headquarters' Notes are followed by Mrs. Besant's speech at the Albert Hall on behalf of the Woman Movement in which the question is raised beyond the ordinary strife of political parties and a broad note is struck. Mr. Leadbeater writes on the occult side of 'Funerals and Cremation'. 'From the Inner Side' narrates an interesting experience; 'Masonry among Hindus' is a reprint; 'Failures' is an instructive contribution. Johan van Manen writes a bright and witty article on 'Jollities of Magic' which is not without its serious lesson. 'From My Scrap-Book' maintains its usual cheery level.

Adyar Pamphlets No. 6, Adyar, August, 1911. *Castes in India* by Damodar K. Mavalankar is reprinted from the first volume of this Magazine, and though short, has a valuable lesson to impart. No Hindu Theosophist should fail, not only to peruse, but carefully to study and ponder over this excellent pamphlet.

Theosophy in India, Benares, July, 1911. Mrs. Besant's (unrevised) lecture on 'Avatārs, Rishis and Masters' is followed by 'What is Theosophy,' by Captain E. G. Hart, 'The Future of Theosophy and the T. S.,' and 'Thoughts on the Resurrection and Ascension of Christ.'

The Message of Theosophy, Rangoon, July, 1911. 'Did the Lord Buddha Teach Reincarnation?' and some reprints make up this number.

The C. H. C. Magazine, Benares, August, 1911. 'The Application of Psychology to Moral Training' is an instructive contribution. 'The Conquest of the Air', 'Science Jottings', and reprints with the usual columnus form the contents of the issue.

EUROPEAN

The Vahan, London, July, 1911. The Annual Report of the English Section for 1910-11 is followed by various notes and news of interest. There are some good reviews by the new General Secretary.

Theosophy in Scotland, Edinburgh, July, 1911. A report of the First Scottish Convention and Mrs. Besant's Scottish tour, both by R. L. C., shows how things Theosophic are thriving in Scotland. A resumé of Mrs. Besant's lecture on 'The Value of Theosophy to Christianity' is given; notes and news with excellent reviews close a good number.

The Bulletin Théosophique, records much activity, prominent amongst which was 'the great week' with the President.

The Annales Théosophiques, contains some good articles. M. R. André, in the first entitled 'Theosophy and the Theosophical Society,' says that the *Dictionary of Sciences, Letters and Arts* defines Theosophists thus: "Theosophists form a school of mystic philosophers, who, disdaining human reason and believing themselves illuminated by an inner and supernatural principle, mix together enthusiasm and the observation of nature, ecstasy and philosophy, theology and metaphysic, alchemy and medicine." Rather an indigestible mixture! Le Verger—a Kabbalistic vision—is at least curious, and the notes upon 'The Incas and Aimaras' by Mme. Kneir interesting.

The Revue Théosophique contains accounts *in extenso* of Mrs. Besant's three lectures in Paris: viz: 'The Masters of Wisdom, How to find Them,' 'Upon the Fifth Root Race,' 'The Message of Giordano Bruno to the Modern World'. A detailed account of Mrs. Besant's visit provides interesting reading, as do also the press comments upon her utterances.

La Revue Théosophique Belge has mostly reprints of recent speeches and writings by Mrs. Besant. An original article by Anna Firmin on 'Comparison between the Era of glory of Atlantis and of Ours' promises well. Belgium has received its Sectional Charter, and has a fine future before it of Theosophic work.

Bollettino della Società Teosofica Italiana, Genova, June, July, 1911. The June number contains a very well-written paper by G. G. Porro on 'Dante and the Masterpieces,' which was read

at the Tenth Annual Congress of the Theosophical Society in Italy. The July number contains translations of Alcyone's article on Mandalay, and of the last chapter of Mr. Leadbeater's book *The Other Side of Death* on 'How Clairvoyance is developed.' Some interesting answers by Mrs. Besant and by Mr. Leadbeater on the ever-recurring questions of the responsibility of animal slaughter and the use of animal products; and the right attitude towards carnivorous animals, venomous reptiles and obnoxious insects also given.

Ultra, Rome, June, 1911, commences with a translation of 'The Deathless Race' by G. R. S. Mead which is followed by several articles among which we note one on 'Meister Eckart' by Ugo Fortini del Giglio. 'I Muhizca' by G. M. Perrone and 'The Unity of Matter both in Science and in Spiritualism' by B. Bonacelli are concluded.

Teosofisk Tidskrift (Danish), Stockholm, June, 1911. This nicely printed magazine contains: 'On Lotus Day 1911' by Eva Blytt, 'Sermon on the Mount' by E. H. Schmitt, two poems on 'The Rosicrucian Cross' and 'In Memory of H.P.B.' and translations from Annie Besant and C. W. Leadbeater. We congratulate the Editor on the good number.

Sophia (Spanish), Madrid, July, 1911. A very good portrait of our President is given as frontispiece and faces the translation (from *The Christian Commonwealth*) of an article on her by our friend Miss Elisabeth Severs, and is followed by the President's White Lotus Day Address. The translation of Dr. Pascal's article on 'Clairvoyance' is concluded, and those of the Lives of Alcyone, and *Occult Chemistry* are continued. An article on 'Giordano Bruno', extracts from the fascinating *Three years in Tibet*, and full news of our President's activities provide a magnificent bill of fare for the reader.

Theosophie (German), Leipzig, June, 1911, opens with a poem with an inartistic drawing of a rising sun as its title. Translations from Mrs. Besant, Mr. Leadbeater, Dr. Van Hook and Mr. Johan van Manen are given. It is a pleasure to note that the Editor continues presenting to the German public the teachings given in our pages.

Neue Lotusblüten (German), Leipzig, July and August, 1911, brings more matter from the indefatigable Dr. Franz Hartmann. It opens with an article on 'Hell' and ends with 'Spiritism and Magic', which sounds awe-inspiring, but the contents provide some good, healthy reading.

The Lotus Journal, London, July, 1911. Our President's Address to the Knights of the Round Table is given. Mabel Collins concludes her good story; Mrs. Whyte continues her interesting 'Legends of the Round Table'.

AMERICAN

The Theosophic Messenger, Chicago, June, 1911. Once more we have a number packed with good reading material which we cannot adequately review here for want of space. We are glad to see more original articles and less of reprints. Dr. Van Hook deserves the heartfelt thanks of his many readers.

La Verdad (Spanish), Buenos Aires, June, 1911, gives a portrait of the new Presidential Agent. There are some admirable contributions and translations.

Virya (Spanish), San José, Costa Rica, May, 1911. A full report of the White Lotus Day Meeting at San José is given. Some translations and notices close a good number.

AUSTRALASIAN

Theosophy in Australasia, Sydney, July, 1911. 'Some Notes on the Bases of Art', 'Shri Ramakrishna, An Indian Master', 'The Theosophy of the Greeks', are original contributions all interesting and doing credit to the magazine.

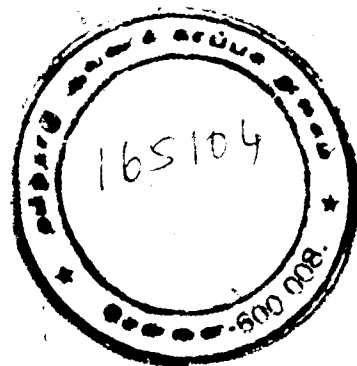
Theosophy in New Zealand, Auckland, July, 1911. The second instalment of 'Mystics and Mysticism' is readable; 'A Scripture of Yoga' has some thoughtful paragraphs and is followed by reprints, news, etc.

New Zealand Lotus Buds' Journal, Auckland, July, 1911. We welcome the improved garb of this young magazine now entering its second year. Why still 'New Zealand Lotus Buds'? Why not *Journal of the Lotus Buds*? Light green paper and blue ink has already come into use; enthusiasm won't wait 750 years! "Good wishes and great prosperity" is what we have to say to this young brother.

AFRICAN

The Seeker, Pietermaritzburg, July, 1911. 'Quickening of Karma and Astrology', 'What is Religion', 'Thought', 'Soul and Beauty' by W. Wybergh, 'Finn Macoul' with notes and news make up an admirable number. The magazine though young shows a decided maturity in the reading matter it presents to its subscribers.

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